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# H O G G ' S

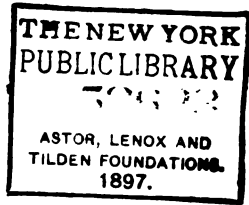
# I N S T R U C T O R .

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## ERRATUM.

On account of a blander in the making up of the types into pages, a small portion of the article on the Saxon language, foot of page 377, has been omitted. The reader is requested to take in the following immediately after the last line on p. 377:—Introduced efficiently through the diffusion of Christianity—even Roman conquest having failed to supply, in the case of Britain, what had exceeded the native inventive powers of both Goth and Celt. A rude form of the Latin alphabetic letters, no doubt first used by the priesthood, was that in which the primitive Anglo-Saxon writings were set down; and at the close of the ninth century, it appeared as if Alfred the Great had fixed the Anglo-Saxon rule beyond the possibility of overthrow, and fixed also the national language. Only a century and a half afterwards, however, his successors were driven from their throne by William the Norman, and a new and permanent dynasty established thereon. By this revolution, the native Anglo-Saxon language was affected materially; yet it remained the basis of the whole, being too deeply rooted, and too widely disseminated among the bulk of the people, to be sub-

vertible even by the Norman conquest. The superstructure was only beautified and enlarged by the aid of the Norman-French, through which, chiefly, was likewise obtained a large accession of riches from the stores of the classical languages. However, there came an epoch in England's history, when the edifice of the English language stood in danger of being buried and lost under adornments, or what were supposed such. Up to the age of the Commonwealth, it indeed flourished vigorously; and the writers of that period, also, composed in pure, vigorous Anglo-Saxon, or at least used language in which that element predominated. But at the Restoration matters assumed a new aspect. Charles II. brought to the throne the habits and tastes of the continent of Europe, and, above all, of France. The Gallomania had risen to its climax in the time of Samuel Johnson; and he by his personal example, seems actually to have laboured to banish all traces of the vernacular Saxon from the literature of the land. We blame him not; he acted under the prejudices of his time, and from predominant scholarly tastes; but he certainly so far injured



# HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.

## PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

### THE PEELITES.

BETWEEN eight and nine o'clock in the evening, a stranger in the House of Commons may have his attention arrested by the sight of a tall man, with a clear, florid complexion, and light flaxy hair—over which time as yet has had no other effect than slightly to thin it—covering a head of more than ordinary size, which its owner carries slightly on one side. He moves steadily and quietly up the house, speaks to no one, seems to recognise no one, and places himself on the front opposition bench, where he crosses one leg over the other, pulls his hat over his eyes, and, bending his head still more than when he was walking, settles himself down to listen to the business then transacting. His age may be upwards of sixty—his appearance would fully warrant it; but still in the broad, Saxon contour of his features, in the eternal smirk that sits dimpling in his countenance, in the general bonhomie of his personal appearance, few would imagine that they have before them the statesman who for the last thirty years has been immersed in the toils and harassed by the responsibilities of office, or the not less wearing anxieties of opposition—few, in short, would suppose that this was Sir Robert Peel.

Yet the features of the ex-premier have been so extensively diffused over the country by portraits in all shapes, and not less faithfully by the caricatures of the day, that he would probably be recognised at once. At all events, the likenesses of his person are so common that it would be labour lost to attempt any more minute description of it. A more interesting, though at the same time a more difficult task, remains in the attempt to sketch his intellectual character—to delineate the man who, beginning public life as a Tory of the strictest class, has ended by breaking up that historical and once powerful party, by changing the whole policy of the country, and introducing a new era into our commercial system.

To few men, indeed, has it been given to accomplish the same destiny as Sir Robert Peel. In our elder statesmen we are familiar with violent changes—with unexpected tergiversations—with sudden whirls in political opinion; but these were, for the most part, the result of personal feeling, and confined to party evolutions. It remained for the statesman of our day to enter life pledged to oppose a system of policy, and to continue faithful to his pledges up to the period when the moment became critical, and then, without warning, to turn round and consolidate the policy which he had spent his life in denouncing. What is still more remarkable is the fact, that the repeated confessions of error which each recantation of former opinions naturally implies, has done him no disservice. After abjuring the opinions of his early life, so that the Tory and the Tapist of 1829 is now looked upon as the most liberal statesman—the man most untrammelled by prejudices of his age, his character stands higher in the house than ever. His words are revered as

oracles; the party who charge him with treachery to their cause listen to him with fear and awe; while the Radical members of the house count upon his support for their schemes, and openly talk of rallying round a ministry of his formation.

It was about the close of the last war that Sir Robert Peel entered into public life. The nation lay panting and almost prostrate after the deadly struggle in which she had so long been engaged—those rival giants, Pitt and Fox, had long been removed from the scene—a stunted generation of statesmen, the Sidmouths and the Percevals, succeeded—the old Toryism of the country began to look blank as to its prospects for the coming generation, much as Whiggism looks at the present day—when the advent of young Peel, then fresh from the university, a warm adherent of the orthodox opinions of church and king, with a graceful oratory and sound business talents, seemed to promise the party a new lease of life. He flung himself warmly into all the political questions of the day. Catholic emancipation found in him its most decided, and not its least formidable opponent; as to parliamentary reform, it scarcely exerted interest enough to get up a respectable debate; but what could be done by sneering at the pretensions of its advocates, was done, and done well, by Mr Peel. But there were other questions—not political, certainly, but on which political parties had in the main taken opposite sides—where the young statesman betrayed an inclination to heresy. The chief of these were the questions of the currency, and the amendment of the criminal law. On the first, indeed, it may be said that parties were nearly unanimous. The latter would probably have been treated in the same manner, but that the subject was taken up in the first instance by a man so decidedly Radical in his opinions, and so conscientious in maintaining them, in defiance of majesty itself, as the late Sir Samuel Romilly. In addition, therefore, to the usual dread of innovation, there was the feeling that what a Radical proposed could not come to good, which induced the great body of the then all-powerful Tory party to oppose all amelioration in those cruel statutes which on one occasion consigned to the gallows a boy of eleven, for stealing thirteence-pence-halfpenny out of a shop. It is to such bloody deeds in the past generation that we owe the revulsion of public feeling which has since taken place, and which has led not a few benevolent individuals to denounce the punishment of death altogether.

It was not to be expected that the sound sense and practical sagacity of Peel would long remain proof against the arguments that were adduced to prove the impolicy as well as the inhumanity of this Draconian code. But the mode in which he separated himself from the bulk of his party on this occasion, and identified himself with the criminal reformers, was sufficiently cautious, and the type of all his future movements of a similar character. For

some time he gave no certain opinion, and at length, watching public opinion, and waiting till it was ripe for the change, he moved for a committee upon the subject, of which he was appointed chairman. By this committee various reforms were suggested, and when he became home secretary he quietly carried them all into effect by a bill prepared not ostensibly for that purpose, but intended to consolidate the various laws relating to criminal offences, in which capital punishments were dropped, and other and secondary penalties quietly substituted in their stead. Here, too, he displayed another prominent feature in his character—a trait which has characterised him through life, of originating nothing, but stepping in at the critical moment, and appropriating the fruits of those suggestions which more ardent though less practical reformers had planned.

It is needless to follow him through his career, or to dwell upon the part he took in the three vitally important measures of Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the corn laws. It may be sufficient to remark, that the measure second mentioned was the only one where his sagacity proved to be at fault, in not discerning the rapidly-rising current of a nation's feeling; yet here, too, it is shrewdly suspected that his obstinate adherence to the old system was more owing to the iron will of his superior in the cabinet, the Duke of Wellington. Certain it is, that in no other instance has he strongly and steadily expressed will of the people failed to find in Sir Robert Peel an obedient exponent. With regard to the other questions, Sir Robert did not show much reluctance in abandoning the opinions of his former life. On the first occasion, indeed, when he was a younger man, the charge of apostasy seemed to sink deep, and he condescended to defend himself from the charge at some length. It was on this occasion that he quoted with extraordinary effect those fine lines of Dryden, applied by the author to his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion:—

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried  
By haughty souls to human honour tied!  
Oh, sharp, convulsive pangs to agonising pride!

But on the last memorable occasion he had become used to these things; and though the words hypocrisy, apostasy, and all other similar terms of vituperation were hurled against him with a heartiness of hatred that might well have made him wince, yet they seemed to rebound from his tough hide harmless, and he seldom in his replies attended to them at all. No doubt he had then graver matters to think of.

Much has been said of Sir Robert Peel as an orator; and his speeches on great occasions have been printed and published, and circulated throughout the country, as models of parliamentary eloquence; yet his eloquence is of a style that we doubt will not long survive himself or the memory of the occasions which called them forth. The reader will look in vain for the resistless vehemence of Fox, or the brilliant imagery and profound wisdom of Burke. They are, on the contrary, laboured and methodical harangues, that have the merit of fairly and clearly setting before the reader, as, when spoken, they set before the hearer, all the common and obvious arguments for or against a measure, repeated in a variety of modes, and seldom if ever soaring into the regions of fancy, though occasionally enlivened by playful satire. They are the productions of a man who understands clearly what he is about, and who is gifted with an affluence rather of words than of ideas to explain his meaning. That which constitutes the great charm of his speaking in the house is his rich, clear, musical voice, but still more his perfect knowledge of the tempers and the manners of those whom he is addressing. In this respect, perhaps none of his predecessors could rival him. He seems to know almost intuitively what is best adapted to their comprehension; and on a question of political economy he will string together the elements of Adam Smith by the hour; while the country gentlemen around him sit gazing in admiration at the profundity of his attainments in the abstruse science. And the eminently practical character of his

mind has been perhaps the more brought out from contrast with his chief rival. While Lord John Russell will descant in glowing language upon the abstract excellencies of the British constitution, which flies over his hearers' heads, Sir Robert, by a happy appeal to the practical and material interests of the house, will bring the matter at issue directly to 'their business and their bosoms.' The early style of the right honourable baronet's orations was formal and elaborate. His logic was incontestible—the premises being so, the conclusion must be so; and his sentences were all nearly as finely balanced, giving evidence of careful preparation in the composition. But of late years this has been much altered, and his mind, when it freed itself from the political prejudices of early life, seems also in great measure to have been emancipated from the stiff primness of his style of speaking. Perhaps on no occasion was this more manifest than on that exciting season when the repeal of the corn laws was under discussion. His mind seemed fairly to have broken loose from its early trammels, and to have rioted in its new-found freedom. There was no longer the polished preparation of the sentences—no longer the neat elaboration of the style, or the affected antithesis at the end of each sentence. The man was roused to the full height of his intellectual stature, and, disdaining the petty ornaments in which he had before tricked himself to appear before the public eye, he came forth in the naked majesty of a political athlete. As he stood at bay on the floor of the House of Commons, assailed with arguments and invectives on all sides, to which he was compelled at the moment to reply, he seemed frequently to grasp at arguments which were new and unfamiliar to him, and fling them, often half-formed, against his assailants. Then it was, too, that the carefully-marked connection between one topic and another disappeared. On the contrary, his speeches seemed at first sight to be a jumble of unconnected subjects; and yet in the midst of all, the attentive listener could detect an under-current of connection, which led naturally, though not perhaps obviously, from the one topic to the other. It seemed as if his mind, on fire from his own emotions, like the electric fluid, leaped from point to point of the question, without regard to the intervening flats, which a more plodding mind would patiently and tediously have travelled over. And the effect upon the house was corresponding, and showed that no cold elaboration—no studied preparation of sentences, can touch the heart or fire the feelings in any degree to be compared with those that come warm from the heart, and in their glow give token of the earnest faith of the speaker in his own utterances.

As a speaker, Sir Robert Peel occupies a position some considerable way below that of the highest style of oratory—in the practical business of a statesman, and, above all, in the art of managing that unwieldy machine called parliament, he is probably altogether unrivalled. Not Harlel, in conducting his intrigues against the Duchess of Marlborough, and the Whigs in Queen Anne's time—not Walpole in keeping down the discontented factions, while he held in hand the still more venal adherents of the Revolution, in the days of the early Georges, displayed more tact and management, or veiled his designs in a denser cloud of mystery, than their great successor has done in these our own days. Without dwelling upon the consummate generalship he displayed from the passing of the reform bill to his taking office in 1841, during which time he converted a small, disunited, and discomfited band of about fifty adherents into a compact and disciplined array of three hundred strong, which again, on the next dissolution of parliament, was converted into an absolute majority of ninety in the whole house, it may be worth while to notice the steps by which, in the face of a majority so numerous and so united, he contrived to bend the greater portion of them to his own will, and induced a parliament expressly elected to maintain the corn laws, to be the grand instrument of their downfall; for no one now supposes that the great event of 1846 was a sudden thought of the then premier, inspired by the impending appre-

hension of famine. That apprehension was rather one of those accidents which master spirits are so skilful to seize upon, as a pretext for the consummation of a scheme conceived long before, and to which he had been guiding his followers, though, till the decisive crisis had come, he skilfully contrived to hide from them the end he had in view. Now that the whole events of his policy lie before us, it cannot be doubted that the corn laws had received their doom in Sir Robert Peel's mind so far back as the year 1841, while the Whigs were yet in office. It will be remembered, that in that year Lord Melbourne's government came forward with a grand scheme to reduce the duties on foreign timber and sugar, and to substitute a fixed duty of eight shillings on foreign corn, instead of the then existing sliding scale. From the moment this plan was made public, all eyes were fixed upon the last feature in the scheme, and the duties on timber and sugar were scarcely thought of. The free traders talked only of the corn duties; the protectionists in the country confined their abuse to that part alone. It was natural to suppose, therefore, that the battle between the two contending parties would have been fought upon this theme of universal interest; but a struggle upon such grounds would not have suited the wily chief of the opposition forces, who foresaw that he must necessarily commit himself to stronger views of protection than he felt, or excite the suspicion of his followers by his coldness, and thus lose the golden prize of his ambition, for which he had toiled so many years; when it was almost within his grasp. To the amazement of all men, therefore, but which subsequent events have explained, battle was joined, not upon the great question, but upon the comparatively minor subject of the sugar duties. By this skilful manoeuvre a great point was gained, while no real advantage was lost; for while the chiefs of the party dilated in superficial benevolence upon the impropriety of encouraging slave-grown sugar, their more straightforward adherents wandered over the whole range of the proposed free-trade policy, and abused the new corn duties more heartily and lengthily than they did the sugar tariff. The policy was successful; the Whigs were defeated. Parliament was dissolved; the protectionists then returned to their natural position—the sugar duties, which had gained them the victory, were almost forgotten—everywhere was heard the cry of protection for native agriculture, and a majority of ninety showed the potency of that cry throughout the country. Sir Robert was now safely installed in Downing Street, at the summit of his ambition; but his difficulties were now to begin. He had a majority at his back such as no minister had ever before commanded, with the exception of Walpole, or perhaps for a short time Chatham; but it was a majority pledged to support a policy which he had conceived the design of destroying. Ordinary men would have failed here, and made the difficulties in their way an excuse for doing nothing. To Sir Robert they appeared only so many more incentives to the display of his unrivalled skill in manoeuvring. His first steps were all his friends could have wished. If there was one man in the country who had distinguished himself by opposition to free trade, and had thus more than another gained the confidence of the agricultural party, it was the Duke of Buckingham. That individual Sir Robert Peel made a leading member of his newly-formed cabinet. There wanted but this to complete the joy of the whole protection party, and they were now disposed to rest on their arms, and to congratulate each other on the very decisive victory they had gained. But soon dark rumours began to arise. Sir Robert Peel wished, not indeed to abolish the sliding scale, but to modify it, arguing very plausibly that the duties in the old scale were higher than there was any occasion for, and that without conferring any substantial advantage they brought unnecessary odium upon the law. The farmers' friends looked blank; the Duke of Buckingham resigned his seat in the cabinet—that was decisive; the cry of treachery was on the eve of being raised. But from this dangerous position the adroitness of the premier, act-

ing on the vanity of the duke, skilfully extricated him. Sir Robert admired the duke's honesty and straightforwardness of purpose, regretted they could not act cordially together, and, as a testimony of his high esteem for his character, he must be allowed to advise his sovereign to confer upon the duke the highest badge of honour known in England—the order of the garter. The bait took; and from that moment the duke was muzzled, and the farmers, though suspicions still, were left without a leader, and were quiet per force. Another staunch ally of the protectionists was got rid of about the same time. Sir Edward Knatchbull had long followed the fortunes of his chief, and had also obtained a place in the cabinet; but he also became restive, and it was necessary to provide for him. His vanity was tickled with the prospect of a peerage. Sir Edward was thereby induced to resign his seat both in the cabinet and in the House of Lords; but from some cause, to this hour unexplained, the peerage was never conferred. To a man working so long in the dark duplicity is a matter of necessity, yet one would be loath to impute to Sir Robert Peel black ingratitude and treachery towards a personal friend.

A year or two passed away, and then another move was made. Lord Stanley had meanwhile been ingratiating himself with the farmers—who can forget his celebrated Tamboff speech?—and to him, therefore, was now to be entrusted the task of hoodwinking them. As secretary for the colonies, he was considered as the special advocate of colonial interests; and nothing could be more natural, therefore, than that he should propose that the corn grown by our fellow-countrymen in Canada was as much entitled to admission into our ports as the corn grown in any part of the United Kingdom. Again the farmers looked askance, but what could they do? The arguments in favour of the measure were so plausible, and it was proposed by their own friends; there could not be any harm in it. Nevertheless thoughtful men began to see in this the beginning of the end. It was the rat-hole made in the Dutch dyke which would in the end flood the province.

Time passed on, and Lord Stanley began to get uneasy. His genius was cramped by the ascendancy of Peel. With debating powers far superior to his chief, and which, indeed, were unrivalled at any period since the days of Bolingbroke, it was galling to him to find that Sir Robert would never allow him to take his proper share in the discussions. On one or two occasions when Lord Stanley was seen taking copious notes, evidently intending to reply to an opponent when that opponent finished speaking, Sir Robert would quietly get up and take the task of reply upon himself. One may guess how ill this conduct would be brooked by the proudest man now in England. A rupture between the two was freely spoken of, when Sir Robert staved off the difficulty, and effectually prevented his lordship from doing much mischief, either in office or in opposition, by persuading him to go up to the House of Lords. It was suggested to him, that the Duke of Wellington, who had long acted as leader in the Upper House, was becoming unable to discharge its duties, and the position of his successor was due alike to the high rank and the brilliant talents of his noble friend. The plan was successful as usual; and Lord Stanley learned, when too late, that his fiery vehemence, his ready retort, his crushing declamation, which had so often electrified the Commons, were wasted on the cold, dull, decorous House of Lords.

Then came the year 1846, in which, as already intimated, the famine was the occasion skilfully used to develop the full results of that policy which had been so long conceived and so gradually converging towards the one point. But we have not yet exhausted the precautions taken by Sir Robert Peel to secure success before he finally committed himself to the issue. The foudness of the country party for hereditary rank is well known, and it was known, too, that in any struggle with the free-traders, the farmers, failing Sir Robert Peel, would look to some member of the aristocracy to lead them. Since the Duke of Buckingham had been gartered, the Duke of

Richmond had risen into high favour with the agriculturists. His brother, Lord John Lennox, held an office in the ordnance. The Duke of Newcastle was well known to be a sincere, if not a very able supporter of things as they were. His eldest son, the Earl of Lincoln, had a seat in the cabinet. The Earl of Roden was a noisy declaimer against innovation. His son, Lord Jocelyn, had an appointment in the household. The Duke of Rutland, though of quiet manners, was known to possess great influence in the midland districts. His son, the Marquis of Granby, waited on Prince Albert. In short, wherever the thing was possible, an attempt was made to bribe to silence or to compromise in the eyes of the farmers their aristocratic leaders, by exhibiting the sons or other near relations of these men in close connection with the government, and the attempt had great success. The Marquis of Granby and one or two others threw up their places, and the Dukes of Newcastle and Richmond denounced the conduct of their relations; but still some mischief was done and disturbance caused in the Protectionist camp. There was, in fact, no effective opposition, and none was expected, when suddenly a champion of the abandoned agriculturists sprung up in a most unexpected quarter. For twenty years a scion of aristocracy had held a seat in the House of Commons, and had never attempted to command its ear; a steady partizan, his vote could always be depended on, at least when the more congenial calls of the race-course or the betting-ring did not demand his attention. Since the death of Canning, who knew and trusted him, no one thought of him in the various combinations of parties and of ministries that were taking place almost yearly before his eyes. But he came of a family to whom a chivalrous sense of honour and inviolable fidelity to their engagements seems native as their life-blood. From the time of William III. downwards these high qualities have been proved in various situations by members of the Portland family, and in none did they shine with more generous lustre than in the person of the late lamented Lord George Bentinck.

It did one's heart good to listen to a speech of this noble lord—especially during the debates on the passing of the corn bill. He had no idea of compressing his observations—his shortest speech occupied a couple of hours, while the first speech he delivered, which closed the great three weeks' debate on the second reading, was begun at midnight and lasted till past three in the morning. A tongue so long disused might be supposed to be rusty—it often seemed as if it refused to perform its office; repetition and stammering were frequent occurrences, and the impatient cries of his opponents would have disconcerted any other man; but Lord George had something to say, and he was determined to say it. Now he discharged a whole mass of figures at his opponents—now he threw in arguments, the fallacy of which was transparent to all but himself—and anon he withered the premier by a volley of abuse, which descended so low as to the very verge of blackguardism; but all was done with such a display of heart, with such evident downright honesty of purpose, that his most impatient opponents were forced to listen in spite of themselves; and when he at last sat down, the house, never slow to acknowledge gallant bearing, no matter on what subject, greeted him with loud and general cheering. But in what could even his high courage, his unwearied perseverance, his sleepless vigilance, prevail against the tactics of his experienced adversary, a large majority, and, worst of all, a cause evidently founded on justice and truth? What he could do he did. The corn laws were repealed, but the author of that repeal was forced, by the desertion of Lord George Bentinck and his friends, on the Irish questions, to resign office on the very day the measure which was the consummation of his policy received the royal assent.

Since then, Sir Robert Peel has taken no active part in politics. He has reposed on the fulness of his fame, and he now enjoys a position more enviable, perhaps, than the highest station could give. He sits in the house as the mediator of contending factions. Even those who most

abused him now rush to their places when he rises to speak, anxious to catch every word that drops from his lips. His rising, and the silence that invariably attends it, forcibly remind the spectator of Homer's description of Nestor rising in a council of the Greeks. How much the present ministry have been indebted to his suggestions since they took office need not be told.

To sum up this long-extended sketch, Sir Robert Peel appears to possess a mind more practical than original—more dexterous in the employment of expedients to carry out a principle than quick to recognise the principle itself. The student of his life will find a difficulty in discovering a single course of policy which can be said to have originated with him. The great measures of his life—currency reform, criminal law reform, Catholic emancipation, and corn law repeal—all originated with others, and most of them were at first opposed by himself. This latter fact is a serious drawback upon the estimate of his character, and future historians may find a difficulty in freeing him from the charge of duplicity. But, if slow to discover a principle, no one will deny to him the merit of being quick to devise the means of working it out in action. In all of his reforms he has proceeded with cat-like step, creeping rather than walking towards his object; and while his opponent and rival, Lord John Russell, has more than once failed in his object by boldy avowing it from the first, Sir Robert Peel has succeeded from his ability to mask his design till the moment came for the decisive spring. Which is the more honourable policy must be left to the decision of the moralist—there can be no doubt which has been the more successful.

#### A FATHER'S CLAIM TO HIS CHILD.

AARON BURR'S GREAT PLEA.

MANY years ago, I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, a captain of a merchant ship trading principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. His wife is said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character. After living with her in uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he relinquished on his marriage; and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years; no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean. Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she laboured early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate yet prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners no less than her beauty, endeavoured to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite to their

new avocation as housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes; having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumours of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters with the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy; and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to referees. It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty court-room, and shed a halo round the long grey locks of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were even thrown in still bolder relief by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and, had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and, pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired his referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—'Do you know this lady?'

Answer—'I do.'

Burr—'Will you swear to that?'

A.—'I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter.'

Burr—'Can you swear to her identity?'

A.—'I can.'

Burr—'What is her age?'

A.—'She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April.'

Burr—'When did you last see her?'

A.—'At her own house, about a fortnight since.'

Burr—'When did you last see her previous to that meeting?'

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was: 'On the 14th day of May, 17—'

'When she was just three weeks old,' added Burr. 'Gentlemen,' continued he, turning to us, 'I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lovely wife, bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally the overwhelming agony which came as her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the uttermost scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or self-indifference, it matters not: he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness, she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman; let us ask which of these two has been to her a father.'

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterised his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

'My first recollections are of a small ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back work for the following one. Saving that journey to her employers, and her regular attendance to the church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father and of his anticipated return, but at length she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of bread, and she was accustomed to sew by the light of chips which she kindled to warm her famished children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father.' She paused.

'Would you excite my child against me?' cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. 'You are not my father!' she exclaimed vehemently. 'What! call you my father? you who basely left your wife to toil, and children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father!' pointing to the agitated defendant; 'there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children.'

She drew her veil hastily round her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

'Gentlemen,' said Burr, 'I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decree of justice.'

I need not say, that our decision was in favour of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth, followed by the contempt of every honourable man who was present at the trial.



L I N E S  
ON  
A BURIAL-GROUND OF A BATTLE-FIELD  
IN THE PUNJAB.

The afternoon had seen the dark too'fan  
Rush from the west across the calm blue sky,  
Involving earth in midnight dread and sudden;  
The unlash'd winds swept on—their awful voice  
Challenged the world to war, and, like the sound  
Of chariot-thousands, led the conflict on—  
The lurid lightning from each bulwark-cloud  
Anon the horror of the onset lit—  
While the incessant thunder shook the field  
In one continuous roll.

On to the east  
Pass'd the terrific turmoil. When the pall  
Rose in the west, on the horizon pure  
The orb of day was setting all serene.

'Twas then I wander'd from the camp alone  
To where that setting sun, like flaming shield,  
Rest'd his disk above yon mound of graves,  
Escutcheon meet for all who slumber there—  
The emblem and the epitaph for all  
Whose sun had set, like it, in bright red glory.

'Tis sunk; and hollow, from the distant camp,  
Rolls the deep drum, with slow accordant notes—  
Day's requiem meet, 'Lochaber is no more.'\*

This city of the dead was peopled not  
Like village churchyard in the lapse of ages,  
Through centuries that saw the sons of peace  
Borne one by one by weeping friends, and laid  
Beneath the daisied turf, to sleep their night;  
This cemetery was peopled in a day,  
'Mid martial music and the vollied peal.

No various aims the bux'd crowd pursued  
When call'd to their far home; none came to rest  
From rural toil or mercantile manœuvre,  
From seeming zeal in the forensic farce,  
From senate mouthing unfelt patriot zeal.  
All here pursued one prize: thy garland, Glory;  
None here, by slow disease or gasping age,  
Exchanged the curtain'd chamber for the dust;  
Nor wife, nor son, nor daughter here were seen  
Soothing the painful passage to the tomb,  
Propping the anguish'd head with softest pillow,  
Bathing the burning brow with od'rous dew,  
Or whispering soft the hopes of holy writ—  
The glorious resurrection, and the life  
Beyond the grave.—and, when the last deep sigh  
Dismiss'd the sp'rit, closed with affection's hand  
The sleepers' eyes.

Here rests a vet'ran in his last of fields:  
The shadow of his native vine seem'd wreath'd  
To shade his setting sun; there he had hoped  
To lead the partner of his joys and toils  
In exile, with their blooming olive boughs,  
To pass in peace, and in domestic bliss,  
The remnant of his days, endear'd the more  
By mem'ry of his stormy life afar.  
Alas! the widow, with her fatherless,  
Will seek in sorrow now their native land!  
The long fond-cherish'd vision fled for ever.

Here sleeps another aged chief, who, left  
A lonely orphan, was despatch'd to Ind,  
To fight his way unfriended through the world.  
He, all unfetter'd by the tender ties  
Of early love and friends, gave all his heart  
To martial fame. No fond regret had he  
For English bowers, for not a heart was there  
With one pulsation of regard for him.  
He join'd not in the general wish so oft

\* This air is often played in India at sunset.

Express'd by messmates that at last they might  
Be spared to lay their bones in British dust  
Beside their sire's. 'My bones,' he cried, 'I hope,  
Will rest on battle-field. The camp's my home,  
Glory's my mistress, and our nuptial song  
Is heard in pealing drum and cannon's roar!'  
He has his wish—in honour's bed he sleeps.

A happy band of maidens fair are seen  
On Avon's banks. With fond affection's joy  
Their eager gentle hands prepare a bower  
Of every Scottish flow'ring fragrant shrub,  
To jubilee a brother's glad return,  
Entitled now to furlough. The fond mother,  
In silence and in sacred musings, stands  
Watching through mother's tears the sweet employ;  
Each loving sister has selected there  
Her favourite flower, to bind a brother's brow:  
And every day brings brighter hope and joy.  
'Twas summer noon, and all was summer glory  
In earth and sky, when, from the western sea  
That fearful hand-like cloud arose, and spread  
Its pall o'er all the sky, and muttering thunder  
Announced a coming storm. The maidens left  
Their almost-finish'd bower, and sought retreat,  
In the paternal hall. On came the gloom  
Appalling, slow, till o'er the spot it hung.  
One vivid flash, and then one thunder peal—  
And then the storm was o'er. The sun broke out,  
And to the bower the joyous sisters flew;  
But swift destruction had outstripp'd their speed.  
Instead of dewdrops bright'ning all the sprays,  
One blacken'd mass the bower all blighted lay.  
It was not needed, for, at that same hour,  
Their brother fell beneath the battle-fire.  
—The mother and the sisters—peace, no more.

Young Leslie's bosom burn'd with mingled flames—  
The soldier's ardour and the poet's fire;  
And he aspired to bind around his brow  
The wreath entwined with laurel and the bay.  
He sung of battles with a warrior's glow;  
Of nature's varied charms; of happy homes;  
Of exile, and of exile's heart-sick sorrow.  
But now life's sweetest inspiration thrill'd  
His trembling bosom—woman's trusting love.  
Their hearts were pledged, the nuptial day was fixed,  
When the Revolt broke sudden o'er the land,  
And he was call'd from love's enraptured hours,  
Again to mingle in the battle's rage.  
Before he went, at the sad parting scene  
He begg'd one token for his battle badge—  
A marriage favour. This shagrebbling wove  
Into its rose-like knot, and when 'twas finish'd  
A burst of tears bedew'd the fatal flower.  
'O that has made it dearer far to me  
Than if 'twere bright with India's richest gems,'  
He said, and, kissing all the rest away,  
He placed the sacred pledge next to his heart,  
And forth he went exulting to the fight.  
There his first love, bright Glory, met her lover.  
'Thou'rt mine,' she said, 'love's banners I here forbid.'  
The battle raged. Death, the grim priest of war,  
United their youth's plighted pair for ever,  
And the white rose was stain'd with crimson'd hue.

Here rests a private soldier—only son  
Of a fond mother, and she too a widow.  
Her only earthly stay this plous son—  
The only link that bound her to the world—  
Now he is gone, and all her trust is heaven,  
Where all her company have gone before.

A few I thus have singled from the crowd  
Of valiant warriors slumbering here afar.  
But when 'tis shouted from the flying bark  
To Britain's isle, 'Another glorious day!'  
What groups of anguish'd hearts will sad retire  
From the rejoicing crowd, to mourn in vain  
For husbands, sons, and brothers sleeping here.

## SCENES FROM 'LIFE IN THE WOODS.'

## CHENEY, THE HUNTER.

You know one expects to hear of hunting achievements upon our western frontier, where the sounds of civilisation have not yet frightened away the wild beasts that haunt the forest. But here, in the heart of the empire state, is a man whose fame is known far and wide as the 'mighty hunter'; and if desperate adventures and hair-breadth escapes give one a claim to the sobriquet, it certainly belongs to him. Some ten or fifteen years ago, Cheney, then a young man, becoming enamoured of forest life, left Ticonderoga, and, with his rifle on his shoulder, plunged into this then unknown, untrodden wilderness. Here he lived for years on what his gun brought him. Finding, in his long stretches through the woods, where the timber is so thick you cannot see an animal more than fifteen rods, that a heavy rifle was a useless burden, he had a pistol made, about eleven inches in length, stocked like a rifle, which, with his hunting-knife and dog, became his only companions. I had him with me several days as a guide, for he knows better than any other man the mysteries of this wilderness, though there are vast tracts even he would not venture to traverse. Moose, deer, bears, panthers, wolves, and wild cats, have by turns made his acquaintance, and some of his encounters would honour old Daniel Boone himself. Once he came suddenly upon a panther that lay crouched for a spring within a single bound of him. He had nothing but his gun and knife with him, while the glaring eyes and gathered form of the furious animal at his feet told him that a moment's delay, a miss, or a false cap, would bring them locked in each other's embrace, and in a death-struggle. But without alarm or over-haste, he brought his rifle to bear upon the creature's head, and fired just as he was sallying back for the spring. The ball entered the brain, and with one wild bound his life departed, and he lay quivering on the leaves. Being a little curious to know whether he was not somewhat agitated in finding himself in such close proximity to a panther all ready for the fatal leap, I asked him how he felt when he saw the animal crouching so near. 'I felt,' said he, coolly, 'as if I should kill him.' I need not tell you that I felt a little foolish at the answer, and concluded not to tell him that I expected he would say that his heart suddenly stopped beating, and the woods reeled round him, for the perfect simplicity of the reply took me all aback—yet it was rather an odd feeling to be uppermost in a man's mind just at that moment—it was, however, perfectly characteristic of Cheney.

His fight with a wolf was a still more serious affair. As he came upon the animal, ravenous with hunger, and floundering through the snow, he raised his rifle and fired; but the wolf, making a spring just as he pulled the trigger, the ball did not hit a vital part. This enraged her still more; and she made at him furiously. He had now nothing but an empty rifle with which to defend himself, and instantly clubbing it, he laid the stock over the wolf's head. So desperately did the creature fight, that he broke the stock into fragments without disabling her. He then seized the barrel, which, making a better bludgeon, told with more effect. The bleeding and enraged animal seized the hard iron with her teeth, and endeavoured to wrench it from his grasp—but it was a matter of life and death with Cheney, and he fought savagely. But, in the meantime, the wolf, by stepping on his snow-shoes as she closed with him, threw him over. He then thought the game was up, unless he could make his dogs, which were scouring the forest around, hear him. He called loud and sharp after them, and soon one, a young hound, sprung into view: but no sooner did he see the condition of his master than he turned in affright, and, with his tail between his legs, fled into the woods. But, at this critical moment, the other hound burst, with a shrill, savage cry and a wild bound, upon the straggling group. Sinking his teeth to the jaw-bone in the wolf, he tore her fiercely from his master. Turning to grapple with this new foe,

she gave Cheney an opportunity to gather himself up, and fight to better advantage. At length, by a well-directed blow, he crushed in the skull, which finished the work. After this he got his pistol made.

You know that a bear always sleeps through the winter. Curled up in a cavern, or under a fallen tree, in some warm place, he composes himself to rest, and, Rip-Van-Winkle-like, snoozes away the season. True, he is somewhat thin when he thaws out in the spring, and looks voracious about the jaws, making it rather dangerous to come in contact with him. Cheney told me, that one day, while hunting on snow-shoes, he suddenly broke through the crust, and came upon a bear taking his winter's nap. The spot this fellow had chosen was the cavity made by the roots of an upturned tree. It was a warm, snug place; and the snow, having fallen several feet deep over him, protected him from frosts and winds. The unceremonious thrust of Cheney's leg against his carcass roused up Bruin, and, with a growl that made the hunter withdraw his foot somewhat hastily, he leaped forth on the snow. Cheney had just given his knife to his companion, who had gone to the other side of the mountain to meet him farther on, and, hence, had nothing but his pistol to defend himself with. He had barely time to get ready before the huge creature was close upon him. Unterrified, however, he took deliberate aim right between the fellow's eyes, and pulled the trigger; but the cap exploded without discharging the pistol. He had no time to put on another cap; so, seizing his pistol by the muzzle, he aimed a tremendous blow at the creature's head. But the bear caught it on his paw with a cuff that sent it ten yards from Cheney's hand, and the next moment was rolling over Cheney himself in the snow. His knife being gone, it became simply a contest of physical strength; and, in hugging and wrestling, the bear evidently had the advantage; and the hunter's life seemed not worth asking for. But, just then, his dog came up, and, seizing the animal from behind, made him loosen his hold, and turn and defend himself. Cheney then sprang to his feet, and began to look around for his pistol. By good luck he saw the breech just peeping out of the snow. Drawing it forth, and hastily putting on a fresh cap, and re-fastening his snow-shoes, which had become loosened in the struggle, he made after the bear. When he and the dog closed, both fell, and began to roll, one over the other, down the hill-side, locked in the embrace of death. The bear, however, was too much for the dog, and at length shook him off, leaving the latter dreadfully lacerated—'torn,' as Cheney said, 'all to pieces. But,' he added, 'I never saw such pluck in a dog before. As soon as he found I was ready for a fight, he was furious, bleeding as he was, to be after the bear. I told him we would have the rascal, if we died for it; and away he jumped, leaving his blood on the snow as he went. 'Hold on,' said I; and he held on till I came up. I took aim at his head, meaning to put the ball in the centre of his brain; but it struck below, and only tore his jaw to pieces. I loaded up again, and fired, but did not kill him, though the ball went through his head. The third time I fetched him, and he was a bouncer, I tell you.' 'But the dog, Cheney,' said I; 'what became of the poor, noble dog?' 'Oh, he was dreadfully mangled. I took him up, and carried him home, and nursed him. He got well, but was never good for much afterwards—that fight broke him down.' I asked him if a moose would ever show fight. 'Yea,' he said, 'a cow moose, with her calf; and so will any of them, when wounded or hard pushed. I once was out hunting, when my dog started two. I heard a thrashing through the bushes, and in a minute more I saw both of them coming right towards me. As soon as they saw me, they bent down their heads, and made at me at full speed. The bushes and saplings snapped under them like pipe-stems. Just before they reached me, I stepped behind a tree, and fired as they jumped by. The ball went clear through one, and lodged in the other.'

Cheney kills about seventy deer per annum. He has none of the roughness of the hunter; but is one of the mildest, most unassuming, pleasant men you will meet

with anywhere. Among other things, he told me of once following a bear all day, and treeing him at night, when it was so dark he could not see to shoot; then sitting down at the root, to wait till morning that he might kill him. But, after awhile, all being still, he fell asleep, and did not wake till daylight. Opening his eyes in astonishment, he looked up for the bear, but the cunning rascal had gone. Taking advantage of his enemy's slumbers, he had crawled down and waddled off. Cheney said he never felt so flat in his life, to be outwitted thus, and by a bear.

With one anecdote illustrating his coolness, I will bid his hunting adventures adieu. He was once hunting alone by a little lake, when his dogs brought a noble buck into the water. Cocking his gun, and laying it in the bottom of the boat, he pulled after the deer, which was swimming boldly for his life. In the eagerness of pursuit, he hit his rifle either with his paddle or foot, when it went off, sending the ball directly through one of his ankles. He stopped, and, looking at his benumbed limb, saw where the bullet had come out of his boot. The first thought was, to return to the shore; 'the next was,' said he, 'I may need that venison before I get out of these woods;' so, without waiting to examine the wound, he pulled on after the deer. Coming up with him, he beat him to death with his paddles, and, pulling him into the boat, rowed ashore. Cutting off his boot, he found his leg was badly mangled and useless. Bandaging it up, however, as well as he could, he cut a couple of crooked sticks for crutches, and with these he walked *fourteen miles* to the nearest clearing. There he got help, and was carried slowly out of the woods. How a border-life sharpens a man's wits! Especially in an emergency does he show to what strict discipline he has subjected his mind. His resources are almost exhaustless, and his presence of mind equal to that of one who has been in a hundred battles. Wounded, perhaps mortally, it nevertheless flashed on this hunter's thoughts, that he might be so crippled that he could not stir for days and weeks, but starve to death there in the woods. 'I may need that venison before I get out,' said he; and so, with a mangled, bleeding limb, he pursued and killed a deer, on which he might feed in the last extremity.

#### THE WOODS ON FIRE.

Last night witnessed a scene of sublimity that baffles all attempts to describe it worthily—for the forests all around were a mass of surging, tossing, billowy flame. I have seen the woods on fire upon Long Island, when the flames travelled so rapidly that a man on horseback could scarcely, at an easy gallop, keep ahead of them, and it was a grand spectacle. The vast columns of smoke rolling into the heavens, yet leaning eagerly forward, as if straining on the chase—the lambent tongues of flame, shooting at intervals above the murky mass that hugged the tree-tops—and the steady roar, like that of the surge, filled me with new ideas of terror and sublimity. The rabbits and foxes, in countless numbers, smelling the danger from afar, scoured the thickets in every direction, the deer ran frightened from their haunts, and nature herself seemed to stand aghast at the fury of the devouring element. But the leaves and shrubs alone fed the flames—the tall trees were only scathed and blackened, which, together with the lowness of the land, lessened and concealed the effect of the scene.

A prairie on fire is simply a mass of flame, rushing like a race-horse over the ground—terrible to behold, but exhibiting a sameness in its aspect that leaves no room to the imagination. But a mountain of magnificent timber ablaze is another matter—from base to ridge your eye takes in the whole extent, and you look on a bosom of fire, from which rise waving columns and lofty turrets of flame.

There had been a long drought in this section, which so dried up everything combustible, that the forest became one great tinder-box, needing only a spark to make a conflagration. This was accidentally furnished by some men burning a fallow. First a column of blue smoke began to ascend through the trees, which rapidly swelled in size

and increased in velocity, until at length the fire got under way, and took up its fierce march, and by night the whole mountain was wrapt in a fiery mantle. It came roaring down to the clearing where I stood, threatening to leap over the narrow barrier, in its eagerness to burst all bonds that would restrain it. Trees a hundred feet high, and five, and six, and eight feet in circumference, were on fire from the root to the top—vast pyramids of flame, now surging in the eddies of air that caught them, now bending as if about to yield the struggle, then lifting superior to the foe, and dying, martyr-like, in the vast furnace. One tree enlisted for awhile all my sympathies—it was a noble stem, and stood for a long time erect and motionless amid the enveloping smoke and flame, sometimes buried from my sight and then appearing again—its black form looming mysteriously through the murky cloud that shrouded it, as though defying its enemy. Even after the blaze had curled itself around the entire trunk, and run out to the extreme limits of the branches, it still retained its calm and dignified aspect—its head, and body, and arms reaching out into the night, all on fire, and yet scorning to show signs of pain. At length, however, the heat seemed to have reached its vitals, for it suddenly swung backward, as if in agony, while a shower of embers fell like sky-rockets around the blazing outline, to its roots. Shorn of its glory, the flashing, trembling form stood thus awhile, crisping and writhing in the blaze, till, weary with its long suffering, it threw itself with a sudden and hurried sweep on the funeral pile around. From the noble pine to the bending sprout the trees were aflame, while the crackling underbrush seemed a fiery network cast over the prostrate forms of the monarchs of the forest. When the fire caught a dry stub, it ran up the huge trunk like a serpent, and, coiling around the withered branches, shot out its fiery tongue as if in mad joy, over the raging element below; while ever and anon came a crash that reverberated far away in the gorges—the crash of falling trees, at the overthrow of which there went up a cloud of sparks, and cinders, and ashes. Sweeping along on its terrible path, the tramp of that conflagration filled the air with an uproar like the bursting of billows on a rocky shore.

In one direction the forest made down into a valley, through which coursed a rapid stream, on the farther side of which arose a mountain of rocks, almost naked from base to summit. Trees and shrubs, however, had grown in the interstices, but the drought had killed them all, and the white and withered stems could scarcely be distinguished from the bleached rocks against which they grew. Along this valley the conflagration swept; and, skirting the bank of the stream with fearful velocity, and licking up everything to the water's brink, went for a while careering onward, as if satisfied with the field before it. But suddenly there seemed to be a division of the forces: while one portion was content with a direct invasion, the other made a halt, as if resolved on a more desperate attack. The white, dry mountain on the opposite side of the stream had attracted its attention, and, clearing the channel with one bold bound, it began to scale the opposing cliffs. As the flames got amongst this vast collection of combustible matter, they raged with a strength and fury to which all their former madness seemed placidity. Have you ever in a still summer day heard the roar of a coming hurricane? If so, you have a faint conception of the terrific rushing sound of the fire as it wrapped these mountains. It was near midnight, and that rocky ridge became in the gloom a vast elevation of fire, laced with lines of fire of brighter hue, and shooting up jets of flame against the murky sky, as if resolved to assail the heavens also. As I stood gazing on this wild spectacle, and listening to its wilder uproar, suddenly a shrill and distant scream cleaved the flames, and was borne with startling clearness through the air. Some wild animal, probably a panther, had been roused from his sleep by the heat, but awoke only to find himself hemmed in on every side by a burning wall. Bounding madly from side to side, he had at last sprung into the fire, and that last cry was his

death-shriek. This morning, a black and smouldering mass alone remains of last night's work. Trees half-burned in two, others broken off at the middle, and all smoking amidst the devastation, present a most forlorn aspect in the bright morning air.

The backwoodsman never sees a city on fire, but he beholds a far more imposing spectacle. Around the haunts of men the devouring element is everywhere met by resistance. Not only do solid walls obstruct its progress, but human effort fights it at every step, subduing its fury and lessening its force; but in the woods it has free scope, no arm arrests it, no confinement smothered its rage. Free as the forest it ranges, it puts forth all its energy, and is fanned into greater fury by the wind itself creates. Thus do scenes of beauty and terror succeed each other on the margin and in the heart of the wilderness. There is no monotony in nature, and no lack of excitement.

### THE SNOWDROP.

'Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow,  
The early herald of the infant year,  
Ere yet the adventurous Crocus dares to blow,  
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.'

CONSIDERING the wide, almost antipodal, difference of the principles that respectively guide the poet and the natural historian in matters relating to the structure and affinities of the myriad members of the vegetable kingdom, it is a curious fact, that many of those natural orders of plants marked out by the hand of science are almost entirely composed of species of high celebrity in the realms of poesy, and which the poet would at once link together were he called upon to make a classification. Thus we have the natural order *Liliaceæ*, including the lovely Lily of the Field and Lily of the Valley, the Asphodel, the Tulip of gorgeous hue, the Squill, the Hyacinth, the Crown-Imperial, and the Star of Bethlehem,—all of which have met with the poet's admiring smile. We have likewise the natural order *Caryophyllaceæ*, which brings together in close companionship the fragrant Pink and the 'fairest flower o' the season,' 'the curious choice Clove *July-flower*,' so beautifully 'carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,' and with which are linked the bright Scarlet Lychnis, the Catch-fly, and the pretty Ragged-Robin, which have each and all of them found a place in the poets' posies. *Primulaceæ* forms a poetic wreath, uniting the little Bog Pimpernel, the Poor Man's Weather-Glass, the Water-Violet, the Cowslip, and the Primrose, 'so tender-eyed and pale.' And in *Amaryllidaceæ*, the botanist meetly brings into union the Amaryllis, the fair Narcissus, the gaudy Daffodil (of kindred form), the Summer Snowflake, and the little pearly and peerless SNOWDROP, whose pendent blossoms, now rising to the call of the first sunbeam of early springtime, gladden the glistening eye of the naturalist.

The Snowdrop is one of those much-praised gems that meet with universal favour. Flowering at a time when scarcely another flower is to be found, and of a form so graceful and fairy-like, and a colouring so pure—these are reasons sufficient in themselves to account for the popularity to which it has long since attained, through the writings of the poets. While the fragile thing, buffeted by the ruthless storm, seems to crave our pity, its beautiful yet unassuming form—the very emblem of humility and purity—at once excites our warmest admiration. We prize it as a 'holy thing,' and forgetting not that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' we, season after season, keep the little gem in fond remembrance, and watch the dissolving snow-wreaths for the first appearance of its 'dangling blossoms.' Much loved, however, as is this little flower, it is he alone 'whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,' that can fully estimate its worth and beauty. He views it as the 'herald of a brighter bloom,' and can see mirrored in its pale drooping flower a thou-

sand gayer blossoms, that will ere long be fresh and blooming in the lap of flowery May. 'Pleased we hail thee, spotless blossom,' for thou art rich in promise of green fields and flowery meads, singing birds, bright skies, and sylvan beauty! Thou bearest the welcome tidings of the coming of thy fair sister, the Lily of the Vale, and of her meet companions in the May-wreath, fair Narcissus by the mirry waters, and the dancing Daffodil of the woodland glade! But still methinks lovelier than all is thy own modest self—so gentle, so meek, and so pure, thy simple green and white array!

In allusion to the purity of the Snowdrop's blossoms, botanists have called it the *Galanthus nivalis*, or *Snowy Milk-Flower*, a name at once complimentary to the flower itself, and highly creditable to botanical taste, notwithstanding all the demurring we occasionally have from the hand of popular writers to the adoption of botanical names. The French call it *Perce-neige*. It is a small plant, generally growing (in a wild state) to the height of six or eight inches. The root is bulbous, the bulb being of small size, ovate, and covered with a brown membranaceous rind. Each plant has only two leaves, which, springing from the bulb, are of a linear form, and glaucous-green hue. The flowers are *solitary*, only one being placed on the same stalk; and each flower is composed of six petals, the three outer ones spreading, and of a pure white colour, while the inner ones are smaller, and beautifully streaked with green, which renders them very lovely when closely examined. The flowers are at first enclosed in a *spatha*, or sheath, which they burst when they grow up; but it will still be found adhering to the flower-stalk, near to the flower. The fructification of *Palms* is enclosed in a *spathe* of this kind; and in a paper on the Palm which we intend by and by to lay before our readers, some curious facts will be stated in connection with it.

The Snowdrop is not a common plant, more especially in Scotland; but where it does occur, it is sometimes seen in the greatest profusion. Some botanists have, however, and not without reason, doubted whether it is really a true native, indigenous to British soil, presuming that it may have been originally introduced (although certainly at a remote period) by the agency of man. In botanical books its geographical range is stated to extend over the Verona mountains, Germany, Carniola, and Vienna; and certainly there is nothing in this geographic range, over which the plant extends, to militate against the possibility, nay, the probability, that it is really native in the British isles. The principal objection which botanists have against its nativity is, that it is generally found in great abundance in orchards, beside old castle ruins, and in woods and bylanes, often where a cottage has stood; these facts tending to show that, in the particular instances mentioned, the plant was likely to have been cultivated, and thus may have naturalised itself on the spot, and remained there long after the causes to which it originally owed its existence ceased to operate. No admirer of the Snowdrop will like much to look upon it as the child of another clime; for the writings of our native poets, and the earliest observations of our woodland wanderers, have taught us instinctively to claim it as one of our own wild flowers. Nor will any admirer of our native Flora readily accede to the strong disposition on the part of the British botanists of the present day, to regard many of our most beautiful native flowers as aliens—a disposition by no means evinced in the same degree by the botanists of any other age or country.\* Bromfield, in speaking on this subject, has some very judicious remarks. 'I do not,' he says, 'on the perusal of the writers on continental floras (an extensive collection of which, old and new, I am much in the habit of consulting), find the same disposition to doubt the origin of species, which seems so peculiarly to characterise the botanists of this country, that they must needs have re-

\* An acute friend of ours once undertook to prove that the Primrose and the Daisy are both foreign importations, neither of them natives in this country!

course to the hypothetical agency of birds, monachism,\* garden escapes, and other problematical and unproved operative causes, to account for the dissemination of half the plants of our country whose flowers are a little more specious in appearance than ordinary, without considering that nature, in her beneficence, has not left the most hyperborean regions or the most sterile wastes unadorned by some rare and love'y floral productions to gladden the general desolation, whilst she scatters with a yet more unsparring hand her richest gems over temperate and fertile countries. Cast a glance over the inhospitable and frigid Siberia, on the Altaic chain of mountains, and the vast plains at their feet, where the mean temperature of the interior of the earth's crust is but little above the freezing point the year through, yet what an array of even southern types of vegetation does the short and not very warm summer, of some five months' duration at most, unfold to the botanical traveller, in the various species of *Zygophyllaceae*, *Rutaceae*, *Amoryllidaceae*, *Liliaceae*, *Tamariscaceae*, and even of arborescent Leguminosae, in *Halodendron*, *Caragana*, &c.—a proof that Nature is not easily repressed in her efforts to decorate this world of ours with all that is fair and lovely, even where climate is most opposed to her benign endeavours! And shall not our happy island of Great Britain possess some floral beauties truly her own, when the same have been so lavishly bestowed on rude Siberia's ice-bound hills and deserts? May not the lime and beech clothe our slopes as well as those of France and Germany; our woods be carpeted with Periwinkle and 'Violets dim,' festooned with the wild Hop-vine, or made radiant with spring Daffodils, as well as those of our neighbours across the Channel, without having our faith in the rightful possession of these gifts of Flora shaken or put to flight by eternally hearing from the lips of some botanical infidel or other the ungracious exclamation, 'Vix ea nostra voco?' The author of a delightful little volume, titled 'Wild Flowers of the Year,' published by the Religious Tract Society, while admitting that the Snowdrop is not, strictly speaking, a wild plant, mentions that a lane near Newport, in the isle of Wight, is so full of its pure white blossoms, that it is well known as Snow-drop Lane. Whether this beautiful plant was or was not originally introduced to this country through the agency of man, certain it is that it has now, at least, an acquired right to a dwelling-place with us; and it is indeed so thoroughly and profusely established in various parts of the country, that its existence is not only now quite independent of human aid and human operations; but it fairly bids defiance to any attempt that might be made by man for its extermination. Such being the case, we should, like our continental friends, freely receive what is so profusely offered to us by the lavish hand of Nature, without demurring and doubting of our right thereto.

Of all the wild flowers whose praises have been sung by the poet, and from which the moralist has sought to draw a lesson, perhaps no other native gem has received the same attention as the Snowdrop. Springing up, as it were, spontaneously from the snow-wreath, and exhibiting a delicacy of structure so extraordinary, and apparently so little in keeping with the ruthless season of frosts and snows, which has been fixed as its appointed time of coming, it could not fail to draw the attention of even the least observant of the human race. Who can gaze upon the little beauty without being led to think of the HAND from which it has its perfect mould? Who can contemplate the infinite skill displayed in the wonderful structure of all the organs of this tiny thing without seeking to kneel in profound admiration at the footstool of the ALMIGHTY BUILDER of nature's temple, in the minutest works of WHOM the same majesty of design is displayed as that which regulates the boundless universe?

\* Instruct us, Lord,  
Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,  
E'en by the simple sermon of a flower,  
To live by Thee.

\* The monks are supposed to have introduced many interesting plants, especially those that were used medicinally in former times.

## Original Poetry.

### SONG TO LIBERTY.

O Liberty! thy lyre awake!  
Awake! I cry to thee;  
To Hope a captive for thy sake,  
Trembling for Liberty!

Beyond the prison of my tears,  
Beyond my hope I see;  
And on my winged soul my fears  
Escape to heaven and thee.

The patriot's cry, the patriot's tear,  
Utter'd and shed for thee,  
In hearts of rock embalm in fear,  
Perpetuating thee.

We rendeth nations rest of thee.  
Wail widow'd hearts with grief;  
Send but one ray, O Liberty!  
And that shall bless, though brief.

Dark, sullen is the despot's brow,  
Fiend-like his features be;  
But God-like is the soul by thou  
Illumined and set free!

Then visit now the fetter'd slave,  
Till justice set him free,  
And in his bondage let him lave  
His soul serene in thee!

Go to the troubled heart and say,  
'Though downcast it may be—  
'The morning of a brighter day  
I'll usher in to thee.'

Go to the despot on the rack  
To fetter all the free,  
And bring his human spirit back,  
And let him nourish thee!

But should he spurn thy magic spell,  
Benignant though it be,  
Let him in soul in bondage dwell,  
Who dares molest the free.

Baptise me in thy crystal stream,  
Who prayeth oft and free,  
That, basking in thy sunlit beam,  
My life may mirror thee!

O Liberty! emancipate  
All, whose'er they be,  
Born to a sad, untimely fate,  
Bereft, bereft of thee.

For God hath sent thee here to show  
The boon to angels given,  
For more than mind on earth can know  
Of thee, is known in heaven.

Then on thy mission, angel, fly,  
Till all the world shall see;  
There is a star beneath the sky—  
The star of Liberty.

T.B.

## THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

### CHAP. I.

Nor far from one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, there stood a cottage, built in that old-fashioned style which is still frequently to be met with in this part of England. It was of tolerable size, and had perhaps, at one time, been a substantial farm-house, but if so, it was no longer such. No out-buildings remained except a shed or two in the adjoining yard, which contained a saw-pit and some timber, giving evidence that the present occupant was a carpenter, but apparently in no very extensive way of business. The house was a picturesque-looking building, and it possessed, moreover, an air of neatness and comfort which is not always to be

met with in the dwellings of the class to which its inhabitants belonged. Its chequered black and white walls were nicely painted, and the thatched roof was in perfect repair. Over the door was a porch of trellis work, covered with roses and woodbines. The little garden was rich in flowers, and the carefully thatched bee-hives were nicely fixed in one of its snugest corners. The white dimity curtains and the bright red flower-pots looked cheerfully out from the well-cleaned windows; and when the door chanced to be opened, the nicely-coloured walls and the perfect order of the simple furniture within, showed that the indoor arrangements fully equalled the nicety and order of those without.

One fine warm evening in spring this little abode looked particularly pretty and cheerful. Innumerable early flowers were gay in the garden, and the tender green of the opening foliage was lighted up by the declining sun into its most brilliant hue. The carpenter was sitting, after his day's work, on one side of the cottage-porch, while his wife, busily employed with her knitting, occupied the other. The good man held on his knee a basket filled with violets, polyanthus, primroses, and other spring flowers, which a little girl about eight or nine years old was forming into nosegays, and tying together with considerable skill and dexterity. No one could have supposed, who had noticed how quickly the child selected and arranged the flowers in her little bouquet, so as to produce an agreeable variety of colour and form, that the sense which would seem the most essential to such a task was entirely wanting; but so it was—Bessy was born blind. Her father sat watching her for some time in silence, and then he said—'And what are all these posies for, Bessy, that you are so busy making?'

'To give away to be sure,' answered the little girl.

'Why, you have made more already than you will find people to give them to,' remarked her father.

'Oh no, I have not!' said Bessy. 'Here is one for Mrs Smith, and another for Jenny. These bunches of violets are for the Miss Mertons; Tom must take them as he goes to school in the morning, and he will want one for himself. I shall pick the very best for him, for I love him better than anybody else, a great, great deal.'

'Then you want have many to spare, you think?' said her father.

'No, not many.'

'And they are for chance comers,' observed her mother, smiling; 'not many people leave our house without one of Bessy's posies; do they, dear?'

No; not when I have one,' answered the child; 'everybody loves flowers—do they not, mother? You know Mrs Smith said to-day, how beautiful our garden looked! Oh, flowers are very pretty!' continued she, as she passed her hand over the yellow blossom of a primrose, and inhaled its delicate fragrance.

Her mother looked at her with eyes full of tears, but she smiled too; and she was about to speak, when Bessy suddenly stopped in her employment, and, raising her little finger as if to enforce silence, said, with an animated countenance, 'Here he is!'

'Who? Tom?' said the carpenter. 'No, thou art mistaken, my little Bessy, this time; he has an errand to go, and will not be back just yet.'

'She is right, depend on it, John,' said his wife, as the child, putting down her flowers on the bench beside which she stood, proceeded with unerring steps down the garden, and out of the little gate to meet her brother. 'She does not hear as we do; it seems as if God had given her some strange way of knowing many things even better than we, who have the use of our eyes to guide us.'

'And sure enough he has, Mary,' returned her husband; 'when it seems good to Him to take away one sense, he makes it up by giving the others in tenfold perfection. Ay, and he makes up for it in other ways too, depend on it. Our Bessy is a happier child than many who are blessed with sight. Yes,' he added, as the sound of Tom's merry greeting met his ear, 'she was right; here he is, indeed!' And in another moment the children appeared,

hand in hand, and talking and laughing gaily, as they skipped up to the cottage-door.

'Well, Tom, my boy,' said his father, 'you are earlier than I looked for you to-night.'

'Yes, father,' said the boy; 'I met the man you sent me to in the street, so that saved my going to the house, you know.'

'And you are ready for your supper, I should think, Tom; are you not?' said his mother.

'When is he not,' said his father, laughing; 'eh, Tom, when did such a thing happen to you as not to be ready for your supper?'

'Indeed I don't remember, father,' laughed Tom; 'at any rate it's not to-night, for I'm terribly hungry.'

'Then go in, dear, and get your supper; it's all ready for you,' said his mother.

'I'll bring it out here, and eat it out of doors; it's a pity to go in this fine night, after being in school all day,' said Tom.

'Oh, do!' exclaimed Bessy; 'if you'll fetch a stool to sit on I'll bring the bread and milk.'

In a few minutes Tom was seated, and doing ample justice to the substantial basin of bread and milk which had been provided for his supper. When he had made an end of his repast, his father inquired how the writing went on. 'Oh! that's a secret, you know, till the end of the quarter, and then you are to see whether I have improved in the last six months!'

'And how long will that be?'

'Only a fortnight on Wednesday.'

'And how old are you now, Tom?'

'Thirteen and a half; am I not, mother?'

'Just about, I believe,' answered she.

'Old enough to think of getting your own living, now,' said his father; 'eh, Tom?'

'Yes, quite. I shall come home and help you; shant I, father? You know I can already handle the plane and the saw pretty well for my age, and I am sure you want help.'

'Yes; that he does, Tom,' said his mother.

'No, no,' returned the carpenter; 'I could have made you useful to me, if that had been my only object, last year, when I had taught you the use of the tools, instead of sending you to school again. But I did it to get you on in the world, and I hope to put you to a better trade than your father's. How should you like to be a cabinet-maker?'

Tom's eyes sparkled, for this was the favourite wish of his heart. He had a great turn for cabinetmaker's work, and some of the little pieces of furniture he had constructed in his leisure hours were exceedingly ingenious and well-executed.

'Very much indeed, father,' answered he; 'but the premium would be too great to put me apprentice to a cabinetmaker?'

'Perhaps not. Mr Hodges of B—— was, as you know, a friend and companion of mine when we were both young; and once, before he was so prosperous as he is now, I had it in my power to render him a little service when he needed it. He does not forget it; and, as he believes you are an industrious boy, he is willing to take you for such a sum as I have been able to save for the purpose of putting you apprentice to a trade. I believe you will not disappoint his good opinion.'

Tom stared at his father during this speech with his eyes wide open, and even at the close of it he seemed too much astonished to return an immediate answer. He had regarded the destination, now opened to him, more as a brilliant vision, which occasionally pleased his imagination, than as an object within his actual grasp; and this sudden announcement of its realisation seemed completely to deprive him of the power of utterance. At last, however, he recovered himself in some degree, and said, 'Are you really, father, thinking of sending me to Mr Hodges?'

'Indeed am I, my lad; and more than that, it is all settled except drawing up the indentures, for I knew there

would be no objection on your part. Mr Hodges has got the money already, for it saved me the trouble of taking care of it.'

Tom, after giving way to his ecstasy, sat down beside his parents to talk over his future prospects. Bessy hoped he would not live at his master's, but would come home every night as he did now. At this a shade passed over Tom's face for the first time. The thought of living elsewhere than with his father, and mother, and Bessy, had never, strange to say, entered his mind. But his father said that if the distance was not found to be too great for him to get backwards and forwards to his work, he thought it could be arranged for him to continue to reside with his family. This removed the only drawback to their satisfaction. They sat long talking over the future. The father seized the opportunity to impress upon his son's mind the duties which awaited him in the new relation into which he was about to enter, and the general principles which would guide him surely in every circumstance of life. He told him to listen to his heart, which would never fail to whisper the name of duty, and that, to the willing mind, the line of conduct which that sentiment required was seldom difficult to be discovered. And then he reminded him that he had a rule for action in the Word of God, which he had ever been taught to look to as his guide. There was something so earnest and so tender in his father's manner this night that Tom did not listen without being touched. But it was in future years that his words produced their full effect. Often when he was young and inexperienced the thought of this night brought him safely through temptation; and when he was old and grey-headed it was among the most treasured of the recollections of his youth.

The sun had set, and the evening shadows came rapidly on, and still they sat in the porch, for the unusual mildness of the evening had allowed them to remain in the open air. The mother at length talked of bedtime; but where was Bessy? She was not far. The voice of one late-singing thrush, which was making the silent air ring with his varied notes, had lured her down the garden-walk; and she stood motionless, with her face turned towards the tree where the bird was perched, until her mother's call brought her back again to the house.

'Good night, Tom,' said his father; 'don't dream of chairs and tables.'

'I won't promise, father,' cried Tom, as he jumped up stairs, two steps at a time.

Mrs Williams lighted the candle, shut the shutters, and seated herself at the table to her work; but her husband did not take up a book or busy himself with his accounts as usual. He sat thoughtfully gazing into the fire, until, at last, he said, 'Folks will call me proud for sending my boy so long to school, and then putting him to a better trade than my own; but I believe I have done my duty, and I don't know why I should mind for the rest.'

'You are not a likely man to mind, John, I think,' said his wife, smiling; 'have you never been called proud before in your life?'

'Often and often. I was called proud when, as a boy, I used to save up my earnings to attend the night-school and buy myself books; I was called proud when, a little older, I used to work over-hours instead of joining in the amusements of the other lads, though it was only to procure a few comforts for my old mother; and I was called proud again, Mary, but that was perhaps with more reason, when I asked a woman to be my wife, who was better brought up than I could have expected mine to be, and whose friends were better off than anybody belonging to me.'

'And have you had reason to repent it, John?' said his wife.

'I, Mary! No, no! When times were worse with us than they are now, whose wife made the wages go so far as mine? whose meals were so comfortable, or whose children so clean and tidy on the same weekly pay as mine were? No, I have had no cause to repent; but you, Mary, you have had much to struggle with, though I hope

it is over now, and you might have led an easy life, and had a rich farmer for your husband!'

'A rich spendthrift and drunkard!' returned Mrs Williams; 'why, have you forgotten poor Gregson's fate? Do you not remember that he squandered his money in disorderly company, and shortened his life by drinking?'

'True, true, it is better as it is; and, as I said before, I hope all struggle is over now; the trade is good, and I think, if all goes well, I shall be able to put a little by every year, so as to have no fear for our old age. There is but one thing that troubles me.'

'And what is it, John?' said Mrs Williams, laying down her work, and taking her husband's hand in hers. 'I knew there was a something that you were thinking of to-night; what is it that troubles you?'

'Well, then, I will e'en tell you, Mary. If God should spare my life I have no fear of being able to provide you and our children with all the comforts you have about you, and more too, I hope; but it may be called for soon—who can say how soon. If this should happen, there is nothing for you to fly to for subsistence but your own toil. I sometimes think that I should have tried to scratch every halfpenny together to have left a mite to help you and our blind girl through the world with.'

There are possibilities in the future of every one of us which the bravest amongst us dare not look in the face. The calamity which Williams had just suggested was, to his wife, this unparalleled affliction. Not that the fears which harassed him at this moment ever occurred to her mind. The idea of the loss of him, the friend who had for so many years been her all, was in itself so terrible that it might well swallow up the thought of all the minor evils which might attend it. A chill came over her as he spoke, but observing his thoughtful, if not melancholy, countenance, she made an effort over her feelings, and answered, 'You are wrong, John, depend upon it. You have just been telling our boy to act rightly and let the rest alone. Except what Tom's schooling has cost (and which I think we shall never repent), we have spent nothing but what was necessary to the comfort and decent bringing up of our children. You have done what you could with the means which were given you, and you should have no doubts for the future. God, who has given us so many blessings, will not forsake us to the end.'

'I believe it. May he forgive my doubts and mistrustings,' returned Williams; 'you are right, Mary; few have been blessed as we have been, both in our circumstances and in our children. Our neighbours pity us when they speak of our blind little one, and we have felt that a bitter trial; but I never see her innocent face or hear her cheerful voice without believing that she has consolations that we know nothing about, and may lead a happier life than many who have all their senses perfect. Even this, our sorrow, may be turned to our rejoicing. His tender mercies are over all his works.' Reach me His book, Mary, and let us read a portion of His holy word before we thank Him for all his past mercies, and implore His protection for the future.'

Mrs Williams did as her husband desired. In the course of another hour they were both quietly asleep, and the dwelling as calm and silent as the moonlight sky without.

Tom Williams did not often dream. Youth, health, and activity, gave to his slumbers that profoundness which seems to join the moments of lying down and getting up again together, and renders the sleeper totally unconscious of the intermediate hours between these two points. But on this night he did dream, and as he never remembered to have dreamt before. It was not when he first slept that strange visions haunted him; then he had reposed quietly enough, but the dawn was rapidly approaching when he began to feel restless and uncomfortable. The sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing, which tormented him, seemed to be produced by many strange causes, from which all his exertions could not effect his escape. Now he was struggling through a dense crowd, stifled with dust and fainting under a burning sun, to ar-



rive at school at the appointed time; now he was carrying Bessy, who lay like a dead weight upon his bosom, and endeavouring to avoid some danger, he knew not what; then he was busy with huge articles of furniture, which resisted all the efforts he made to move them, or fell on him and crushed him. While he was tottering under a load of mahogany, he was awakened by his father's voice, accompanied by no very gentle pull at his arm. He started up, and, gazing wildly around him, discovered the cause of his uneasy slumbers in the stifling atmosphere of the room in which he lay. It was full of thick smoke, and the idea that the house was on fire immediately occurred to the boy's mind. He sprang from his bed, and obeying his father's instructions by slipping his feet into his shoes, which lay by his bedside, and tucking his clothes under his arm, he followed him rapidly down stairs, and out of the house. Arrived in the open air, the scene was so singular, that, half naked as he was, and just escaped from a peril so dreadful, he could not help standing for a moment to gaze upon it. The pile of timber which had been reared near the end of the house was now a complete pyramid of fire, ending in a long flame, which waved backwards and forwards in the wind, now blowing pretty briskly, like a gigantic torch. The part of the cottage roof nearest the burning timber was already on fire, and showers of sparks, blown from this to the rest of the thatch, caused it to crackle and sparkle all over, and left no doubt that it would speedily become a complete mass of flame. Mr Williams roused his son by bidding him slip on his clothes, and run across to the house of their neighbour, farmer Smith. Tom stammered the names of his mother and Bessy. 'They are safe there, expecting you,' said his father; 'thank God, we are all safe!'

'Then let me stop and help you, father, I can do something,' said Tom.

'Well, as you please; but first run, and let your mother see that you are safe.'

Tom hastily dressed himself, and ran off to the hospitable farm-house, which was scarcely a stone's throw from his own home. Smith's family had been aroused as soon as Williams himself, by the alarm of the fire. One of the farming men had risen at this early hour, to go with the waggon to a place at some distance, and on arriving at the stable, which looked full upon the carpenter's yard, had perceived smoke and flame issuing from the lower part of the timber, and the sheds immediately adjoining it. He aroused his master and the lads, and they hastened to the spot to render all the assistance which was in their power.

As soon as the family was placed in safety, they began to seek for means to put a stop to the conflagration, but, alas, it was soon evident that, before efficient assistance could be procured, the house must be totally destroyed. There was not a fire-engine within a considerable distance, and no supply of water at hand. The house was principally built of wood, and surrounded with timber, shavings, and other combustibles, which were rendered highly inflammable by a long continuance of dry weather, so that the flames gained ground with frightful rapidity.

Poor Williams, having ensured the safety of his wife and children, gazed for a moment with feelings, the bitterness of which cannot be described, upon his progressing ruin. For a moment something like a feeling of despair seemed to have taken possession of his mind, and he was standing motionless, a spectator of the work of destruction, when the voice of Smith roused him. 'Come, man, never be downcast,' said the honest farmer; 'we can save something, if the house must go.'

'You are right,' said Williams, starting from his painful reverie; 'we must do what we can, though I fear that is but little.'

As they approached the burning house, Tom joined them. 'What shall I do, father?' asked he.

'Stop outside,' was the answer; 'on no account enter the house; and help Robert to carry away what we can save.'

Tom was accustomed to obey his father, and he did as

he was directed, but he stood very unwillingly waiting without, while his father and the farmer were busy within. At last, however, something was brought for him to take care of, and then he felt less impatient. The chairs, tables, and different articles of furniture, soon came out faster than the young assistant could dispose of them, and Tom began to feel a wish that his father would leave the scene of ruin, for the increasing flames, and the falling of different parts of the building, made him tremble for the safety of those who were inside. But moments of excitement like these obscure the sense of personal danger, and, anxious to rescue as much of the property as possible, Williams and his companions pressed on, regardless of crackling timber and stifling smoke.

While they were occupied in saving something from one of the lower rooms, a tremendous crash was heard, the ceiling gave way, and an immense piece of timber struck the unfortunate carpenter on the head, and stretched him senseless on the earth. Smith and one of his men, who were near, but happily unhurt, dragged him from the smoking ruins, and bore him to a safe distance from the crumbling edifice. Tom was at his post when his father was borne out. Petrified with horror, but uttering neither word nor cry, he followed them till they laid down their burden. Mr Smith supported the wounded man's head, and unloosed his neckerchief. It was a moment of fearful suspense. He stirred and opened his eyes.

'Oh, father, father!' cried Tom, frantically; 'he is alive! he will live! Wont you father? Let me go for the doctor!'

The dying man made a feeble sign for him to remain. He looked as if he would have spoken, but was unable. His eyes glanced from the face of his son to that of Smith, but he could not utter a word.

'What is it, John?' said the farmer; 'is it your wife and your children? Never fear for them; as long as William Smith has a crust for his own, yours shall not want.'

Williams pressed the honest man's hand—his eyes turned once more with a look of unutterable love on his child—then he raised them upwards—they seemed to dilate, and shine for a moment with strange brightness, and then closed for ever.

#### CHAP. II.

Mrs Smith had many visitors on the day succeeding this eventful night, but none were more welcome than Mrs Merton. She had walked over with Mr Merton, who had gone a little further to inquire after a sick parishioner.

In answer to Mrs Merton's inquiries regarding the poor widow, Mrs Smith replied that, 'at first she was quite insensible, and long lay so; now, however, she seems alive again, she breathes and looks about her, but she has not spoken since, and takes no notice, not even of the children. And they, poor things, it would melt any heart to see them; they sit clasped in each other's arms, by the side of the bed we've laid the poor mother on, and nothing we can say can make them leave it, or take anything—not a bit have they had in their lips this day.'

Mrs Merton was much moved, but she was not a woman to give way to idle lamentations, when she thought she could in any way be useful. Accompanying Mrs Smith to the chamber which contained the widow and her fatherless children, she walked softly up to Tom, and looking at the sleeping girl, who lay half on the bed, and half on her brother's knee, she said—'She would rest much better in a bed than in that uneasy posture, would she not, Tom?'

'Perhaps she would, ma'am.'

'And she must need rest, poor child!' added Mrs Merton.

'That she does, ma'am;' returned the boy; 'she has been fretting all the day.'

'Then take her up, and carry her into the next room. Mrs Smith has a bed there for her, and she seems so fast asleep that there is no fear of waking her.'



Mrs Merton spoke in a gentle and steady tone, and Tom showed no disposition to resist her wishes. Mrs Smith came to his assistance, and they managed to convey the little girl to the other room. Having laid her down, and made her as comfortable as they could without disturbing her, Tom turned and seemed about to return to his mother's side, when Mrs Merton gently laid her hand on his arm and stopped him. 'My poor boy,' said she, 'you have lost an excellent father.'

Tom could only answer by his sobs.

'And you must supply his place,' continued she, 'as far as lies in your power, to your mother and your blind sister.'

'What can I do?' sobbed the boy.

'Nothing just now; but soon there will be much, very much for you to do. Your father always taught you to be ready for your duty; did he not, Tom?'

These words brought to his mind the last conversation he had had with his father, and his tears streamed faster. In scarcely articulate words, he muttered that this was almost the last thing he had heard his father say.

'Then obey him, Tom, and think that he is perhaps watching you and approving all your efforts. But in order to make the exertions which may be required of you, you must take some rest. Lie down then, and depend upon it Mrs Smith will take care of your mother, and call you in a moment if she wants you.'

'If she would only speak to me,' said the poor boy, 'I think I could leave her better.'

'Have patience till morning. I think you will find her more herself to-morrow; and in the meantime do you try to prepare yourself to comfort her by restoring your own strength to the best of your power.'

Tom promised to comply; and Mrs Smith announced that she should soon return with some warm gruel, which he must do his best to swallow. She and her visiter then descended to the kitchen, where they found the farmer and Mr Merton engaged in consultation respecting the best arrangements to be made for the afflicted family. The first business to be thought of was the funeral, and the sooner this was over the better. Mr Smith had sent to a brother of Mrs Williams', who lived at some distance, and who was the only relation of the family that he knew of. He would most likely be here to-morrow; but in the meantime the farmer thought that he and Mr Merton had better make the necessary arrangements, for the widow was in no condition to be consulted herself. All other business must be left till afterwards. He did not doubt that when the debts were collected, and the remnant of the property sold, there would be enough left to pay everybody their due, and a pittance for the widow besides, till she could find some means of support. 'In the meantime,' continued he, 'they will be well taken care of where they are.'

'God will reward you,' said Mr Merton, as he shook hands with the good man, 'for all your kindness to the widow and the fatherless.'

'It is no more than natural, sir,' was the answer; 'it might have been my own case, and sure I am that John Williams would never have turned his back on those that I had left behind.'

Mrs Smith had been so busy boiling and stirring all the time of the discussion, that, as soon as she had bid good night to the clergyman and his wife, the gruel was ready to go up stairs to her young charge. Tom, in compliance with her wishes, took a little; and now, feeling more satisfied, the good woman left him.

The moon was just beginning to cast a stream of light into the bed-room. It was about the same hour last night that he had lain down to rest; but, oh! how changed had all become since then! He could not believe that so much of horror and of anguish had been crowded into so short a space of time. This day and night appeared longer to him than the whole of his previous existence. Now that he was quite alone, all the dreadful events which he had beheld passed through his mind once more, and he felt as if he could not support the recollection.

Then he wept again, and then he prayed. He prayed that God would enable him to bear all for his mother's sake; he prayed for her—for Bessy, and this relieved him. His tears flowed freely, but they were less bitter; and after awhile, exhausted by all he had done and suffered, he sunk to sleep.

### THE IRRESISTIBLE PERSUADER.

God touches the lips of the sincere man, as Moses smote the rock, and thenceforth doctrines the most elevated and consolations the most grateful flow forth to the multitudes famishing in the deserts of the earth. He toils without rancour, and sees the aspiring around him soar without envy, never more happy than when the laurels of more fortunate competitors cast a shadow upon his own brow. He lives only for the glory of his Maker, and the advent of superior talents is to him a cheering prophecy of the speedy realisation of his most ardent desires. In a nobler sense than was originally expressed, he magnanimously exclaims, 'Sparta has many a nobler son than I.' At the voice of such a man, and in his presence always, sentiments arise in the common heart of mankind which are worthy of answering to his own; he fascinates all by his sincerity, and moves everything by the strength of the convictions with which he is inspired. To him may be applied what Carlyle said of Burns: 'Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes he has lived and laboured amidst that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it, too, with such melody and modulation as he can, in homely rustic jingle; but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them; let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself.'

The fountain of truth, like the sacred stream of Dodona, has the gift of enlightening those who seek it, and the power of igniting with glorious flames every torch which touches the surface of its water. But this source of illumination, to be profitable, must be approached with a discriminating mind and sincere heart, since truth and error are not generally unmixed. In the words of Ulmann, 'the convictions of men never stand over against each other as black and white, day and night, God and the devil; but sunshine and shade spread themselves over all intellects in many various gradations.' The highest truth, that of our holy religion, seeks not its favourite defenders from those who give it a hasty and uncandid approval, but from those who greatly prize what they have diligently sought, and who habitually exemplify the excellence they have found. To such votaries the power of truth is as great as her beauty. Though all things conspire against her, she conquers all. As is said in Ecdraas, 'She is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all the ages.' Her potency is like the sword of Michael, which

'From the armoury of God  
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shar'd  
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd through him!'

This leads us further to remark, that the sincere are not only the most attractive, and the most forcible in speech, but their influence every way is the most benign. If there is anything beautiful and sacred on earth, it is

the divine constitution and invincible power of truth. It is influence the most exalted and enduring. Men, by force, elevate empires which under force are again speedily reduced to ruin. Cyrus destroyed the work of Ninus, Alexander that of Cyrus, the Romans that of Alexander. Sooner or later force antagonises with force, one isolated dogma meets and annihilates another; but when truth supreme has conquered the universe, not in the sense of brutal exertion and carnal weapons, but in the spirit of sacrifice, then has it exemplified its inherent immortality, and proved itself divine. And if they are unsophisticated fishermen that have been instrumental in that kind and degree of conquest—if a handful of Galileans have founded an empire of conviction all round the globe, then its original force is evidently supernatural and glorious beyond all power of expression.—*Mayon.*

## PLAIN S.

### THE PAMPAS OF PATAGONIA.

THE Pampas are those great South American plains which stretch from 22 degrees of south latitude to the very southern point of Patagonia, terminating only at the Straits of Magellan. These treeless plains extend the immense distance of 2000 miles, from north to south, and their width varies from 240 to 450 miles. Their area may therefore be computed at about 700,000 square miles. The Pampas may be termed the southern extreme of three zones of plain land, of which the Selva's forest-track may be termed the northern extreme. The forests of the plain of the Marañon stretch along the base of the Andes, as far into the southern latitudes as 12 degrees, near which point the mountains of Brazil extend to their extreme western limit, forming between them and the Andes an immense valley. This valley has an oblique inclination, from the north-east to the south-west. Its southern part, however, extends directly from north to south, terminating at 22 degrees of south latitude, and its whole length may be about 700 miles. In this valley nature assumes a more varied character than it does in either the Selva or Pampas—its surface being covered with alternate woods, swamps, green plains, bush-clad wilds, and grass plots. As this valley proceeds towards the south the climate becomes drier, the swamps disappearing from 20 degrees of south latitude, where the tropical rains cease, and where a dry region, covered by coarse grass, next begins to appear. This valley is the intermediate region between the Selva and Pampas. The Pampas present a far greater diversity in surface, climate, and productive power, than either the sandy Sahara or the forest-plain of the Amazon.

The Pampas are divided into two great portions, the southern part, which is comprehended between 40 degrees of south latitude and the Straits of Magellan, being called the Pampas of Patagonia, and the northern portion the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. The Pampas of Patagonia are vast treeless plains, covered with long, rank grass, and inhabited by tribes who combine the occupation of shepherds with that of hunters, and who are all comprehended under the generic name of Patagonians.

Patagonia, in old geographies, was termed the land of giants, and some of the accounts which were published of its inhabitants rendered the satire of Swift regarding the Brobdingnagians anything but ridiculously extravagant. The inhabitants of this South American territory were declared to average about thirteen feet high, which, although certainly below the standard of Glimdaleclutch, was as far beyond the truth as even the portrait of that imaginary young lady. Although the Patagonians do not at all stand so high as the early voyagers and explorers would have us to believe, they are nevertheless truly the tallest race of men that is known, few of them descending below five feet nine or ten inches, and the majority standing considerably above six feet. This literal bulkiness of form, and their manner of wearing their garments, combined with their carriage, gives them a most gigantic ap-

pearance. They wear as a covering a long mantle of skins, which depends from their high, square shoulders to almost the ground, and as they generally walk with their arms folded across their chests, they seem extremely tall and broad. The women partake of the same lofty stature, and being clad in habiliments almost identical with their husbands, seem well adapted to nurse a race of large men.

The Patagonians have no cities—indeed, they have no fixed locations, their peregrinations with their flocks extending over the whole Pampas from north to south. To-day a tribe, with cattle and sheep, and brood mares and horses, may be seen upon the bleak, barren shores of Magellan's Straits, and in a year they will be found a thousand miles to the north, amongst the rich luxuriant pasture of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres on the Rio Negro. The Patagonians, although very low in the scale of civilisation, do not present the hopeless mental and physical torpor of the natives of the Selva. They do not cultivate the soil, but they have notions of property, as relates to their flocks, and these they tend with much care, some in the character of large possessors, others more in the capacity of herdsmen. United to this rather passive pastoral employment is that of the chase, which tends to develop their energies, and keep alive their animal and mental activity. Those tribes possessing cattle are not so itinerant as those whose wealth consists in horses and dogs. Wandering seems to be the chief employment of all the tribes, but to those more addicted to the chase it is a necessity. A rich Patagonian will perhaps have forty horses and dogs; the poorer members of the tribe possess fewer, even so low as one or two of each. The animals of the chase are ostriches, guanachoes, and caviés; but the flesh of young mares is preferred to every other species of food. Horses and dogs are of course only kept for the purpose of assisting in the capture of wild animals; and it is only when any of the horses become lame, or when their death is a necessity caused by famine, that the indulgence of horse flesh is obtained.

The Patagonian's manner of life is very simple, his hut being formed of a few wooden stakes, covered with long grass or animals' skins sewed together. His only furniture are his arms and skin-dresses, with which he sleeps. These wandering people wear no head-dress whatever. Their long, black, coarse hair is divided into two parts, bound by a fillet of twisted sinews, plaited, and allowed to hang down on each side of the head, adding additional wildness to their large, broad, massive, reddish-brown faces. Their dress is almost wholly the mantle. The women, however, wear, in addition, a short petticoat. Add to these, boots made from the skin of horses' legs, with wooden or iron spurs, and the simple clothing of these people is complete. Their arms are spears, made from bamboo, and tipped with flint or iron. In addition to this, they have missiles, called bolas, formed of lead, iron, baked clay, or copper ore. These balls are connected together by thongs in the form of chain-shot, and are used by the Patagonians less for despatching than entangling the object which they wish to capture. The two or three balls are carried in the hand; and one being swung round two or three times, is hurled with great impetuosity towards the mark indicated. It is not intended that the balls should strike the object, but that the thong should, when the balls swing round, warp the struggling victim in their meshes. A more deadly missile than this is that formed of one ball, which, being attached to a long thong, and being of itself about a pound weight, is used in close combat as a most efficient head-breaker. The Patagonians practise the almost universal custom of American savages, that of painting their bodies. They have the small hands and feet of the North American tribes, and that soft roundness of form peculiar to nations that have not been accustomed to physical toil. The muscular system is not so markedly developed as with people who have bent to labour, and consequently they do not seem, on close inspection, so strong as their bulk would lead one to suppose. They strive to add to their

apparent fierceness, however, by daubing their bodies with black, red, and white paint. Round their black, scintillating eyes will perhaps be painted two large circles, one of black, the other of white; down the cheeks alternate streaks of diverse colours, and across the mouth large finger-marks of red.

The Patagonian woman performs everything of a laborious nature, such as striking and fixing the tents, bearing on her shoulders what goods are to be transported, and the children who are too young to walk, while her warrior-master stalks or rides by her side. Marriage with them is a matter of purchase—the richer having four or five wives, the poorer only one. Like all tribes who find food readily they have no exclusive ideas with regard to their provender. When one family's share of the chase has been broiled and devoured before another's, the persons in need supply themselves from their neighbour's plenty, without let or hindrance. It is a recognised practice which all are equally entitled to avail themselves of, and of course it is allowed with perfect freedom.

These wandering people have higher notions of divinity than the Miranhas. They are crude polytheists, having a multiplicity of deities, good and bad, who made and direct all things. The good deities are the creators, who, when they formed the world, made the Patagonians in the mighty subterranean caves, and arming them with spears and bolas, sent them forth upon the broad Pampas, to shift for themselves. When they had come forth, they beheld the smaller and nimbler animals issuing from the caves also, and they were very glad; but when they beheld the long horns and formidable appearance of the cattle, they became so terrified that they ran and blocked up the entrance of the caves with large stones to prevent their egress; and thus they confined the cattle, and therefore had none upon the Pampas. But the good deities, who made the Spaniards, and gave to them swords and firearms, also gave them wisdom and courage to let the cattle out of the caves, and then they brought them to the South American plains. They believe that the immortal soul will return to these caves, and live with the good deities. These, however, they do not worship, but direct their rude orisons solely to the propitiation of the powers of evil.

In their government there exists a kind of judicial despotism, such as characterised the polity of our own Druidical fathers. Every individual must belong to a tribe, which is under the jurisdiction of a cacique, or he is liable to be immediately seized and sold as a slave. The power of the cacique is twofold, combining the directive or magisterial with the judicial or primitive. He governs the movements of the tribe, commanding them to move or encamp, and he awards even death for offences without being questioned by the other members of the nation. They are not inclined to war, seldom engaging in the destructive practice; and if they are led into it, they do not evince sanguinary cruelty. Their feuds are short-lived, and their battles not at all so implacably cruel as those of the North American tribes. To the alternations of heat and cold they seem to be as insensible as the Jakutes of Siberia, making no change in their dress from summer to winter. They are friendly to the Europeans who visit their shores; and although in appearance they may seem fierce and repulsive, they never deceive or attack mariners who treat them openly.

There is yet, however, but comparatively little known of these Pampas to geographers—the nature of the country, and the want of sufficient motive to lead to its survey, preventing its exploration. The plain, however, is supposed to be an immense inclined plane, rising from the shores of the Atlantic, and ascending to the base of the Andes. This rise is effected by large impalpable inclines, and by visible terraces, succeeding one another, until the apex of the great triangle is reached at the base of the western mountains. To the south, the plain is covered with strata of sterility-producing lava, which must have been thrown from the volcanic Andes, now extinct. To the north of 46 degrees of north latitude, how-

ever, grass is abundant, although trees are not often to be met with. The reason of this is that rain seldom falls. The heats of summer are very great, the frosts of the winter evenings severe, and the winds that sweep over the plains are unbroken and blighting. These causes conduce to render the Pampas of Patagonia more treeless than those of Buenos Ayres, to which we will recur in a separate paper.

#### THE CONVERSION OF SOULS.

It is a fundamental error, a practical heresy of most pernicious influence, to consider the conversion of souls as merely ministerial work. Against this the whole church of God ought to rise up in the attitude of firm resistance. As an honour, and it is one of the brightest and richest that can light upon the head of mortal or immortal, the work of saving souls is as truly and legitimately within the reach of the pious pauper in the work-house, or the godly child in a Sabbath-school, or the religious maid-servant in a family, as within the grasp of the mitred prelate.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

#### THE MINISTRY WHICH THE AGE DEMANDS.

The toleration awarded to feeble sermons is the sharpest of all silent satires on the decline of divinity. Forcible men—men possessing sufficient vigour and vitality to 'get along in the world,' rush almost universally into the other professions. Law and politics in this country draw into their vortex hundreds of scholars who ought to be preachers of God's word, both to law and politics. If a youth of education does not evince understanding enough to sift evidence, or tear away the defences of a sophism—if he lacks sufficient nerve to badger a witness or amputate a leg, his parents think him eminently calculated for that other profession, whose members are to scatter the reasonings of Hume and Diderot, to smite wickedness in high places, to lay bare the baseness of accredited sins, to brave with an unflinching front the opposition of the selfish and the strong, and to dare, if need be, all the powers of earth and hell in the cause of justice and truth. This, we need not say, is all wrong. If the powers of darkness and delusion are strong in all the strength of bad passions and sophistical vices, let them be opposed by men whose spirits are of the 'greatest size and divinest mettle'—by men who have the arm to smite, and the brain to know—by men whose souls can thread all these mazes of deceit through which sin eludes the chase of the weak in heart and the small in mind. Without force of character, there can be no force of impression. Words never gush out with persuasive or awful power from a feeble heart. Timidity, learned ease, a command of certain forms of expression, faith in terms, are characteristics of too many men, whose mission is to save souls by courage, activity, and power of conceiving and expressing truth.—*E. P. Whipple.*

#### SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

There is a secret depth, unfathomable to others, in the soul of every man, which brings him within the range of spiritual influences. Many lofty truths operate upon those who do not profess to believe them, and penetrate them secretly and unconsciously, as rain refreshes even the plants that grow under water.—*Richter.*

#### THE WISEST MEN THE MOST FORBEARING.

In order to love mankind, except but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, and to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—*Bulwer.*

## THE SELF-TAUGHT.

THE progress of popular education during the last twenty years has been extraordinary. There is still much ignorance abroad; but we suggest that, but for the presence of unusual light, we should neither be aware of its existence, nor seek its removal. It is light which reveals the dark regions into which we desire to penetrate. There are many sterile spots yet to reclaim, but our facilities for doing so were never before so abundant. There is much land to conquer, but the probability of success was never before so great as it is at this moment. The volunteers are unusually numerous, and the motives which impel them to action are generally of a kind which warrants the hope of triumph. Men animated by the love of truth, and uninfluenced by mercenary considerations, are at hand. They are found in the dark lanes and courts of our great cities, and in the villages and hamlets of our country, diffusing the beams of light, and scattering the seeds of truth. Many are running to and fro, according to an ancient prophecy, and knowledge is being increased. Old prejudices are breaking up, society is beginning to appreciate the philosopher's apophthegm that knowledge is power, and the wish to acquire information is no longer confined to the professional student and official teacher, but has taken possession, as a noble aspiration, of the breasts of many thousands who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Learned arguments to prove that man has a soul are superfluous, for these thousands have discovered the grand fact for themselves. They have found that 'there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' They have found that they are something more than skilfully-organised animals, whose history is a perpetual round of toil and repose, of labour and rest, of anxiety and quietude, of tears and laughter, and whose destiny is limited by an ignoble hiding in the grave. Greater thoughts have rushed in. They deny that this is their whole history; they believe in a nobler destiny; they aspire after a brighter record. The men to whom we allude are generally found the opponents of monopoly in legislation and commerce, and not less are they the opponents of monopoly in education. They argue that *mind* is the noble endowment of man—his grand possession, irrespective of social position or caste division; and they justly infer, that to furnish it with information, to fill it with light, to stir up its powers, and to raise it to its proper supremacy over matter, is not only a high privilege and a real pleasure, but also an imperative duty which they owe to themselves, to society, and to God. We have strong hope in those who have been cradled on the rough places of the wilderness—who have been braced by exposure to the storms of time. They have learned patience by experience, and endurance by privation. They have acquired their knowledge of books by robbing the hours of sleep—of man by actual contact with their fellows—and of morals and religion from their chosen teachers and the immortal pages of the Bible. They have resolved to have both wealth and power; not the wealth which corrupts its owner, nor the power which enslaves its dependent, but the ennobling wealth of wisdom, and the enduring power of knowledge. They have seen, and admired, and wooed, and won the fair damsel Truth, and found her richly endowed, her right hand filled with light, and her left with liberty. Would that all who read these lines, who are not among the early educated, would answer to this description of the self-teaching and self-taught.

One thing is certain, that where the pleasures of knowledge have been tasted, they are eagerly sought after; more is coveted. The spring once touched, the vibrating impulsion once given, it is like a new creation, or setting foot on the shores of a new world, where the eye is charmed with the novelty and beauty of all it sees. As the field of vision expands, new thoughts rush in. Thought begets thought; ideas are suggestive; facts elicit inquiry; consequences demand causes; to have is to covet; to possess is to acquire; mental strength is obtained; it feeds upon what it realises; its power to retain grows upon what it

has accumulated; its grasp becomes firmer by successive efforts; it staggers not beneath the burden, and the yoke, like that of religion, is easy. Or change the figure—adopt the metaphor of progress, and the same result is reached. The first movement is slow and unsteady; the steps tremble; difficulties are felt, and their magnitude is exaggerated. Every essay has its bridge of difficulties, every effort its hindrances, and every mile of road its stumbling-blocks. But resolution, determination, energy, overcome them all. By and by the step becomes firmer, the ruggedness of the path is less heeded, the elastic spring bounds over the quagmire and stumbling-block, and even though it should be an intellectual steeple-chase, hedge, ditch, and gate are all cleared with the rushing ambition which is resolved to gain the prize. This ambition, however, so essential to sustain the mind amidst its labours, will not characterise any man who has not fully satisfied himself regarding the excellence of the object he professes to have in view. Indefinite conceptions concerning the worth of knowledge—floating, hazy thoughts about the intrinsic value of the prize to be awarded at the goal—will assuredly paralyse all effort; and though there may be a lingering desire for the good which shines in the distance, the journey towards it will be casual, intermitting, and wearisome. Nay, more, the desired end will never be reached. Life will be yawning away in indolent wishes and fruitless desires, and at its end the man will be tortured by unavailing regrets over splendid opportunities lost, and privileges gone for ever. His earnest-minded contemporaries will outstrip him with the speed of the railway train, and leave him in the rear, to beg the charity of some lumbering wagon performing its enervating exploit of three miles an hour.

The ambition to which we have alluded, then, is a good and a holy thing—a thing to be loved, nursed, and cherished. For what is it? The desire to know, to assimilate truth with the understanding, to awake, to shake one's self from the heavy slumber of the past, to purify and improve that wondrous vitality, the soul—in short, to be a MAN. A man? Ay, we want men for this nineteenth century. We are overpeopled, say the political economists. We must cut down expenditure, we must adopt new schemes, we must get rid of the surplus population. But, while all this may be true, we repeat that we want men? We have millions of organisms—of vitalised beings of muscle, bone, and sinew; but more men is the crying want of the age. The church, the school, and the state, are each calling for men. This party wants a head, that a leader, the third a master-spirit to animate its morbid frame. This lamentation we join, but it is with serio-comic utterance. We smile through our tears, sorry that an age of over-population should suffer from a paucity of men, but right glad that the fact has been discovered. We stop not to inquire to whom the honour of the discovery belongs. We would rather endeavour to excite in our readers the unquenchable desire to cultivate the powers they possess. We would say to them—feel, think, reason, act as men. The day of martial glory, and material greatness, and fame from geographical conquest by gleaming sword and roaring cannon, is fast waning. A clearer light gilds the intellectual horizon. Glory, greatness, and conquest of a more spiritual, and therefore more enduring kind, beckon you. Listen to the call for men, and from your ranks let there come forth a hearty response. You must not wait for dream, or vision, or shadowy messenger from wiser worlds, to withdraw your curtains at the midnight hour, and whisper in brief phrase your prophetic career. Nor will you consult the stars of heaven for a mystic utterance of astrological destiny; nor will you delay until some fortune by testament, or gift by codicil, furnish you with means of intellectual acquisition. You have higher authority for perseverance in the right than what would be given if one rose from the dead; and the impression that pecuniary wealth is essential to mental clearness and moral dignity, is not only fallacious in theory, but it is also contradicted by ten thousand facts gathered from the history of the wise and good. The voice of con-

science—the thirstings of the soul—the aspirations of the mind—he *these* your motives, be these the springs of your decision and industry. Never lose sight of your individuality amongst the crowd, nor of your personal identity amongst all the changes of time; and whilst loving your fellow-men, and seeking the advancement of their welfare, cultivate your personal talent by that hallowed influence, which is to be obtained from only one source in the universe, so that you may escape the degradation of having to say to the glorious Master at the close of the day, 'Lord, here is thy talent laid up in a napkin!'

### THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

#### CHAP. III.

THE hours passed on, and time, which happily abates all human suffering, restored poor Mrs Williams again to herself. She could now weep over her children; and, and as it was to see her grief and to think of her desolation, Mrs Smith felt that it was less painful than it had been to witness the strange apathy into which the first shock had thrown her. She was sensible it was necessary to prepare for the future, but she soon found how little she could do, at least at present, for the shock she had received had been too much for a constitution naturally delicate, and she was now ill—too ill to leave her bed. But something must be done; and, when the funeral was over, she begged that before her brother went home, he and Mr Smith would let her know the state of her husband's affairs. It turned out much as the farmer had anticipated. When the debts should be got in—and there were none of them which were doubtful—there would be enough to pay the few bills which were owing, and defray the expenses of the funeral, leaving besides a few pounds in the hands of Mrs Williams, without needing to sell the articles of furniture which had been saved from the fire.

'I am thankful,' said the widow. 'It would have grieved him to think that anybody should lose by our misfortunes. As to what there will be left, neighbour, it is yours, and not mine—it will barely pay you for the expense you have been put to; reward you for your kindness and your trouble, I never can.'

Farmer Smith declared he would never touch a penny of it; as to the little he could do, he did it willingly, and Mrs Williams must not think of it.

'How can I help it, when I see you and your children turn out of your beds to make room for me and mine, and when I know that I most likely shall never have a chance of doing a kind turn for you again? But God will reward you,' said she, as she put forth her trembling hand, which the honest farmer took and shook heartily, and then turned away to wipe off the tears which rolled down his weather-beaten features.

Tom, who had kept at a little distance during the consultation, but who had been nevertheless a very attentive listener, now came forward and said to his mother, 'There's the twenty pounds, you know, mother, that Mr Hodges has.'

'Well child, and what of that?'

'Why, you know I can't go there now, I must do something else, and I'm sure when he knows how you're situated, he'll pay it back again directly.'

Tom had uttered this speech like a hero, but he had no sooner finished than his strength gave way,—he fell on his mother's neck and burst into tears. Mrs Williams was no less affected, but her feelings were mixed up with some of a pleasanter nature than any she had experienced since her bereavement, and, as she pressed the boy to her bosom, she felt she had not lost all since such a son remained.

It was some time before either mother or son could explain what all this meant. At last Mrs Williams did, and she ended by saying, 'Tom is right—he must help to maintain us now, instead of spending seven years to learn

a trade; it's but little we shall be able to earn together to maintain us.'

'You're a brave lad, Tom,' said his uncle, shaking him kindly by the hand; 'but it's a pity that this must be,' continued he, after a moment's pause; 'is there nothing to be done without? Oh, Mary, if farmers could do now as they did in our father's time, when mother thought you demeaned yourself by marrying poor Williams, this need not be!'

'Say nothing about that, Mark; you have enough to do with your ten children, without robbing them to support me and mine. We can work, and we must try to avoid being a burden to any one. We will keep the money if we possibly can; and if I can manage to make a living without him, Tom shall be put to something after a while.'

'I'll go this afternoon and see Mr Hodges about it, shall I, mother?' said Tom, who had now recovered his composure.

'The sooner the better, my dear boy,' answered his mother; 'and as soon as I am able to get about again, we must look about us for a humble home; we have troubled our friends too long already.'

Uncle Mark said no, not yet. His sister must go to his house for a while, as soon as she could be removed, to try what change of air would do to recruit her strength. Bessy must go with her, and in the meantime, Tom could be looking out for some employment.

Although Mrs Williams felt considerable repugnance at the idea of going in the present distressed state of her mind, amongst a family to which she was almost a stranger, for she had never been much from home, and had seen little of her brother's children, yet she knew too well that it might really be of service to her, and was too sensible of his kindness to make any objection. It was therefore settled that, as soon as she could undertake the journey, the light cart should be sent to convey her to the village where her brother resided.

After this, uncle Mark took his leave, and Tom began to prepare for his visit to Mr Hodges. But when his mother looked at him and saw how pale he looked, she could not bear the thought of his encountering another agitating interview to-day.

'Go to-morrow, Tom,' said she; 'and take Bessy out a bit now; it seems a fine day, and it will do you both good. Go, Bessy, and fetch mother some violets.'

At first, the child seemed pleased with the idea, but the next moment she shrunk back to her mother's side.

'Come Bessy,' said Tom, 'wont you go to find mother some violets?'

Finding they wished her to go, Bessy kissed her mother, and, giving Tom her hand, they left the house together.

As they passed the neighbour's houses, with their pale faces and black dresses, they were stopped by many a kind and sympathising word—so many that Tom was very glad to go through a stile and cross into some retired fields in order to preserve his composure. Once in the open fields, with the lark pouring down its flood of melody over her head, and surrounded by the scent of the spring blossoms, poor Bessy seemed to revive. She had drooped sadly since their misfortune, but now she was more herself again, and as Tom observed the brighter expression of her face, and heard the more cheerful sound of her voice, he too felt easier than he had done for the last few miserable days. They wandered through many fields, and gathered many flowers, and at last it grew late, and they must return home again. Then Bessy grew more thoughtful. She walked for some time in silence by her brother's side; at last she said, 'Tom, don't you think mother is very ill?'

'I am afraid she is, Bessy,' answered he.

'Will she die, Tom?' asked the little girl, grasping his hand tight, and pressing close to him as she spoke.

Tom started. The idea of such a misfortune had never presented itself to him, and he trembled at the thought. But in a moment he answered, 'Oh, Bessy, who can have put such an idea into your head?'

'Nobody; but I hear her crying at night, when she thinks I am asleep, and it makes her so weak and ill. It will kill her—I know it will,' said the poor child, weeping passionately.

'You must not talk so, Bessy,' said Tom; 'God is very good, and I do not think he will take our mother from us now that we want her so very much.'

'He took father,' sobbed Bessy; 'that does not seem kind.'

'We do not know why he did that,' answered her brother; 'but we cannot walk in these fields, and hear these birds sing, and see everything made for our happiness, without feeling that God must be a good God in the end, although he does something sometimes that seems very hard. But we have no right to think he is going to put us to a hard trial before it comes, or before we have any cause to fear it.'

'But she is very ill,' persisted Bessy.

'Yes, she is; but the doctor says he has no doubt she will be better in a few days.'

'And do you think so?'

'I have no doubt of it, for you know he must know better than we do, and besides Mrs Smith and Mrs Merton think so too.'

Bessy seemed more composed and satisfied, and Tom said to her, 'You know, Bessy, it is grief that has made our mother ill. We are all that she has left to care for now that she has lost father, and if she sees us very miserable, don't you think it will make her grief greater?'

Bessy thought this must be true.

'Well then, dear, we must try to be as cheerful as we can, if we wish her to get well again, and not fret ourselves about what may happen sometime. Will you try to do this?'

Bessy promised to do her best, and by way of beginning, dried her tears, and, before they reached home, the traces of her late emotion were tolerably effaced from her countenance.

This conversation did her good. It might be partly Tom's arguments, still more perhaps the relief which she experienced by uttering what pressed upon her heart, but after this day she was much happier. Instead of sitting moping by her mother's bed, she became her most active nurse. Neither Mrs Smith nor Jenny had any occasion to go up and down stairs to wait upon the invalid, for Bessy had become as well acquainted with every turn of the passages and stairs as she used to be with those of her lost home, and she wanted no one to guide her about the house.

The morning after this conversation, Tom set off to see Mr Hodges. He had to pass the blackened ruins of what had so lately been his pretty and happy home. He hurried past, but he could not escape the recollections which the spot called into his mind. There was the very bank on which his father had breathed his last sigh. He ran on till he was out of the village, then, sitting down by the hedge-side, he gave way to a fresh burst of grief, and it was a long time before he was in a condition to resume his journey.

There was no trouble in settling the business with Mr Hodges. He was willing to return the money at once, but he was very sorry that Tom should lose the advantage of learning a trade, which would ensure his being able afterwards to gain a comfortable and independent subsistence. Could nothing be done to obviate this necessity? Tom thought not.

'If it's only the money,' said Mr Hodges, 'take it. Your father did me a service once, which was worth more to me than this sum of money. I will teach you your business without premium, if you can give me your time.'

Tom's resolution was staggered, but only for an instant; he replied immediately, 'But in the meantime, sir, what will my mother do?'

'True, true, lad, you must try what you can get for her.'

Tom thanked the kind cabinetmaker for his generous offer, and assured him that, although he could not accept

it, it should never be forgotten. He then asked his advice respecting the disposal of the twenty pounds, which, he said, he believed they did not want immediately. Mr Hodges recommended him to place it in the savings' bank, where, if he could let it remain, he would receive good interest for it. Tom hoped they should not need it at present; he believed not—that was to say, if his mother recovered, and he could procure some employment; if they could do without it, it would be very pleasant to think they had a little sum laid by for a case of necessity. Mr Hodges accompanied him to the savings' bank, and, having seen the money safely deposited, took a kind leave of him.

How many thoughts passed through Tom's mind as he walked homewards this morning! He understood now all at once what was meant by the cares of the world, which he had heard older people talk about, and shake their heads over, but without forming any very definite idea as to what they meant. Now his own mind was full of care. The act which he had just performed seemed to have severed him from all dependence on others, and, young as he was, he must now look to himself alone for subsistence. Nay, more, on him depended the maintenance of his mother and sister, for, in the present state of her health, the former could do nothing, and who could tell if she would ever recover her strength sufficiently to be equal to much exertion. Then the thought arose, would he be able to procure employment which would bring in sufficient to support them? He was very young, and work was very scarce. His mind filled with these and similar anxious thoughts, he walked on, scarcely conscious of the road he passed over, until he found himself once more arrived at Mr Smith's hospitable threshold.

#### CHAP. IV.

In the course of a fortnight from this time, Mrs Williams was sufficiently recovered to be able to get down stairs, and she began to talk of writing to her brother to announce her promised visit. She was still very weak; so much so, that Mrs Smith would fain have persuaded her to remain where she was for some time longer; but it was so evident that the feeling of being a burden on her friends was beginning to prey upon her mind, that little was said on the subject, and she wrote to fix an early day for her little journey. At the appointed time the light cart arrived, driven by uncle Mark's eldest son, a lad about fifteen years old; and as Tom saw his mother and Bessy drive away, he could not help feeling very lonely, although nothing could exceed the kindness of the friends amongst whom he remained behind. He had not found any employment yet; indeed, he had not taken much trouble to find it, for he had felt that it was only right to give Mr Smith, who had done so much for him, all the little help he could, at a time when everybody about the farm was unusually busy. It had been a very late spring, and when the frost did break up, all had been bustle to get the land prepared, and the seed into the ground in proper time. Nobody had been more active for the last fortnight than Tom; indeed, the farmer said that he was sure, if he had a good crop of potatoes, it would be owing to him, for without his assistance they would scarcely have been set soon enough. He was gratified to be in any way useful to so kind a friend, and the work itself did him good, affording him that relief which active exertion never fails to do to those who are in affliction. But it was now absolutely necessary that he lost no time. His mother had arranged to return in a month, and, if he could, he was to find work, and fix upon an humble dwelling before that time had expired. He would gladly have remained with the farmer, but that could not be, for, except a few weeks at seed-time and harvest, there was not more work on the farm than employed Smith himself and his two stout lads, so that he never kept any regular labourers. He was recommended to try the factories, and as he knew he should receive good wages there, he determined to do so, though with a feeling of dislike which he found difficult to overcome. It was not so much for himself (though it was a kind of life contrary to his habits and his wishes) as for

his mother and Bessy, for he thought they would ill bear the diet and the unwholesome atmosphere of the streets where the greatest part of the manufacturing labourers resided. But it would not do to be nice when it seemed a question if the daily bread for the family could be provided, and Tom set about making applications at various manufactories for employment. There was, however, little chance in this line. It was a dull time for trade just now, and many of the regular hands were out of work, so that there was not much hope for him. He passed a weary week in the fruitless search, and, as he returned in the evenings after a long and toilsome walk, which had only procured him a rough repulse, or at best a cold refusal, he felt so hopeless and dispirited, that it was as much as the good-natured farmer and his wife could do to prevent his giving way to complete despair. His applications for employment of a different nature were for some time equally unsuccessful, and he almost began to fear that he should never be able to earn a sixpence, when one afternoon, as he was returning from his useless ramble, and was standing to look at the foundation of a long row of houses, which was just commenced between the town and his own village, he was addressed by one of the workmen, a bricklayer, who had known his father well.

'Tom, is that you?' said he; 'I wanted to see you. I hear you're looking out for a job, and as we're short of a boy to help the bricklayers, maybe you'd have no objection to take the place. I meant to have seen after you to-night, for I wouldn't mind some trouble to give your father's son a helping hand.'

By this time Tom had become too eager for employment to mind much what he undertook, and he eagerly intimated his willingness to engage in anything which he was equal to perform.

'Then come along with me to our master,' said his new friend; 'I know he'll take you in a minute when he knows what I can say for you.' Tom thanked him heartily, and followed him with alacrity.

The man was right. When he had said what he knew about Tom, the bargain was soon concluded. Tom was to go the next morning, and if it was found that he was strong enough for the work, his wages were to be seven shillings a-week to begin with.

Tom ran home with a brisker step this night; a load seemed taken from his mind, for at last there was a prospect of a maintenance for himself, and his mother and sister. He was sure they should do, he said to Mrs Smith, as they talked over his prospects—that was to say, if they had their health. Here were seven shillings a-week certain, and for some time, he hoped, for the buildings were large, and would take a long time to complete; then his mother was such a beautiful sewer, she could always have had so much more work than she cared to take when she had a larger house and young children to look after; Bessy could knit too: he was sure they could make ten shillings a-week amongst them, and they could live well on ten shillings a-week, such a good manager as his mother was.

'Poor thing,' said Mrs Smith, when, after a long discussion, Tom had retired to bed, 'his troubles have turned him into an old man all at once. Did ever anybody hear a child of his age talk so knowingly?'

The next morning Tom was early at his work. He found himself very awkward at first, but then all new employments were strange at the beginning; then the bricks hurt his hands sadly, but he thought nothing of such little inconveniences as those; and he was so good-humoured, attentive, and industrious, that not many days passed before he became a universal favourite amongst the workmen.

The next thing to be done was to look out for a house. His mother had suggested that it would perhaps be better to engage two rooms in one occupied by another person, than to take a whole one for themselves, and accordingly he set about to find a spot that he thought would be suitable. He was glad that his work happened to be in the neighbourhood where his mother had many kind friends, and where she would be more likely to procure needlework

than anywhere else. But it seemed nearly as difficult to find such accommodation as he wanted, as it had been to procure the means to pay for it. He saw some comfortable rooms and nice cottages, but the rent of all of them was much above what he and his friends thought it prudent for him to pay at present; and those which did come within his means were such wretched places, or so disagreeably situated, that he could not bear the idea of his mother and Bessy being established in any of them. However, after many evenings spent in the search, he found out something more promising. He was on his return from his daily work, when he observed some cottages which had not been very long erected, in a new street leading out of the main road, and thither he directed his steps. He found them decent-looking houses, and moreover the front window of one of them contained a ticket intimating that part of the cottage was to let. Tom thought it could do no harm to make some inquiry, and accordingly knocked at the door. After considerable delay it was opened by a woman, whose dress and whole appearance were very far from orderly, and who was followed by two or three children as dirty and untidy as herself. Tom explained that he had called to inquire if the rooms were to let.

'And if they are, young man,' said she, looking sharply at him, 'you'll not be going to set up housekeeping, I'm thinking.'

Tom stated that he wanted apartments for his mother, who was ill, and at a distance; and when the hostess perceived that she had no cause to fear a hoax, she became more communicative. It was the front room, which she styled the parlour, which was at liberty, together with the bed-room over it; it was, she said, the best part of the house, and she ought to have two shillings a-week for it. Tom sighed, and thought here was an end of the negotiation. He intimated that he could pay no more than eightpence.

After some little demur, the hostess said, 'Well, if your mother's a decent woman, for you look like a decent lad enough yourself, I don't mind letting you have the rooms for eightpence a-week, and you may have the garden in the front too, if you like. I can't think what they put gardens in front of poor folks' houses for. I'm sure they've no time for such like things as those.'

But Tom could not decide until he had consulted Mrs Smith, and she had seen the house; therefore he promised to bring her, if possible, the following day, and give a final answer.

Accordingly on the next day, which happened to be Saturday, and when Tom left work a little earlier, he and Mrs Smith set off to inspect the apartments. On their way they had to pass the vicarage, and there they encountered Mrs Merton and her children, setting out to take a walk. When she heard their errand, she offered to accompany them. Mr Burgess's house was close at hand, so that a few minutes brought them to her door.

The house was situated pleasantly enough. Ten years ago this district had been completely country, but now the rapidly increasing town had reached it with its gigantic arms, and scattered rows of houses, with waste and untidy grounds between them, produced that appearance of desolation which always attends the transition from country to town. But the space before the cottages, at which our party had just arrived, was yet green turf, and the trees and shrubs, where there had been any planted, grew and flourished, proving that no great quantity of smoke travelled so far as this. Mrs Burgess, for so was the future landlady called, had attempted no planting in the slip of ground fronting her house. It was a slovenly piece of ground indeed, scooped into holes by the children, who spent most of their time there, and strewed with broken pots, cockle-shells, and all such things which serve the children of the poor instead of the more costly toys which are purchased for those of the rich. Mr Burgess's family were there now. A girl about as old as Bessy, with a baby at her side, was making a grotto in a corner, whilst a boy, a little younger, was sprawling in the sun, directly across the path to the house-door.



'Is your mother in?' asked Mrs Smith, addressing the recumbent youth, as she stepped round him.

'What?' answered he, without moving a limb.

Mrs Smith repeated the question.

'Don't know,' answered the boy, staring at the sun till his eyes watered, but without offering to rise, or even to move out of the way.

Seeing no information was to be gained, Mrs Smith proceeded to knock at the door. No one came, and after waiting patiently for some minutes, she knocked again.

It was of no avail, and now the girl looked up from her employment, and said, very coolly, 'She can't hear you; the kitchen door's shut.'

'Then why did you not say so before, child?' said Mrs Smith, impatiently.

'Do you know where your mother is?' asked Mrs Merton.

'Yes.'

'Then go and tell her she is wanted.'

Sally stared a moment, and then, raising the baby, prepared to obey. She called Will as she went round to the back door; that young gentleman at first announced his intention of remaining where he was, but in a minute he got up mechanically, and, as if under the influence of habit, followed the others.

'What uncouth children,' said Mrs Smith; 'I am afraid there will be a sad house with them.'

'I fear they are very unruly,' said Mrs Merton; 'Mrs Burgess is not a good manager, but she is a well-disposed woman, and there must be something to put up with.'

'And what an ugly, dirty house it is,' cried little Kate; 'I thought it would be a pretty cottage, like that you used to live in, Tom, with a nice garden to it.'

Emma, who was older than Kate, and more discreet, begged her in a whisper to be silent. Tom had lost his father now, she said, and could not afford to live in such a house as he had done before, but they had better not mention it; it might make him more sorry to hear his misfortunes named. Thus schooled, the little girl was silent, and followed the rest into the empty apartment, the door of which was by this time opened by Mrs Burgess, who dropped her curtsy to Mrs Merton, and proceeded to do the honours.

They were nice, dry, airy rooms, and as his two friends thought Tom would scarcely be likely to find anything more suitable, it was soon settled. He was to have possession next week, and then he would be able to get all made tidy and comfortable before his mother came home. Mrs Merton advised him to get the plasterers to wash the walls and ceilings before the furniture was brought in, and Mrs Burgess undertook to have the rooms otherwise cleaned for him. As they went out, she pointed out the garden, as she styled it, which was included in the bargain.

'Why,' remarked Mrs Merton, 'I don't think it is much advantage in its present state; but perhaps, if Tom has time, he will be able to get it into some kind of order, and plant something in it.'

'Oh yes, ma'am, I will try,' answered he; then he added, 'I wish I could get it done before mother comes, but I doubt I can't; there will be no time, there are so many things to do.'

'I think, Tom,' said Frederick Merton, a boy about fourteen years of age, 'if you will let me, I can manage it very well for you in that time. You know, mamma, I have always done lessons by four o'clock, and the days are so long now, I shall do it easily.'

'I have no doubt of it, Frederick, if you have perseverance to finish it; but remember, if you do not accomplish it, it will be worse than if it had never been attempted.'

'Oh! you are thinking of the geometrical flower-garden, but that was very tedious and difficult, and this is nothing of the kind. I will just tell you how I will manage it, while you are all here; and you can give me your advice. I will take off a bed on that far side, and plant it with small rows of cabbage, lettuce, and radishes; then I will make the rest a nice flower-bed with a walk round it. But there are the edges, that is always the bother; what can

I make the edges of? Daisies would do; but where can I get plenty?'

Mrs Smith engaged to furnish an unlimited supply of daisies; they had been growing so many years in her garden, that they would almost plant a field, she thought, if they were divided.

This difficulty surmounted, Frederick continued, 'I think I can find a climbing rose to grow over the door, and for this summer I will plant some scarlet runners, which are very pretty, and very useful too.'

They all agreed that it was impossible to improve on this plan, and Frederick determined to set about his work on Monday afternoon at the latest, perhaps in the morning before breakfast.

The business thus far settled, Mrs Merton inquired how much of the furniture had been saved from the fire to make the new apartments comfortable. There were plenty of chairs, a table, and a chest of drawers, which had been the furniture of the parlour of the old house, together with Mrs Williams's six silver tea-spoons and her best tea-pot, but everything else had perished, and amongst the rest the beds, the most indispensable of all. These must be supplied, and a few necessary articles of earthenware, &c.; but Mrs Smith thought that the small sum which remained in Mrs Williams's hands, together with the twenty-eight shillings which Tom's wages would amount to at the end of the month, would be sufficient to purchase all they wanted.

While Mrs Burgess stood at her door, looking after her late visitors, a neighbour's head was popped out from each house immediately adjoining, and another woman, who unfortunately was too far off to join in the conversation, came up to the gate to know what all these people had been about.

'You'll have something like a lodger this time, Betty,' said the right hand neighbour, 'when all these fine folks come to look at the house. Was not that Mrs Merton that's just left you?'

'Yes, sure it was,' answered Mrs Burgess.

'And who does she want lodgings for?'

'For some woman called Williams; I don't know her, but I doubt she's a faddy body, from the fuss they make about washing and cleaning. The house walls wont do for them without being colour-washed! I'm almost sorry I let them have the rooms, for such folks are always a sight of trouble.'

'Why,' suggested the left hand neighbour, who was a brisk, tidy-looking young woman, 'it wont trouble you much, Mrs Burgess, if she likes to be fidgety about her own rooms, and you're more likely to get your rent regular if she's a respectable body, and has rich friends.'

Betty acknowledged that there was something consolatory in both these reflections, but especially the last; still she should have preferred some one more neighbour-like; she did not want anybody *fas*.

The matron from a distance now joined in the conversation: 'Did you say Williams?' inquired she; 'I'll be bound to say it's the Mrs Williams whose husband was killed at the fire at S— about six weeks ago.'

'To be sure it is!' exclaimed Mrs Burgess, a sudden light appearing to break in upon her mind; 'what a block-head I was not to think of that before! They were talking of the furniture being saved: it's the same, I've no doubt. What kind of person is she, Mrs Wilcox?'

'Why, I can't say I know any harm of her particular, but I always thought she and Williams too were very high.'

'And what an end they've come to,' said another. 'Ay, pride must have a fall.'

'They've had something to humble them before this,' continued Mrs Wilcox, with a mysterious shake of the head. 'Have you never heard of the child of their's that's stone blind?'

All exchanged looks and exclamations, and they were proceeding to moralise at great length upon the evils of pride and the certainty of God's judgments falling on a lofty spirit, when a terrible shriek from within called Mrs Burgess in haste to the kitchen.



There she found a scene of confusion which would have alarmed some people, but which was too common an occurrence in the family of Mrs Burgess to produce any remarkable effect upon her. When the children summoned her she was in the kitchen busy washing. They seized the opportunity afforded by her departure to take possession of the wash-tub, and it had proved upon the whole a fair source of entertainment. Will had charge of the baby, and he had contrived, by propping it up cleverly on the table, to hold it with one hand, so that it could splash in the water, while he with the other made a lather, and blew bubbles with his father's tobacco-pipe. This instrument was a specially forbidden toy, and as prohibitions were of little value in Betty's family, she had provided additionally for its safety by putting it in a secret nook, fairly out of the way of the children. But Will had been fortunate enough to discover the hiding-place which his mother had carefully selected for its concealment, and he drew it forth in triumph. Sally had been washing dolls' clothes, and as she found the water growing cold, she took up a basin, and proceeded to fetch some water, which was boiling on the fire, to the wash-tub. But, alas! the basin was heavy and hot, and just as she was about to pour it out, she lost her hold, and the basin with its scalding contents fell to the ground. Fortunately the children suffered little damage. Will's foot caught a little of the boiling water, and he immediately set up the scream which brought her mother into the house. In the pain of the scald he let the baby slip, and it immediately joined its lamentations to his, and Sally joined in the hubbub by crying vigorously over the broken basin at her feet. There was nothing irremediable in all this but the loss of the unfortunate basin, for which, accordingly, Sally received a tremendous box on the ear. One of somewhat diminished force was administered to Will, the baby was raised and shaken, and it being delivered to Sally, they were all turned out of doors together. Tranquillity was restored sooner than might have been expected. Will cried longer than the others, for his foot smarted a good deal. But it was not much scalded; he jumped on till it was well again, and Mrs Burgess completed her washing without further interruption either from children or visitors.

#### THE MYTH AND GODS OF GREECE, THE EAST, AND THE NORTH.

WHAT varieties and forms of faith have been professed among the nations! Gods many have received the incense of homage—lords many have put the foot on the neck of countless slavish devotees; in families and legions have the false gods descended upon our world—nor to them have all climes of our terrene abode been alike. On the woody height of Ida, Jove established his throne, and in conclave around him, assembled the classic deities of Greece; therefrom they gazed on their smiling birthland beneath, as it lay in beauty, engirt by murmuring seas. In the hot east, the land of dark forests and the wild beasts' home, have risen, in grim majesty, the shapeless Juggernaut and ten thousand more; while, fierce and stern, in northern Europe reigned Odin, who ever loved the battles of heroes, and raised to honour the ghosts of the nobly slain.

Mankind varies in aspect: pale-faced is the tenant of the icy zone—bronze-like is the hunter of the western forests—swart the children of the south. So with the families of gods; they vary as you pass from country to country; one class is seen to love the luxuriousness of the southern light and heat, another and far different class holds reign amid the gloom and the chills of an arctic clime.

In men's gods are embodied men's highest thoughts. In myth, as in a mirror, may be seen man's conception of deity, and of those realities that lie beyond the grasp of the senses, and beyond the apprehension of the unassisted soul. The gods of the nations are, indeed, dumb idols, yet they articulate the sublimest thoughts of nations. We may smile at the tales of myth, because of their apparent child-ishness, yet they who first enunciated them, did so from the depths of their soul, while the nations who first heard

them believed them—and these nations, to this day, stand the peerless, and the most reputed for intellect in the annals of the past.

Before us are three families of gods, independent, distinct, and belonging to different lands.

The Grecian gods, how graceful withal they seem! And no wonder, for beauty and solemnity were what the Grecian mind delighted in, and ever struggled to attain to. Greece was a fit cradle to the Grecian mind; beauty was seen in the vales and on the hill slopes, as they lay bathed in sunlight; sublime were the mountains that stood and frowned, bleak and lone, in all the majesty of age. Not merely the temples but all the conceptions of the Greek fancy are lit up by the light of beauty. With the gods, those offspring of fancy, such is eminently the case. The poets, who feigned them, rose high above this cold and clayey world; and in the ethereal region, where they expatiated, they fashioned 'the immortals' in the moulds of a lofty and heated imagination. The sculptor gave to the poet's conception a fixedness in the breathing stone, for his were

*'Statues but known from shapes of earth  
By being too lovely for mortal birth.'*

And yet for all the varieties of form given to these airy nothings, still beauty and sublimity invested each as with a garment. Scan the myth of Greece, and watch each form that is conjured up!—Jupiter, the father of gods, and Juno his stately queen; Venus, the goddess of beauty, and Pallas unmatched in wisdom; Apollo of the unerring bow, and the swift-footed Iris. Here Oreads trip the mountain land; in yon forest, beneath the aged oak, the Dryads dwell; over the tinkling stream bend the Naiads, as, gazing on their mirrored faces, they weave the water-lilies in their glowing hair.

The gods of the east—they are of a different stamp. There where a brazen sky arches overhead, in which a fiery sun rolls, shedding intolerable day, a life of languor is spent by the contemplative—indeed life to them is but a lengthened dream. Such are they who have elaborated the eastern myth, and have forged the eastern gods. Wise have been these men of the east, seeing far into the mysteries of the material universe, and far into the more mysterious mysteries of the human soul. Hence the obscurity of Indian myth, for the Shasters are comprehensive of the deepest thoughts that have been excoagitated by the thinkers of the past. The nature of the gods is obscure, lying hid, for the most part, in cloud-land. Idea added to Idea, thought heaped on thought, are all expressed by one individual image; thus the cardinal facts in the history of the material universe, creation, preservation, and destruction, are represented by one being, crowned by three heads. In such a manner the facts of nature find representation; and as the philosophy of nature is in the east falsely based, and as even the facts of nature are, for the most part, accounted for erroneously, it happens, as a necessity, that the mythic tales are oftentimes anomalous and absurd. While, super-added to this, fatalism, that all prevalent idea, has overspread the general mind, and beneath it as a funeral pall, even the gods themselves are seen to repose, still, appalling, ghastly as death!

Over the warriors of northern Europe very different deities presided, and among them a very different myth prevailed. No deity was acknowledged, but such as had ever been ready to ring his bossy shield on the day of battle, and lead forth his thousands to victory. There was no deity to invoke, but such as patronised the brave when his sword was unsheathed for slaughter. The myth is a tale of unceasing strife.

Seen by themselves, the gods of the nations point out the countries that are their especial homes. See that band of gods in all the nakedness and beauty of their forms! Ask them whither they have come? Will they need to turn their stony eyes, and point their stony fingers to Greece, and say, from yonder we come? Not so; for though immovable and dumb, they say, in an unmistakable tongue, 'We come from yon land of light and beauty.' These shapeless things, with heads joined to heads, with arms innumerable, and all over fantastically carved, they tell

the story of their birth, 'We are the offspring of reverie, we come from among the dreamers of the east.' One reads the myth, he hearkens to the tales of Odin and Thor. He says, 'These are the gods of no sickly enervated race—they are the gods of tribes who have been nursed amid the storms—the sterile north is their home.'

Though, geographically considered, a comparatively short space intervenes between the north of Europe and Greece, yet the myths peculiar to these regions present a striking contrast. The former is terrible as the hall of Valhalla, hung round with the blood-drenched shields of chieftains, and strewn with the skulls of the slain. The latter is beautiful as some Grecian temple, built of the shining marble, and adorned with graceful columns. The former is frowning as the dark overhanging cliff that threatens and makes to shudder the wanderer who passes along its base, whilst the latter is beautiful as the Vale of Tempe, when the sunshine of noon rests upon it, and the bees murmur amid its flowers.

But though all delight to tread the fairyland that is conjured into existence and filled with wondrous forms, yet vain it would be to make these deities the objects of adoration, and vain it really proved when the trial was made in their birthland. They were found to have but little controlling power over the popular mind, for scepticism soon grappled with them, and they shrunk and perished under its withering grasp. 'Odin and Thor lived only during troublous times; when the light of peace rested on men, they began to pass away, like the mist of the morning when the sun looks abroad. Juggernaut and the other hideous forms of the east cannot stand; scepticism, like a purifying hurricane, will soon sweep the temples, and they will be scattered like the dust of the summer thrashing-floor. But God, the living God, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, in the secrecy of his pavilion, in knowledge and truth, who shall dethrone him? The hand of scepticism is outstretched to do it! See! it is blasted, and withered falls!'

#### EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

When a famous man dies and is consigned to the narrow resting-place forever, society gathers up the facts and incidents of his life, just as the Romans gathered up the ashes and fragmentary bones of their kindred that had been consumed with fire; and these facts and incidents become like the burned memorials of his being. The living man, garmented in the visible form of humanity, has gone away; but the life of the man, and the thoughts that gave to his life a higher inspiration, dwell with us. We bring them together and embody them into a biographical book, which is an ideal image of the great or good one who has left us. Ebenezer Elliott, the Körner of the English anti-corn law campaign, has fallen asleep in death; and now it behoves us to create, from the fragments of his history and the convulsions of his mind, a representative ideal of the man and the poet so lately departed. The life of every man, if fully and truly written, would be an instructive lesson to all other men. We all should find in it something positively to admire or to pity, to imitate or to shun. The life of Ebenezer Elliott has not been one of more than ordinary incident; and yet the character and genius of Elliott invest his career with an extraordinary interest. The evils of society or of life are certainly positive in their nature, but they are as certainly only comparative in their character. Hunger, and cold, and raggedness, no matter how superinduced, would only be disagreeable circumstances to the Calibans of humanity; what were they, we should like to know, in the thoughts of a brave, toiling, downtrodden man of genius? By the sufferer, with a mind circumscribed and limited in its operations and capacities, things are endured without any reference to or inquiry regarding correlatives or causes; but to the enlightened and intelligent sufferer, suffering traced to its source often becomes the element of poetic passion.

'If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,  
By nature's law design'd;  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?'

This was the soul of Burns's questioning—the compatibility of his nature with the oppression in which he found himself; and the whole of his noble poem of 'Man was made to Mourn,' is the shadow of a great working-man's spirit brooding over the degradations of his social state. It was the suffering which Ebenezer Elliott endured that struck out the sparks, from which he lighted the halo of his fame. His love of nature made him a poet; his hatred of injustice and oppression caused him, like Körner, to sing his lays, and rush into the rift of moral combat at the same time. Ebenezer Elliott, in a humorous autobiographical sketch written in 1811, refers to his ancestry, and truly, disguised in the funny rhetoric of the 'Corn-law Rhymec,' there is an ancestry as noble in name and calling as that of Maccallum More himself. His grandfather Elliott, he had reason to believe, was descended from thieves that preferred the beeves of England, when they were more come-at-able than those of Scotland, and *vice versa*. Free-traders were they, who loved better the laws of the strong hand and stouthrief, than any laws that ever had signatures and seals appended to them. His grandmother's name was Sheepshank, and she was decidedly from Scotland; she had, however, considered herself 'to be no sheepshank,' as they still say in her fatherland, for she ruled her household with heroic hand, and wore, 'tis said, a garment not her own. And what, we should like to ask, is there more plebeian in the Anglo-Saxon 'Sheepshank,' than in the aristocratic Campbell or Cameron? The Celtic cognomens have, indeed, a philological disguise that conceals their signification from the general people; but Campbell means 'Wry mouth,' and Cameron 'Screwed nose,' not more dignified appellatives than Sheepshank after all, although a little more elevated; and what was the employment of all the Campbells, and Camerons, and Howards, and Fitzherberts, a few centuries ago, but doing a more extensive trade, in the same line, with the Elliots of the Debateable Land?

The father of Ebenezer Elliott was a well educated clerk, in an iron foundry at Masbro', in the parish of Rothburgham. Ebenezer was born on the 17th of March, 1781, and when he was of sufficient age was sent to school. On this, the world's first stage of intellectual preparation, his exhibitions were those of downright boobyism. He got tacked to a boy, who wrought out his arithmetical problems, and otherwise prompted him in the routine of the school; and by this means he floated to an ostensible position, for which he was not prepared, and which, in his state of ignorance, he could not sustain. In our common mode of education, the symbols of ideas are first taught, and then the pupil is left to grope his way in life for ideas. Ebenezer Elliott, while a boy at school, could not acquire even the rudiments of a common English education; when he became more advanced in years, however, and had filled his mind with the images of things, he found no difficulty in associating those ideas with verbal and phonetic symbols. Unequal to the prosecution of abstract intellectual learning, Ebenezer soon became an expert and clever workman; and, although unequal to climb in mind the ideal tortuosities of Parnassus, he was a famous truant, and vagabond, and ravenous plant collector. Ebenezer Elliott's first step upon the road to intellectual fame was induced by the sight of an illustrated botanical work belonging to his cousin. That book was the angel of his better life; it effectually weaned him from the company of rude puddlers, boilers, and casters, and drew him from the temple of which beer and brawls are common accidents. It pointed his way to a higher moral and intellectual world than he had hitherto seemed capable of appreciating, and developed his innate love of the beautiful. Ebenezer Elliott married when very young; and being early the head of a household, solely dependent upon the labour of his hard hands, bread became in his eyes as sacred a thing as it is in the eyes of devout Mahomedans.

He removed to Sheffield with his family, and laboriously strove to support himself and them against the force of monopoly and misery; but the former with its miser hand paralysed trade, and paralytic trade drove the artisan poet, it is said, into the arms of the latter. Elliott has not written an account of the darker episodes of his battle of life. It was a bitter struggle, and bred bitter and burning thoughts, we are told. A few of these thoughts flashed out indignant from the hot, hissing, iron nature of the poet; but he has scorned to say in detail that he suffered. In gloom, the dark-browed, thoughtful, mechanic father stood, with his inactive but strong arms crossed on his heaving bosom, watching the first dawn of a prosperous morning; and when it came, he rushed again, with stern lip and eye, into the social battle. His efforts were successful; for when he had reached the meridian of life he was in affluence, and possessed a thriving business. One other swoop of vacillating trade again destroyed the branch of commerce in which he was engaged, carried away a large amount of his savings, and aroused him to convert his little counting-house into a poet's prophet chamber. The corn-laws, he believed, had stood between him and his children's bread, when he had to labour for them with his hands. The corn-laws had destroyed the means, he believed, by which he earned the comforts of his better days. As a politician, he detested those laws; personally, he hated them as the most deadly foe of his prosperity; and his wild, bold, vigorous lays, that touched the hearts of the 'bread-taxed' like electric conductors, imparting to them a portion of the lightning that was in his own, won for him a high place amongst the British poets.

The poetry of Elliott is not what is generally termed reflective or philosophical; it derives its life from the anti-theoretical passions of love and hatred; love for nature and beauty, and hatred of their converse in all their forms. The truant boy that could not perceive the orthographic powers, felt, and retained a strong sense of the power of nature. Vowels and consonants, married to those Roman and Italic diagrams called letters, could not penetrate into the sanctum of the boy's memory and love; but the green woods of old England, where the beech and elm in their competition of beauty mirrored themselves in the pure impartial lakes, were his delight. The mystic trefoil and the lover's myosotis, the blue bells that fairies make caps of, and the golden buttercups in which the purest dewdrops loved to hang—these and a hundred other vowels and consonants of nature's alphabet, made up to truant Ebenezer an ideal world—a world of beauty and of love. He could remember the flowers in all their varieties and modifications of beauty, and the aspects of rural nature were the familiar visions of his mind; and these memories he could cherish and reproduce in song when doomed to toil within the grim walls of a smoked factory. Intensity was one of the most pervading characteristics of Ebenezer Elliott's spirit; his love for the country was as intense and fervent as was his hatred of those laws against which he hurled the indignation of his song. Are a factory and a city home sufficient for the nature of man? They were not sufficient for the Sheffield poet. He struck at the iron for bread, and the ring of his anvil might have been merry music; but the bread tax had made every second blow a slavery, and had converted the bold ring of the hammer into a hammerer's groans. It was to the woods, and hedgerow paths, and country dells, that Ebenezer Elliott ran away to hold communion with the beautiful, and to reclaim his spirit for the struggle of the free. In life, he loved to wander

Where the hedge-side roses blow,  
Where the little daisies grow,  
Where the winds a-massing go,  
Where the footpath rustics plod,  
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod,  
Where the old woods worship God,  
Where His pencil paints the sod,  
Where the wedded throstle sings,  
Where the young bird tries his wings,  
Where the walling plover swings,  
Near the runlets rushy springs,  
Where, at times, the tempests roar,  
Shaking distant seas and shore!

These were the scenes amongst which the iron-working man and the iron-handed iron-argued politician loved to roam of an evening, in order that he might compensate his heart for its daily heavings and burnings under the consciousness of oppression. There is not an image in the above lyric fragment that can be said to contain an abstract idea. All the ideas are the observations of a keen observer and lover, presented to us in the form of descriptive poetry. They are the pictures of Ebenezer's loves, as he saw them in the hours of his silent but wrapt communion with them. If Elliott had never been an anti-corn law rhymist, he would still have been one of our best descriptive poets. There is a terseness and vigour in his style, and a comprehensive grasp and compass in his imagery, that is very striking. He looks at February, for instance; and then sitting down at his poetic easel, with a few bold dashes, he presents us with this vigorous etching

'Rivers are torrents, vales and plains are lakes,  
When February draws her curtains down.  
Rain, rain! The universal snow forakes  
Moorland and mountain, forest, farm, and town.  
Rain, rain! It pours, it pours! Red landfloods crown  
Blue ocean's baffled tide. With calm cold frown,  
The cold grey rock, that saw death's cradle, wakes  
From his old dream of drowth, to find his home  
In cloud-bung deluge. The old forest shakes  
His wrinkled forehead o'er the whirling foam  
Of inland sea; and with the haste that takes  
Life's end and last blessing, down the revels come  
Of sky and upland, mixed in cataract,  
That rioteth in waste like one who long hath lacked.'

The ardent passion that Elliott entertained for nature, from her minutest to her grandest forms, was as strong as Wordsworth's, although it was less ideal. He did not gaze upon a daisy until his imagination had transformed and magnified it into a star that some sportive angel had shaken from the constellated corona that encircled his glorious head. He did not hang over it until it created poetic emotions and images that stirred up the music of his soul, and pressed that music forth in thrilling utterance. He loved the daisy for what it was; he kissed the dew from its pure lip, because it was a lowly child of earth, an unfallen, perfect creature of the immaculate, perfect God. The brave Ebenezer Elliott loved to rush forth to his old familiar haunts, and he delighted to linger amongst their sunbeams and shadows, and the powerful earnestness of that love could attract us to linger with him. We must turn from the gentler to the sterner aspect of his nature, however—from the loving to the hating mood of his genius. Amongst the first productions of Mr. Elliott's muse was a poem entitled, like Coleridge's most beautiful, and the most beautiful of all ballads, 'Love,' and a letter to Byron, which appeared in 1823.

In 1832 appeared the 'Corn Law Rhymes' in a collected form, which, being reviewed in the 'Athenaeum' and 'New Monthly Magazine,' the latter edited by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, presented to the notice of the English reading public a man who had already made himself famous amongst his townsmen and the readers of 'Tait's Magazine,' by his bold, fierce, vehement denunciations of the corn laws. Politically, Elliott was a Radical of the most fiery and uncompromising school; and the ardour of his zeal, and the strength of his opinions upon the various principles of political economy, were inflamed by the indignation and contempt which he felt for the taxers of the poor man's food. 'Jee, hiss!' cried the old rugged-browed poet, as he pointed his nervous finger at the corn-taxing squires, and shook his indignation from it in vibrations of scorn. 'They hunt! see, they hunt!' he cried, 'and we are told that there is something particularly manly in their favourite amusement, because it is an image of war and barbarian necessities. Perhaps, however, the manliness is all a sham. Perhaps they do not hunt lions. And perhaps insolence is the soul of the amusement, and no sham. Perhaps they are preservers of vermin. Perhaps their vermin devour the farmer's poultry. Perhaps the farmer could get paid for the poultry devoured. Perhaps he has no wish to be ruined. Perhaps the worthies, being neck-preservers too, gap his fences

Perhaps they poach his rising wheat. Perhaps they horsewhip him. Perhaps the horsewhipped is a freeholder. Perhaps he has a pitchfork in his hand, but prefers a lawsuit. Perhaps he wins his suit, and loses one hundred pounds for the honour of having been horsewhipped by a pained pauper, or the ape of one. Perhaps Raggabash imitates Ruffian, and gets up a hunt of his own, when the scene between him and justice requires a Hogarth to paint it.\* These rapid interpolations, and Elliott's other tearing prose diatribes, generally preceded some strain of bitter lamentation, some pointed indictment, or some scornful denunciation against those whom he regarded as the oppressors of the poor, and whom he lived to see vanquished.

Several years before the close of his life, Ebenezer Elliott, after having educated two sons for the English Church, and one to conduct his own business, besides having reared several daughters, retired from the bustle of busy trade to a little snugery called Argill Hill, near Barnsley, round which he wandered, and in which he sung his nervous lays, and where, in December, 1849, he laid him down in peace, and died.

Elliott, although latterly in affluence, did not try to hide his origin beneath pragmatical airs and Saxony wool. 'There are only two lines in my writings,' he says, 'that could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus 'dunghill spurner;' for, in this land of castes, the dunghill sprung, with good coats on their backs, are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness.' The poet was not ashamed, however, of his order, nor did he intermit the opportunities which his genius and knowledge gave him to glorify that order.

'Would they were written (and in heaven they are),  
The patient deeds of men of low estate—  
Esteem'd so little, but so truly great!  
When will their modest beams be hail'd afar,  
And peacefully smile down the poms of war?  
Ah! when will labour's weary sons desery,  
Illumining with love an equal sky,  
The honour'd rays of toil's eternal star?  
I know that our Redeemer lives; I know  
That well he marks our strife with want and fear,  
Our long assured inheritance of wo;  
I know that his good angels love to write  
Our humblest deeds in everlasting light;  
But here men toil for man's redemption here.'

Ebenezer Elliott was one of those poets of which Shakespeare and Burns are the great luminaries. He was not highly word-educated; he gathered words himself unaided, in order that he might give his ideas to the world. He had attained to nearly sixty-nine years of age when he died; but he has left behind him a name which shall long be gratefully remembered by the class of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

### Original Poetry.

#### PENIEL.

'There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.'—GEN. xxxii. 24.

In the thick and dark oppression  
Of this life's turmoil and wo,  
I am wrestling with an angel,  
And I will not let him go.

O, for strength to meet temptation!  
O, for will and power to know!  
Give me strength to follow duty,  
Or I will not let thee go!

Pleasure's siren voice has lured me,  
With her whispers sweet and low;  
Passion has her spells cast o'er me,  
And she will not let me go.

And ambition's hand has pointed  
To the heights where laurels glow;  
Envy too, at times, enchains me,  
And she will not let me go.

Ignorance and pride still blind me,  
Doubts still sway me to and fro;  
Sloth and indolence yet blind me,  
And they will not let me go.

Life, not life-in-death, O give me!  
Heart not sluggish, pulses slow;  
Give me will, not wishes merely,  
Or I will not let thee go!

Give me strength to front opinion,  
And in love of truth to grow;  
Give me light, and love, and blessing,  
Or I will not let thee go!

Give me strength to wage the combat,  
Though a world should be my foe;  
Strength! but strength to follow duty,  
Or I will not let thee go!

Stern resolve, with calm endeavour,  
Gaining strength from overthrow;  
Grant such life be mine for ever,  
Or I will not let thee go!

See, O Lord! the day is breaking,  
Morning breezes 'gin to blow;  
Haste, oh, help! my strength is falling,  
Bless, oh, bless me ere thou go!

OSADRO.

### THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF PUFFING.

ALL the great interests of society, and the developments of science, and the progressive achievements of art, have individually assumed a species of extrinsic magnificence before they were considered worthy of general observation and criticism. The nucleus, the embryo, the midge that makes a mountain—the hair that has capacity to be spun into a cable—and all the numberless fundamental parts of mighty things, are originally too small, too minute of themselves to be generally observed and critically considered; and it is only when accretion has multiplied, expanded, accumulated, or increased the native elements of things into ostensible magnitude, that people's eyes are attracted to, and their hearts captivated by them. Of the two modes of discerning and judging all things in the material world, the superficial is the more general. Of all the monitors of the inward senses, the most commonly impressive is the outwardly grand—the intrinsic and essential, which are the same thing in the world of thought, constitute the polar regions thereof; they are either too high or too low to meet the common eye, and are only observed by the few adventurous philosophers who delight to wander alone into the secluded altitudes of observation, and who think it no loss patiently to analyse the constitution of an animalcula, and to wonder at it, without a host of gaping, gazing, sympathetic, neighbours round them. Mankind are far more inclined to utter the interjection 'la!' or 'oh!' or 'well I never!' than to propose the possessive pronouns who? which? what? Probably ten thousand travellers, and ten thousand more, threw up their eyelids to the summits of the pyramids, and tossed down their carpets before the nose of the Sphinx at Luxor, before one thought of uttering the what, and the whence. If it had been possible for either of those co-efficients of Egyptian art to have retained a recollection of all the expressions of salutation with which they have been greeted by their multitudinous visitors, who can doubt that air-bubble bursts of unfelt wonder and admiration would have constituted the material of their memories? Independent minds inquire only, the satisfied crowd conform—the individual judges, the mass wonders.

No man of observation, no man of philosophy, will deny at this day that humanity in the general is a goodnatured easy fellow, who feels it to be more agreeable to skim the outside of things, with the eyes on each side of his nose, than to analyse the qualities of things with the eyes of particular scrutiny. He infinitely prefers 'to be taken in and done for' by the clamorous and chest-loquent thunders of ostentatious impudence, than to take upon himself

the burden and gravity of thought. He will be one of a flock of geese or sheep, to eat grass with his neighbours for fashion's sake, or declare that the yelp of a fox is sweeter than the song of the nightingale, if such is a general cackle, rather than be an eagle and soar alone to the sun. A hollow colossus made of brass, appropriate metal, because it filled his eye, and played upon the tympanum of his bump of wonder, possessed a greater share of man's veneration than did the living Archimedes, whose great brain was dashed out by a barbarian's brand, and whose body was shuffed into a ditch at Syracuse.

Man is essentially a puffed and puffed animal; past history, and contemporaneous history, and particular history, and general history, together with all history, are clear and decided upon this fact of moral philosophy. In rhetoric, the inflated has always been preferred by the vulgar crowd, to the correct; in music, the wind of song has ever swelled out to a wider domination over the general sense than the soul of song; while the promissory has always maintained its position twenty-five degrees above the performatory in the national political veneration. The lip-courtesy of legislators is an element of more enduring and extensive fame than their acts. The most magniloquent puffers of their own prowess amongst the savages of the east and west obtain a more egregious consideration amongst their confreres than do the patient squaws who cultivate the yams and maize, and dare not even call it honourable so to do. And what, we should like to ask, is the whole mythological literature but a series of puffing advertisements, thrown from the primeval past into the cloister windows and schools of posterity? Heliogabalus built himself a temple and an altar, and Jupiter very likely was the person who had set him the example. Both had impudence enough to consider themselves persons in the superlative degree; and they asked the gullible world to glorify their lie, and worship them; and the world, when it saw them seated in petrified magnificence upon their sculptured thrones, uttered the usual oh! and ah! and did you ever! until the next most potent puff arose to play a new spring upon the gamut of credulous wonder. It was the puff general that Æsop had in his eye when he sketched the history of that 'gnat on the bull's horn.' It was your ambitious little bladder that is always trying to blow itself up into a balloon, and from whose wind every household has been put somewhat out of tune. It was the puffs sinister that Shakspeare delineated in the crown-winning Regan and Goneril—honesty that was strangled in the lovely Cordelia—and mankind in general that would be cheated, was cheated, befuddled, and laughed at in Lear.

Benjamin Franklin has often been characterised as the most worldly of all philosophers, and 'Poor Richard's Almanac' has been quoted a million times to prove the fact. 'See, he calls this *cade metum* of his philosophy, this Philadelphian almanac, the way to wealth,' cry the critics; and he is forever inculcating principles of thrift, economy, prudence, and honesty, to his disciples.

'Early to bed, early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

'Honesty is the best policy.' Oh, ye advertisers of slop clothes, coffee, and pills, listen to this philosopher—listen to this man who wrote and printed books, and brought down lightning from the clouds—listen to this economist, who sought to supersede rushlights with sunbeams, and whom men, in the plenitude of their simplicity, have termed a worldly philosopher; he declared conjunct honesty and industry to be the way to wealth! The moral and legitimate way they may be—the highroad without crooks and turns in it—but the speedy and common way, the near cut over stile, you know they are not. If Benjamin Franklin, who looked into human nature with the eye of a 'Censor-morum,' and who could perceive in it the subtle permeation of gullibility as clearly as he discerned the permeation of the electric fluid in all nature; if he, we say, had only uttered imperatively to posterity the one word 'puff,' he would have deserved more of the veneration of the mammonocracy than he will ever obtain

for all those aphorisms which inculcate moral and industrial activity.

The art of puffing, like all civilised arts, had its origin in a small and very modest way. It began with a sort of hyperbolic figure in comparison—grew with the growth of ideas and language into a state of admirable efflorescence—and then it extravagated into its present efflorescence of incoherent verbosity and singular consummateness of ignorance, presumption, and impudence. The art of puffing, like society, has had its epochs; in the chivalric era it consisted of brag and bluster; in this commercial age it is made up of mystification, arrant falsehood, and face. In Homer and the 'Amidis de Gaul,' puffs-chivalric blossom like the air-bubbles on boiling lava. In the 'Times,' on peripatetic vans, and posted on the sheds that circumvallate mason-work in transitu, puffs commercial disgrace our modern language. Pandarus and Pollonius were puffs secondary—old parasites that blew hot or cold according as the royal weathercock pointed; and Hector and Achilles were puffs primary, men whose trumpeters were always alive while themselves lived. What a lack of the modesty of true merit does the dialogue between Priam and Thetis' martial sons denote, as, looking at each other in the tent of the latter, the air-bladders of their vanity were swollen up. 'Tell me, you heavens,' says soft-heeled Achilles, 'in which part of his body shall I destroy him? Whether there, there, or there? that I may give the local wound a name, and make distinct the very breach whereout Hector's great spirit flow; answer me, heavens.' 'Henceforth guard thee well,' says the braggart Trojan in reply, 'for I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; but, by the forge that athrid Mars his helm, I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.'

It must be apparent to every one of our readers by this time that 'puffity,' signifying the essential and original element of all puffs, is, like gravity, the basis of a subtle philosophy; is, in fact, an original power of the mental economy, developed and made manifest in numberless ways. In the chivalric era men puffed to acquire fame, but in these latter days men puff to gain gold. A feather in an iron-headed warrior's cap repaid him for a day's fighting and a week's braggadocio, but nothing but money in his purse can satisfy the modern magniloquent for making himself a scorn to the educated and the true. In days of old and in these 'greener' times, the principle of puffing was identical, but the point of divergence and the degree of difference between them is this, that the former, who was contented with the wind of a royal mouth for reward, robbed no more simple gull than himself in the voracity of his acquisitiveness; the latter is the charming snake of humanity, and bewilders and dazzles that he may victimise. There was a time when our merchant fathers spoke of the 'honour of craft,' and when the rude, stern, virtues of the burgher corporations armed their members with more than individual strength in integrity and independence, but now the very word *craft* has changed its signification, and means anything but excellent material and superior workmanship. All our merchants do not now stand calmly at their doors, and in the brotherhood of business smile to see customers thronging a brother tradesman's shop. They do not all now content themselves with the fair traffic that merit and honest dealing bring, for, in addition to competition in the puff-pastry of manufacture, there has sprung up a race of competition in the imponderable vendage of advertisement, that out-mystifies the transcendentalists, and revolves, like the belt of Saturn, far beyond the sphere of grammar.

Skilful anglers are always well acquainted with the moral tendencies of fishes; they know in what weather and with what particular piscaceous tribes cowering below are good bait, and when a gilt fly 'will take.' It is the same with your modern puffer; he knows that one striking, crushing word taken captive at random from some Greek or Latin lexicon, and tagged to the nomenclature of anything that Englishmen can buy, is worth a thousand honest, sturdy substantialities in order to its sale; and that anything with a name, generalised and beslobbered

with pretensions, will slide down the throat of that will-be-duped anaconda, the public, while merit, standing on its own honest foundation, will scarce be noticed for its honour's sake. Oh, who can tell the number of tons of oil, of humble Italian vintage, that after passing through the refining worm, and being dubbed 'Macassar,' have flowed over the hirsute glories of brainless bucks and belles, at the rate of three and sixpence sterling the ounce? or how many tons of lard, which being ruthlessly torn from the bosoms of Irish pigs, and transmuted by mercantile hocus-pocus into scented 'grease of bears,' has glistened on the bumps of fashion's bumpkins at ten shillings sterling per pound avoirdupois? A name, a monosyllabic, unpronounceable, inappropriate name, is equal to seventy-five per cent. of the profits of a puffed-up trade. Cosmogopolitan over the door of a devil's-dust garment establishment is equal to a hundred clergymen's certificates of honesty and skill; and Eureka shirts, Zetetic prize shirts, Sans-pli shirts, and Porizo ditto, are sure to find their way to the breasts of patriotic Englishmen, as if the outlandish character of these Hellenic, French, and Italian adjectives made them believe that they grew on foreign bushes, and were not made in the garrets of London at twopence halfpenny each, like less pretending garments.

Puffing, as an element of trade, has its calculable value as well as any other commodity. Our readers may smile, but we tell them that the puffing merchants of London city know how much per cent. of profit a thousand pounds worth of puffs will return, as well as they know how much profit there is on a thousand pounds of tea. It is an expensive but it is a profitable subterfuge in business. A man just requires to have a common or inferior commodity, to muster a vast amount of universal pretension, to expose his ignorance and impudence in the advertising columns of the newspapers, and he is sure to succeed. The gullimots of home commerce are always ready for the newest puffs, which rise, like air-bubbles on water, from the depths of obscurity to the surface of society. A man may be seen to-day discussing, on the top of an inverted porter cask, the delectable and inspiring qualities of cold water, and to-morrow, having rigged himself in the panoply of a puff, he may be claiming to be, in the following style, the Masaniello of grocers: 'Isaac Ironsinthefire in fact has completely revolutionised the coffee trade; he has went to the blue mountains of Jamaica, and selected the mountain berry, which is aromatic without being pungent, and goes twice as far as any other coffee.' The major proposition of this syllogistic puff is that 'Isaac Ironsinthefire' has revolutionised the coffee trade, and the major inference pervading the whole of it is, that everybody should buy his coffees. There are two minor propositions, however, and they are these, that Isaac Ironsinthefire is a great traveller, and that he has discovered a coffee whose *palestinian* powers, though not perhaps equal to his own, are equal to those of any two other coffees hitherto discovered. There never was a great revolutionist or great man in any line, however, who had not to contend with legitimacy and prescription, and such also seems to be the fortune of the above wonderful person. The following exquisite *moreau* of advertisement seems to mysteriously shoot its darts at the rising stars of the Ironsinthefire order—

'COFFEE AS IN MATENCE.—From experiments we have made on the various kinds of Coffee, we have arrived at the fact that no one kind possesses strength and flavour. If it has strength it wants flavour. If it has flavour it wants strength, and as nobody knows this but us, the consumer cannot obtain really fine coffee from anybody else, at any price.' There is one transcendently peculiar advantage we possess over other houses—our roasting apparatus being constructed on decidedly scientific principles, whereby the strong aromatic flavour is preserved, which in any other roaster is destroyed. The awfully rapid and every moment accelerating demand for our coffees has caused great excitement in the trade, and several audacious unprincipled houses have copied our papers, and profess to sell a similar article. But they cannot, we tell the public; and our Mixture of Four Countries, we think it right to say, is a discovery of our own, and, therefore, the proportions are known to no other house. We will sell them in future as 'Gander's Transmarine Mixture,' at 1s. 8d. and 1s. 4d.

We trust the reader can appreciate the style, the logic,

and the pretension of this elegant tissue of phonetic symbols. My, did you ever! their coffee roaster is made on 'decidedly scientific principles!' well, I never! It is a blessing, to be sure, to hear that there are decided principles anywhere; and even a coffee roasting apparatus of decidedly scientific principles in a puffing establishment is something to talk about anyhow; but we, simple souls, have always thought that any coffee-merchant with money in his purse could procure such a machine, and perhaps, reader, so do you. This potentate of the coffee-mill has attained, by his own profession, to a most wonderful power in the art of compounding. He outrivals the autocrat of the Russias, and the annexationists of the great Western Republic. They steal countries and attach them to their territory with iron grappling hooks; but he has a 'mixture of four countries,' which he is determined to sell at 'twenty-pence and sixteen-pence.'

In all the branches of puffing there is none, we opine, in which it figures with more heartlessness than in that of pill-vending. With an audacious mendacity that is only paralleled by want of feeling, a couple of daring adventurers will discuss the modes of fortune-making something in the following manner:

'Well, Tom, what is the use of us selling calico behind this old cove's counter when we might be riding in our carriage?'

'What is the use? Why, it is an abuse of time and power, if the thing you mention is practicable in any way, Ned,' replies Tom.

'Yes, it is practicable, and puffing is the mode,' says Ned, laying his finger on his acute nose.

'But we must have something to puff,' answers Tom, with a philosophical wink.

'Ah, yes, I have provided for that, Tom. I have accidentally found in the gabardine of an old Jewish Rabbini, who came from Jerusalem on a mission of great import, and who, dying of apoplexy in Rosemary Lane, was incontinently stripped of his garments, which were immediately sold in Rag-fair—I have found, in the pouch of this old man, whose coat I purchased, the receipt for the pills which Methuselah used, and which preserved him against every malady, and which will cure every conceivable disease. We have only to make this wonderful discovery known to the hosts of dyspeptics, asthmatics, and rheum-racked wretches, who are dying, and have money, and our fortune is made.'

'Then go it, Ned!' cries Tom.

And Ned does go it, gentle reader, and Tom too; they compound dough and magnesia into pills; puff in the public prints like a shoal of whales; acquire thousands of pounds sterling by their traffic; sell the fictitious Rabbini's receipt for three thousand pounds more; and then retire into the respectable recesses of private life with their carriages and splendid mansions.

One purgative manufactory in the Great Metropolis, advertises to have paid £150,000 in one year for government stamps. And another vender of the universal Hygienic restorative-pill and ointment medicines, disburses upwards of twenty thousand pounds annually for puffing advertisements. The puff who blows the trumpet of fame ament a chimney curing syphon, or who declares that his odontiferous unction restores the youthful complexion, is innocence itself compared to the heartless wretch who, knowing not the difference between a cathartic and emetic, presumes to tell the death-stricken that he can cure them of every malady, and who takes from them, through the influence of hopes that dazzle to betray, for his compost of bread and jalap, the last farthing they possess to soften the pillow of pain.

The puffs economical, which appertain more to the clothing business than any other, has produced, it may be remarked, a new phasis of our poetical literature. 'The donkey wot wouldn't go and see Mrs Jarley's waxwork show,' does not stand alone in this subliminary sphere of misdirected donkeys; or why should the Leed's Apollo, seizing his lyre, made of etherialised (vulgarily, starved) tailors' ribs and hamstrings, and idealising the sublime

colloquy of two dwellers in creation's round, give forth from his bursting soul the following strains of commendation and direction?

'Dear me, I much admire  
That dress of master Walter's;  
Indeed your clever tailor's skill  
The boy's appearance alters.  
But really tailors charge so high;  
Who do you patronise?  
The other freely now replied,  
Pray let me just advise.  
Look at my own good winter suit,  
The neat dress of my son—  
You have a family yourself—  
Step down to Number one.  
No other house I recommend.  
For cheapness, taste and skill,  
None can excel Snip Patch's fame,  
Extending widely still.'

The philosophy of common sense—that grand corrective of humbug and hyperbole—is the only instrument that we can imagine capable of rending the veil from puffery, and driving it from this world into its native nothingness. Yet common sense, being one of the most uncommon appertinements of the human mind, and not an acquirement but a native gift, we cannot predicate a speedy emancipation from the dominion of the puffs. Let this be borne in mind, if possible, by all who may read this article, that men, by the embarking of their capital in the puffing market, and their honesty on the surface of commerce, have speedily realised fortunes, while honest practical tradesmen, who would scorn to cheat or lie, have been driven from their legitimate business by their unhealthy competition. Honest advertisements are commercial necessities; puffs are gilded flies for gudgeons, decoy ducks for silly geese, melancholy evidences of the declining morality of the men who embark in trade, illustrations of the universal tendency to wonder and believe.

## BIRDS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—FEBRUARY.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

'The sunbeams on the hedges lie,  
The south wind murmurs summer soft;  
The maids hang out white clothes to dry,  
Around the elder-skirted croft:  
A calm of pleasure listens round,  
And almost whispers winter by;  
While fancy dreams of summer sound;  
And quiet rapture fills the eye.'—*Clara*.

THE peasant-poet of Northamptonshire, than whom there is no truer painter of nature, and whose poetical allusions to the feathered creatures we have somewhat overlooked in these papers of ours, has here depicted one of the most pleasant of the changeful aspects of this month—'February fill-dyke,' as it is sometimes called, and deservedly called; for of all the sloppy, miry, muddy seasons of the year, this is surely the most so. There is a constant sound of dripping, dropping, and splashing in one's ears; and to venture forth without a pair of gutta percha—some people will have it gutta percha—soles and an umbrella would be downright madness. Talk of 'babbling brooks'—every gutter has become one; and for a sight of a foaming cataract you have only to go to the next drain. The naiads and other water-sprites are now the presiding genii of our daily walks. We seem made up of 'aqueous humours;' and when

'The sunbeams on the hedges lie,'

which, to be sure, is not often, we almost fancy that we shall melt away, like those huge piles of dirty snow, the leavings of January, which have been thrown off the tops of houses, and shovelled up from the paths and doorways, and which have so frail a tenure of existence that they are, indeed, 'here to-day and gone to-morrow.' But the birds! what of the birds of the month? Why, curious catechist, we are all birds—ay, every unfeathered biped of us; and we belong to the natural order called Waders—

lucky for us if we be not Plungers and Divers, Spoonbills and Shovelers. All cleanly housewives would desire that we should be Scrapers, in the verb active sense of the word; and, for our own part, we are greatly inclined to join the family of Skulkers, not caring to go abroad into such a world of slip-slop. But, hark! was that the Mistle Thrush chanting so loudly a welcome to the coming spring? Oh, then we may be sure that there are vernal indications—signs of promise; the elder-tree is beginning to disclose its green buds, and the catkins of the hazel to adorn the bare hedges; and, lo! there is a burst of sunshine coming from behind that uprolled curtain of clouds—how it gladdens and glorifies every object until, true enough, as *Clara* sings,

'A calm of pleasure listens round,  
And almost whispers winter by.'

We were speaking of the song of the Mistle Thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*), and a loud, clear song it is; not so rich and melodious as that of its near neighbour, the common Thrush, or Mavis, as the old writers love to call it, but a much more bold and defiant strain, so to speak. It seems to glory in the strife of the elements, does this bird, and strives to make itself heard amid the tempestuous rushing and roaring of the wind, the creaking and groaning of the trees, and the hiss and rattle of the pelting hailstones. Hence he has been often called the Storm Cock and the Screech Thrush. Oh, he is a brave bird, and worthy of the lines which Charlotte Smith has addressed to him:—

'The winter solstice scarce is past,  
Loud is the wind, and hoarsely sound  
The mill streams in the swelling blast,  
And cold and humid is the ground;  
When to the ivy that embowers  
Some pollard tree or shelt'ring rock,  
The troop of timid warblers flock,  
And, shuddering, wait for milder hours:  
While thou, the leader of their band,  
Fearless, salu't the opening year,  
Nor stay'st till blow the breezes bland,  
That bid the tender leaves appear.  
But on some towering elm or pine,  
Waving aloft thy dauntless wing,  
Thou joy'st thy love-notes wild to sing,  
Impatient of St Valentine.

Oh, herald of the spring! while yet  
No Harebell scents the woodland lane,  
Nor Starwort fair, nor Violet,  
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain.  
Tis thine, as through the coppice rude  
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,  
To soothe him with a cheerful song,  
And tell of hope and fortitude.

For thee then may the Hawthorn blush,  
The Elder and the Spindle-tree,  
With all their various honours blush,  
And the blue Sloe abound for thee  
For thee the coral Holly glow,  
Its armed and glossy leaves amo'g,  
And many a branched Oak be hush  
With thy pellucid Mistletoe.

Still may thy nest, with lichen lined,  
Be hidden from the invading Jay,  
Nor truant boy its covert find;  
To bear thy callow young away;  
So thou, precursor still of good,  
Oh, herald of approaching spring!  
Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing  
Thy song of hope and fortitude.'

Beside the names mentioned above, this bird is also sometimes called the Grey or Holm Thrush; it is a permanent resident in this country, and is pretty generally distributed, but, being a shy bird, naturalists have had some difficulty in observing it with sufficient closeness for an accurate description of its habits. Wood, in his 'British Song-Birds,' gives many interesting particulars respecting it, and says that 'it always pours forth its strains at a very great elevation, on one of the loftiest trees the neighbourhood affords. It commences its song early in the year, generally in February, but sometimes in January, and at that season, although not so thrilling as that of many other birds, it has indescribable charms to the ornithologist; and, indeed, I know few pleasures greater than that afforded by hearing it send forth its melody from a lofty Beech-tree on the delighted neighbourhood,



and inviting, as it were, the balmy air of spring to spread its genial influence over the earth.' He also alludes to the fact, not generally noticed, that it is one of those birds which show a decided predilection for one spot, returning year after year to incubate on the same tree, owing, as he says, to a *full development of the organs of Inhabitiveness and Locality*—rather a fanciful theory this, about the correctness of which we guess there will be some little difference of opinion among our readers; we, however, are neither prepared to defend nor assail it. According to Mr Wood, who seems to have observed the bird more closely than most naturalists, the nest of the Missel Thrush is a large, loose, and not over compact structure, made of dry grass, hay, or bents, and lined with fine grass, sometimes adorned with wool, paper, rags, stuck loosely on the outside, so that it is anything but a model of symmetry, yet admirably adapted for its intended purpose and situation, the latter being invariably the cleft of a tree, with the colour of the branches of which the white moss, hay, &c., of the nest closely assimilate. In defence of its home and little ones, this bird is very courageous, so much so, it is said, that few, even of the bold and predaceous Falcon family, dare attack it while guarding those sacred objects. Hence an anonymous writer hath written—

'As patriots guard their country from the steps  
Of some proud tyrant and his lawless band,  
Who, on the broad arena of the world,  
Like gladiators, fight for prize and plunder,  
'And spread destruction o'er a smiling land;  
So, dauntless, guards the Storm Cock his loved home,  
His mate, his young, his nest, from prowling Hawk.'

Having thus commenced our paper with a member of the family *Turdina*, Turdine Birds or Thrushes, it will perhaps be best for us to give some account of the other individuals of that mellifluous group of songsters which are known as British Birds. The most common of them, as well as the most deservedly popular, on account of its rich melody, is the Garden or Song Thrush (*Turdus Musicus*, or *Turdus Hortensis*, as some naturalists call it), the smallest bird of the family, and a constant resident amongst us. Every one of our readers must be familiar with its melodious song, heard to most advantage, perhaps, at early morning-tide, when the dew-drops are yet glittering amid the meadow-grass, and making the hedgerow banks look as though studded with diamonds. Amid the freshness and serenity of that hour, when the day is yet in its infancy, and the human heart rejoices in accordance with nature, in the near prospect of increasing warmth and sunshine, how sweet is it to listen to the matin song of this bird, poured out upon the fresh breeze of morning! so full, and rich, and melodious is that 'sweet jargoning,' as the old writers have it, that we can scarcely believe it to proceed from the throat of a little feathered musician scarcely nine inches in length, but rather from some deftly fashioned instrument, touched with surpassing skill. In some such channel, we remember, did our thoughts run, awhile since, when, in our morning walk by the woodside and o'er the flowery lea, we listened, as, from copse and hazel-shaw, the Thrush's song burst forth, a perfect stream of harmony, that floated down the vale, as though to call the cottagers to bless and praise the Lord before they went forth to their daily labour, and when we addressed 'A Sonnet to the Thrush,' of which we here venture to give a transcript:—

A flute-like melody is thine, O Thrush!  
Full of rich cadences, and clear, and deep;  
Upon the sense it cometh like a gush  
Of perfume, stolen by the winds that sweep  
Where spice-lanes gem the bosom of the deep:  
At early morn, and 'mid the eve's hush,  
Pouring thy mellow music, thou dost keep  
From out the Lilac-tree or Hawthorn-bush:  
I love thee for the love thou bear'st the lowly.  
The cottage garden is thy fave'rite haunt;  
And in those hours, so calm, so pure, so holy,  
It ever is thy pleasure forth to chant  
Thy blitheesome psalms, seeming as if were  
Thy wish to make all good and happy there.

We are told by Mr Wood, that 'the Garden Thrush is a very polite bird, and before it begins the affairs of the

day, its *good morning* is proclaimed in its loudest tone, and duly answered by its associates. Very soon after this, they are in full song, and shortly joined by the rest of the vernal chorus.' And he goes on to say that, 'Charming as is the song of the bird in its native haunts, nothing is more disagreeable than to hear its tame and mutilated strains in confinement; and, indeed, there can be no excuse for keeping it in confinement, except in large towns and cities.' But why this exception?

'No sea  
Swells like the bosom of a bird set free,'

says Wordsworth; and it is surely an act of great cruelty to confine so naturally joyous and free a creature as this within the narrow compass of a cage. What though you, Mr Wood, may have 'derived as much pleasure from hearing birds in cages in towns, as you have in their native woods in the country;' yet we, for our part, cannot think it right to find gratification in that which deprives even a bird of liberty and enjoyment. What says Chaucer upon this subject?—

'Take any bird, and put it in a cage,  
And do thy best and utmost to engage  
The bird to love it; give it meat and drink,  
And every dainty housewife can bethink,  
And keep his cage as cleanly as you may,  
And let it be with gilt never so gay;  
Yet had this bird by twenty thousandfold,  
Rather be in a forest wild and cold,  
And feed on worms and such-like wretchedness;  
Yea, ever will he tax his whole address  
To get out of the cage as best he may—  
His liberty the bird desireth aye.'

The Thrush is one of those birds which we most frequently see in a state of confinement; its rich and varied song, and its great powers of imitation, render it a very desirable inmate of the aviary or the cage. The German naturalist, Dr Bechstein, in his 'Natural History of Cage-Birds,' says, that, 'with care and properly varied food, it may be preserved in captivity five or six years.' Mr Wood tells us that, 'when put into a very large aviary, it is a lively, interesting, and even happy bird; but it is despicable to see it put into a cage of a foot square, and shameful in those hard-hearted individuals who place it in such a situation;' and yet thus it is that the poor Thrush is most frequently lodged when taken under the protection of man. There it sits, with rumpled feathers, moping in its little box, in which is scarcely room to expand its pinions, once buoyant and glossy, now clogged with dirt, and heavy and dingy; and the bright eye is dimmed, and the sweet voice, although still melodious, has lost that fresh and joyous tone which liberty alone can give. 'Tis a sad picture; we will look upon it no longer, but turn to the bird in its wild and happy state:—

'Hark how the air rings!  
'Tis the Mavis sings,  
And merrily, merrily sounds her voice,  
Calling on valleys and hills to rejoice:  
For winter is past,  
And the stormy blast  
Is hast'ning away to the north at last.'

as it runs in that charming book, the 'Minstrelsy of the Woods.' But our readers are doubtless desirous of seeing what sort of a nest this sweet songster makes; here is a picture of it, drawn by Clare:—

'Within a thick and spreading Hawthorn-bush,  
That overhung a molehill large and round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry Thrush  
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound  
With joy; and, often an intruding guest,  
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day.  
How true she warp'd the moss to form a nest,  
And modell'd it within with wool and clay;  
And by and by, like Heath-bells gilt with dew,  
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,  
Ink-spotted over shells of greenish blue;  
And there I witness'd, in the sunny hours,  
A brood of minstrels chirp and fly,  
Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky.'

The Throble is another name frequently applied to this bird, and under this name it is often alluded to by the



old English poet; as for instance, Dryden, in his 'Pol-obion'—

'The Throstell, with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung,  
T' awake the listless sunne, a chydying that so long  
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill.'

And, again, William Browne, in his 'Pastorals'—

'See the spring  
Is the earth enamelling,  
And the birds on every tree  
Greet the morn with melody.  
Hark, how yonder Throstle chants it,  
And her mate as proudly vaunts it.'

Barry Cornwall has dedicated one of his beautiful and spirited songs to the Thrush. Burns makes frequent mention of it, as in those fine lines beginning—

'Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon thy leafless bough;'

and again in that touching 'Lament of Queen Mary,' where he speaks of it as the Mavis, and makes it sing the farewell song to departing day—

'The Lintwhite wakes the merry morn  
Alight on dewy wing;  
The Mavis, in his noontide bowers,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The Mavis wild, w' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
W' care nor thrall oppress'd.'

Poor Mary Stuart, into whose mouth the poet put these words, she too was like a wild bird in a cage—pining, pining for liberty; and by and by she obtained the freedom she sighed and languished for, but it was through the gates of death. 'Good Queen Bess'—that 'glorious dame,' as the rhyming chronicle runs—had no more pity for the poor fluttering captive than have truant boys or churlish cottagers for the imprisoned Thrush, beating its wings against the bars, and longing to be out once more in the fresh air and glad sunshine, where, according to Graham, its note is heard amid the grove—

'Soon as the Primrose from the withered leaves  
Smiling looks out.'

We may not now pause to quote more of the many other authors, prose and poetical, who have paid their tributes of love and admiration to the Thrush, but must pass on to another individual of the same family, thus described by Gisborne—

'Lo! on yon branch whose naked spray o'ertops  
The oaks' still clustering shade, the Fieldfares sit,  
Torpid and motionless, yet peering round,  
Suspicious of deceit. At our approach  
They mount, and loudly chattering from on high,  
Bid the wild woods of human guile beware.'

The Fieldfare or Chestnut-backed Thrush (*Turdus Pinaris*), to which are sometimes applied the names Felty-fare, Feldfar, Feltyfler, and Grey Thrush, is not a musical bird, neither is it a constant resident in this country. Large flocks of these generally arrive here from the north of Europe, somewhere about the end of October, and in severe winters the number killed by sportsmen and fowlers is very great; their usual time of departure is towards the end of April. The Fieldfare is a large bird, and when in good condition delicately flavoured. It is supposed to be that peculiar kind of Thrush which was held in great esteem by the ancient Romans as an article of food, being kept and tended with great care, fed on the finest figs and flour, mashed up into a paste, and thus fattened for those expensive feasts of which so much in the way of descriptive allusion has come down to us. Horace puts the praise of the bird into the mouth of a gormandising spendthrift, making him say

'Cum sit abeso,  
Nil melius turdo.'

And the epigrammatic Martial gives it the first rank among esculent birds, as he does to the hare among quadrupeds—

'Inter aves turdus, al quis me iudice certet,  
Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepui.'

Gilbert White expresses some surprise that the Fieldfares, which during the day sit upon trees and hedges

principally, always roost upon the ground, where they are exposed to the attacks of many enemies. This practice has given rise to a curious mode of catching them. A number of persons go in the night-time with lighted lanthorns, to the place where they are known to be at roost, and by shouting, and ringing of bells, and other noises, so confuse and bewilder the poor birds that they know not whither to turn, and being attracted by the lights, against which they fly, are taken and destroyed with little trouble or difficulty.

While the Fieldfares are seen in the country, it is generally considered that the severity of the winter is not yet over, and hence the saying found occasionally in our old writers, and still prevalent in the western counties—

'The harm is done, and farewell Fieldfares.'

Meaning the season is over—the occasion is past—the bird is flown. We have it on the authority of a German author that a certain bishop, who had for his arms two Fieldfares, with the motto 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' stated to an intimate friend that a poor boy who had no means of gaining an education, and who had learned that the village schoolmaster was very fond of these birds, caught and took him some, and refusing to be paid for them, although his ragged and half-starved appearance plainly indicated that he wanted the money, induced the schoolmaster to ask what he could do for him; trembling and blushing the poor boy faltered out 'teach me to read.' He was taught to read, and became eventually a learned man; 'and that boy,' said the narrator of the story, 'was myself.' Had he not reason to remember the Fieldfare?

The Red-sided Thrush, or Redwing, as it is commonly called (*Turdus Iliax*) is another migratory bird, arriving and departing at about the same time as the Fieldfare, than which it is considerably smaller, and in company with which it is frequently seen. This bird very closely resembles in size, make, and appearance the common Thrush, which, in its native or summer residence, the north of Europe, it is said nearly to equal as a songster. With us, however, it is not a melodious bird. It congregates in large flocks, as the Fieldfares do, and is like them held in considerable esteem for its flesh, which is delicate and tender. We know not whether it was to these birds that Gisborne addressed himself thus, at all events the lines are quite appropriate—

'Ye strangers banish'd from your native glades,  
Where tyrant frost, with famine leagu'd, proclaims  
'Who lingers dies; with many a risk ye win  
The privilege to breathe our softer air  
And glean our sylvan berries.'

We next come to the Ouzels, which, although they are considered by naturalists as belonging to the same family as the Thrushes, are by some placed in a distinct genus, which is termed *Merula*. The Garden Ouzel (*Turdus Merula*) and the Ring Ouzel, or White-breasted Thrush (*Turdus Torquatus*) are the only individuals of this genus with which we are acquainted. The latter of them is sometimes called the Rock, Tor, Mountain, or Moor Ouzel, or Blackbird; it is a summer visitant only, arriving in April and departing in October, and principally frequents the mountainous and hilly districts, where

'Joyously  
From stone to stone, the Ouzel fits along,  
Startling the Linnet from the hawthorn bough.'

as Delta tells us in one of his truly poetical contributions to 'Blackwood.' It is a very shy bird, and generally builds its nest in a steep bank, or in the cleft, or on the shelf of a rock. Its haunts and habits are entirely distinct from the rest of the Thrush family, so much so, says Wood, that in a classification founded on these, it is doubtful whether it should be admitted into the *Turdida* at all. According to this authority it is not much of a songster, pouring forth a few desultory, but not disagreeable notes, from its favourite perch on some detached rocks or heap of stones:—

'While on the elm-trees, overshadowing deep,  
The low-roofed cottage white, the Blackbird sits  
Cheerily hymning the awakened year.'

Thus we conclude the quotation from Delta, and introduce the Blackbird or Garden Ouzel, to whose rich mellow song we have all listened, times out of mind, with inexpressible delight. Little need have we to enter into any description of this well-known, although somewhat shy bird; who has not seen its glossy black plumage, and bright yellow bill, as it flitted from hedge to hedge and copse to copse, or sat in the garden on the old pear-tree, or among the gooseberry bushes, singing that song of gladness which lasts with but little intermission from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes even far into the gloaming.

Oh yes, methinks a happy life is thine,  
Bird of the jetty wing and golden bill!  
Up in the clear fresh morning's dewy shine  
Art thou, and singing at thine own sweet will;  
Thy mellow note floats over vale and hill,  
Rich and mellifluous to the ear as wine  
Unto the taste: at noon we hear thee still,  
And when grey shadows tell of Sol's decline,  
Thou hast thy matin and thy vesper song.  
Thou hast thy noontide canticle of praise  
To Him who fashioned thee to dwell among  
The orchard grounds and 'mid the pleasant ways,  
Where blooming hedgeswains screen the rustic throng—  
Thy life's a ceaseless prayer; thy days all Sabbath days.

There! we could not help it—pardon the egotism, reader; and now let us hear what Graham has to say about our jetty friend the Merle, as it is often termed, especially by the Scottish poets.

'Merry it is, in the good green wood,  
When the Merle and the Merle are singing.'

sings Sir Walter Scott; and Burns, as we have already heard, says that—

'The Merle in his noontide bowers  
Makes sylvan echoes ring.'

Who does not remember Tim Linkinwater's blind Blackbird, and a hundred other instances in which this prime favourite of man has been linked with our common humanity? And the poets, too, have paid it especial attention—

'When Snowdrops and the green Primrose leaves  
Announce the coming flowers, the Merle's note,  
Mellifluous, rich, deep-toned, fills all the vale  
And charms the ravished ear. The hawthorn bush,  
New budded, is his perch; there the grey dawn  
He hails, and there with parting light concludes  
His melody.'

If our readers will turn to Graham's 'Birds of Scotland,' and begin at page 33 of the edition bearing date 1806, they will read as beautiful and truthful a description of this bird's haunts and habits, and as touching an episode in its history, as were ever penned. One more song, as joyous and inspiring as that of the Merle itself—'the mirthful Merle,' as Drayton calls it—and we have done for the present. Hark, how the grey-headed poet, James Montgomery—a boy in heart still—singeth—

'Golden bill! golden bill!  
Lo, the peep of day,  
All the air around is still;  
From the elm-tree on the hill  
Chant away:

While the moon drops down the west,  
Like thy mate upon her nest,  
And the stars before the sun  
Melt like snow flakes, one by one,  
Let thy loud and welcome lay  
Pour along.

Few notes but strong,  
Jet-bright wing! Jet-bright wing!  
Flit across the sunset glade;  
Lying there in wait to sing,  
Listen with thy head awry,  
Keeping tune with twinkling eye;  
While from all the woodland glade  
Birds of every plume and note  
Strain the throat.

Till both hill and valley sing,  
And the warbled minstrelsy  
Ebbing, flowing, like the sea  
Claims brief interludes for thee;  
Then with simple swell and fall  
Breaking beautiful through all,  
Let thy Pae-like pipes repeat  
Few notes, but sweet!

## A TALE OF THE MERRY MONARCH.

THERE were gay doings in the ancient city of Oxford one fine morning in August, 1660, for King Charles II. was making a progress through England, and had signified his gracious intention of visiting and inspecting the university. The day of his expected arrival was come; and many a black-gowned professor and grave-wigged doctor trembled with agitation, even like a blushing girl of fifteen, at the thought of meeting royalty face to face, and perchance being made the subject of some biting jest or mocking quip, such as the graceless son of the martyred Charles loved to indulge in. Ambitious prospects also, visions of preferment, of courtly praise and princely gifts, danced before the usually sober optics of not a few staid dignitaries.

'His majesty,' said the professor of rhetoric, 'loves eloquence: his mother adored Bossuet, and his father ever encouraged the study of oratory.'

'True,' replied the dean; 'especially when it graced the pulpit. Ah, well did our sainted martyr love a good sermon; and although his present majesty be more gay and thoughtless than, sooth to say, befits his station, yet well he likes to list an eloquent wordy discourse, such as, I hope, his ears may be regaled with ere he leaves our academic shades.'

'As to his liking a good sermon,' said the professor of moral philosophy, 'I am by no means certain that his majesty's taste lies that way, yet, certain it is, he cordially hates a bad one; and I have ever considered the aversion he always testified towards the interminable preachments of Cromwell's prick-eared chaplains, a most favourable symptom of his mind and disposition.'

As he spoke, two or three of the leading men of science in the college came up and mingled in the group. The oldest of them, Dr Styles, had long been celebrated for his discoveries in chemistry, and the then infant sciences of hydraulics and pneumatics. A deep flush was on his wrinkled cheek, and a bright sparkle in his grey eye, as he said—'I have just seen Dr Wills; he obtained permission to detach himself from the king's suite, and has preceded his majesty's arrival, in order to enjoy a few quiet hours among his old friends here. He tells me the king has lately, as he expresses it, been 'dabbling' in science—(Wills has grown very careless and irreverent in his expressions since his appointment as court chaplain)—and he thinks his majesty means to propound some deep questions in physics for us to resolve. It will be a glorious triumph for alma mater when our gracious sovereign sees what child's play we consider it to answer the profoundest of his queries.'

There was a dry-looking, hard-featured little man among the party, over the firm corners of whose mouth a quiet smile was stealing as the doctor spoke. He was the librarian, Dr Adams; and though his reputation for learning stood very high, he made so little display of it, and kept himself so much aloof from the gossip of the day—for that inelegant though expressive word has a meaning as pregnant, and an application as true, in the solemn cloisters of a college, as in the gay precincts of a ball-room—that he was usually regarded with little interest by his fellow-functionaries.

'Take care, my good friend,' he said; 'the child's play may prove more cunning sport than you wot of. The king has quips and cranks enow to perplex the united brains of the university, and a shrewd and biting wit withal; it is not for naught he is called the merry monarch.'

'Pshaw! my good sir,' replied the triumphant Dr Styles, 'I fear him not. Think'st thou, he and all his gracious house together could worst our noble college in a trial of scientific skill. I tell thee the king will depart with a feeling of reverence for the treasures of philosophy laid up in our cells, and, I doubt not, he will bestow munificent rewards on his faithful servants here assembled.'

The quiet little keeper of books walked away without speaking another word; but with an expression of coun-

tenance which, translated into modern phraseology, said plainly, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

At length the trumpets sounded, the brilliant cortège was seen advancing, and the king speedily entered the gates. He was, of course, received with much pomp and ceremony; and after having inspected the various colleges, he was ushered into the great hall, where all the professors and students had assembled to gaze on royalty. Charles threw a smiling glance around; and after some desultory conversation with the dignitaries who stood near him, he raised his voice and spoke as follows:—

'Most learned doctors, I would fain propound to you a question which has long perplexed me. Take a vessel of water filled to the brim, so fully that one drop in addition would cause it to overflow; then put into it a large dead fish, a salmon for instance, and however warily you may introduce it, it will displace the water and cause it to run over. There is nothing wonderful in that, my masters?'

'Certainly not, please your majesty,' replied Dr Styles; 'the effect of the displacement of the element would, according to the fundamental principles of hydrostatics, naturally result from the introduction of a solid body.'

'Well,' said Charles, 'now, I would fain know from you, why it is that if a *living* fish, equally large, be put in, not a drop of the water will overflow?'

There was silence in the hall; the downcast eye of the puzzled Dr Styles could not meet the laughing glance of his monarch, who stood enjoying to the utmost the scene that ensued.

At length the professor of natural philosophy spoke:— 'It is a deep question, please your majesty, and craves no common subtlety to answer; yet the strange fact may, I think, be satisfactorily accounted for on pneumatical principles: the respiratory organs of the living fish being filled with atmospheric air, the density of which is less than that of water, may, when the former rushes out, contain a vacuum, which quickly becomes filled with the surplus of the denser fluid; and so the phenomenon may be accounted for.'

Certainly no fluid ever seemed denser than did this reasoning to its auditors; and the vacuum of their minds refused to be filled by it. Various other conjectures were offered by almost every one present, each having some impromptu theory of his own to put forth, while he scornfully rejected the solutions of the others. By degrees the dispute waxed hot, and the contending philosophers' wrath seemed more ready to run over than the cooler element in question, when the calm voice of the quiet little Dr Adams was heard amid the fray.

'Would it not be well, gentlemen, before committing yourselves further, to see the experiment fairly tried. I think the fishmonger in High Street told me he expected to have some living salmon conveyed to his shop to-day in tube of water.'

This well-timed suggestion literally, or rather figuratively, threw cold water on the disputants' anger; and as no objection could well be offered to so reasonable a proposal, the tub with its inhabitants was quickly procured. It was about half full when placed in the hall, but a large jug of water was brought in with it. Dr Styles then advanced, and, boldly plunging in his reverend hands, seized the scaly prey. The salmon, which was a bouncing strong one, flapped and floundered so lustily, that the professor, whose acquaintance with the piscatorial art did not quite rival Izaak Walton's, was glad to resign his slippery charge into the hands of an under-graduate, who held him carefully *secundum artem*, while the doctor solemnly filled the vessel to the very brim; and then, jealous that any fingers save his own should conduct the experiment, again seized the hapless fish and restored him to his native element. Most unphilosophic was the flap that followed, and appalling to the doctor's soul was the splash of water which bedewed his new silk gown, and ran about the floor, while it half emptied the replenished tub.

Aghast stood the philosophers; they certainly looked as completely 'fish out of water,' as did their scaly subject

a moment before. Long and loud were the peals of laughter that burst from the lips of Charles.

'Good, my masters,' said he, at last; 'from this day forth never argue on an experiment until you have tried it. We will now, with your leave, adjourn to the banquet, at which I request the presence of ye all; and I trust ye will digest the dead fish of the cook's preparing, as readily as ye did the living one presented by myself.'

'Dr Wills,' whispered the librarian, in the course of the evening, to the crest-fallen Dr Styles, 'was not far wrong when he spoke of the king's *dabbling* in science; albeit, philosophers must confess that our finny friend to-day has dabbled to better purpose still.'

And so it happened, that ever afterwards the merry monarch's favourite expletive was 'Odd's fish!' but whether suggested by a pleasant reminiscence of Dr Styles or the salmon, or both, the voracious chronicler sayeth not.

#### WHEN TO TEACH YOUTH THE NAME OF THE DEITY.

The younger a child is, the less let him hear the Un-speakable named, who only by a word becomes to him the speakable; but let him behold His symbols. The sublime is the temple step of religion, as the stars are the immeasurable space. When what is mighty appears in nature, the storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the word of God before the child. A great blessing, a great misfortune, a noble action, are building sites for a child's church.—*Richter*.

#### SEEK NOT TO MEASURE THE INFINITE.

When we can drain the ocean into mill-ponds, and bottle up the force of gravity to be sold by retail in glass jars, then may we hope to comprehend the infinitudes of man's soul, under formulas of profit and loss; and rule over this, too, as over a patent engine, by checks, and valves, and balances.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

#### EFFECTS OF WEALTH.

The proper pursuit of wealth is not only permitted, but encouraged by God, as developing the character, cultivating the virtues, and giving us the very discipline that we need in probation and for eternity. But, on the other hand, of all astringents, covetousness is the strongest; of all vices, the meanest. More than all others, it degrades the character, and belittles and debases the entire soul. It is the blight of every generous, and manly, and kindly feeling—the root of all evil—the object of some of the fiercest woes denounced in the Word of God. It violates the entire moral law, for it is the love of self at the expense of both God and our neighbour. It destroyed Ananias and Sapphira, cast down Balaam from the glory of the prophets, and sent Judas from the apostleship to perdition. Many it makes careful and troubled about other things, so that they neglect the one thing needful, and sends them away, sorrowful, from the Saviour, because they will not give up the world for him. Too often, alas! it divides even the professed disciple's heart, so that while he prays, 'Thy kingdom come,' his gifts do not keep pace with his prayers. More than all things does it tend to bind us to the world, generating envy, discontent, and the feverish anxiety of possession, leading, if not to disgraceful, yet too often to that decent selfishness which may ruin the soul. 'The love of money,' says another, 'will, it is to be feared, prove the eternal overthrow of more professors of religion, than any other sin, because it is almost the only one that can be indulged while a profession of religion is sustained.' Many there are that 'did run well for a season,' but, like Bunyan's professed pilgrims, Mr Grasp-the-world, Mr Money-love, and Mr Save-all (names that may well stand for living realities), they have turned aside, at the call of Demas, to look at the mine of silver; and like them, they have either fallen over the brink, or gone down to dig, or have been smothered by the damps of the place; but whichever it may be, they are no more seen in the pilgrim's path.—*Rev. Tyron Edwards*.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

AN impression prevails pretty generally that the manners of our French neighbours are more polished than our own, and by most people this is *assumed* as a thing admitted even amongst ourselves, who are the persons most interested in denying it. A concession, however, made in ignorance avails nothing. Such a concession argues the candour of the conceding party, but not therefore the truth of the charge. We English are ready enough to tax our countrymen with such vices of deportment or habits as are flagrantly obtrusive; and sometimes even with such as are altogether imaginary.\* A fault is not necessarily a real one, because it happens to be denounced by English people as an English fault; nor, if it were so, ought we to lay any great stress upon it, so long as it is demonstrable that these same English accusers have overlooked the counterbalancing fault in the particular nation with which they are comparing us. We, for our part, cannot afford to be so candid as *that*. Candour is a very costly virtue—it costs us a most distressing effort of mind to confess anything, however true, against ourselves or against our country, unless when we have a ‘consideration’ for doing so. In the present case, we shall find this consideration in the power of retaliation upon the French by means of corresponding exceptions to *their* manners. Luckily, if we offend in one way, *they* offend not less conspicuously in another. Having this set-off against our ancient enemy, we are not indisposed to admit the truth against ourselves, which else it would have been quite out of the question to expect of us.

The idea involved in what we call *manners* is a very complex one; and in some of its elements, as we may have occasion to show farther on, it represents qualities of character (or also of temperament) that are perfectly neutral as regards the social expression of manners. This social expression, which is the chief thing that men think of when describing manners as good or bad, lies in two capital features: first of all, in respect for others; secondly, in self-respect. Now, the English fail too often in the first, the French in the second. *There* is the balance. The French reason to have us as regards the first; we *them*, as regards the second.

The term ‘respect for others’ may seem too strong for the case. *Respect*, in its graver expressions, may have no opening for itself in casual intercourse with strangers. But simple decency of appearance, and decorum of manner, warrant that limited mode of respect which expresses itself by courtesy and affability. You listen to the stranger with complaisance; you answer him with cheerfulness. So much of attention might be justified in the most aristocratic country by a decent exterior, by a demeanour not brutal, and by a style of conversation not absolutely repulsive. Here it is, and in all cases where the relation between strangers rests upon the simple footing of their common humanity, that the Frenchman has so great an advantage over the Englishman. Every Frenchman has been trained from his infancy to recognise in all human beings an indefeasible claim upon his civility. To listen without visible impatience upon being asked by a stranger for information—to answer without abruptness or marked expression of hurry, he considers a mere debt to the uni-

versal rights of human nature; and to refuse the payment of a debt so easily settled he would regard as a dishonour to himself. The Englishman, on the other hand, in the same circumstances, is too often morose and churlish: he answers fretfully, hurriedly, and briefly, as to one who is interrupting him unseasonably, or even robbing him of his time; and at any rate it is rare that he answers as if he had a pleasure in giving the information asked. This tone of harshness and incivility it is that constantly deters people of quick sensibility from addressing themselves at random, in any case of difficulty, to the street-passengers in London. Often have we observed timid or nervous people drawing up into a corner, and anxiously reviewing the stream of passing faces, in order to select one that might promise patience enough and kindness for enduring the interruption. This repulsive aspect of British manners wears even an exaggerated shape in Scotland. London is not half so uncivilised in this respect as some of our Lowland Scottish cities. Ask a question of ten successive passengers, and nine of the answers will give you reason to wish that you had held your tongue. Even sexual gallantry avails not always to prompt courtesy. A handsome young lady from the northern Highlands of Scotland, used to the courtesy of her Celtic countrymen (for the Scotch Highlanders have no resemblance in this point to the lowland Scotch), told us, that on her first visit southwards, happening to inquire her way of a working man, instead of any direction whatever, she received a lecture for her pre-emption in supposing that ‘folk’ had nothing else to do but to answer idle people’s questions. This was her first application. Her second was less mortifying, but equally unprofitable. The man in that second case uttered no word at all, civil or uncivil; but with a semi-circular wave backwards of his right arm, jerked his right thumb over his right shoulder, after which he repeated the same manoeuvre with his left arm, left thumb, and left shoulder—leaving the young Inverness-shire lady utterly mystified by his hieroglyphics, which to this hour she has not solved, but still thankful that he had forbore to lecture her.

At first sight, then, it may be easily imagined how fascinating\* is the aspect of a society moulded by French courtesy, coming in direct succession to that harsher form which society wears in the streets of this island. And yet even this French courtesy has been the object of suspicion in reference to its real origin. Mr Scott of Aberdeen, a celebrated man in his day, was assured, during one of his French tours, and not by any envious foreigner, but by a discerning Frenchman, that the true ground of French affability was, not any superior kindness of heart disposable for petty occasions, but the national love of talking. A Frenchwoman comes out of her road, or leaves her shop, in order to finish her instructions as to your proper route, so that mistake shall be impossible. She does this with an *empressment* that seems truly amiable, because apparently altogether disinterested. ‘By no means,’ said her cynical countryman to Mr Scott, ‘not at all disinterested. What she seeks to gratify is far less any temper of general kindness than the furious passion for hearing herself talk. Garrulity is what you gentlemen from England have mistaken for diffusive courtesy. There is so far a foundation for this caustic remark, that undoubtedly the French are the most garrulous people upon earth. Look into the novels of Eugene Sue and of Dumas, which reflect pretty accurately the external features of Parisian society, and you will perceive how

\* Witness the malicious charge against all of us English, so current in the mouths of both Frenchmen and the English themselves, that from aristocratic jealousies as to the rank and pretensions of parties not personally known and guaranteed to us, we avoid on the Continent beyond all other society that of our own countrymen. If this were even true, there might be alleged some reasons for it not altogether illiberal. Meantime it happens, that the very contradictory charge to this exists as a standing reproach to the English in our own literature. From Lord Chesterfield’s days downwards to this present era, it has been made an argument of our national absurdity, that we English herd only with our own countrymen—that we do not *virtually* quit England—and that in this way we only of all European nations fail to improve by travel, refusing, in fact, to benefit by that extended experience which originally had been the ostensible object of our travels. Malignant calumniator, whether foreign or (as too often happens) native English, reconcile these charges, if you can!

\* A Scotchman, who published an account of his tour to Paris some ten or twelve years ago, furnishes a memorable illustration of the profound impression made on him by a sudden transition from his native country to France. He professes himself a rigid Presbyterian, and everywhere shows a bigoted hatred of Popery, which at times expresses itself most indecorously; yet such was his astonishment at the general courtesy amongst the French, and such his sense of the public peace produced by this courtesy, combined with general sobriety, that he seriously propounds the question—whether even the sacrifice of Protestant purity, and the adoption of Popery, would not be a cheap price to pay, if by such changes it were possible to purchase these French advantages of quiet and refinement.

indispensable to the daily comfort of the general population is copious talking, and unlimited indulgence of petty personal curiosity. These habits naturally support and strengthen the auxiliary habit of cheerful politeness. To tempt others into the spirit of communicativeness, it is indispensable to open their hearts by courteous and genial treatment. But, allowing for this undoubted national infirmity—viz., the intense predisposition to gossiping and *comméragé*—it still remains undeniable that the French, with less of a profound or impassioned benignity than some of their neighbours, have more by a great deal of that light-hearted, surface good-nature, which applies itself to trivial and uncostly services.

The garrulity of the French temperament, therefore, if it mingles a little as a selfish element in the French affability, is yet so far valuable as it offers a collateral pledge for its continuance. This demer, therefore, will not seriously disturb the pretensions of the French to the most *amiable* form of national politeness that has ever descended deeply amongst the body of the people. But another demer there is, not suggested by any countryman of their own, but irresistibly forced upon the notices of us islanders by the clamorous contrast with our own manners, which does undoubtedly probe the value of their refinement in a way painfully humiliating. Ask any candid and observing tourist in France for the result of his experience, and he will agree that generally at the *table d'hôte*, and especially when the company is composed chiefly of flying travellers, the French manifest a selfishness and an exclusiveness of attention to their own comfort, which is shocking to a native of this country. In thorough contradiction to the prevailing notions of this country, which on such subjects are almost uniformly unsound, the French nationally are great eaters. They and the Germans are the two most gormandizing races in Europe. This gratification is not for a moment laid under any restraint by the verbal sacrifices to civility. The dishes are rifled of their best luxuries in the same unblinking spirit of selfishness which would govern most of us in escaping from a burning theatre. Of course no individual experience is sufficient for sustaining this as a *national charge*; but we have heard concurrent testimonies from so many travellers to the same effect, all tending to show a general selfishness amongst the French in any similar case of competition, which the cloak of external and verbal politeness does but the more powerfully expose. Such an exposure, if true and unexaggerated, stands out in violent contrast to all that we have ourselves observed of British life. Through a course of many years' familiarity with our own mails, and other superior public carriages, we never once witnessed a dinner at which the spirit of mutual attention and self-sacrifice did not preside.

Even in respect for others, therefore, where generally the French so much excel ourselves, yet when a selfish interest thwarts the natural tendency of their manners, this tendency appears to give way. But it is in *self-respect* that the French most of all betray their inferiority, and here it is the counterbalancing excellence of British manners asserts itself. The stern, and too often surly Briton, whether Englishman or Scotchman, is saved by this very form of unamiableness from the pettiness of garrulity. If sometimes he is disagreeable, at least he is not undignified; if he presents an unattractive phasis to society, at any rate he is not unmanly. Now, of all unmanliness, intellectually, though not morally speaking, the habits of gossip and loquaciousness are about the most degrading.

Yet gossiping and garrulity are not the most prominent infirmities by which the French betray their deficient self-respect. Gesticulation, as an inseparable organ of French conversation, is even more immediately disfiguring to the ideal of personal dignity. A gesticulating nation cannot be a dignified nation. A running accompaniment of pantomime may be picturesque, and in harmony with the general vivacity amongst harlequins and columbines, but cannot for a moment reconcile itself with any authentic standard of human dignity. The French have been

notorious through generations for their puerile affectation of Roman forms, models, and historic precedents; and yet, beyond all other races known to history, the Roman is that which it would be most difficult to represent as expressing the grandeur of its purposes by gesticulation or histrionic pantomime.

This feature of French manners, and the essential degradation which cleaves to it, ought to be kept before the public eye at this moment, when not only the increasing intercourse with France, but also the insensible contagion from our own popular novels, too often written by those who are semi-dwellers of Paris, violently tend to the transfiguration of our own ideals, so greatly superior in this particular to those of France. In many of these novels we have it said, as a matter of course, that A or B 'shrugged his shoulders.' But what Englishman, unless ridiculously metamorphosed by Paris, so as absolutely to have forgotten his own native usages, ever uses this odious gesture, or could use it with any hope of not disgusting his audience? not to mention other forms of pantomime still more degrading. Though countenanced by good society in Paris (such, for example, as the application of the finger to the side of the nostrils, together with an accompanying advancement of the face, by way of expressing a signal of knowingness or insinuation of secret understanding), even the words and phrases imported by our novels, and which are already settling into vernacular use, are sometimes fitted to import also the vulgar sentiment which they embody. Twenty-five years ago the vile ejaculation '*Bah!*' was utterly unknown to the English public. Now, and entirely through the currency given to it by our own novels, it has become the most popular expression for dismissing with contempt any opinion or suggestion of the person with whom you are conversing. Anything more brutal or more insolent, in the way of summary contempt, cannot be imagined. To reject your companion's thoughts may sometimes be requisite in mere sincerity; but to do so with this plebeian want of consideration, leaving behind it the same sense of a stinging insult as would follow the act of puffing the smoke from a tobacco-pipe into your face, is a striking instance of the real coarseness which often crept amongst the refinements of the French.

This instance, by the way, illustrates also the fact that the French swerve at times from the law of respect to others not less grossly (though less frequently) than from the law of self-respect; and it is worthy of remark that they swerve *uniformly* from the proper tone of respect for others, when it happens that this respect is precluded from expressing itself (as between equals it does) by means of kindness and courtesy. Thus, in the intercourse between master and servant, the French always hold a false tone, whether in real life, or in the imitations of the drama. The French master is never dignified, though he may chance to be tyrannical; and the French servant, without meaning to be so, is always disrespectfully familiar. The late Lady Blessington well illustrated the difference between a French and an English footman. 'If,' said she, 'I ask my English servant any question about the residence and occupation of a petitioner who may have called to solicit charity, he answers rigorously to the particular questions I put; not by one hair's-breadth does he allow himself to wander into circumstances about which I have not questioned him. But the Frenchman fancies himself called upon to give his opinion upon every point, however remotely connected with my inquiries. He loses himself in volumes of garrulity; and, without designing any disrespect, practically by his voluble manner forgets that he is speaking to his mistress.'

To the manners of a nation belong also its usages, and some of these amongst the French are essentially vulgar. That field would lead us too far. But in the meantime, when peace and the increasing facilities of locomotion are annually bringing us more and more within French influence, it may have a seasonable use to direct the thoughts upon the current prejudice that French manners furnish any absolute model—to separate that which is really good and beautiful from that which rests upon false founda-

tions—and, by suggesting a spirit of jealous discrimination, in relation to foreign manners, eventually to warn us against exotic forms of coxcombry, and sometimes against exotic forms of sheer slang and brutality.

## THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

### CHAP. V.

MONDAY morning saw Frederick Merton hard at work, in Mrs Burgess's little garden, or rather the garden that was to be, for at present its claims to that appellation were small indeed. He found it harder work than he had calculated upon. It was long since a spade had been in that ground before, and it was so soddened by the daily tramping of many little feet, that it seemed almost as hard as a stone. He had worked himself into a prodigious heat without seeming to produce much effect, when his father's voice outside the paling stopped his labour, and gave him time to wipe his face and look about him.

'Oh dear! papa, is it you? I did not expect you for a long time yet; you said you should have an hour's walk.'

'And so I have had, and you have had a good hour's work too. How have you got on?'

'Why, very badly. I did not think I had been about it near so long—it is terribly slow work.'

'It is indeed,' said his father, after he had taken the spade out of his son's hand, and turned up a spadeful of the solid earth; 'and to accomplish the first digging effectually, is work almost beyond your strength and skill. You had better let John bring his spade and turn it over to begin with.'

'Thank you, papa, you are very kind. Perhaps it would be better—but'—and Frederick hesitated.

'But you think you will not fulfil your engagement, if you do not do it all yourself?' said Mr Merton, smiling.

'Well, scarcely. Do you think I shall, papa?' asked Frederick.

'Yes, I think you need have no scruple on that head. There will be enough work left afterwards for you to give proof of your perseverance and industry upon. You might do it without this assistance, but the ground would not be nearly so fit for future cultivation as it will be, if it is first well broken up.'

'Well then, I will accept your offer; may I bring John this afternoon?'

'Anytime you please, if he is not particularly busy. When you began the gee'—

'Oh, papa,' interrupted Frederick; 'don't say a word about that! I can't bear to hear its name.'

'Well then, when you began the piece of work which shall be nameless, you had the ground dug over to begin with, but that would not at all have detracted from your merit, if your design had been accomplished.'

Frederick thought it was very odd that this unlucky garden came so often into his father's mind; it was bad enough to be reminded of it, by his eyes, every day of his life, without having it brought to his ears so frequently, first by one person, and then by another; he really thought he would finish it some day, if it was only to hear the last of it. True it was that he could not walk in the garden without being reminded of his unlucky essay in gardening, for there lay the unfinished work, just as he had left it. There was the pile of sods, which had been procured and laid ready for him; there was the one bed edged round, and the others ready pegged, though the weeds had now begun to cover all; and to render it difficult to decide what it was all intended for.

In vain had Frederick begged that the grass might be laid down without the flower-beds, or that the space might be planted with something else; in vain had his mother herself remarked that it really looked very untidy from her sitting-room window. Mr Merton, though usually particular about the neatness of his garden, would not allow anything to be removed, and the unfinished work remained all the winter just as it had been left in autumn;

but Frederick had been so heartily disgusted with the difficulties he had found in the task that he had not courage to begin again. It was by no means uncommon with him to tire in the midst of an employment, but then it was generally very easy to get rid of all traces of the attempt. A spoiled or half-finished drawing was easily put into the fire, a troublesome kite was demolished without difficulty, and he would willingly have worked hard to remove all traces of his unfortunate attempt at gardening, if he had not been prevented by his father's positive prohibition. As they walked up the avenue of tall shrubs, which led up to the front door of the vicarage, he caught a glimpse of it through the bushes, and wondered whether he should ever find it possible to finish it. However, he recollected that it was of no use troubling himself about that just now; the cottage garden was the thing to be thought of at present.

At breakfast, his mother and sisters wanted to hear how he had got on with his work, and this turned the conversation on the arrangements which were making for Mrs Williams's little household.

'Mamma,' said Emma; 'I should very much like to do something; and I was thinking, this morning, that I could manage to make some blinds for the room up stairs, if you would cut them out for me; do you think I could?'

'Undoubtedly you could, Emma, they are not very difficult to make; but where is the muslin?'

'I have half-a-crown; will that be sufficient to buy some, mamma?'

'Oh, yes, that will be quite sufficient; and you may set about it as soon as you like.'

'And what am I to give?' cried little Kate; 'I ought to give something as well as Emma.'

'There is no necessity for either of you to give anything, neither is there any objection, if you have any money. I dare say you can find something useful to assist in making the house comfortable.'

Poor Kate looked rather rueful at this, for her pocket was quite empty. It was true she had had a present of half-a-crown, when her sister received hers, but she had thought she must have a new doll, for her own was so very shabby. This cost one-and-sixpence, and when she was buying it, there were so many beautiful things, that there was no keeping the other shilling, so it went for a variety of trumpery, the greater part of which was by this time no longer in existence. She felt vexed with herself, and, as is not unusual with people under the influence of that feeling, she had no objection to vent her ill-humour on some one else.

'Emma hoards up her money so!' she began.

Emma coloured, and was on the point of giving a tart reply, but a look from her mother stopped her just in time.

'Emma is not hoarding it now,' said Mrs Merton, 'when it can procure something useful for another person; and I am very sorry to hear you, Kate, make such an unkind and unjust remark.'

Kate hung down her head, and looked so much ashamed, that Emma, who was very good-natured, though sometimes rather fiery when Kate made rude speeches, felt very sorry for her, and began to think whether she could not make some little present to Mrs Williams without having any money.

But, alas! small was the disposable wealth, possessed by either of the little girls, and Emma was very near giving up the matter in despair, when, suddenly, a bright thought struck her.

'I have just thought of something, Kate,' cried she; 'you can give Mrs Williams those two fine geraniums which John has given you for your garden. Both she and Bessy are very fond of flowers.'

'Oh, yes! that will do very well indeed,' cried Kate; 'and I dare say papa will let me have two more geraniums, there are plenty in the greenhouse. Will you, papa?'

'Certainly not, Kate. If I were to give you two instead of them, it would be more my present than yours,

and you know I never allow you to make presents in your name which are provided by your parents.'

'But these are mine, you know, papa.'

'Yes, and you can do as you like about giving them away, but if you make a present of them, you must put up with the loss. If I were to give you some to supply their place, it would make no difference to you whether they went or not. I might as well give Emma her half-crown again.'

Kate perceived the justice of these observations, and she thought the matter over. At last she said, 'Oh, yes, I will send them; we have so many flowers in the garden, I shall do very well without them, and they will make the cottage window look so nice.'

'And I have a pot of musk-plant, to stand between them,' said Frederick: 'it will smell so sweet. Bessy will find it out in a moment.'

'Oh, that will be nice!' cried Emma; 'mamma, may we go and measure for the curtains, as soon as breakfast is over?'

'No, I shall not be at liberty so soon; besides you would not be back in time for your lessons. We will go this afternoon, when Frederick returns to his gardening.'

This arrangement was tolerably satisfactory, and the little girls waited patiently enough for four o'clock, although thoughts of curtains and flower-pots occasionally interfered with those of French verbs and rules of grammar, during the morning's occupations.

As may be expected, Tom and his kind friend Mrs Smith had their minds and hands full, as well as the family at the vicarage. Very busy were they all the week, what with shopping, packing, unpacking and arranging; and really, when all was straight, as Mrs Smith expressed it, it did look very nice, and comfortable. But when Miss Emma arrived with her blinds for the bedroom, and a nice little drapery for the lower window, she was in a perfect ecstasy. Then Miss Kate's flower-pots were the greatest possible improvement, and as to Mr and Mrs Merton's presents, they never could be sufficiently admired. Mrs Merton had sent a pretty set of tea-things, and Mr Merton a handsome Bible, to replace the one which had been destroyed by the flames.

When everything was in its place, Mrs Smith declared that it all looked beautiful, both within and without; for know, my young readers, that the garden was finished, and finished by Frederick too. When he came, the evening before the return of the widow, to put the finishing stroke to his work, and to water the newly-planted flowers and vegetables, she begged he would ask his mamma to step up in the morning, and look round. But he was saved the trouble of bearing the message, for, while they were talking, Mrs Merton and the little girls arrived. First they had to stop and look at Frederick's garden. Mrs Merton had not visited the house since his first day's work, in compliance with his own request. It was easy to see how much she was pleased to find that he had had resolution to accomplish his design, and patience to do his work well too. Frederick felt abundantly rewarded by her approving smile.

'I am afraid I have very little merit in my perseverance, mamma,' said he; 'for everybody else here worked so hard, that I should really have been ashamed to have given up what I had undertaken.'

'Never mind that,' returned his mother; 'you have an opportunity of feeling the pleasure of achieving your work; and the recollection will perhaps help you through the next, which you may find beset with difficulties.'

'It certainly is pleasant to see some result for one's labour,' said he; 'though as to difficulties, I cannot claim the merit of having contended with many—my work has been tolerably easy.'

'It is very nice,' said Kate; 'look, the lettuces are beginning to hold up their heads again, and the primroses and polyanthus don't look a bit worse for being removed.'

'And the daisies, too, are so fresh, and nicely planted,' said Emma; 'is it not very well done altogether, mamma?'

'It is indeed,' answered her mother; 'and does great

credit to Frederick's skill in gardening. Now let us look at the result of Mrs Smith's labours within.'

In-doors, there was no less to be admired and applauded than there had been without, and Mrs Smith felt as proud and happy at the praises she received, as Frederick had done himself. While they were looking about them, Tom arrived. He had got a letter from his mother, and she would be at home about four o'clock on the following afternoon. This was just the thing, for, as it was Saturday, he would leave work about that time. Mrs Smith and her husband were to come and take tea with them, for it would be pleasant for poor Mrs Williams to see one or two friendly faces assembled to greet her in her new home.

Never had the hours of labour seemed so long to Tom as they did on the following day. This was especially the case in the afternoon, and, as the hour of departure drew near, he became nervous and restless to a painful degree. In spite of all his philosophy, he could not resist an earnest desire to gain time, before meeting his mother, to wash and clean himself, so that she might see him look on their meeting just as she had been accustomed to do. But how was this to be managed? There was only one hope, and that was, that they might arrive a little later than the appointed time, which was certainly by no means unlikely. What with these thoughts, and his desire once more to see his mother, his wondering how she would look, and if she would be very, very unhappy when she got home, poor Tom's mind was so occupied, that he blundered over his work, and was so absent and awkward, that the man whom he was assisting asked him what was the matter, that he had turned blockhead all of a sudden.

'He has got his head on seeing his mother again,' said Dixon, the man who had procured him his employment, and who happened to be standing near; 'didn't you tell me she was coming home to-day, Tom?'

Tom said yes, and that it was nearly the time she had fixed for her arrival.

'And it's nearly time to leave work,' said the good-natured bricklayer; 'let the lad go. We can manage as well without him, for the next quarter of an hour.'

The other man muttered that, since he had turned fool, the sooner he was off the better, and Tom was just on the point of running home, when he suddenly recollected that his time was not at his own disposal, and that he had no right to leave work before the appointed hour without the knowledge and consent of his employer. He stopped short therefore, and simply saying, he would try to be more attentive, went on quietly, till the welcome sound of the clock gave him notice that he was at liberty. He had never run home so quickly before, and never had he performed his toilette so rapidly as he did this afternoon. He was quite in time, for it was five o'clock, instead of four, when the travellers arrived, and he was soon ready, and could have helped Mrs Smith, if she had wanted any help, but she had left nothing to do. She had set the tea-things, and unpacked the basket of cakes and fresh butter which she had brought with her; the kettle was set on, and now she and Tom had nothing to do but to walk up and down before the house, talking and listening, and feeling the minutes as long as only those who are watching and listening can feel them. But the light cart appeared at last, with cousin Mark's rosy countenance in front, and Tom was soon clasped in his mother's arms, and, in spite of his manly spirit, crying like a little child. There were others waiting the arrival of Mrs Williams, besides Tom and Mrs Smith. Will and Sally Burgess had been on the look out for some time. The attraction to them was Bessy, of whose misfortune they had heard, and who had thus become the object of their childish curiosity. Will had found the delay too much for his patience, but Sally, who was either less volatile, or more strongly under the influence of a passion, which is said to be peculiarly powerful over her sex, had persevered. As soon as the cart arrived, she screamed out so vigorously to her brother, to come and look at the blind lass, that poor Bessy crept close to Mrs Smith, and seemed heartily



glad to get into the house, and out of the way of her new observers.

After the first agitation of the meeting was over, Mrs Williams was calm and composed, and looked much better and more comfortable than her friends had dared to hope. She was quite sensible of all that had been done for her; she would try, she said, to be as happy as they all wished to make her, and as she said this, she looked at Tom, and smiled, and though the smile was accompanied with tears, it made his heart glad to see one once more on his mother's lips. And now the farmer arrived, for he had been too busy to come with his wife, and Bessy, with whom he was a prime favourite, established herself close beside him, and they all sat down to the tea-table. It was a comfortable, and even a cheerful meal. There was so much to be admired and explained that there was no lack of conversation, and Mrs Williams could never sufficiently admire the ingenuity of her friends, or feel half thankful enough for their attention to her comfort. Bessy had soon found out the flower-pots, and they, as well as the curtains, received their due share of admiration. Almost every little arrangement that had been made had its own history, and it was astonishing how rapidly the time passed. When the farmer and his wife had taken their leave, they said, as they walked home, how glad they were to find Mrs Williams so well and so cheerful as she was to-night. If, in the hour of solitude, old thoughts returned, and regret for the past would still obtrude itself on her mind, yet the paramount feeling, as she lay down to repose, was what she wished it to be—thankfulness for the blessings which were spared, and humble submission to the hand which had taken away the rest. Happily for her, she had a future in her children. She had something to live for, something to work for yet. And what a blessed thing work is! There is surely no greater proof of wisdom in the economy of Providence than is manifested by the law which imposes labour as a condition of human existence. It is unfortunately, like all other good things in our imperfect world, unequally distributed, and we see some ground down by unremitting toil, while others are consumed by almost total inactivity. But of these two extremes, it is doubtful if the first is not the least productive of misery to its victim, and the least flagrant departure from the natural laws of his being. Without speaking lightly of the sufferings of the poor, it may safely be pronounced, that the evils, both mental and bodily, produced by the vacuity and inactivity of the indolent amongst the rich, at least make the balance equal, while all the dignity and respectability of the human creature remain on the side of the former class. In all cases of affliction, work is one of our best comforters; and such it was found to be by this family, and especially by the widow herself. She was so much respected by those who knew her, and her kind friend Mrs Merton exerted herself so much to procure her employment, that she soon had as much sewing and knitting as she could get done. Tom's previous calculations turned out quite correct. With his wages and his mother's earnings they contrived to get a comfortable maintenance—nay, some weeks Mrs Williams managed to lay a few shillings by, with the rest, in the savings bank, for she remembered that winter would come, and that it might be more difficult then to procure employment than it was now.

They were all very busy. Tom did not waste the summer evenings, though he had been hard at work all day. He devoted an hour after supper to keep the garden in order, and it was surprising how productive the little bit of ground was. Everything that Frederick had planted prospered, and there was one lettuce, in particular, such a perfect beauty, that Tom thought they ought to see it at the vicarage. Might Bessy take it as a present? Mrs Williams had no objection; she thought Master Frederick would like to see how well his plants had thriven, and as Bessy had some work to take home to Mrs Merton, she should carry the lettuce along with her.

Accordingly, the next afternoon, Bessy tied up all the flowers that were to be found in the garden, in her very

best fashion, and, placing them at the top of the basket, which contained the lettuce, she set off very proud of her errand. The distance she had to go was short, and, as the road was direct and quiet, she had no occasion for a guide. When she arrived at the vicarage, she found part of the family assembled in the garden, and she was taken there to them by Kate, who had spied her wending her way to the back door. Frederick was there too, and Bessy was very happy to show him the beautiful lettuce, and to tell him how many they had had, and how large the cabbages had grown. She was so busy talking about all this, that she quite forgot her flowers, until a young lady who was present approached her basket, and asked if her nose-gays were to sell. Bessy at first felt half disposed to be offended, she coloured a little, but in a moment she answered in her sweet voice, 'No, ma'am, they are for Miss Emma and Miss Kate. I know they have plenty of flowers, and better ones than these,' added she, blushing again; 'but I thought they would like them, because Master Frederick planted them.'

'And so we shall,' cried Kate; 'and because you have tied them up so nicely too, Bessy.'

'That's not a bad idea about selling them,' said Frederick; 'I'm sure if she tied up several nose-gays as prettily as these are done, she would get plenty of customers for them.'

'Then she would want a shop and a counter,' said Kate, very gravely.

This made them all laugh, and Frederick told his little sister, that he did not think it would answer Bessy's purpose to begin business so magnificently, a little basket would be sufficient.

'What do you think of it, mamma?' said he to Mrs Merton, who just then joined them; 'don't you think she might manage it very well?'

'I must first know what it is, Frederick,' answered his mother.

'Certainly. I had forgotten that you had not heard what we were talking about,' and Frederick explained. He concluded by saying—'You know how many people walk this way from the town; if she were to take a basket of nose-gays on a fine day, a little way on the road, she would sell a great many; don't you think so?'

'But what does Bessy think of it herself, and her mother, for that is the principal thing to be considered?' said Mrs Merton.

Bessy did not know, but she thought she should not have flowers enough to try the plan. Mrs Merton told her that need be no obstacle, she might have flowers from their garden if her mother liked her to try to get a trifle by that means. Bessy curtsied, and expressed her thanks, and having received a message for her mother, and a fresh bundle of work, she set off home with her mind full of the new idea which had thus suddenly arisen within Frederick's fertile brain. He was given to plan and scheme, both for himself and other people; and his father used often to tell him that if his perseverance in carrying out his designs was at all in proportion to his facility in forming them, he would become a great man sometime. But, alas! it seemed, on the contrary, to be in the inverse ratio. As he thought little of the practicability of his schemes, they were generally on too grand a scale to be put into execution, but, in the present instance, this was not the case—at least, Bessy thought not, and she went home with her head full of flower-selling. She had been very anxious to do her part towards the maintenance of the family, but there was nothing but her knitting that brought anything in; and though her mother told her she was as usefully employed when helping her with little jobs in the house, she thought she should like to bring some money home as Tom did, and then she should feel of more use. When she got home and told her tale to her mother and brother, the former smiled, but the latter seemed to think it a very excellent idea.

'You know, mother,' said he, as if divining what was passing in her mind, 'Bessy need only walk on the high road, which is very direct and quiet, and she need only



go for an hour or two a-day, just when there are so many ladies out; no harm could happen to her.'

Mrs Williams thought he might be right in this respect; but there was another thought in her mind which had not struck Tom.

'It will be but another name for begging,' said she; 'I should not mind my children doing anything useful to earn a few pence, but I could not bear the thought of their asking charity while we can do without it.'

Both the children looked astonished, but in a minute Bessy said—'Oh no, mother, it is not begging! I have heard people ask for nosegays at the green-grocer's; indeed flowers are wanted as much as oranges and tapes; and nobody thinks it begging to carry such things as those to sell.'

Her mother smiled at her earnestness, and said—'Well, Bessy, you may try it if you wish. We are too poor to neglect the means of gaining a little if we can do it honestly; and, if you can manage this without running into danger, I shall not object.'

There was a motive which Mrs Williams did not mention, but which, nevertheless, was a powerful inducement with her to give her consent to this childish scheme. Bessy was thinner and paler than she used to be, and her mother could not help thinking it was with sitting too much in the house. At their old home, Bessy was rarely in-doors in fine weather. The air, the smell of the flowers, and the song of the birds, seemed almost necessary conditions of her existence; and the sunshine was as sure to lure her into the garden as it brought the butterflies from their hiding-places, or the bees from their hives. But now the child never left her mother's side except to do an errand. Her only thought seemed to be, how she could make herself most useful. Thus, Mrs Williams thought that if an employment could be found for her, which would procure her air and exercise, while her mind could be at rest, in the feeling that she was doing something to assist her mother, it might be of great benefit to her. But she did not like the idea of her going alone, at any rate at first; and how could any one be found to accompany her until she became accustomed to the road? Tom was always at work, so it was no use thinking of him. While they were deliberating, Mrs Burgess tapped at the door. The feelings of this person had changed considerably towards her lodgers since she had known more of them. She had been prejudiced against them before they arrived, because of the *fuss*, as she called it, which had been made to receive them; and she had been disposed to dislike Mrs Williams, when she first came, because her own disorderly housekeeping contrasted disadvantageously with the superior management of her lodger. But these feelings soon gave way to the widow's constant kindness and good humour, more especially as she never assumed any airs of superiority, or presumed to find fault with other people's proceedings, however much they might differ from her own. She was always ready to do any kind action in her power, or to give her advice when it was asked, but she never obtruded either the one or the other when it was not desired. It is true that sometimes, when Betty was out washing, and the baby had been crying more than usual, she had tempted Sally to come with it into her room; and after showing her how to wash its poor, dirty, hot face, without making it scream ten times louder, had given her something for it to play with, to amuse and keep it quiet. Bessy grew very fond of the baby, and it of her, and it soon liked to be with her better than anywhere else, so that Mrs Williams had a great deal of the children's company, and as long as they were good and tractable she did not object to their presence. She always made cleanliness a necessary condition to receiving their visits, and Sally's person soon gave evidence of her new companionship. Her hair was oftener combed out, and she began to arrange it like Bessy's; and though her feet remained always slipshod, her hands and arms ceased to present the perpetual variety of colouring which they had been accustomed to display. As to the baby, it was astonishing how few scars and

bruises he bore about him compared to what he had done before. His mother declared he was much *safter* than he used to be; and then his temper—the whole neighbourhood could witness how much it was improved! Mrs Burgess had come in this time to ask assistance. She was no great hand with her needle, she said, and she had got some calico from the clothing charity last year which had never been made up yet, for she did not know how to cut it out. She thought the ladies ought to have the things made if they wanted to do poor folks good. Mrs Williams declared her readiness to cut out whatever was required, and remarked that it could soon be made.

'If Sally could sew,' said she, 'she would do it all for you.'

'Ay, it's a pity she can't! but I don't see how I can send her to the school and the baby at home to take care of.'

'If she wishes to learn, I will find time to teach her,' said Mrs Williams.

'It's very kind of you, I'm sure, and so much as you have to do, too! I don't know how you get through so much work, and you're never in a bustle! But it's natural to some people.'

'It will not take much time if she is willing and attentive,' said Mrs Williams; 'and in return, I am going to ask you to let her do me a favour just now.'

Mrs Burgess felt pleased at the idea of doing a favour for a person from whom she felt she often received one, and she eagerly demanded what Sally could do to oblige her. Mrs Williams related Bessy's scheme, and said, how thankful she should be if Mrs Burgess would spare Sally to go with her for the first time. A willing consent was given, and, on the next day, Bessy prepared for her new occupation, which, in her imagination, was to make her quite a person of property. Her flowers were soon fetched and tied up, and, escorted by Sally, she proceeded to the street which Frederick had pointed out as the most likely place to dispose of her nosegays. This was the high road to the town—a broad street bordered, for the most part, by respectable houses, with gardens and iron palisades in front, and a broad pavement for foot-path. Numbers of people were generally to be met with here, many strollers bending their way towards the country for the sake of air and exercise, as well as the innumerable passers to and fro which always mark the approach to a large town. Bessy was not long before she attracted attention. Her appearance was so pleasing, and, together with her visible infirmity, rendered her so interesting, that many stopped to look at her nosegays and to ask her a few questions. Most of them bought a bouquet, and she soon disposed of all she had brought with her, and returned home, full of joy, to give an account of her success. The next day was wet, and she was obliged to stay at home; but the day after, she resumed her trade, and at the end of a week she found she had earned one shilling and sixpence—a sum which appeared to her enormous. Her mother told her it should be put away, and the rest of her earnings added to it to purchase her some warm clothing for the winter. Bessy thought she should be able to procure some for all the family, and she saw already, in imagination, a warm cloak for her mother and a new suit for Tom; but of these magnificent visions she prudently said nothing at present. It probably was as well that she did not, for her mother's cool calculations would have dissipated her bright fancies, and deprived her of at least a harmless enjoyment, which amused many of her solitary walks—all the more, perhaps, because the sight of the external world could not divert her attention from her own imaginations. Her mother's hopes were not disappointed. This new object and interest in life did much to restore Bessy's health and cheerfulness. She, too, had her day's experience to talk over when they were assembled together in the evening; and it was amusing to see how much more important she felt herself than she had done before. Not that she was conceited, but since she had known that misfortune had obliged her mother and brother to work so hard for a living, she had grieved over her

blindness, which had never troubled her before, because she thought she was of no use, and never could be to those she loved. But now that she found herself not altogether helpless, she felt raised to a higher and happier station than she ever thought she could attain.

But she found time for the baby in spite of all her business. He always crowed when he saw her or heard her voice; and she would often nurse him, while Sally, who was quick enough, and had soon learned how to use her needle, gave her mother a little help with her sewing. In the fine summer evenings, Bessy would take him into the garden to keep Tom company, while her mother sat at the door, with Sally at her side; and they would all look so busy and so happy, that even Will would sometimes ask for a job, and pick stones and weeds out of the beds, with great steadiness, for a quarter of an hour at a time. On these occasions, his father would now and then draw near, with his pipe in his mouth, to admire the oddity of his son doing aught but mischief, while his mother declared that she had heard of witches, and did not believe such things, but if they made Will of any use, or even prevented his destroying all before him, there must be something in it; and there was magic in it—the magic of good humour, gentleness, and order, three powerful magicians who can work spells as potent as any ever attributed to witch or fairy.

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

### MARCH.

**MARCH**, originally the first month of the Roman year, was, it is said, so named by Romulus in honour of his reputed father, Mars. The month, however, according to Ovid, existed previously, although its position in the calendar was uncertain. It owed, at all events, its fixed place to Romulus. Before 1564, the computation of time with the French began from Easter—until the adoption of the new style in England, the 25th of March was New-Year's day—hence, in historical works, we frequently find January, February, and the first twenty-four days of March, indicated as applying to either the past or current year. It is said that

'March' borrows of April  
Three days, and they are ill;  
April returns them back again  
Three days, and they are rain.'

These are called the 'Borrowing Days,' and so general used to be the superstition in reference to them, that no one would borrow or lend on these days. It was conceived that the borrower meant to practise some witchcraft with the article requested. It has been imagined by some that the borrowing days derived their name from the Scriptural fact of the Israelites having borrowed a quantity of valuables from the Egyptians, previous to their departure from Egypt, which event is calculated to have happened on the 14th day of the month of Abib, including part of our months of March and April. The destruction which ensued to the host of Pharaoh may have led to the belief that it was unlucky to lend, and, of course, improper to borrow at this period.

### ST DAVID'S DAY (1st).

The tutelary saint of Wales, St David, was bishop of Caerleon, which see he removed to Menev, now called St David's. He founded a number of monasteries, and many legendary tales are told of him. It is certain, however, that he was a bishop of the ancient British church. He died, aged 146 years, A.D. 642.

Welshmen wear a leek for badge on St David's day, the reason for doing which is variously given. By some it is said to have been adopted 'in memory of a famous and notable victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks placed in their hats for their military colours and distinction, by the persuasion of the said prelate, St David.'

'I like the leeks above all herbs and flowers.  
When first we wore the same the field was ours.  
The leek is white and green, whereby is meant  
That Britons are both stout and eminent;  
Next to the lion and the unicorn,  
The leek, the fairest emblem that is worn.'

'Tradition's tale  
Recounting, tells how famed Menev's priest  
Marshall'd his Britons, and the Saxon host  
Discomfited; how the green leek his bands  
Distinguished, since by Britons annual worn,  
Commemorates their tutelary saint.'

Others declare that the leek was assumed as a badge, 'on account of the predilections of the bishop for that vegetable, who is supposed to have 'made many delicious meals on its white roots and green tails.' The tradition of the victory over the Saxons, however, seems to attribute the assumption of this badge to its most probable origin, although Owen, in his 'Cambrian Biography,' says that the tutelary saintship is a fiction of the English. He 'never heard of such a patron saint, nor of the leek as his symbol, until he became acquainted therewith in London! And he adduces another reason for the meaning of the leek on St David's day much more preposterous. Owen, evidently ashamed of so homely a national badge as the leek, like most people under the impulse of similar feelings, when they attempt to rebut a fact, contradicts himself—denying, on the one hand, that it is the national symbol, and endeavouring to account for its origin on the other. Churchill says—

'March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,  
By wilder Welshman led, and crown'd with leeks.'

There are various rhymes in reference to the custom, amongst the Welsh, of eating leeks on St David's day—

'They have gruel to potage,  
And leeks kynde to compage.'  
'Atte meeta, and after eke,  
Her solace is salt and leeks.'

With regard to the operations of husbandry, Ray has the following proverb:—

'Upon St David's day,  
Put oats and barley in the clay.'

An advice which is very seasonable and sensible when the month comes in with a dry wind. An old Scotch proverb says, 'March comes in with an adder's tongue, and goes out with a lion's mane.' Meaning, that if its advent is characterised by frost, its termination sees the grain up above the surface of the earth.

### ST PATRICK'S DAY (17th).

Our first recollections of this anniversary are associated with religious and national hatred, screams, bleeding faces, fights, green caps, and trefoil. The brutality of the low Scottish mob that vented itself upon Irishmen resident in our city; the fierce antipathies of the two great hating sections of Irishmen which manifested themselves, even when distance from a common land and home might have united them, first led us to observe this day of Ireland's saint. The bakers, a rude body of men in this city twenty years ago, but now peaceful, industrious, and comparatively refined, used to assemble in the King's Park and Brunsfield Links, and do battle with the Irish, who were also ever prompt for the fray. Now, however, the discord of that day is gone, and the trefoil, in a patriotic Irish student's hatband or buttonhole, is the only visible sign of its advent in Scotland. And strange it is that Scotchmen and Irishmen, men originally of one tribe, should quarrel upon St Patrick's day—a saint who first drew breath by the flowing Clyde, and who spent his life instructing the people, whose descendants so highly venerate his name. St Patrick, who gave the frogs and toads so memorable a fright, and who, according to a somewhat latitudinarian poet, banished all the vermin from Ireland, was born on the 5th of April, A.D. 373, at Kirkpatrick, near Dumbarton, in Scotland, then called Alciyth or Alcluath. In his youth he was called *Succath*, which means

'valiant in war;' and on some incursion of the Scots, who then inhabited Ireland, he was carried off from his native home to that country, and sold to one Mileho, who, having purchased him from three claimants, gave him the name of *Cochraig* or *Cauther-Tigh*, meaning 'four families.' For six years the poor Caledonian slave toiled in bondage, and at the end of that period he escaped. Two years subsequent to his return to Albyn, he formed the design of converting the Irish; and proceeded to the continent, where he continued for thirty-five years, in order to qualify himself for his self-imposed task. He was chiefly educated in Gaul (France) by his mother's uncle, St Martin of Tours; and after that venerable bishop's death, by St Germain of Auxerre, who ordained him to the priesthood, conferred upon him the third appellation of *Maca* or *Maginn*, and recommended him to Celestine, the chief bishop at Rome. This churchman consecrated him bishop, called him *Patricius*, as indicating his descent from a distinguished family, and sent him with his blessing to convert the Irish. St Patrick was the second apostle of Ireland, having been preceded by Palladius a year; he landed at Wicklow in the year 441, converting the whole island from Druidism, and founding many abbeys, in the space of thirteen years. Having consolidated the new faith amongst his converts, and prepared for the continued enlightenment of the tribes by the foundation of seminaries, St Patrick died at Saul Abbey, on the 17th of March, A.D. 493, aged 120 years, and, it is conjectured, was buried at Down.

Concerning the final resting-place of St Patrick, there has been considerable dispute, some affirming that he was buried at Glasgow, others that—

'These three in Down lie, in tomb one,  
Briget, Patricius, and Columba pious.'

The genuine works of St Patrick were collected and published by Sir James Ware in the year 1656. It is said that the shamrock, so highly esteemed amongst the Irish, is thus venerated from the circumstance that St Patrick illustrated the mysterious unity of the Trinity by its means. There was never a day in the calendar more fruitful of discord than this, the anniversary of the good old Patrick. Instead of remembering that, on that day, one who called their country from barbarism and cruelty into a better state expired, the Irish have long looked upon it as a day for the exercise of the most brutal animosities and furious passions of sectarian bigotry. The memory of the benefit conferred upon civilisation and the world, by the universal diffusion of a milder spirit amongst their countrymen, by this celebrated teacher, instead of producing gratitude and amity, seems to stir up the most bitter of inimical feelings, and to divide the nation into foes. Mr Jones, the historiographer of the Welsh bards, says that St Patrick was born in the vale of Rhos, Pembrokeshire; and in another place he changes his pedigree, and makes him of Caernarvonshire. It is generally conceded that Kirkpatrick is his birth-place.

#### MID-LENT SUNDAY

Is the fourth Sunday in Lent, and occupies the central place of all the holidays comprehended within the limits of that fictitious fast. Lent is asserted to be the commemorative observance of the forty days' fast of Christ in the Wilderness, and yet we find it distinguished into periods by popular feasts and fetes of the grossest character. There are, however, many beautiful ideas associated with these holidays, and those connected with Mid-Lent Sunday are extremely so. Wheatly, in his commentaries on the English Prayer-book, says that it is generally denominated Mid-Lent, although Bishop Sparrow and some other writers designate it '*Dominica Refectionis*,' or Refreshment Sunday. Wheatly supposes that the origin of the latter name is referable to that part of the Anglican church formula used upon this day: being the morning lesson of Joseph entertaining his brethren, and the gospel of Jesus miraculously feeding the multitude of five thousand people.

In some parts of England the peasantry still retain the

beautiful custom on this day of Mothering—a custom which is of uncertain derivation but of excellent signification. All who are blest with a living mother, and who do not reside at this time with her, strenuously endeavour to have a present for her on this day, and will walk great distances in order to offer their filial gifts. The food generally used on Mothering Sunday is Carlings and Furnety; the former are soft-boiled peas, fired amongst butter; the latter is the grains of wheat boiled soft, and then reboiled, spiced, and sweetened amongst milk. The fond, expectant mother always makes it a point, if possible, to have these smoking on her board, when her sons and daughters, who are perhaps employed at out-service, bring her their presents of trinkets, little articles of female attire, and sweet cakes. Furnety is a corruption of the Latin word *Frumentum*, wheat; but the word Carlings is said to be of more intricate derivation. Mid-Lent Sunday, in the north of England, was anciently called *Care* or *Card* Sunday, supposed to be derived from the Saxon. The Germans call Crucifixion day not only *Gute Freytag* but *Carr Freytag*, Carr signifying expiation; and beans, originally having been served at Roman funeral feasts, and on Mid-Lent day, when it happened to be *Passion Sunday*, when the church began her griefs, were called *carles* and then *carlings*. Peas have been substituted for beans, and the only reason that can be assigned for the change, we suppose, is convenience. Anciently, in the church of the celebrated burgh of Sarum, the people used to be covered with a cloth called *Care-cloth*, as they knelt on the morning of this day before the altar. After receiving the benediction, and having this cloth removed, they were dismissed. This was the day of high festival, upon which the pope blessed and absolved from all their sins those who had been shriven at Shrovetide. The young men used to form, with straw, a most preposterous looking figure upon this day, which they called *Death*, and which they carried round about the villages, and to the hills and valleys, from which they generally returned in straggling parties, tired, and well-beaten with bumpkin's fists. The children had also two animated effigies, which they paraded about with; one decked all in green, dressed in beautiful youthful attire, and called *Summer*; the other called *Winter*, being covered with moss, and having long white and grey hairs waving over his shoulders. These two representatives of the antipodal seasons of the year, after dancing and bounding about, fought with each other; and Summer having subdued old Winter, who was supposed to be paralysed with the breath of Spring, the young revellers repaired to their feasts of Furnety and Carlings, and their sips of wine. In the Germanic district of Franconia, a custom, identical with that just spoken about, of carrying round the villages the image of *Death*, once prevailed, and the procession was generally attended with the same results as in England. The figure was stuffed and suspended on a pole, and the light-hearted youths began to process with it. To some its presentation was a circumstance of much amusement; they feasted those who brought it with pears, dried peas, and milk, and sent them on rejoicing with it; others, who regarded it as a presage of death, drove off the mummers who bore it with strength of arms. The connection between this custom of eating peas and beans, and publicly perambulating with the ideal semblance of mortality, seems to fix its derivation with the ancient Romans. In the north of England there is a vulgar rhyme still repeated, in connection with the names of the Sundays in Lent, which has a curious philological origin—

'Tid, Mid, Misera,  
Carling, Palm, and good Pas day.'

The first Sunday in Lent is anonymous; the vulgar appellation of *Tid* is given to the second, from the psalm of 'Te Deum' being sung on that day; '*Tid*' is a contraction of the Latin preposition, and the initial letter of the substantive. *Mid* is the name of the third Sunday, from the '*Mi Deus*' being chanted on that day. *Misera*, from the '*Miserere mei*,' is that of the fourth. The others are less difficult of explanation, and have been already referred to.

## PALM SUNDAY.

This day is celebrated in the Romish church to commemorate the only instance in which Christ assumed the visible character of sovereignty. Sitting on an ass's colt that had never before been bestridden, and holding a palm branch in his hand, the Saviour rode into Jerusalem amidst the acclamations of the people—a king, holding in his hand no sceptre emblematical of brute force, but the palm branch of peace; and riding, not upon a proud warhorse, but upon an humble ass, was a sight as sublime as it was unusual; and we can scarcely wonder that the circumstance is remembered with veneration by all who can truly comprehend its sublimity. In countries to which the palm is indigenous, it was imperative that a branch of it should be borne in the hands of the faithful upon this festival; but an indulgence was granted for the use of box or any evergreen, in countries to which it did not belong. The popish pageant of Palm Sunday was extremely imposing, and in proportion as it excited the veneration of the superstitious, it was derided by the satirists of the time of the Reformation. A wooden ass, placed upon a richly draped table, which was mounted on wheels, was dragged along by young men. On the ass was mounted some one personating the Saviour, and surrounding him were the people bearing palm branches. These were consecrated by the priest against the power of tempests, who, immediately after doing so, fell down before the image, in which prostrate posture he was struck with a large rod by another priest. As soon as he rose, two fantastically dressed heralds fell upon their faces, and then rising, and stretching out their hands, bawled forth rhymes laudatory of the image, attributing to it powers and gifts of an amazing kind. When this triumphal canticle was finished, the people threw down their palm branches before the ass, and upon the image, which was then drawn to church, the crowd following the priests in the procession, and striving with each other for possession of the branches and leaves of the 'holy tree,' which they supposed would protect them against storms and tempests. Sometimes wealthy citizens hired this wooden donkey, and paraded it with much solemnity and care through their several burghs; sometimes the young and sportive would bribe the sexton, who was its custodian, to lend it to them; and, rushing through the streets and alleys with it, they would ask, in its name, doles of money, bread, and eggs.

In England, from which the splendid ceremonies of Palm Sunday were long ago driven, there still remains among the young a practice called *palming*. On the week preceding Palm Sunday willows are sold in London, to be converted into wreaths for this occasion; and in the country, children busy themselves in gathering willow slips, with blossoms on them, to be used as substitutes for the palm. In the parish of Lanark, in the west of Scotland, the boys of the grammar school used to parade the streets, upon the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, with a large willow tree in blossom, ornamented with daffodils and box. This custom had existence from time immemorial, and was esteemed to have been of Popish origin. The houses of the great, of the rich, and of the magistrates, were ornamented at this season with trees, which were brought from the woods to the cities, with great ceremony and rejoicing by crowds of people, at the expense of the burghs and corporations.

In the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of St Martin, Outwich, London, in the year 1510, the following curious items occur:—Paid for 'palme, boxe floures, and cakes, iiij<sup>d</sup> (4d).' In the year 1525, 'paid for palme on Palm Sunday, ij<sup>d</sup> (2d). Paid for kaks, flowers, and yow, ij<sup>d</sup> (2d).' And so burdensome were those Palm Sunday customs upon the community of London, that by an act of common council it was ordered that, in order to conduce to the retrenchment of the city expenses, no *wyth* was thenceforth to be taken to the house of the mayor or sheriffs, and they were not to be allowed the privilege of having any longer a clown called 'lord of misrule' about their dwellings at this season.

## Original Poetry.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Know ye the woodland's bright blue eye,  
That flower so gently beaming,  
Like the tearful glance of memory,  
Or love in its softest dreaming?

And know ye the tale of that simple thing,  
How a warrior walk'd at even,  
And gazed on his love, as the minstrels sung,  
And dream'd in her eyes of heaven?

How that long they stray'd by the lake's clear side,  
And breathed not a thought of sorrow,  
But they watch'd the roll of the limpid tide,  
And gaily talk'd of the morrow.

And sweet were the smiles of those lovers there,  
And sweet was the converse holden,  
When the vesper-bell sigh'd soft in air,  
And the clouds of the west were golden.

And an islet lay on that lake's calm breast,  
Like a radiant, love-wrought thing,  
Or the blue wave's crest, or a smile at rest,  
Or the realm of a fairy king.

And the maiden spied that its verdure soft  
Was spangled o'er with blue,  
As though it had gazed toward heaven too oft,  
Or had caught the wild wave's hue.

And she turn'd to the knight, and pointed there,  
And bade him bring her now  
Of the flowers that bloom'd so bright and fair,  
To wreath her maiden brow.

And the knight he plunged him in the wave,  
And reach'd that distant shore,  
Pluck'd of the flowers should deck his grave,  
And again swam boldly o'er.

Right well he used the precious strength  
That should bear his prize to land,  
And touch'd the fading shore at length,  
And touch'd his true love's hand.

But the breath of life was falling fast,  
And the calm wave laugh'd, I wot,  
As a filmy glance he upward cast,  
And said, 'Forget me not.'

Still brightly blooms that flower of spring—  
Still gleams with memory's tear  
On the warrior's grave: 'tis a sacred thing  
On the maiden's early bier.

Though few may have heard of the warrior bold,  
Or his lady bright and gay,  
How the blue wave there, o'er the brave and fair,  
Closed on that summer's day.

H. C.

WATERLOO, THIRTY YEARS AFTER  
THE BATTLE.

(From the French of Leon Godan.)

## CHAP. I.

FIVE leagues or so separate the plain of Waterloo from the city of Brussels, which, despite of its metropolitan airs, is very poor in rural locomotion. Brussels has not, like Paris, willing squadrons of omnibusses, diligences, and hackney coaches, ready at all hours of the day and night to convey you to all possible places within the confines of the department. It requires a whole day's negotiations at Brussels to procure, even at a very high price, a vehicle firm and light enough to carry you to Waterloo. If you add to this lost day the entire exigencies of your pilgrimage, the excursion will be seen to have occupied time sufficient to have gone twice from Brussels to Cologne. The tourist generally makes this temporal calculation, looks at his purse, exhales a sigh of regret mingled with resignation, and does not go to Waterloo. The English,

the poets, and commissioned travellers alone are privileged to cast under foot these considerations of time, money, and space. To those who may be surprised to see the names of commissioned travellers figure here in a manner so honourable, we reply that they have been for more than a century the most ardent and active missionaries of French civilisation. Per favour of their wines, their silks, their cloths, and their trinkets, they have spread abroad French ideas, caused the predominance of French tastes and the prevalence of the French language, which they have forced everywhere to be spoken. There is not a city, town, or hamlet in Spain, in Italy, in Belgium, in Holland, Germany, and even Russia, that the commissioned traveller does not pass through once a week. He has supplied the loss of the French book, which has been proscribed by the foreign censors, and he takes the place of the journal which they burn on the frontiers. He knows everything, and he says anything without danger. He himself profits by this educational privilege, which is allowed to him alone, and soon acquires very extensive experiences of men and things.

At last I was enabled, not without a little difficulty, to secure the essential parts of an equipage—horse, vehicle, and coachman, and at the same time I managed that my coachman should know a little French. I insisted upon the last advantage, because in France it is a very common error to believe that everybody in Belgium speaks the French language fluently. It happens that the Belgians—and I do not except the inhabitants of Brussels—do not speak French further than to expose their ignorance of it. I am far from blaming that ignorance; I wish, on the contrary, that it was more complete. My firm conviction is and has been, that their decadence in the arts dates from the day when they renounced the Flemish tongue to speak and write a language that was not made for them. The Belgians, whatever may be the class to which they pertain, speak no other language among themselves than the Flemish, which is not, without doubt, a very harmonious language, but which, in fact, is their language. It is by affectation, by imitation, that in the public circles they speak French, and that language of constraint has destroyed their original mind. The Belgian cannot express himself in French without having recourse to a mental translation, which he ruminates constantly. He thinks in Flemish and speaks in French; and this violent effort, on which he exercises himself from his birth unto his death, destroys his fancy, extinguishes his personality, enervates him, and creates a falsely-coloured nation—a people of whom we always see the wrong side out, never the right. Belgium entire is none other than a vast translation. The lower class only has remained Flemish, and does not understand French; and the municipality of Malines, with that of Anvers, Louvain, and Brussels, have taken care to write, for the direction of their inhabitants, at the side of the French name of each street, the same name in Flemish. I heard a very good anecdote of the Queen of the Belgians, which comes to the support of my opinion upon the false grammatical position of her subjects. One day, at Laken, a deputy, in doing homage to the queen, having occasion to pronounce a discourse, I do not know on what subject, said, 'Your majesty will deign to excuse the faults which may have escaped me in writing this oration.' 'Give, sir—give me your discourse,' interrupted the queen, 'and I shall make a translation.'

In leaving Brussels, we passed through the Faubourg Louise—a new quarter, which shall be worthy, one day, of the royal name which it bears, that of the Queen of the Belgians. The buildings in that aristocratic quarter display the stately proportions of our hotels in the Rue de la Paix at Paris. They have the same majesty, without the same amount of paint and varnish. The dazzling whiteness of the stucco with which the Belgians cover the fronts of their houses, tames down the entire city to the estimable, but certainly not monumental, character of a public dining-room. The sand with which they strew the pavements of their streets renders the comparison still more just. At the extremity of this rich faubourg, one touches,

in passing, the branches of the trees in an immense park, the shade and coolness of which envelop you all at once, and the resinous perfumes of which accompany you for a long time upon your route. That park, which, like a crown with a jewel in its centre, contains an elegant kiosk, surrounds the property, nobly acquired, of a twice famous artist, M. Beriot, the husband of Madame Malibran. Malibran! that name always causes a feeling of sadness to thrill from the depths of the heart, and especially when one pronounces it at the entrance of that long and melancholy way that I was about to penetrate.

In departing from that mass of verdure and shade, and when approaching the forest of Soigne, I repeated those verses which were composed by M. de Lamartine at the foot of that statue which has been erected to the sublime cantatrice in the beautiful cemetery of Laken,\* where she is interred:—

'In her the name of woman comprehended  
Three thoughts celestial—beauty, genius, love;  
And in her glance, and voice, and heart they blended,  
A glorious presence from the realms above;  
'Under three forms to heaven belong'd that soul.

Ween, earth, for her, and you, ye heavens, thrice gently o'er her fall!

'Monsieur,' said my coachman to me, 'rousing me quickly from my reverie—'Monsieur.'

'Well, what is it?' said I.

'Pardon me, sir, if I disturb you; but, before arriving at Mont St Jean, I wish to warn you to guard against a certain branch of industry of which you have not perhaps heard at Paris.'

'A trade unknown at Paris!' I exclaimed; 'that is certainly speaking strongly. But what, pray, is this said trade?'

'You will easily suppose,' pursued the driver, 'that after the battle of Waterloo there remained amongst the earth many balls, buttons, little copper eagles, fragments of swords, bayonets, and sabre handles, and many other things besides.'

'Without doubt,' said I.

'Ah, well, for thirty-four years the country people have sold to strangers these rusted debris, earthy, corroded, and half-demolished with oxide.'

'It seems to me, my friend, that they would not now have much to dispose of after thirty-four years' brisk trade,' I replied.

'No, sir, and that is precisely the point to which I wished to direct your attention. Those who make it a business to sell these relics of the battle, now, once a year, upon a space of several leagues, bushels of imperial eagles, thousands of copper buttons, and cart-beds of balls. They allow these to repose from seed-time till summer, for in winter strangers never visit Waterloo. When summer comes, they disinter their lead and copper impostures, which, after a sojourn of eight months in a humid soil, receive a colour of age that would deceive the most finical, and which excites the admiration of the partisans of the great emperor.'

'But is not this a low, mean deception?' cried I.

'What would you have, sir?' replied the driver, coolly; 'the country is very poor. And what ill does this do?' The coachman quietly added, 'This year the trade in eagles has been pretty good.'

We entered the wood of Soigne by a narrow and covered way, but one which afforded us ample means of seeing, upon both sides, cluster upon cluster of foliage that delighted the eye. The poplars, elms, and plane-trees seemed to vie with each other to attain to the greatest height towards that heaven which they closed from our view. There were so many of these trunks, too, whose grey, soapy bark emitted a polish like stone, that one with propriety might have called the wood a Druid temple which no sun-beam could penetrate. The soil retained, at the foot of the trees, the decayed leaves of several years. They are

\* Laken is a royal burgh, situated about three or four miles from Brussels. The King of the Belgians has made it his habitual residence. It was at Laken that Napoleon resolved upon his plan of the Russian campaign.

all strewn in beds—the fresh upon the rotten, the yellow upon the green, the pale upon the purple. A coat of thick green moss covered the trunks of several trees for some yards in height, as if to guard them from the cold, which must always be very intense in that forest, if I may judge myself from what I experienced in it as I passed through on the 18th of June, 1849. Despite of my cloth vestments and a cloak, I trembled so that I could easily have believed that it was December. It was nine o'clock of the morning, and still the vapours of night were not dissipated. Behind their blue veil, which seemed to hang in rags from the lofty branches of the trees, that appeared to be arranged like the dark rafters of an ancient Gothic cathedral, I saw several luminous points sparkle, and then become suddenly extinguished; they were the kilns of the charcoal-burners, the last flames of which had expired. One peculiarity made a lively impression on my mind in the midst of this sombre and savage wilderness. I did not hear the least sound; not even the most feeble palpitation of the air. During a two hours' course beneath those great umbrageous galleries of trees, no cry of a bird excited my attention. A forest without birds! One might easily believe that, on the formidable day of Waterloo, they had all departed at the sound of the deadly cannon, never to return. Oh, it is sad—sad and solemn—that beautiful forest of Soigne! I believe that Providence made choice of it for the scenes of which it has been the theatre, and as a repository of the dark mysteries which it conceals in the folds of its leaves and in the depths of its gloomy shades. An army of a hundred thousand men lie buried there!

'Truly,' said I to the coachman, in order to change the current of my reflections, 'do you not think it very roughish of the country people thus to prey upon the curiosity and credulity of strangers who come to visit Waterloo?'

'Ah, monsieur,' replied he, 'I have not told you all the tricks that are played upon the poor credulous foreigners. In fact, it would be very difficult for me to tell you a tithe of them; if you will allow me, however, I will tell you one thing of which I was an eyewitness, one day when I drove a French painter and a Prussian from Waterloo to Brussels. The Prussian held proudly upon his knee some object carefully folded up in his pocket-handkerchief. As we moved along, he said to the Frenchman, "Do you not bring away with you any souvenir of your pilgrimage to Waterloo?"—"On my word, no," replied he. "I was indeed on the point of making a most original acquisition; but they demanded too much money for it—a hundred francs; besides, there would have been some embarrassment in carrying that curious purchase."—"And, pray, what was it?" demanded the Prussian.—"You will not grow angry if I tell you," responded the French painter.

'It was the skull of a Prussian colonel—a magnificent, admirable skull; and the most remarkable and interesting circumstance connected with it was, that it was pierced in three places with balls—the balls of Waterloo—one in the centre of the brow, the others in the temples. I do assure you I should have much liked, begging your pardon, to have made a lamp with the skull of a Prussian colonel killed by the French. And you, monsieur,' continued he, 'what have you got?'—"I," replied the Prussian, with a certain air of inquietude, at the same time loosening the packet upon his knees—"I!" then suddenly looking up, he exclaimed, "I am astonished at the wonderful resemblance of the incidents that have occurred to us both. I have purchased, this morning, the skull of a French colonel, slain also at Waterloo."—"You have!" cried the Frenchman.—"I have," whispered the Prussian, "and I calculated upon making a cup from it, with which to drink the health of Blucher on each anniversary of our victory."—"And the skull is pierced in three places?" cried the Frenchman.—"I do not know exactly, but it seems so to me," said the Prussian, slowly.—"Let us see, let us see!" cried the Frenchman, readily divining that the object which the Prussian carried upon his knee was the skull in question. He took it, unrolled the handkerchief which enveloped it, and began to examine it. The skull had

also three perforations, made by bullets or something else. The confusion of the Prussian was proportionate to the excessive gaiety of the Frenchman. It was identically the same head which they had wished him to purchase—the skull that was French when offered to the English or Prussians, and which became Prussian or English when offered for sale to a Frenchman. This, you will imagine, is coming it rather too strong," added my guide; "not only to impose false imperial eagles and buttons upon the credulous, but even to make a trade of the skulls, pretended to be of colonels slain at Waterloo."

In the meantime, we had left behind us the most notable parts of the forest, and the moment had arrived when all at once it cast off its gloomy shade, as if by theatrical effect. The sun burst through an opening of the trees, the fresh air fanned my cheeks, and on our right lay the open country.

'Behold the Mountain of the Lion!—there, sir; there, sir!' cried my conductor, with a rapture which seemed as if it had increased in vehemence every time that he had visited the field, and which I could not understand nor reciprocate. There was one difference between him and me, however, which was a material one in his favour—he seemed to perceive something which I could not yet behold. I was obliged to make him stop the horses, and to demand that he should exercise the most perfect clearness in his indications and directions, for I could perceive nothing above the horizon. At last, with great precision of words and gestures, he directed me to look in a particular direction, and then I managed to distinguish, with much difficulty, the fictitious mountain and the metal lion which rose in the air. We could scarcely distinguish it at any distance. It is true that the morning vapours thickened the atmosphere. Gradually, however, my eyes became habituated to the greater development of light, of which I had been deprived during two hours, when journeying through the half-obscurity of the forest of Soigne, and then the colossal monument, which our enemies had raised in memory of our disasters, burst distinctly upon my view. I avow that my first impression at the sight of it was so poignant that it was impossible, in the state of feebleness in which a recent malady had left me, to maintain the upright position which I had taken in order to command a better view. My limbs trembled, my heart fluttered, and I felt the blood leave my lips, and at last I sunk, fainting, upon the cushions of the carriage. Let those Frenchmen who declare patriotism to be a prejudice come and face this spectacle without emotion, and then I will believe in their scepticism.

'It seems to me,' said I, when we had gained the high-road, 'that the wood of Soigne is much less extensive than it used to be. Are they cutting it?'

'Yes, sir; there have been several considerable cuttings,' replied the driver. 'It belongs to several proprietors, and each makes as much as he can of his lot. One clears off his lofty trees, and sows some crop that is in demand; another prefers a field of lint to ten thousand feet of elms, and in this way I believe they will clear off, in twenty or thirty years, every tree in the forest.'

'It would be much more beautiful to conserve'—I was about to speak of conservation in 1849! 'Let us hasten on to see the vestiges of Waterloo, if we are not too late.'

I need not remind anybody that the 18th of June is the anniversary of the celebrated battle. I had expressly chosen that unfortunate day in order to make my historical promenade of Mont St. Jean, in the expectation of meeting on my route many of the veterans of the grand army making their pilgrimages to that field of bones. That army had been so vast, so numerous, that I had insensibly supposed that some of the living debris thereof might be found till the consummation of the century in which it was fought. The route was deserted, however—that unfortunate route by which the English, on the 18th of June, 1815, were forced twice to take refuge in Brussels, and which they repassed with astonishment to victory at Waterloo. Nothing was upon that road save, in the distance, a carriage on its way to Waterloo.

'I'll engage that that is an Englishman,' said the coachman, pointing to the vehicle with his whip.

'And I that he is a Frenchman,' said I, with proper patriotism.

'Then we shall make up to him and see.'

Impelled by the whip of their master, and their own proper sense of dignity, our horses increased their pace, and I soon had another view of the lion, this time certainly a little larger than a mouse; and I also distinguished more clearly the sad-looking reddish dome of the church of Waterloo. We galloped towards the moving goal which we wished to attain, when suddenly savage cries burst from the depths of the forest on both sides of the way. A flock of cranes, famished during a long winter, could not have uttered fiercer cries over the envious snow. Immediately our cranes showed themselves, in the forms of about twenty children, almost naked, their only vestments their shirts. They rushed before the horses, and almost tumbled under the wheels, demanding charity in the most voracious and impetuous fashion. Those poor little children, whom their parents have without doubt trained to this perilous procedure, have adopted a polyglot prayer, proper to all the nations which visit Waterloo. They say, in a chanting manner, in a weeping manner, and in a laughing manner too, for mendicency seems to be the amusement of their age—'Charité, charitas, charity;' then they add, in their own Flemish patois, 'Gut reiset' (a good journey to you). They look picturesque, with their fair, almost white, hair, their faces bronzed with the sun, their eyes green as the adder's, and their limbs supple as those of the fawn. But they are most terribly importunate—nothing can drive them away. Double or triple the speed of the horses, and they are at your side; abate the speed or stand still, and still they are there. If you threaten those young wolves, they laugh; if you crack your whip round their naked shoulders, they skip wildly before the horses and yell. At last you throw them a handful of centimes, and then—they have still not budged a foot. For a whole league, despite of blows, maledictions, and money, they accompanied us with their lamentable plaints. Their sallow faces and their lugubrious cries were more annoying than even the stings of the insects that bore them company. Happily, mendicency is to be interdicted in the kingdom of Belgium.

We were not long before we came up with the carriage which, according to my coachman, contained an Englishman, and which I had predicted to belong to a French traveller. Strictly speaking, both of us were wrong, for that equipage contained only a woman; but as she was an Englishwoman, of course I gave in to the driver. She travelled alone, and that isolation appeared very disagreeable and tiresome to her, if I might judge from the eagerness with which she entered into conversation with me. She did not speak much French, but she understood it marvellously. I do not understand much English, but with some attention I could guess. Each of us, with the aid of our half faculty, could comprehend the other without forsaking our particular vernacular.

'Monsieur, you go to Waterloo?' said she.

'Where could I go else, in this country, save to its one historical spot, Waterloo?' I replied.

'Do you suppose, sir, it will be possible for me to have breakfast at Mont St Jean?' was her next inquiry.

'I am sure it will, madam, because I am convinced that you can find breakfast, dinner, and champagne anywhere, provided you are not particular about the quality of them.'

'You reassure me,' said the lady, with a gracious smile.

My new companion suddenly exhaled a long, deep-drawn sigh, as she threw her eyes around her, and we entered the immense circle where the great battle was concentrated on the 18th of June, and where it was finally decided. 'You have come, sir, to weep over some personal loss,' said my lady friend, turning to me.

'No, madam, I have neither that sorrow nor glory.'

'Ah, my poor William!' said she, at the same moment putting her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

'William was doubtless the father or the husband of this respectable lady,' said I to myself. 'It must have been either the one or the other, for if she ever had sons fit for being killed, it was impossible to suppose that they had been at Waterloo.'

'Then, sir, you really think,' exclaimed she, 'that I shall find some tea, milk, and butter at Waterloo?'

'Certainly, ma'am, and plates full of eggs.'

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, at the end of which period a new sigh burst from her heart, her handkerchief was again applied to her eyes, and she exclaimed, 'My poor James!'

'I am mistaken,' said I, 'this time. It cannot be her father for whom she comes here to weep. She has not had two fathers, but she is of very likely age to have had two husbands. Yes, but two husbands slain at Waterloo on the same day—that is impossible.'

'I am in the habit,' pursued my most enigmatical Englishwoman, 'of taking something more substantial in the morning than eggs.'

'Beefsteaks, for example,' I ventured to say.

'Precisely so, sir,' was her complacent reply.

'Ah, well, you shall have beefsteaks,' said I.

We gained the low road that leads from Mont St Jean to Waterloo, when my companion uttered another sigh, exclaiming, 'My poor Tom!'

'Ah, madam,' cried I, with impatience, 'so you have lost three relatives here?'

'I lost eight brothers at Waterloo,' she replied. 'On the same day, and within the same hour, my eight brothers fell. You are astonished, but there are several families in Ireland that had to deplore the loss of twelve sons and brothers upon that fatal day.'

'I beg your pardon, madam, for my astonishment,' said I. 'I sympathise with your grief. You certainly discharge an honourable duty in coming here.'

'And obligation,' added she.

'How obligation?' said I.

'I have inherited all the patrimony of my brothers,' she replied, 'but I shall lose the same unless I fulfil a condition imposed upon me by my father in his last will and testament, which is, that I shall weep every year here upon their tombs.'

'And do you know where they lie?'

'No, sir; so I weep over the whole field.'

We at last were on the road to Genappe, and rolled along the paved way—and very badly paved it is—that unites Waterloo to Mont St Jean. Although placed under the authority of one burgomaster, that of Waterloo, these two hamlets are still at a very great distance from one another. They are of no higher a status than the meanest villages of France, without having the admirable arrangement of their houses. The church of Waterloo affects some character, but it is a character which may be termed above its position. It has a sort of pediment, a sort of dome or stone balloon, and a sort of portico, which do, indeed, some honour to a population of three thousand souls, which Mont St Jean and Waterloo combined can scarcely muster. On the pediment of that church there is an inscription, from which you learn that the Marquis of Gastanaga, governor of the Netherlands, in the reign of Charles II., king of Spain, laid the foundation-stone thereof in the year 1690. The battle which the English have called from this village, Waterloo, bore with us for a very long time the name of the battle of Mont St Jean; and to this day the Prussians style it the battle of Belle Alliance. These three qualifications are natural enough, from the circumstances of the armies. The French occupied the ground behind Mont St Jean; the English covered the opposite position, and consequently approached Waterloo; and the Prussians, towards the end of the combat, fell back upon the farm of La Belle Alliance, where Wellington and Blücher met after the victory. If the village of Mont St Jean has no church, it contains the principal inns, to which the strangers are in the habit of retiring to rest a little, and to partake of a frugal breakfast, before attempting to measure the vast area, of which



each little spot merits a thought, or to clamber up the Mountain of the Lion. Without the money spent in them, these two villages would be less than nothing. It is to the perpetual tribute which has been drawn from the curiosity of the whole world that Mont St Jean and Waterloo owe their aggrandisement. It would be quite correct to say that they have extended to double their former size since 1815. Previously, neither the one nor other was more than a single street, cut in two by a gap of about a mile and a half. It is the prolongation of this street, which is nothing more than the road from Genappe, which brings into rank and file, by a freak of destiny, the most high-sounding and famous names in modern history. Names which, forty years ago, were the designations of poor farms, hidden in wild woods, and surrounded by half-cultivated fields, are now immortal words of fearful signification to mankind. Waterloo, Mont St Jean, La Belle Alliance, Quatre-Bras, the farm of Caillon—those rural spots where butter and cheese were and are manufactured, have displaced the names of Babylon, Tyre, Memphis, and Carthage from the pedestals of bloody memory. Their milk became blood, their peaceful fields scenes of murder, and then they were glorious.

## THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

### THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

When we are disengaged from corporeal and mental labour, and in a state of quiescence, the thoughts that are habitual to us naturally and uninvited introduce themselves to the mind. These day dreams, supplied by memory, and suggested by fancy, are admirably fitted to impart, to one who has the ability of interpreting them aright, a correct knowledge of himself.

Every evening review the actions of the day with rigid impartiality, as in the presence of the Omniscient, to whom the heart is disclosed. The practice will furnish you with a knowledge of yourself, the most important and useful kind of all knowledge; and by knowing your prevailing inclinations, sentiments, and passions, by divine aid you will learn to correct them.

The virtues are in amicable alliance; the vices in hostile disunion. Virtue loves its reflected image; vice shrinks from its true likeness. A man of veracity delights in truth; a liar, though he practises falsehood, hates it in others. This furnishes a fine test of self-inspection. Do you esteem and love, or do you envy and slight whatever is great, good, and honourable in human character? Profoundly meditate on this question, and answer it impartially.

When you receive a slight offence, you are prone to anger. What is the cause of the anger?—an irritable sensibility, which is too potent for self-command. What is the cause of the sensibility?—an ill-regulated self-love that has cherished high notions of self-importance. Subdue, then, self-love to humility, and in effect you ally sensibility and repress anger. Thus, we think, most of our faults and errors may be traced to perverted self-love.

A good conscience is at once the evidence and the reward of a good life. The conduct of the present extends to the future; the virtue of youth is the consolation of age. Reflect then deeply on the tendency of your principles as well as the consequences of your actions, and resolve that your heart shall not reproach you as long as you live.

You prevent the least depredation on your own property; if you are actuated by justice and benevolence you will defend, in the same manner, the property of another. This is only doing to others what you would that others should do to you.

You protect your good name from envious and malicious insinuations; if you are actuated by honour and integrity, with no less zeal you will stand forward in defence of another's reputation from malice and envy. A good man identifies himself with all that is human, and the love which he has for himself he extends to his fellowmen.

### ANGER.

From our social, moral, and religious sentiments, it evidently appears to be the intention of Providence that we should be united in concord and peace. Anger in its effects opposes the divine plan; it throws strife and contention into society; divides friends, families, and communities; and converts our fellow-feelings into hateful and discordant passions.

A man in a rude state of society may invest himself with anger in order to overawe aggression and secure personal safety. In a state of civilisation, the laws of a nation and the customs of society protect a person in his rights; and his just claims are better maintained and vindicated by a calm demeanour than by the angry passions. In passion there is neither advantage nor honour; in a calm demeanour there are both.

Anger, under its various forms—the irritable and abusive, the sullen and resentful, the violent and aggressive—is most destructive to individual domestic peace. Like every passion, anger increases by indulgence; restrain its expansion, and you become its master; suffer it to expand into habit, and you become its slave. A bad temper is an unhappy life.

Nervous irritability is prone to occasional fits of anger; but this temperament, or rather the habit which springs from it, may be subdued by early and careful discipline. Hence it may justly be inferred: One who abandons himself to unreasonable anger declares two truths, certainly not honourable to his character—his folly in not resisting the habit, and his imbecility in permitting himself to become its slave.

An irascible man is provoked to anger when he has no cause of provocation. He has a mental disease, which is painfully affected by what has no effect on a healthy temperament. One who is always complaining of many offences and many injuries, must have something repulsive in his temper or offensive in his conduct, since the manner in which we act towards others is usually the manner in which others act towards us.

In anger, many have repented of their language, but few of their silence. Silence in anger is like moisture on a spark, that prevents it rising into a flame. Meet an angry man with a calm demeanour, and it is probable his anger will be allayed; meet him with violence, and the passion of both will be inflamed.

All the desires and aversions of a wise man are reasonable and moderate; his desires kindle not into enthusiasm, his aversions flush not into the violence of indignation. All his emotions and passions are imbued with prudent reflection, and the kind sympathies that unite the human family in harmonious concord.

A person under the impulse of anger, with the inflamed eye, the flushed cheek, the trembling lip, the harsh tones, is a pitiable and degrading spectacle. If he is powerful and daring, he excites fear; if he is weak and timid, he excites commiseration: but the fear is combined with hatred, and the commiseration is blended with contempt. Who would choose to be the object of hatred or contempt?

An angry manner is sometimes considered necessary to support personal dignity. Anger is progressively a weakness, a vice, a frenzy, and on none of these can true dignity be founded. Virtue may arm itself with anger against vice? Virtue is serene, candid, reasonable; anger is impetuous, resentful, unreasonable; they are incompatible, and hence virtue cannot submit to anger. A preceptor and a parent may yield to anger. They have a sacred duty to perform—authority must enforce obedience, and they may be moved, they may act with decision, but if they are prudent, they may discharge their duty without anger.

A transport of passion in a man makes an impression on the spectator scarcely ever to be effaced; but in a woman, whose first good quality is a sweet temper, it is indelible—it lurks in every smile, it wrinkles every trace of beauty. The passionate man is untappy in himself, and the disturber of the peace of society. The man who subdues his anger, and strives to bring all men into an union of kindly fellowship, is the friend of humankind.



## OUR SCOTTISH CLERGY.\*

THE clergy of every nation, whether enlightened or superstitious, have always constituted its most influential order. Their voice, no matter whether it issued from the mystical tripod at Delphos, the caves of Consus, the oak-mantled fanes of the Germanii, the splendid temples of Romanism, or the simple synodical chambers of Presbyterianism, has always been the most potential in the ears of men. The superstitious contemplate their priests as a sacred order; the enlightened pious concede a portion of the respect which they entertain for sacred offices, to those who exercise those offices. Through all ages the soul of man has intuitively acknowledged the existence of a spiritual world, and has trembled in the shadow of it, although his mortal eyes could never penetrate to one atom of positive evidence that such did exist. The corporations of priests that existed in Assyria, Egypt, Etruria, Greece, India, and other ancient nations, found the tendencies of men towards superstition so abundant, and their appetites to believe so vitiated and so strong, that, after having elaborated the most absurd, and fecund, and imaginative systems of superstition, they were obliged to take refuge in mysticism, in order to preserve their own existence, and amuse the minds of their votaries. The progress or multiplication of ideas seems to have been the life of superstition, and the power of the false priests. Whenever they intermitted the propagation of new absurdities, and, wrapping themselves up in the mantles of the *exegeres*, began to interpret the old propositions in their books, the light overwhelmed them, and they fell to give place to new 'blind leaders of the blind.' The mystery of his vocation attached itself to the priest; the people invested him with a portion of the power which they tremblingly believed to reside in the darkness of the invisible world, and they crouched before him, while they scorned to bend beneath the sword of war or the civic baton. As in the false, so analogously in the true. The veneration of the superstitious for his priest is superseded by enlightened respect for his clergyman in the Christian. Just as a people value the sacred ordinances of religion, so do they respect those who administer them.

In countries sunk in superstition, criticisms of clergymen are impossible. They are either spoken of to be canonised, or they are forgotten. They are saints or nothing. If the respect in which the clergy of a country is generally held is an evidence of high civilisation, the extent to which they are amenable to criticism is an evidence of mental liberty and enlightenment. The ribald jest debases the man who uses it, as much as it indicates the character of his general morality; but the healthy, moral, and mental condition of a people is admirably indicated by the relations in which independent literature stands to the people's spiritual teachers.

The lives, characters, and comparative abilities of a country's religious teachers must always be interesting themes to any people. On this account 'Our Scottish Clergy' (for this inadvertently tardy notice of which we must apologise) possessed a prestige of popularity in its name and character; and, generally, it sustains the expectations that might have been formed of its contents. The two handsome volumes now before us contain pencillings of upwards of one hundred of the most popular Scottish clergy of all denominations, and these convey excellent ideas of the general carriage and pulpit-figures of the men. The sketches cannot be termed literary portraits, because they do not sufficiently develop the precise and particular mental features of the sitters to merit this title; and they are not biographies, because only slight allusions to the history of each individual occur; but they are free, bold, graphic sketches, ranging from a state of analytical disposition and finish to that of simple outline. There is never any mistaking of the man that is placed before you, and often the view is most profound and striking. The follow-

ing sketch will give an excellent idea of an excellent man, and is a fair illustration of the general style of the sketches:

REV. DR BARR, ST ENOCH'S CHURCH, GLASGOW.

'The different seasons are the apt emblem of the successive stages of life. Nor are the phenomena of the various seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—more appropriate symbols of the physical than of the mental and moral constitution of man. So intimately connected is mind with the animal frame, that they necessarily, when in a healthy state, sympathise with each other. The spring sun which causes the herb to spring, also nourishes the noxious weed. The vigour and buoyancy of youth, while they give wings to fancy and fire to the imagination, also force into strength the wilder passions. During the days of summer, the useless and pernicious are severed from the precious fruit. The tendency of the soil to run riot is less, and the fields begin to present a more healthful and subdued appearance. In manhood (the counterpart of summer) childish things are put away. The excrescences of fancy begin to be lopped off. The extravagances of former days are abandoned, and the fruits of righteousness make their promising appearance. In autumn the fields are covered with the mellowed fruit. Earth and air, and even old ocean, assume a rich and chastened appearance. The flowers pour forth their richest odours—the air is laden with luscious perfumes—the birds sing their sweetest songs—and all creation wears the aspect of maturity. The well regulated Christian mind is the counterpart of nature's autumn. The hoary head is a crown of glory, because it indicates the maturity of the mind—when its powers have reached their balance—when fancy ceases to triumph over the judgment—when the whole inner man has received its fullest impress of the restored image of Him who is light and love. The counsels of the Christian, in the autumn of his existence, are deemed inestimable even as regards the things of time. He has added to knowledge experience. He has heard the world's promises, and seen its performances. He has witnessed the momentary success of the unprincipled and the unjust, and he has seen honesty and industry outlive their privations. He has seen so much of the scheme of Providence as enables him to generalise and infer, and he is therefore well qualified to give counsel to the inexperienced, and to encourage the perplexed. But it is in the clergyman that autumnal life appears most attractive. The weighty matters in which he deals require so much the more experience than the things of time, as they are more important in their relations, and more momentous in their consequences; with what intense interest are his counsels received, who, having passed with safety the dangers of the spring and the summer of his days, stands forward before the anxious throng to tell of the perils he has safely passed, and of the goodness and mercy which he has daily received. The clergyman, whose name commences this sketch, occupies the high vantage ground indicated by these remarks. His hoary head is a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. In person, Dr Barr is tall and rather stoutly made, though not corpulent. His countenance exhibits more of the milder attributes than of the robust. His small weak eyes look out from beneath a brow of fine rather than of full development, and his features, though they begin to exhibit the maturity of years—the mellowness of autumn—are not particularly marked with any peculiar mental manifestation. On entering the pulpit, he deems it unnecessary to go through any introductory preliminaries as regards dress or devotion—no pulling of the wristbands, nor adjusting of the gown, nor arranging of the hair, nor staring around on the audience—but immediately he commences his public work by reading in a low and somewhat harsh voice, drowned by the entering auditory, a portion of a psalm or paraphrase, which is beautifully sung by the leader and band, while the greater part of the large congregation silently look on, wrapt in admiration, and peradventure in mute devotion. In passing, we may be allowed to remark, that the singing, though unquestionably the best of

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its kind, savours more of English Methodism than of Scottish Presbyterianism, and appears more mechanical than devotional. During the singing the minister occupies himself exclusively with his psalm-book, and sets a laudable example before his people, by taking part in the exercise. Prayer is then offered devoutly, scripturally, orderly, evangelically, though probably a little too formally, and certainly very lengthily, especially after sermon. During the whole time his clasped hands rest on the Bible, while his body, instead of remaining motionless, indicates his earnestness by not ungraceful though monotonous gestures. He then reads a part of the Scriptures, and makes occasional remarks, and after singing again, announces his subject with much propriety. Avoiding the round-about formalities which many seem to think very important in the announcement of their text, he at once tells the whereabouts of his passage, and having read it once over, commences his discourse. In the forenoon he generally lectures, and in the afternoon sermonises. In lecturing he greatly excels, confining himself strictly to the leading topics in the passage under consideration, and throwing a flood of light on its connections and bearings.

Probably the first thing that strikes a stranger in St Enoch's Church, is the unaffected modesty of the occupant of the pulpit. During the preliminary exercises, he appears as one, in the language of the poet, 'honest in the sacred cause,' and 'conscious of his awful charge.' Instead of the flippant airs and listless gaze, his proper work occupies his exclusive attention, so that he seems to forget himself and his audience—the former receiving no attentions, and the latter not even a look. The preliminaries being over, he gives out his subject, and, placing his left hand on the Bible, he leans and looks forward, and, without notes, discourses with fluency and propriety, though rather monotonously as regards the manner. Every auditor is conscious that he listens to matter most carefully prepared by a vigorous and highly cultivated mind. The thoughts arise naturally and consecutively from the passage under review, and are presented in a style remarkable for its accuracy, brevity, and beauty. Few preachers, indeed, who use no notes, can express so much sentiment in so few words. The chief excellence, however, of Dr Barr's preaching, is its common-sense character—a quality much more rare and much more precious than some imagine. Some may think that we pay but a slight compliment to the Bible, when we say that it is eminently a book of common sense; but did all its expounders possess that requisite, Christianity would be saved many a monstrous doctrine and many a silly crotchet said to be warranted by its pages. Dr Barr is one who unites, what many divorce, a strict evangelism and unquestionable orthodoxy with rational and responsible conduct—the doctrines of the gospel with the duties and amenities of life.

As will appear from the above, his manner in the pulpit is graceful and dignified. His voice, though not musical, is thoroughly under command—his gestures, though they possess more than enough of sameness, are natural and occasionally animated—his enunciation distinct, and not too rapid. To the clap-trap of oratory he never condescends. He gives no fine quotations from prose nor poetic writers, but chooses to express his own thoughts in his own words. In a word, Dr Barr, as a plain, practical, logical, and popular preacher, has few superiors. His sermons are short for the simple reason, that before he begins to preach he studies, and soon as he preaches what he studies, he concludes—in other words, they are short, because he takes time to make them short, and he only requires to adopt the same method with his prayers, and his pulpit exercises would be unexceptionable.

Dr Barr was ordained in 1816, and is now in the thirty-second year of his ministry. He was removed from Port Glasgow shortly after the disruption in 1843, and inducted to St Enoch's, Glasgow, where his ministry has been acceptable and successful. He has now one of the largest and most influential congregations in the city, and is much respected by all classes. His conduct at public meetings

is becoming his office, and his entire deportment is unobtrusive and gentlemanly.

The particular manner in which the modes of preaching and the texts of the preacher are treated, gives a somewhat cursory and ephemeral look to those pictures; still it vivifies them, and brings the reader, as if it were, into immediate communion and vis-a-vis with the person described. We are certain that the 'Scottish Clergy' will be read with much interest by a numerous circle, and we wish that our recommendation could extend its orbit.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Among the beneficent designs of the great Creator in his dealings with our fallen world, there is none that appears to us so beautifully merciful as the instructive love of offspring which pervades the whole animated kingdom. From the monarch of the forest down to the tiniest order of sentient nature, this principle is all-pervading and universal. The piteous wail of the songster of the grove, whose nest ruthless hands have despoiled of her young, and the angry, yet mournful roar of the lioness, ringing over mountain and valley, when robbed of her cubs, alike give living evidence of the majesty of love. And it matters not what may be the order of being, whether that class which by some is supposed to have instinct alone for its guide, or the superior class of animals which others place within the boundary line of reason, in all it is the same.

But, if this undoubted power of natural affection for offspring is so universally illustrated among the inferior orders of animal being, how ennobled and god-like does it become when, purified by reason, it is presented to the eye in the mirror of a mother's love!

A mother's love! what thrilling melody is in the sound! Ourselves are beginning to grow old, and many long years have rolled away since we wept at the newly closed grave of the best of mothers. How many there are who must sympathise with us in such a recollection! But the finitude of time will have become infinity ere we can forget the gentle hand that smoothed our early pillow, the sweet voice that soothed our childish sorrows, and the indulgent heart that found an excuse for every folly, and a palliation for every fault, under the sacred sanction of a mother's love.

The love of a mother for her child is the finest and most ardent emotion of the human breast. It is second only to that love which is felt by the Creator for his children of the human family. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child?' 'She may forget.' The assertion is not that she does forget; but the emphatic enunciation is, 'She may forget,' and appears to us as intended, under a powerful figure, to contrast the perfect immutability of divine love with the possibility of change in that strongest of human affections, maternal love.

The affection of a child towards a father may be as pure and sincere, and a child's duty as affectionately rendered to him as to a mother; but experience verifies the fact that the relative love betwixt mother and child, and father and child, although not antagonistic, are essentially different. To our readers, both young and old, we appeal for a corroboration of this truth—to the young, with whom it is the subject of every day's experience, as well as to those more advanced in life, whose bygone recollections embody the fact. One may repudiate the idea of a preference in affection being given to one parent over the other, and yet each in their own sphere enjoying a full share of attachment. Such, however, is the case; and the world's history from the days of our first progenitors downwards to our own times, confirms and establishes the correctness of our assertion.

How magical is the charm that lies in the endearing word mother, may be shown by a simple story, one of real life, and the principal actors in which were near relatives of our own.

James — was the eldest son of a respectable and substantial farmer in the county of Mid-Lothian, who, aided by a most exemplary wife, did his best to train up

his children in the way that they should go. James would not be trained after his father's fashion; and, although only twelve years of age, showed such a precocity for evil, that his worthy old father determined to send him on a sea voyage, in the fond hope that a little 'rubbing about' might have the effect of producing reflection and amendment in the thoughtless boy. Accordingly James was shipped on board of a man-of-war, commanded by his uncle, and about to proceed to North America. The uncle, who was blessed neither with wife nor child, and was therefore a stranger to feelings which none but a parent can know, instead of trying to win over the boy by kindness, sailor-like had recourse to severity, that he might make him to feel he had not exchanged a bed of down at — for one of roes on board a ship. The consequence, as may be anticipated, was, that when the ship arrived on the American coast, James contrived to slip into the first boat that went ashore, and deserted. One letter only did he write after a long interval; but the information it gave as to his 'whereabout,' enabled his family to remit to him a small patrimony, the parting gift of his good father, who was now 'gathered in, ripe in years and readiness.'

From that period all trace of the wanderer was lost. His widowed mother took up her residence with her youngest son, Robert, who was carrying on a flourishing business in Edinburgh, while poor James, being considered as dead, was well nigh altogether forgotten.

Twenty years had elapsed, when, one morning as the widow and her son Robert were sitting at breakfast, the 'door-pin tirlid,' and the servant, after answering it, entered the room, and told Robert that there was a man at the door who wanted to speak to him; and, in reply to the prompt question of the old lady, 'What sort o' lookin' man is he?' represented him to be 'a sailor kind o' chap, but poor looking, for he had neither shoes nor stockings on, and his claes were hingin' in rags about him.'

After a short absence Robert returned, and told his mother that the man at the door wanted to see her. After an ejaculation of surprise, that 'a man like that should come speerin' for her at such an untimely hour in the mornin', the stranger was introduced, and well did he bear out the maid servant's description of him—a picture to the very life of a shipwrecked, wo-begone mariner. 'Did you ever see that man before, mother?' Robert asked. The venerable matron scanned the stranger's face over and over; she put on her spectacles and looked again, but no familiar features met her steady gaze. 'No, Robert, 'deed I never saw that man's face before.' The stranger's breast was heaving all the while, and he could just manage to stammer out, 'Mother, have you forgotten me?' The well-remembered voice, like an overwhelming torrent, burst the flood-gates that but for a moment had dammed up the sluices of a mother's love; and, with a hysterical burst, 'My ain bairn!' in a long, fond embrace, her aged arms folded to her bosom her first-born son. The ragged, weather-beaten wayfarer of thirty, and the blooming boy that so early left his parent home, were one—one in a mother's affections. Can a mother forget? Ah! no.

James received his patrimony safely, but, from what cause we could never learn, did not acknowledge its receipt, while for so many years he concealed his very existence. As it turned out, he had purchased a tract of uncleared land in one of the Union States, where he plodded on his weary way, until the remembrance of fatherland drew him from his solitude. He took his passage in a vessel bound for Liverpool, was shipwrecked, and lost all on board that belonged to him. Picked up at sea by a friendly sail, he was landed at the port of his original destination. From Liverpool he started on foot on his journey homeward, and, after encountering many hardships and privations, arrived in the guise which we have described, to bear additional testimony to the strength and endurance of 'a mother's love.' After a residence of a few months, he went back, 'decently put on,' to the land of his adoption, where he is still living, so far as we know, a patri-

arch of four score years and ten! Has he, even at such an age, forgotten his mother? Unhesitatingly, we say No. The older he grows, the more she will be remembered.

Our young readers may reap a moral from this simple tale—reflex in the matter of love; and we leave them to discover it. They will be at little difficulty in finding it out.

'Woman's love' has ever been a fertile theme in the republic of letters, celebrated alike in the lofty lays of poetry, and the more unassuming yet eloquent imaginings of prose; but, as a sunbeam darting through the murky cloud, is to the glorious luminary himself in all his unclouded meridian effulgence, so is 'woman's love' *par excellence* when compared with 'a mother's love.'

'Let maids th' incomparable passion boast,  
But mothers, sure of all who love, love most.  
Even she that shrinks at insects, would contend  
With famish'd wolves, her children to defend:  
For them whole marshall'd horrors would defy,  
Endure, repel, encounter, conquer, die!'

### RUSSIAN SIGN-BOARDS.

IN England our shopkeepers placard, in letters of every devisable figure and size, the articles to be found within for sale; the American goes beyond this, for on the pavement in front of their houses is engraved in large letters the name of the firm, as also the business transacted within; but the Russian improves upon both, for he has a regard to such individuals whose education has been so far neglected as to prevent their being able to read: they exhibit large boards covered with very lively representations in colour of what they sell: and as it happens that every room in a large house is often occupied by persons who indulge in very different matters of trade, it follows that the whole exterior of the building is embellished with a mass of illuminated planks. On the lowest tier you may see some picturesque leaves, portraying that a baker hangs out below; above it is a board displaying every article of a lady's apparel in all its simplicity—objects never before exposed to the vulgar eye of man. Two-pair-front delights in exhibiting original likenesses of cheeses, candles, pots of butter, bacon, ham, and the like. His back neighbour, being a military snip, displays a pictorial board, upon which flourish coats, flaming helmets, and unexceptionable pantaloons. Lastly, moving in the higher circles of life, suspends a bookbinder and a shoemaker, whose boots, slippers, goloshes, &c., decorate the region of chimney-tops. A visit to your three-pair-back may be delightful with the thermometer below zero, but on a Russian July day the 'attic trip' is anything but desirable. But many of these worthies, blest with a luxuriant fertility of imagination, are not content with a mere representation of the articles themselves, but exercise ingenuity in directing their artists to depict tableaux, in which their bright ideas are carried out. Thus, a barber presents a scene of an oblong gentleman undergoing the depilatory operation; the screwing up of the face is life itself. Again, our friend, the shoemaker, in addition to his boots and slippers, discloses to view a scene in his shop: a fashionable young lady is trying on a pair of satin shoes, and has raised her foot to admire it; perhaps her ankle, so liberally exposed, is a thought too thick. A little urchin on the left, seated on an amazingly high chair, is kicking his little feet very vigorously, as he views with delight his new red boots; while in the background are some fascinating gay deceivers, shod in the most approved fashion, and smiling blandly, to show how comfortable they feel in their new boots, as nothing like pinching or tightness is thought of. Thus all the trades have their occupations and results illustrated, displaying a collection, perhaps in some degree better than what we are wont to see annually exhibited, under the title of modern pictures, beneath the pepper-boxes of Trafalgar Square, with the additional benefit that you may feast your eyes upon them gratuitously.—*Pictures from the North.*

## THOUGHTS ON YOUNG FRANCE.

NOTHING marks more forcibly the wide difference betwixt the French and English characters, than a comparison of the circumstances attending their respective national revolutions. The fall of Charles I., for example, presents a complete contrast to that of Louis XVI. in all the leading features, saving only the closing one—the execution of a crowned sovereign. The English revolution in question hung not on the will of the rabble of a capital, nor on the vanity, discontent, and ambition of single individuals; it rested throughout on feelings that had taken deep root, and spread widely, among the entire people of a great country. A grave and well-founded desire for reforms, and above all in religious matters, led the English to rise against their prince, and finally to bring him to the block. But they attacked and quelled him in a manly way, risking life for life in fair fight on the open field. He was not deserted in one hour by the multitudes who had before idolised him blindly. He was not pent in a prison from the moment when first suspected as faulty, and, through long torturing months, played with as a mouse is played with by a cat, where power of defence there was none. Charles of England had a kind of fair chance given to him for his life. When taken, and brought to trial, he had a solemn and fitting one; and, whatever else might be said of those who sat in the cause, they at least were free agents, and not under the dominance of an ignorant and infuriated rabble. They were in reality 'judges.' Charles himself, too, behaved not unworthily in his awful position. He took the only step becoming him, when he denied the power of the court to sit in judgment on their anointed sovereign. When led to the scaffold,

'He nothing common did or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene;  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try,  
And bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.'

The last scene ended, what did the people of England? Did they use their hour of triumph to assail women and children—all who owned the blood, or had been the friends, of the royal victim? No; the high calls of justice once satisfied by the solemn sacrifice made, they stained not their cause by shedding meaner and innocent gore.

In all possible respects—in every feature and incident, great and small, first and last—the revolution by which Louis XVI. fell differed from the English one. A mob were the constant and great agents in the French catastrophe—they belonged mainly to one place, the capital—they had no worthy or even definite objects, as their almost indiscriminate murdering from the outset showed—women and children, the old as well as the young, fell under their savage hands—they first starved their king, then slew him, and, months afterwards, they killed all who were dear to him, putting out of the way, to all appearance, even his innocent children—and they closed the whole monstrous scene with the deaths of their own chief tools and leaders, whom they had hooted on to the massacre of so many others. It rouses British pride, in all its force, to contrast these two national events, even to the conduct of the two kings. Poor Louis of France had not the spirit to assert his regal claims. The French revolution was but a piece of brutal rioting, to speak plainly; the English one formed a lesson to princes far exceeding in weight, and in solemnity, even the overthrow of Cæsar at the base of Pompey's statue. High principles, doubtless, led to that deed; but yet, after all, it was but an assassination, and very unlike the judging and condemnation of Charles I. of England.

One point of distinction betwixt the Charles I. and Louis XVI. revolutions, stands peculiarly prominent; and that is, the character and position of the leading men who figured in one and other of the cases. The contrast is striking, above all, in regard to *ages*. Oliver Cromwell

had actually passed from ten to twenty years in Parliament before he obtained or assumed anything like an important place in the national councils. He was forty-three years old ere he even buckled on a sword as a military commander, notwithstanding all his success in war afterwards. Fairfax, and most of the parliamentarians of note, were all, in like manner, men of mature age, grave in council, and experienced in business. Our less informed readers will scarcely credit us, on the other hand, when we mention, that, with the exception of Robespierre, scarcely one eminent man among the first French Revolutionists had passed the age of thirty! St Just, the incarnation of the republican principle, and cold, fixed, and impassable as a principle—a being so completely divested of human sympathies as to have chidden Robespierre himself for a weak dislike to blood-spilling—St Just was only in his twenty-seventh year when he sat on the trial of Louis XVI. in 1793; and he had been eminent among the Jacobins for several previous years. The equally noted Camille Desmoulins was a mere youth likewise, and figured on the same stage at twenty-five, and for two or three subsequent years. Barbaroux was twenty-seven at the critical epoch of 1793; Louvet was about the same standing; Legendre, the Rolands (husband and wife), Condorcet—all were very young. The terrible Danton habitually spoke of his favourite partisans as his 'young friends'; he thought himself, and was considered *old*; and yet he perished on the scaffold at the age of *thirty-two*! Marat was not far from the same standing. In fact, of the leading actors in the bloody interval betwixt 1789 and 1794, scarcely one in a score had reached thirty when sent to the guillotine—the fate of most of them. Those who escaped with life were equally young, such as La Fayette and Talleyrand, who began to flourish in public affairs when absolutely boys. But why enumerate inferior examples, when we have before us the memorable case of Bonaparte, the offspring and destroyer of the first French republic, who obtained the command of armies, and the arbitrary governance of the state, before he had passed the age of thirty. Robespierre, at forty, might well be considered as an absolute centenarian, among such men, in point of experience.

The quaint saying of Sterne—'They manage matters differently from us in France'—applies with most especial force, indeed, as far as the respective revolutions of that country and Britain are concerned. The case of Oliver Cromwell, made Protector at fifty-four, is not a singular one. The English have ever been wont to demand tried wisdom and lengthened experience in their popular leaders. They do so to this day. In our existing senate, a man scarcely ever attains to a position of real authority until he has passed the age of forty, or rather, in fact, until he has gone farther, and attained fully to mid-age. While under two score, he is considered a young man; and, however eminent for ability, he seldom rises to any but subordinate offices, where his conduct is overlooked by seniors. The case of William Pitt the younger is an exception, but one which proves the rule; since men were so much struck by the rare spectacle of his juvenile elevation, as gravely to style him a minister 'heaven-born!' This feature in the senatorial affairs of Britain is the more remarkable, as unusual and multiplied facilities have long existed for the rise of young men to influence in that body. The junior members of the aristocracy form a large proportion of the whole; and they enter into it, on the instant of their attaining to majority, with all the weight and backing that superior family wealth and influence can give. Such youthful senators have ten times greater chances accorded to them of speedily rising in life, than similarly situated parties possess in France, or have possessed for many a day. And yet, though brilliant oratorical powers may, and ever will, attract applause and admiration, something more is wanted to beget and ensure national confidence. Years and experience alone supply it completely and lastingly. Seeing such to be the case—notwithstanding the marked opportunities afforded to the young of Britain in public life—

we must conclude the cause of their want of success to be a deep-seated one. It plainly lies, indeed, in the character of the British people, and, above all, in those elements of it derived from their Anglo-Saxon sires. Many terms in our language show, that all the high and leading offices among that people were bestowed of old on men of proven wisdom and experience, if not exclusively on men of advanced years. For example, the magistrates of cities were called 'Aldermen,' that is old or 'elderly men.' The very word 'king' comes from the same root as 'cunning' and 'kenning' (knowing), as well as 'can' (to be able), indicating the parties so first entitled to have been famous for tried prudence and knowledge before their elevation. A variety of such terms might be noticed, all pointing to a special tendency, on the part of the Anglo-Saxons, to put faith habitually in age and experience. The feeling has not disappeared at this day, as we have observed with reference to the great national council of their descendants. That body was once named a 'Witenagemote,' signifying a 'meeting of the knowing.' The word 'senate' has been adopted from the Latin *senatus*; but it was at least a fitting Anglo-Saxon choice, since it literally implies 'an assembly of the old.'

The French people term their senate 'The Chambers,' and also fittingly. If they have not more young men among the sitters there than are to be found in the British Parliament, those who have a place at least possess a very different degree of influence. Things are in the same state now in France as they were during the first Revolution. Young men are the leaders there in politics. We might almost apply to many of them the name of mere 'boys;' they would certainly be called so, at all events, by an unscrupulous John Bull of mature age. Louis Blanc, for example, is under thirty considerably; and, chancing to be very small of frame, he has almost a childish aspect. The most of his friends of the *Red Republican* party are also perfect youths; and yet these are the men who at this day keep established authority continually in jeopardy in France. Their main supporters, of all classes, are the young. The pupils of the Polytechnic School have been among the most important agents in all the *emutes* of Paris of late years; and so have they even acted seriously on the well-being of a whole great nation. What a strange state of things! or, rather, how strangely contrasted with matters in this country! Think of the High School boys, or even the students of the Edinburgh University, seriously influencing the fate of Edinburgh, not to speak of Scotland and Great Britain at large! A snowball *star* is happily about the climax of their adventurous aspirations.

Unquestionably, one of the gravest evils under which France at this hour labours, is this dominance of youth in its councils and affairs. The boasted name of 'Young France' has but too deep a meaning. Is the evil not remediable? We imagine that it might so far be cured, though it is deep-seated, and has its foundation in the very spirit of the people. Like all Celts, the French are impulsive and hasty of temperament in the extreme; and these characteristics, being ever most strongly developed in youth, give to youth a natural ascendancy among them accordingly. Qualities are valued through sympathy. The grave Briton prizes cool judgment and prudence; and, these being most common to age, age with him is held in highest estimation. A patriotic Frenchman, desirous to see a check put upon the over-hasty temperament, peculiar to his countrymen of all classes and ages, would do well to take away the aggravating incentive of youth from the high councils, at least, of the nation. This end might so far be attained easily by a regulation imposing a qualification on deputies, in respect to age. Such a precaution was taken by the Romans in the distribution of their great posts; and the modern French quote the history of the ancient Romans incessantly. If they then hold the exemplars of such parties as Brutus and Cassius to be worthy of imitation in particular respects, they should also copy the prudence which dictated to these men the propriety of excluding the young and in-

experienced from the offices and assemblies of state. Seriously speaking, the nations of Celtic descent seem all of them to demand such safeguards. Look even at the Irish Celts of the present day. Daniel O'Connell began his career early, and grew aged in its prosecution; but who were his chief aids and companions latterly? Boys, mere boys, comparatively. Meagher flourished betwixt the mature ages of twenty-four and twenty-seven, when he assumed the task of leading the councils of a nation; and his friends, Duffy and others, were not much above him in standing. It has ever been our belief, that the crushing sense of being left to such unsuitable associates, and the consciousness of having lost power to control even them, broke at last the heart of Daniel O'Connell. He became touched with an appalling sense of responsibility. The elements which he had set at work—the agents whom he had stimulated—met him latterly with a front which he felt himself unable to quell or control. 'Young Ireland' gave him his death-blow. With a native parliament, our sister-island would call undoubtedly and plainly for the same checks, which seem to be essential to France. The characteristic qualities of the two nations are the same, and they need the same system of cautionary governance.

The British Parliament has been pointed to, and compared, in some respects, with the French Chamber of Deputies. The armies of the two countries might also be made the subject similarly of remark and contrast. Who are the men usually sent by Britain to conduct her forces abroad? Sir Charles Napier commands in India; he is verging to threescore and ten. When a difficulty some time before occurred in Hindoostan, a one-armed veteran, now Viscount Hardinge, was preferred for the emergency above all others; and another veteran, Lord Gough, was his second in command, or rather his superior nominally. Sir Henry Smith, the governor-commandant at the Cape of Good Hope, is of similar age; and, in short, almost every important military service is entrusted by Britain to men of mature years and lengthened experience. Sale, Colborne, Pottinger—all of these gallant men, too, were veterans, chosen as much for prudence as bravery.

So have the most of our colonial places of civil trust been filled up always. The French, on the other hand, send men of a very different order to their dependencies. What was the character even of Bugeaud himself, to whom Algeria was entrusted? He was famous as a first-rate swordsman—as a duellist! This fact was alone sufficient to prove him worthy in the eyes of France. We are quite aware that we touch here on disputed ground; and that the Napoleonic plan of elevating military men of seeming merit at all ages, and from all degrees, has found many admirers among the soldiers of Britain. But Bonaparte was an exception to all rules; and unless an eye possessed of the marvellous powers of discrimination and selection which pertained to him, could be ensured to all great captains and commanders, the old mode of elevation by service and seniority, may be the wisest and safest after all. Soules, Neys, and Junots, besides, are rare—as rare in their way as was he who saw their merits when in obscurity, drew them into the light, and fixed their brilliant destinies. But this point need not be further enlarged upon. It is our object at present merely to observe, that Britain follows habitually, as regards her military affairs, the same rules by which she is guided in civil matters. Years and experience are the requisites which she demands in her servants. France trusts to *un brave homme* in war, and to *un homme d'esprit* in politics, troubling herself little about the qualities of prudence and judgment as attested by the conduct of years.

We repeat that the phrase of 'Young France' is a significant and momentous one. It indicates to our eyes the grand cause of the unsettled condition of the Gallic nation. Juvenility hath there the predominance, in all the concerns most deeply affecting the general peace and well-being. Youth rules in all places, public and private; in the assemblies of statesmen, and in the barracks of the soldiery; in palaces and in cellars; among men and among

women. Above all, even, youth sways the literature of France—or of Paris, which is but another name for France practically. This last feature in the present position of France is the most serious of all, and to be regarded with the greatest fears. M. Eugene Sue, the adored romancer of the Parisian *faubourgs*—whose tales issue piecemeal from the press, to satisfy the cravings of those who will not wait for their regular completion—is the model-writer of Young France, and feeds fat all its most dangerous propensities. He is at this hour issuing in weekly parts a novel called 'The Mysteries of the People,' and describes therein the revolution of 1848, which overturned Louis Philippe, with all its sequences, up to the passing hour, under the existent Presidency of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The general tendency of this work is frightful. It commences with the cool assertion that there never has been any true Gallic government since the time of Julius Cæsar. That conqueror did really find Gauls in Gaul, it is stated; but he subjected and weakened them, so that the Franks of Germany obtained a settlement in the land subsequently, gave to it the name of France, and founded all the royal and aristocratic lines that have since held sway therein. The true Gauls (says M. Eugene Sue) have been the oppressed serfs, for ages, of the Frankish incomers; but an end is come to this state of things, and the Gauls are to exterminate the Frankish race, and re-assume the position lost by them for two thousand years. The modern Gauls are, of course, Young France, and Young France only. All who oppose them are Franks, strangers, and enemies.

These wild fancies are poured into the ears of the French commonalty at this day, by the most popular of their living novelists. Nor must it be supposed that the matter is trifling, because M. Eugene Sue is but a writer of romances. That class of productions is the favourite mental food of Young France; and indeed it reads little else. M. Sue speaks of our day, and to our day, handling existing names with freedom; and, where using fictitious names, he is only all the more dangerous, since he thereby acquires the power of indulging in exaggerations at will. Thus in picturing the street-struggles at the expulsion of Louis Philippe, the colouring becomes falsomely prejudiced, all of the mob being heroic Gauls, and all on the other side usurping and brutal Franks. This event is but two years old, and the men thus praised live to taste all the intoxicating effects of applause. Seriously, this new idea of the novelist may yet bear melancholy fruits. Absurd—almost incredibly absurd—as the notion is, of at this day weeding out the Franks from the Gauls of France, who have been intermixed for twice the time that the Normans have been blended with the Saxons of England, it will form a bright apology to Young France for sweeping massacres in a new time of trouble. The extinction of princes and nobles was the old aim; but the knife will go more deeply still that purposes to cut all that is Frankish from the body of France.

This is rather a paper of sad reflections and forebodings than one professing to have any higher and well-defined objects in view. It has been stated clearly enough, however, that Young France seems to us the great grievance of all France at this day. But the only practicable remedy stands little chance of being adopted. This is not a place to dwell on political matters; but, as peculiarly illustrative of French character, two short extracts may be given from the said recent novel of M. Sue. A Parisian merchant, painted as the model of intelligent Revolutionists, thus speaks of the fall of Louis-Philippe, immediately on its occurrence:—

'Oh! this is a great day—it is the inauguration of our republic, free from all excess, persecution, and shame; merciful in its strength and rectitude,—fraternal as its emblem. Oh! the present sight is beautiful! noble!—the republic offering to its adversaries of yesterday a hand disarmed by friendship! Everywhere the feeling for liberty is aroused—at Vienna, at Milan, at Berlin! Each day brings fresh intelligence how the Revolution of France has shaken all the thrones of Europe. The end of kings

is arrived! An army on the banks of the Rhine, another on the frontiers of Piedmont, ready to march and succour our European brethren, if they require our aid; and the republic will thus make a tour of the world. And then an end to warfare. Unity, fraternity of nations, general peace, labour, industry, happiness for all!'

The old monstrous conception, so peculiar to France, of spreading liberty and peace by arms and campaigns—in short, by a *tour of blood*—is here once more started; though, when tried within but these few years, the scheme ended (as it ever will do) in the erection of an imperial despotism. But this is not what we have now to say. We would but quote the further opinion of the same merchant, on the results of the same all-glorious revolution, as stated in the course of the next two columns of the novel of M. Sue. The merchant thus tells an eminent sample of the new republican generals—

'You do not put faith in the republic's stability. You are anticipating an opportunity to assist, by the position you hold in the army, in obtaining the return of your master, as you are pleased to designate that stout young gentleman, the last of the Capets and of Frankish kings by right of conquest. Monsieur Bonaparte's government arms you with power to oppose the republic, and you accept it, being in your opinion a fair stratagem of war. I would not act thus, sir. I detest monarchy on account of the terrible evils with which for centuries it has afflicted my country, where it established itself by means of violence, robbery, and murder. Yes, I hate it!'

These are sad words. All, indeed, is grievous in the spectacle now presented by Modern France. It is a problem troublous to humanity.

### THE VIOLATED VOW: OR, THE BROKEN-HEARTED DEACON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

'She loved not wisely, but too well.'

It was a balmy, pleasant Sabbath morning; so green and tranquil was our valley home that the very air seemed more holy than on other days. The dew was floating in a veil of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill, where the sunshine came warmly, while the wild flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain. The trees which feathered in the hill sides were vividly green, and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while a soft fleecy cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery light, floated among the topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep river gliding between, like miniature cities deserted by the feet of men; not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was scarcely a hearth-stone which at that time was not made a domestic altar. At last a deep bell tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and was answered by a cheerful peal from the belfry of the new academy. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rooks, when the hitherto silent village seemed suddenly teeming with life. The dwelling-houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in happy, smiling groups, prepared for worship. Gradually they divided into separate parties—the Presbyterians walking slowly towards their huge old meeting-house, and the more gaily dressed Episcopalians seeking their more fashionable house of worship. It was a pleasant sight—those people gathering together for so good a purpose. Old people were out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with the blossom of the grave on their aged temples. Children, with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more bright and more rosy with pride of their white frocks, pretty straw bonnets, and pink wreaths. It was pleasant to see the little men and women, striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There might be seen the newly married pair, walking bashfully apart, not daring to venture on the unprecedented-



ed boldness of linking arms in public, yet feeling very awkward, almost envying another couple, who led a roguish little girl between them—she, a mischievous little thing, all the while exerting her baby strength to win that chubby hand from her mother's grasp; pouting her cherry lips when either of her idolising parents checked her bounding step or too noisy prattle, and, at last, subdued only by intense admiration of her red morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like a brace of wood lilies beneath her spotted muslin dress. Apart from the rest, and lingering along the green sward, which grew rich and thick on either side of the way, another group perchance was gathered. Young girls, schoolmates and friends, with their heads bending together, and smiles dimpling their fresh lips, all doubtless conversing about sacred themes, befitting the day. Such was the aspect of our little village on the Sabbath, when the subject of this little sketch takes to the old Presbyterian meeting-house or school, a sombre, ancient pile.

The academy bell had not ceased ringing, when the congregation came slowly in through the different doors of the meeting-house and arranged themselves at will in the square pews which crowded the body. The minister had not arrived, a circumstance which occurred to some of the congregation as somewhat singular. Twenty years he had been their pastor, and during that time had never kept his congregation waiting. At length he appeared at the southern entrance, and walked up the aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon. The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and, with a look of the most deep and respectful reverence, held the door of the 'deacon's seat,' while the old man passed in. That little attention went to the deacon's heart; he raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a meek and heart-touching expression of gratitude that softened many who looked at it even to tears. The minister turned away and went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit, those who sat in the gallery saw him fall on his knees, bury his face in his hands, and pray earnestly, and it might be to weep, for when he arose his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister and deacon, came two females—one a tall, spare woman, with thin features, and beepeaking long and continued, but meekly endured suffering. There was a beautiful and Quaker-like simplicity in the book-muslin kerchief folded over the bosom of her black silk dress, with the corners drawn under the ribbon-strings in front and pinned smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair was parted neatly under the straw bonnet, and those who knew her remarked that it had gained much of its silver since she had last entered that door. In her arms the matron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white frock, and an embroidered cap. A faint colour broke into her sallow cheek, for though she did not look up, it seemed to her as if every eye in that assembly was turned upon her burden. They were all her neighbours, many of them kind and truthful friends, who had sat with her at the same communion-table for years. Yet she could not meet their eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her pure cheek, but moved humbly forward, weighed to the dust with a sense of humiliation and suffering. A slight fair creature walked by her side, partly shrinking behind her all the way, pale and drooping like a crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter, and the babe was hers, but she was unmarried. A black dress and a plain white vandyke supplanted the muslin, that in the days of her innocence had harmonised so sweetly with her pure complexion. The close straw bonnet was the same, but its trimming of pale blue was displaced by a white satin ribbon, while the rich and abundant brown curls that had formerly dropped over her neck were gathered up and parted plainly over her forehead. One look she cast upon the congregation, then her eyes fell, the long lashes drooping to her burning cheek, and with a downcast brow she followed her mother to a seat, but not that occupied by the old deacon. There was a slight bustle when she entered, and many eyes were bent on her, a few

from curiosity, more from commiseration. She sat motionless in the corner of the aisle, her head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on the small hands that lay clasped in her lap.

After the little party was seated, a stillness crept over the house: you might have heard a pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, to the extremity of that large room. All at once there arose a noise at the door opposite the pulpit; it was but a footstep ringing on the threshold stone, and yet the people turned their heads and looked startled, as if something uncommon were about to happen. It was only a handsome, bold-looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty step, and entered a pew on the opposite side from that occupied by the mother and daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he looked carelessly up and even smiled, when a young lady by whom he seated himself drew back, with a look of indignation, to the farthest corner of the pew. The old deacon looked up as these bold footsteps broke the stillness; his thin cheek and lip became deadly white, he grasped the railing convulsively, half rose, and then fell forward with his face on his hands, and remained motionless as before. Well might the wronged old gentleman yield for a moment to the infirmities of human nature even in the house of God. That bold man who thus audaciously intruded in his presence, had crept like a serpent to his hearth-stone—had made his innocent name a byword, and his daughter, the child of his old age, a creature for men to bandy jests about. But for him, that girl, now shrinking from the gaze of her old friends, would have remained the pride of his home, an ewe lamb in the church of God. Through his wiles she had fallen from the high place of her religious trust, and now, in the fulness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault and receive forgiveness of the church she had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children, one by one, till this gentle girl alone was left to him; he had folded a love for her, his latest born, in his innermost heart, till all unconsciously she had become to it an idol. The old man thought it was to punish him that God had permitted her to fall into temptation; he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the church, when, at her request, he called them together, and made known her disgrace. He tried to take some of the blame upon himself; said that he had perhaps been less indulgent than he should have been, and so her affections had been more easily won from her home and duty—that he feared he had been a proud man—spiritually proud, but now he was more humble—and that his heavenly Father had allowed this thing in order to chasten him; the end had been obtained; he was a sickened old man, but could say, 'The will of God be done.' Therefore he besought his brethren not to cast her forth to her disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful and receive her back to the church. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive her; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would deal mercifully with her, and he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathising elders have received the stray lamb again without further humiliation to the broken-hearted old man; but it could not be. The ungodly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penalty must be exacted.

From the time of the church meeting, the poor man bent himself earnestly to strengthen his child's good purposes. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—nay to be—resigned and cheerful; he still continued to perform the office of deacon, though the erect gait and somewhat dignified consciousness of worth that had formerly distinguished him utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his cheek grew dim, his voice hollow, and his step more and more feeble.

It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so bravely, moving through the aisles of that old meeting-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burden. At last the mildew of grief began to wither up the memory of that good old man. When the first indications of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren yearned towards the poor deacon with a united feeling of deep commiseration. The day of Julia's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it was a sacramental one. The old deacon was getting very decrepit, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they permitted him to bear the silver cup around, filled with wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absent smile upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty, he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness overspread his face. The wine cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away, crying like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted man during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the happy boughs and picking up the withered green apples which the worms had eaten away from their unripe stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large sweetbriar bush, which grew in a corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting-house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be outraged in the house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is little wonder that even there his just wrath was for a moment kindled. The service began, and that erring girl listened to it as one in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed the Bible and sat down, the stillness made her start. A keen sense of her position came over her. She cast a frightened look toward the pulpit, and then sunk back pale and nervous. Her trembling hand wandered in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispering soothing words, and tenderly pressing the little hand that had so impudently besought her pity. Still the poor girl trembled and shrank in her seat, as if she would have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's confession shook violently in his hand as he unrolled it. Julia knew it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved work of the seat, and stood upright till the reading was finished, staring all the time wildly in the parson's face as if she wondered what it could be all about. She sat down again, pressed a hand over her eyes, and seemed asking God to give her strength. The minister descended from the pulpit, for there was another ceremony yet, a baptism of the infant. The gentle erring girl was to go up alone with the child of her shame, that it might be dedicated to God before the congregation. She arose with touching calmness, took the babe from her mother's arms, and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at first, and a keen sense of shame dyed her face and very hands, with a painful flush of crimson, but as she passed the pew where young Lee was sitting, an expression of proud anguish appeared on her countenance, her eyes filled with tears, and she walked steadily forward to the communion-table, in front of her father's seat. There was not a tearless eye in that congregation. Aged, stern men bowed their heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there. Young girls, careless, light-hearted creatures, who, never dreaming of the frailty of their own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now wept and sobbed to see her thus humbled. Young Lee became powerfully agitated; his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly, then turned very pale, and at last

he started up, flung open the pew door, and hurried up the aisle with a disordered, unnatural step.

'What name?' inquired the pastor, bending towards the young mother, as he took the child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee was by her side, and answered in a loud and stern voice, 'That of his father, James Lee.'

The trembling of the poor girl's frame was visible through the whole house; her hand dropped on the table, and she leant heavily on it for support, but did not look up. The minister dipped his hand into the antique china bowl, sprinkled the baby's forehead, and in a clear voice pronounced his name. A faint cry broke from the child as the cold drops fell on his face. The noise seemed to arouse all the hitherto unknown and mysterious feelings of paternity slumbering in the young father's heart. His eyes kindled, his cheek glowed, and impulsively he extended his arms and received the infant. His broad chest heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which the little creature raised smiling and full of wonder to his face. Lee bore his boy down the aisle, laid him gently on his astonished grandmother's lap, and returned to the pulpit again. Julia had moved a little, and, overcome with agitation, stood leaning against the railing of the pulpit. Lee bent his head and whispered a few earnest words, and held forth his hand. She stood for a moment like one bewildered, gave a doubtful troubled look into his eye, and laid her hand in his. He drew her gently to the table, and, in a respectful voice, requested the minister to commence the marriage service.

The pastor looked troubled and irresolute. The whole proceeding was so unexpected and strange, that even he lost all presence of mind. 'A punishment is necessary to our laws,' he said at length, casting a look at the deacon; but the old man remained motionless, with his hands clasped over the railing, and his head bowed upon them. Thinking him too much agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty, the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any one present had aught to say against a marriage between the two persons standing before him.

Every face in that church was turned on the deacon, but he remained silent, motionless, so the challenge was unanswered, and the minister felt compelled to proceed with the ceremony, for he remembered what was at first forgotten, that the pair had been published according to law, months before, when Lee had, without giving reasons, refused to fulfil his contract.

The brief but impressive ceremony was soon over; and with an expression of more true happiness than had ever been witnessed on his fine features before, Lee conducted his wife to her poor mother. The poor bride was scarcely seated when she buried her face in her handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears, which seemed as if it never would be checked.

The congregation went out. The young people gathered about the doors, talking over the late strange scene, while a few members lingered behind to speak with the deacon's wife before they left the church. Lee and his companions stood in their pew, looking anxiously towards the old man. There was something unnatural in his motionless position, which sent a thrill to the old matron's heart, and chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly turned to marble. The minister came down the pulpit stairs, and advanced to the old man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered fingers clasped over the railing; he turned pale, for the hand which he touched was cold and stiffened in death. The old man was feeble with grief, and when Lee appeared before him, his heart broke amid the rush of its feelings.

#### SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

Nobody can tell when sculpture had its origin; but, from the very antique specimens of it that exist, it is known to be one of the most ancient and elaborate of arts. The Greeks have a tradition that painting was originated in Sicyon—a city of Achaia. It is said that a young potter of that city was about to travel, and that his lover, in



order to preserve a semblance of his features, outlined them from his shadow cast upon the wall; but the trade of the young man demonstrates that modelling was understood in Greece before this time; and, consequently, by that accomplished people, sculpture was inferentially conceded the precedence of depicture. It is certain that amongst the oldest and most perfect remains of the nations of antiquity, are sculptures. In America sculpture of a high character is found in the wilderness, and attests the former existence of a people far advanced in civilisation, who are totally unknown to the historian or archaeologist. From the mounds of Nimroud and Kouyunjik colossal works in stone, of high artistic merit, even according to the modern standard of criticism, are being at this time exhumed, and are restoring to the world an idea of what was Mesopotamian art three thousand years ago. The earliest pictures of Egypt's battles were cut upon her everlasting granite. Graven images were the delight of the Assyrians, Phœnicians, and Greeks. Magnificent productions, from the chisel of ancient India, still exist in the loneliness and desolation of Elephanta. Etruria and Rome, if they no longer maintain distinctive political forms, still exist individually and tangibly in monumental stone and marble. Sculpture was probably the first branch of the 'serenely silent art,' and it certainly was the first that attained to general perfection amongst the ancients. The receipts of painting that we possess, executed previous to the days of Cimabue, an Italian painter, who lived in the thirteenth century, are all destitute of perspective and fore-shortening; while the statues of Phidias, and the other sculptures of ancient Greece, still retain the highest place in that department of art. The polytheism of the ancients found expression in poetry and sculpture. Tradition whispered her little stories about the heroes and fair damsels of the tribes; the poets elaborated and idealised those myths, and the sculptors gave them form. Thousands of images peopled the temples of those people, who had no idea of the moral attributes of God, but who, by this most magnificent vehicle of representative art, sought to inspire themselves with an idea of celestial majesty, and to impress their souls with the fullness of devotional awe. Sculpture never attained to any celebrity amongst the Jews. We see from Scripture that some of them must have acquired considerable skill in modelling amongst the Egyptians, or they would not have been able to make a golden calf in the wilderness. Yet the second commandment seems to have intermitted the art amongst that people, although it was meant only to prohibit superstitious idolatry; and Moes, and Bezaleel the wise and cunning workman, understood it so, for two cherubim of gold did Bezaleel make for the mercy seat of the tabernacle, and of this the Lawgiver approved. Sculpture decayed with the decadence of mythologic belief. When the parvis of the Pantheon was no longer thronged by the votaries of polytheism, this magnificent art threw down her brassy chisel, and left her desolate monuments amongst the debris of crumbling fane, that no longer possessed attractions for general worshippers. Painting may be said to have issued, with the early Christians of Rome, from the dark catacombs, and sculpture might be said to be in rapid declension at that period. The more rapid, expressive, effective, and facile art, superseded the grander and more majestic, and was employed to impress the ignorant, also, by operating in a new manner upon their imaginations through their senses. But few modern names occupy high places in the annals of sculpture. The art has scarcely known the renewed existence of two centuries; and the individuals who excelled in it amongst the modern Italians—Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, for instance—were also famous painters, which shows the feeble encouragement given to it as an independent art. The rescue from destruction, and the transportation to western Europe of many beautiful relics of Grecian sculpture, has caused a partial revival of the genius of that people. This revival has more of the spirit than of the character of Greek design. The patronage bestowed upon modern sculptors has led them

more to portraiture and sepulchral embellishment, than to ideal works, like those of the ancients; although it must be conceded that France has spent immense sums in the reproduction of famous statues, and in the encouragement of ideal statuary generally.

Amongst the most famous of those who have devoted themselves in these later days to the delineation of nature in marble, was Sir Francis Chantrey. This eminent artist began his career in poverty, and continued it for many years in obscurity. He succeeded, through perseverance and genius, in perfecting a style of chaste simplicity; and ultimately attained to fortune and to fame. The life of this great man has just been published by his friend George Jones, Esq., R.A.,\* and to that biography we are indebted for the facts of the following sketch.

Chantrey's history is one other glorious episode of the battle of life. Life destitute of obstacles, effort, struggles, and all those other accidents that call forth the latent activities of man, would be a mere unbroken circumstance, smooth as a sluggish stream, that neither wind ruffled nor rock broke into ripples, and uninteresting as it was undiversified. It is from its vicissitudes that it derives not only its dignity, but also the fullness of its moral beauty. Its sorrows call forth sympathetic tears; its cares develop the spirit that is to overcome them, and its obstacles produce the vigour that boldly overleaps them.

Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, in the year 1782. His father was a yeoman, who cultivated his little patrimonial property with his own hands, and who governed his family with intelligent care. He died when the future artist was only eight years of age; and as his wife re-entered the matrimonial state soon after his death, her son was left more to the indulgence of indefinite dreams, and of boyish idleness, than probably would have been the case had his father lived.

When Chantrey had attained his sixteenth year, his friends had determined to make a lawyer of him, and he was consequently about to be apprenticed to a legal practitioner in Sheffield. Love for the law seems to be a hereditary and progressive principle. A man like the grandfather of Alan Fairford, who has risen to be a town-clerk, dedicates his son Alexander, *con amore*, to the study of law, and sees him with pride ultimately stick his pen behind the ear of a notary, writer to the signet, or some such august personage, himself being that person. The pride of the profession progresses as the tin boxes, in Alexander the notary's office, and the guineas in his bureau, multiply; and with a hereditary bias, and an ambition duly stimulated by paternal precept, the boy Alan begins with pleasure to copy and cast up accounts. But who ever heard of a man with a poetic mind, and without hereditary bias, settling down quietly, and becoming a willing and great lawyer? Even Sir Walter Scott, who imbibed from his father this professional tendency to law, was never eminent in that respect, because of the seductive influences of his imagination and fancy. Chantrey had no love for the business to which he was to be bound, although his aptitude was of the first order. Some wood-carvings that he had seen in the workshop of an artificer in Sheffield incited him to rebel against the decision of his relatives. He would be a workman with gouge and chisel, not with pen and red tape; and his guardians being at last obliged to accede to his imperative desire, he was forthwith placed with Mr Ramsay, wood-carver in Sheffield, and left to the resources of his own talents for a maintenance. During his apprenticeship, Chantrey contracted an acquaintance with Mr Raphael Smith, the distinguished draughtsman in crayon; and, being freely admitted to that gentleman's study, he was impressed, from seeing him paint, with a desire of engaging in some higher branch of art than wood-carving. With this idea strong in his mind, he laid his whole worldly wealth, fifty pounds, at the feet of Mr Ramsay, with which he purchased the last six months of his apprenticeship; and, with only a little

\* Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his life, practice, and opinions. By GEORGE JONES, R.A. London: Edward Moxon.

borrowed money, his own energy, ability, and the profession he had acquired in a provincial town, he launched the bark of his fortune in the ocean of London. He began his career in the city as an assistant wood-carver, studying those higher branches of art to which his mind impelled him as the necessities of life gave him leisure. With portrait-painting he intermitted the carving of wood, and these portraits often were executed gratuitously. They were memorials of the artist's friendship, and they were the stepping-stones of practice in his noble career. Unable to fix himself in a permanent residence, Chantrey moved about for a few years from place to place, painting and carving for a subsistence, and modelling from love of art; and in the year 1808 he attracted considerable notice from the exhibition of his first imaginative work, the head of Satan. After this evidence of his genius had met the public gaze, he was employed to execute a monument to the memory of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, vicar of Sheffield. His employers were so distrustful of his ability to execute this design in marble, that they constrained him to perform the work in Sheffield.

In the year 1811, Chantrey formed a matrimonial alliance with his cousin Miss Wale, who brought him ten thousand pounds. With this sum he was enabled to pay off some debts, purchase a house and ground sufficient for the erection of tenements necessary for his profession, and to buy marble. This application of his money showed the artist's hope and confidence, and yet at the time it seemed a precarious investment, for during the first eight years of his career in this line, he did not gain five pounds. It was only when he had been introduced to Horne Tooke at Wimbledon, by his old Sheffield friend, Mr Raphael Smith, that the sun of professional prosperity dawned on him. The execution of that celebrated politician's bust procured him commissions to the amount of twelve thousand pounds, amongst which might be enumerated the four colossal busts of Admirals Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and Nelson, now in Greenwich Hospital. Chantrey's first price for a bust was 80 guineas, which sum rose to 100; in three years afterwards to 120 and 150, which prices were maintained to 1822, when he charged 200; and, finally, George IV. insisted that for his bust at least 300 guineas should be demanded.

The life of Chantrey beyond his studio was as commonplace as that of anybody else. A journey to Paris in 1815, to behold the statues of the Louvre, and the usual artistical tour through parts of Italy, comprehending the more remarkable events of the great artist's general history. In Rome, however, he surveyed and admired the works of those who are dead to the world, but who are immortal in the world of genius; and he became known and attached to his two great contemporaries, Canova and Thorwaldsen.

There are two aspects in which all distinguished men appear; those of the familiar and the professional—the aspect of the man, and the aspect of the famous man. In the latter we see nothing but the dazzling, brilliant characteristics of an individual; in the former we look at all the known characteristics of his being. Sometimes the famous man is all the imagination could conceive, and all that the worshipper of genius could desire to glorify, while within the radiant circle of that fame, there often resides, in obscure, views of character which the virtuous detest. Chantrey's whole character, however, was a harmony. As an artist, the chaste and simple in nature were the models for his imitation, and his works attest how nearly he approached in execution to his ideal. As a man of the world, the strictest principles of honour regulated his business; while kindness, benevolence, and simplicity characterized his connection with the poor and the struggling meritorious, and the most generous and noble feelings regulated his friendships. His elevated taste, which has sometimes been designated too severe, discarded as much as possible the adventitious and decorative in sculpture. He would not willingly admit any ornament into his works that tended in the least to detract from the chaste simplicity of his design, and all subsidiary accessories that did not maintain a visible relation to the principal object

he rigorously excised. For the works of the great masters of antiquity he had the highest veneration, but his acute, free, discriminative mind, did not bow down in blind adoration to them. That they were the most perfect examples of art extant he readily allowed, but he held that there were parts of these celebrated works to be avoided as well as parts to be imitated. They had imitated parts of nature, and then had combined those parts into an ideal of perfection; but nature, the really perfect, is always producing models that are superior to the Greek ideal, and, while taking lessons in art, or imitation from antique models, the student should never forget that nature is alive with superior models still, to him who believes that the mission of art is to faithfully portray nature. In his intercourse with his brother artists and friends, Chantrey was distinguished for vivacity, jocularly, and considerate kindness of disposition. His jokes were never unpalatable to even the sourest of his acquaintances, and this may show that manner gives the sting to sallies of criticism, as much as matter. The fine open countenance of Chantrey, with his beautifully expressive eyes and mouth, disarmed every one who might have sought for ill-nature in his light hearted allusions. These allusions, however, never were meant to pain, and their rare merit was, that they never pained. Chantrey's connection with the Royal Institution of London was scarcely that of a student. His studies had been so irregular and short in that academy, that he had never even formed any acquaintance with its members. When, however, the honours of his profession were laid upon his brow by the Institution, he was attracted to it by feelings of respect, as well as sympathy, and ultimately so attached did he become to it, and so high was his respect for the artists who constituted the body, that he ultimately left the bulk of his fortune to the trusteeship of the Committee for the Promotion of the Fine Arts.

The following anecdotes from the biography of Chantrey, by Mr Jones, give a lively picture of the great sculptor, and show the kindly and familiar character of the intimacy which subsisted between the members of the Institution:—“Constable, in a letter to a friend, describing the varnishing days previous to the exhibition of 1826, writes—‘Chantrey loves painting, and is always up stairs; he works now and then on my pictures: yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me, and was off.’—Some years after this, he was seen to glaze the foreground of Constable's picture of Hadleigh Castle with asphaltum; and the artist, with some anxiety, said, loud enough for Chantrey to hear him, ‘There goes all my dew.’ A bystander asked the sculptor if he would allow Constable to use the chisel upon one of his busts, and he replied, ‘Yes.’ The cases, however, were not parallel, as the asphaltum could be, as indeed it was, removed by Constable from the picture.—At a public dinner where his health had been drunk, Constable told him that he should have made a speech instead of merely returning thanks, when Chantrey replied, ‘How many persons do you think were in the room who thought me a fool for not speaking? and how many would have thought me a fool if I had spoken?’—The sculptor's jokes with Turner, during the preparation for the exhibition, were continual. He heard that the great artist was using some water-colour; he went up to his picture of Cologne, and drew with a wet finger a great cross on the sail of a vessel, when, to his regret and surprise, he found that he had removed a considerable quantity of glazing colour. However, Turner was not discomposed, and only laughed at the temerity of the sculptor, and repaired the mischief.’

The following touching story illustrates a noble element of Chantrey's soul, spontaneous generosity, and exhibits a delicacy of feeling that is as rare as it is admirable:—“An intimate friend of his visited Rome some years ago, and as his means of expenditure were very limited, Chantrey thought his want of money might preclude him from the extent of information he might wish to acquire by travel and research; the sculptor adopted the following

mode to prevent that deficiency: His friend received a visit, whilst in Rome, from one of the firm of Torlonia, by whom he was advised to purchase objects of antiquity and art. These suggestions, from a banker, surprised the traveller, who frankly confessed that, if he had the inclination, he had not the supplies requisite for such purposes; on which the banker told him that he might draw on their house for one thousand pounds. This seemed quite a mistake, until, after some discussion respecting the offer, the denial of such credit by the artist, and the affirmation of its existence by the banker, it appeared that Chantrey had placed that sum in the hands of Torlonia for the express and entire use of his friend.—No one who knew him intimately could have a slender affection for the man. This act of friendship was deeply felt; and the traveller, to prove his willingness to be obliged, drew one hundred pounds. But here the matter did not end. The artist had entrusted to the care of the sculptor a collection of his own drawings, which Chantrey showed to the Duke of Sussex, to amuse his royal highness whilst he was sitting for his bust, as well as to exhibit the talent of his friend; and, in a letter to Rome, he tells him this circumstance, adding, 'I am sure the duke will buy some of your works.'—Time passed; the traveller returned, and hastened to see his friend, and gratefully to pay his pecuniary obligation, which, when Chantrey learned was a hundred pounds, he said, 'No; keep it. I am five pounds in your debt, for the duke has taken four of your drawings at twenty-five guineas each.' This was well: and time passed for many, yet too few, years; for at the death of the kind-hearted, the generous Chantrey, the drawings which the artist was led to believe were in the hands of his royal highness, were found hidden among Chantrey's private papers, while the story was unknown to any one; and Lady Chantrey has the drawings among the innumerable testimonies of her husband's generosity.

Amidst the prosperity and elevation of his own fortune this gifted man ever retained the keenest sympathy for those less fortunate. He never forgot the progress of his own success, and often made his career the subject of serious and thankful conversation.

Chantrey's excellence in his art did not detract from his excellence in other departments of knowledge. He was an eminent painter, draughtsman, architect, and mechanic; he was a proficient in geology, chemistry, and optics, as well as the exact sciences; an adept at field and river sports; and he was also fond of declaring that, when young, on his father's farm, he had mowed an acre of grass in a day, and in the same duration of time had thrashed a quarter of corn.

Chantrey's works in bronze and marble are distributed throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, before the Royal Exchange, London, which is much admired for its simplicity and grace, was executed in bronze by Chantrey; and in Edinburgh the bronze statues of George IV. and Pitt bear witness to his genius. The artist always had an aversion, however, to works in bronze, and his taste must be commended by all who prefer a lively effect; but still, in his bronze statues, he has triumphed over the negative effect of the vehicle. The statue of George IV. in Edinburgh was originally executed to be placed against a wall, and consequently its mal-adaptation for its present position cannot be charged against the artist. His marble busts and groups adorn the seats of every nobleman of taste in England, and the latter are all characterised by chaste simplicity and beauty.

At the age of fifty-seven years the fine physical powers of this highly gifted and universally beloved man suddenly gave way. His eye lost its brilliancy, his step its elasticity, and his fine mouth was no longer wreathed in smiles, or contracted with its former firmness. He retained, however, his mental clearness and vigour to the last; and, still hoping to regain the nerve that had borne him up the ladder of fame and fortune, he suddenly died in November 1841.

The author of the volume formerly referred to, a

brother artist and a bosom friend of Chantrey, concludes his 'Recollections' of the great sculptor with the following affectionate remarks:—'His friend, Mr Jones, the keeper of the Royal Academy, called at his house on Thursday the 25th of November, 1841, between five and six o'clock, and was pressed to dine; but as this was not in his power, Chantrey walked with him part of the way towards Trafalgar Square; during the walk Chantrey complained of a slight pain in his stomach, but made some jokes on his friend suspecting that the pain was cholic. At parting opposite to Buckingham Palace, Mr Jones advised him to get into a cab, or, if he preferred walking, offered to return with him, but with another joke he struck his stick firmly in the ground, quitted his friend nearly as the clock told seven—at nine Chantrey had ceased to be. If the pen of an affectionate friend could describe perfection in confidence and attachment, it should be done; but as that is impossible, that friend may be allowed to record, that Chantrey was in friendship so tender, affectionate, and confiding, as to be, by those he loved, all but idolised—to the world unbounded in generous and unostentatious liberality—and, when misconduct or injustice imposed on his credulity, took no revenge beyond neglect.'

### WOMAN'S SABBATH MISSION.

Mightier far

Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distress'd,  
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

Wordsworth.

'What is strong?

God's breath within the soul.—Hemans.

As the summer dews, distilling

Gently, raise the drooping flower,  
All its buds with beauty filling,  
All its leaves with health and power:

So the Sabbath rest to woman  
Comes with healing virtue fraught:  
Heavenly dew on flow'ret human,  
By her angel watches brought.

Men, like pines that brave the thunder,  
Through life's crushing storms may rise—  
But their funeral shadow under,  
Who could see the blessed skies?

Love's bright hopes and fancies cheerful  
Never there would seek repose—  
Such is man—stern, gloomy, fearful,  
When no Sabbath rest he knows.

Earth's Circéan pleasures blind him—  
Mind, the thrall of sense, is bowed—  
Superstition's dark robes bind him  
Heavy as an iron shroud.

But o'er woman's gentler nature,  
Finer sense, and purer soul,  
Moulded by an angel stature,  
Earth has never held control.

When she sinn'd, 'twas Wisdom tempted,  
Earnest purpose God to scan;  
This is why she lives exempted  
From the toil imposed on man.

He must work—the world subduing  
Till it blooms like Eden bright;  
She must watch—his faith renewing  
From her urn of Eden light.

Thus of her was promise given,  
And by her the Saviour came;  
Man's first thought, first hope of heaven,  
Mingles with his mother's name.

Never will he hear another  
Word of human origin,  
Which has power, like this of mother  
To restrain his soul from sin.

As the wandering seaman turneth  
Ever to one steadfast star,  
So the mother's love-light burneth  
O'er her son, or near or far.

To the Sabbath's holy altar  
'Tis her hand that leads him first;  
Of the strong man's soul would falter,  
But for faith in boyhood nursed.

When, her day of trial ended,  
In the sheltering grave she lies,  
Still with heaven her image blended,  
Draws him upward to the skies.

Then the wife, in angel seeming,  
Clasps his weary, toiling hand,  
With her love his lot redeeming,  
Ever by his side to stand.

When life's flood of cares he bideth,  
And dark clouds his vision fill,  
She his sad eye onward guideth,  
Where hope's sunshine resteth a'ill:

Sunshine that is darkened never,  
If our heavenly watchers come,  
And they minister wherever  
Pious woman has her home:

Their sweet tones her spirit hearth,  
Their soft eyes illumine her path;  
This is why so meek she beareth  
Want and sorrow, pain and death.

Man, thy arm with strength is gifted,  
And thy will the world can bind—  
But, with power and pride uplifted,  
Wouldst thou canonise the mind?

Grant thee learning, wealth, and talents—  
Life immortal will they give?  
'Tis the heart that holds the balance—  
Love alone in heaven will live.

Ay, and love, o'er earth extended,  
Must the sovereign sceptre sway,  
Ere the reign of sin is ended,  
Ere the just enjoy their day.

Thou who, calm, Heaven's will awaitest,  
On thy heart these counsels bind:  
Gentlest things work changes greatest—  
Truth, when pure, is ever kind.

Where a slave the woman liveth,  
Slaves the mass of men must be;  
Where no rest the Sabbath giveth,  
Never can the soul be free.

Wouldst thou draw the angels nearer?  
Make the woman's lot more blest:  
Wouldst thou read Heaven's wisdom clearer?  
Holier keep the Sabbath rest.

Mrs S J HALP.

## WATERLOO, THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

### CHAP. II.

IMMEDIATELY on entering Waterloo, one is assailed by the guides. In general they are lean, tall men, with robust figures, clear and keen eyes, dressed in a style altogether military, and fluent also of speech; but this fluency is marred by a mannerism which they have contracted from constantly repeating the same language. They are professed reciters of poetry—poor poetry! from their lips it bears no spirit of emotion. There are three classes of guides—the French, English, and German. When a stranger appears, his nationality is easily determined, and his countryman is allowed to monopolise him. The English guides gain much more than the French guides, whose profits, however, are much more considerable than those of the Germans. The reason is obvious; the French visit Waterloo less than the English, and the Germans least of all. At one period you could not obtain

a guide for less than ten francs; now they are content with five, and even three. Most of them recollect the battle of Waterloo, in which they took a part, not as soldiers, but as gravediggers. Willingly or by force, they, their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, dug, during more than eight days, ditches, into which were precipitated ninety thousand corpses. It was a little before harvest, and the crops were lost—on the following summer they were magnificent!

We alighted at the Hotel of Mont St Jean, one of the most considerable of the country, and we were introduced into an apartment on the ground floor, composed of two parts. With a taste, the diplomatic correctness of which neither escaped my English companion nor myself, mine host of Mont St Jean had ornamented the walls of his saloon with prints, in which every opinion found its representative. If a Frenchman becomes indignant for a moment, as he beholds Wellington on horseback, with a glass of champagne in his hand, which he seems disposed to empty to the honour of his victory, he is immediately appeased at the sight of a plate of Napoleon as conqueror at Ulm. If, in looking at that picture, the German feels the patriotic wrath rising in his heart, a profile of Blucher, and a plaster portrait of the Prince of Orange, placed beside each other, calms his troubled breast, and causes even Napoleon to be respected, with his glass and frame. In short, if the tea which you are about to drink is served in a tea-urn, decorated with golden eagles, volant, on a field of azure, the surface of the stand, upon which that provoking urn is placed, displays, in all her Britannic grace, the portrait of Queen Victoria.

The Hotel of Mont St Jean, of a construction long anterior to 1815, occupies a spot, the heights round which the bullets and broken iron of artillery ploughed without cessation during the whole brunt of the engagement. It happened to be placed between the two contending armies, and became a bridge of fire, which no traveller but one could cross, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and that traveller was death.

I shall never forget the recital of an old inhabitant of the place, who entered our room and seated himself at our table. I had questioned him about the terrible 18th of June, which he had too intimately seen—a niece of iron shot having shivered the window of the farmhouse where he had placed himself to watch the *mêlée*.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'there was so much iron in the air that, do you know, a fly would have been crushed between two bullets if it had dared to traverse our village. When I found that it would not do for me to stay longer in the Grange, where I had planted myself,' continued the old Belgian peasant, 'I fled here for refuge, hoping to be amongst my friends—yes, friends! But all had fled. Old and young had run away to Nivelles, to Frischermont, into the fields, and I do not know where.'

'Was there nobody left?' said I.

'Ah,' replied he, 'there was one woman here, in this inn—beautiful and young, and dressed like a lady. I asked through what needlehole she had passed to reach this place. Here she was, where she had been all day, sitting, with her head hanging down, like a blooming pear-tree that the wind had cast to the ground, and with her arms crossed on her breast.'

'And what did she say?' I inquired, with interest.

'Nothing, for I did not know English, and she knew nothing else, it seemed. From time to time she would rise, like some dreamer, and would go to that window to see if the battle was finished. It was not finished for all that, do you know? It rained in torrents, without intermission; it became black and red. The blackness was that of nature, the red was the fire and flame of cannon. The good God and the devil seemed each to play a part that made the world tremble. It seemed as if God sought to drown out the red bolts of battle with water, and as if the fiend of darkness seemed mad at His benign purpose. Towards four o'clock the 'reds,' the British, passed before the door, crying that all was lost. I did not understand them, but I saw and guessed. Thirty pieces of cannon were playing

right behind them, and they fell by hundreds, at every step; those who came behind had to walk upon a pavement of corpses, upon which they also fell. I saw about six rows of bodies piled one above the other, in less time than it would take me to drink a glass of *farò*. Marshal Ney, with three generals under his command, at the head of three columns, had pursued the English from Haye Sainte. There was one Englishman, however, who remained during most of the battle at the foot of a tree—that was Wellington. He was there morning, noon, and night. From this same spot he twice saw the defeat and finally the triumph of his army, without exhibiting any more emotion than did the tree against which he leant his back. All his army had run howling with terror to Brussels, where the burgomaster had already prepared a silver plate on which to present the keys of the city to the emperor Napoleon. But he would not leave Mont St Jean, where he was certainly so much needed. In their retreat the English had thrown as many as they could of their dead and wounded into that room, by its two windows, as if they had been nothing more than little pieces of wood. The 'reds' seemed like the fragments of men, stretched, all torn and bloody, where we now are. Well, believe me, that young woman turned those gashed corpses on their backs, and looked intently at them; and when she had done so, she was constrained to retreat from that apartment, in order to escape from the water and blood, which had reached her knees. She then entered that other apartment there, which was then as now a kitchen, and she leant against that chimney. She was very pale, for the wounded were crying much; then they cried less; then they ceased to cry at all. Then came down the rain again, and mingled with the showers of iron. Two hours afterwards, the redcoats returned, not crying this time that all was lost. They passed through Mont St Jean, before this house, marching to their deaths with their cannon and their horses. The woman drew near to the window, still very pale, to see them pass; and when they were gone, she seated herself upon the window-sill, and stretched forward her head, as if to see if anything else was coming. It did come—a hurricane of shot and a deluge of rain. 'Mademoiselle,' said I to her, 'you will be killed if you remain there.' She said to me, 'No, no, no.' I then believed that she understood something. At night the sound of battle ceased, and then a fair-haired young officer of the 'reds' appeared, and, rushing into his arms, the young lady embraced him for a quarter of an hour. The young man, who seemed very cheerful, spoke much, but the young woman did not speak, although she seemed also very well content. Ah, well, during the two days that they remained at Mont St Jean, she never spoke a word. Her emotion during the day of battle had destroyed her power of speech.

'Oh, I know that story,' said the English lady whose eight brothers had fallen at Waterloo; 'that was Lady Poole, who for love had followed her cousin, a lieutenant in the corps of General Picton. She was married shortly after the battle, and had several children, but she never recovered her speech.' Immediately she added, changing her tone and looking at her watch, 'It is time to go and weep for my brothers.'

She rose to go, I rose also, but I did not judge it expedient to propose that we should accompany each other towards the scenes that had attracted us both hither. Although an equal curiosity had drawn us to the field, the same mode of thought had not been apportioned to us. It would have been necessary for me to have largely exercised the hypocrisy of politeness, and sometimes that hypocrisy is impossible. My personal instinct taught me to comprehend a little the different feelings of those who were drawn to Waterloo. Everybody conceives, whatever may be their intimacy in the world, that there is a necessity, a duty imposed upon them to go each to his own side when he touches the threshold of this temple of slaughter. Here nationality talks loudly; here it awakens in all its strength, and takes the name of religion. This separation of ideas operates very naturally; for one party

comes to think of conquerors, the other to evoke martyrs. Even the guides will not consent, without great repugnance, to conduct an Englishman and Frenchman simultaneously over the field. They are constrained, and this paralyses their usual oratory.

At the door of the Hotel of Mont St Jean we met, besides our guides, the beggars of the country, and the venders of eagles and other false relics. My education was complete, however; I saluted the eagles with profound respect, but I did not purchase any; and, preceded by my guide, I took the way to the Mountain of the Lion, by the sole and only path by which it can be reached, the street and highway. At the end of that street, one sees the farmhouse of Mont St Jean, a strongly built country dwelling, of which the British made an hospital during the battle. Madame Roland, from the heights of the scaffold, cried, as she looked at the statue of Liberty, raised in the Place de la Revolution, 'O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!' With a recollection of these words, I murmured, before the Grange of Mont St Jean, where, according to the report of Major Hackett, were amputated, in one day, more than twelve hundred limbs and five hundred arms—'O Glory, how many members have been sacrificed in thy name!'

From certain houses, on the right and left of the long street of Mont St Jean, young girls now and again come tripping very coquettishly, to offer you albums filled with views and letterpress descriptions of the most remarkable places, made illustrious by the awful deeds of that great day. If you are French, they are provided with French works for your acceptance. These hawkers are everywhere—upon every little hill—in every ravine—at the foot of the two funeral monuments, which you may now perceive—and at the summit of the Mount of the Lion. It is a rough employment, after all. They have neither shelter from the heavy rains nor from the ardent sunbeams; and they thank you with as much courtesy for refusing to purchase their little books as when you do buy.

We reached the extremity of the village of Mont St Jean, and immediately at that point where the battle was most hotly contested. At this spot there are two simple monuments, erected on the right and left of the road where the armies met, and to the memory of those who toiled and bled for the success of that day, and who never felt one thrill of joy over the bloody triumph. On the 18th of June, an enormous barricade stood where each of those monuments now stands. The monument to the right has been erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon, aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington. It is a very simple tomb of blue stone, surmounted by a fluted column, and is entirely surrounded by an iron railing of spears. The monument to the left has more of grandeur, without losing the simplicity that generally appertains to that sort of funeral monuments. It is in the form of a pyramid, with a large basement, and is dedicated by the officers of the German Legion to their Hanoverian brethren in arms who fell on the 18th of June, 1815. It bears, upon three of the façades, the names of the officers who were killed; and upon the fourth the following English inscription—'To the memory of their companions in arms, who gloriously fell on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, this monument is erected by the officers of the king's German Legion.' These two monuments, from their isolated and obscure positions, indicate the changes which have occurred since 1815 upon the ground where the battle of Waterloo was fought. It is so little what it then was, that Wellington, when revisiting the field several years after the carnage, exclaimed, 'They have spoilt my Waterloo!'

In going from Haye Sainte to Mont St Jean, the earth forms a double escarpment, which is traversed by the road to Charleroy. To construct the Mountain of the Lion, the architects were constrained to take the earth from these two mounds; and the ground, diminished by this means in thickness, has begun to fall considerably, leaving the two monuments on each side of the road to mark its ancient level. Thus the spot where the carnage raged is

all its fury—where the belching showers of the cannon were most certain and decisive—where blood flowed most copiously, and death revelled most terrifically—where victory and defeat left their most stern imprints—that memorable arena has disappeared. They have raised it several feet, then built a mount upon it, in the form of an inverted barrel, a pillar about two hundred feet in height, and about seven hundred in circumference. It may be said, without the charge of exaggeration, that that monstrous and fantastic construction has been formed of human bones, and petrified with human blood, from its base to its summit. It inspires men with fear, Frenchmen with horror, and artists with pity and contempt.

On a lower elevation than the tomb of Sir Alexander Gordon, and at the same angle of the escarpment of which I have recounted the geological vicissitudes, one might have seen, until within a few years, the tree under which Wellington remained during the time of the battle. It was impossible to be more exposed. Twice during that terrible day he was separated from his staff, and found himself in the midst of the shouting French cavalry on all sides. Several English speculators bought the tree, and, after they had imported it to London, sold it in the form of chairs and tables. It is probable that they are making a great stock of furniture from it to this day, and that, like the cane of Voltaire, and the pen which signed the deed of abdication at Fontainebleau, there will be no end of it.

The distance between the monuments of which we have spoken and the Mound of the Lion is very small. In clearing it, one has to cross a ravine, into which the French and English rolled more than once pell-mell, with their horses, when marching into the field. In winter this road would be impracticable. The species of majesty with which distance invests this vast mound of earth gradually vanishes as you approach its base. The gigantic dwindles down to the grotesque, and one soon sees that it is no more than a mountain of Belgic manufacture—a travesty of nature. If it were not for the beautiful mantle of grass which is spread over its deformed cone, the eye could not for an instant support the spectacle; the vegetation softens its features and gives repose to its aspect, if taste and good feeling revolt at its character. It requires some courage to face the 252 steps which have been dug in the side of that mountain. Conquerors and conquered are equal before that narrow and threatening stair, which stretches before you like the mast of a ship. The only support offered you is a rope, attached to the extremities of some shaky piles. This support is constantly trembling below your hand, and the feet often slip upon the broken and displaced steps. It is absolutely necessary to make one bold rush up, lest you should find yourself brought to a stand on a slippery inclined plane. The rapidity of the ascent neutralises this part of the danger. On reaching the top, puffing and exhausted, one finds the irregular platform much too narrow for the number of visitors who come to stand on it. There is scarcely a margin of two steps between the flat square under the basement of the monument and the verge of the mountain. On account of the strong wind that keeps constantly blowing up there, one is always exposed to be precipitated to the bottom, and nervous people act wisely who renounce the idea of that aerial journey. The base which supports the lion is of that perpetual blue stone, so common in Belgium. It is composed of three steps, each three feet high. This basement supports a square block, about eighteen or twenty feet high, on the summit of which stands the lion, and on the side of which is this simple inscription—'XVIII JUNÆ, MDCCCXV.' Upon account of the diverse points that intervene, and the narrowness of the platform, one cannot tell from the foot of the monument whether the lion has four feet or not, nor can you easily distinguish its head from its tail. It is not bronze, as several travellers have said, but iron bronzed, and its paw rests upon a great ball of the same metal. It was cast at Seraing, in the foundry of the celebrated M. Cockerill. The thing does not merit any notice as a work of art; it is a complete failure.

## THE WILD ROSE.

THE sun was going down, after having travelled all day long through the blue sky. I walked into the green fields to enjoy the cool breeze of evening, and wandered till I reached a mossy bank by which a rippling brook gently flowed. I threw myself down under a bush of wild roses that crested the bank, and looked upon the sunlit clouds that glowed in the distant west. The gentle breath of the rising night breeze played around me, and I thought that the fragrant odours that it wafted to me from the rose-bush formed themselves into words. I listened—for the voice of trees and flowers is sweet to me. 'This has been a sad day for me,' said the rose: 'listen, and I will tell you why. It is about three months ago, when my first buds were just springing forth, that I saw a youth of noble mien come walking through yonder meadow. His hair was brown, and hung in waving locks around his manly countenance. A smile played upon his cheek, and from his eyes gushed forth glances of the most tender love and affection, as he gazed upon the fair form of her who leaned upon his arm. I cannot describe her to you. It was not because her features were such as would enchant a sculptor, although they were 'passing fair'; it was not because her figure was the perfection of form, that I felt such delight in gazing upon her; but because in the expression of her face you read the happiness and goodness of a loving heart—because from her eyes there beamed innocence and confiding faith. They came nearer; they sat down where you now sit. The pale violets sent up sweeter fragrance as they looked upon the loving pair; a blush of gladness overspread the petals of my opening flowers. They spoke, and their voices sounded like sweet harmonies: for they spoke of love, and how, when they were united, they would spend their lives. She spoke, too, of the joy they both would feel in serving her aged mother, who was looking forward with such hopeful joy to their approaching union. She plucked a few violets and yellow primroses to show her that spring had already visited the fields. I gladly gave him of my buds to add to the simple nosegay. The sun set, and whilst the clouds gleamed brightly in his rays, the two gazed silently upon their beauty, as if in silent prayer. They rose, and gently returned to yon busy town. I felt glad at heart that such beauteous beings were denizens of this world, and as the twinkling stars climbed up the blue heights of heaven, I thought of them till I fell asleep. Day by day I looked out for that happy pair, but July came before I saw them again. One day I caught sight of them coming slowly down the gentle slope of the hill. As they came nearer I thought the maiden's step was not so light as when before they visited me. Ere she reached me, she stopped, it seemed as if to rest. When she came nearer, I saw a sad change in her sweet face. When last she sat beneath my shade, the colour of her cheek reminded me of the last blush that glows upon a white fleecy cloud, when the sun has already set, and the glories of her descent are quickly dying away. Now she was pale—very pale, save where a hectic flush burned, and a strange light gleamed in her eye, that had looked so soft and mild before. Anxiety, too, was marked upon the brow of the youth, and I thought I saw a shudder pass through his frame as with a sharp cough she sat down upon the bank complaining of exhaustion. Most tenderly he spoke to her. He feared they had walked too far; it was selfish in him to forget, beguiled by her sweet voice, that she was not quite strong. She smiled, and ridiculed his fears; but while yet the sun was high in the heavens they returned homeward, fearing to stay till the cool air of the night should come upon them. I felt very sad, and when morning came, it found my leaflets bedewed with tears. . . . To-day I saw the youth come silently and slowly down the hill. He passed over that little footbridge which crosses the brook, and flung himself upon the bank beneath me with a groan. He was clothed in black, but his countenance would have told me, even without that, that she who had made his heart glad with her love had left him. He looked up at me; there was no tear in his eye. I trembled—the withered leaves of my last flower

fell upon his brow. He held them in his hand and looked upon them, but his thoughts seemed far distant. I breathed gently in his ear that the Good Spirit who planted me, sent rain and sunshine to nourish me, and when the seed fell from my drooping flowers, it fell into the earth, but in the spring-time it came forth again, rejoicing in new life. A tear welled forth from his eye, he clasped his hands and turned his gaze on high, and passed on. Well may I be sad, for the lovely ones of the earth fade like its flowers.'

The rose-tree was silent. The shades of night had fallen upon me; I arose sick at heart, for all must die. The stars came forth in their brilliancy, and I thought again and rejoiced, for night and darkness must come ere infinity can be revealed to us.

### Original Poetry.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

'Out of darkness the light cometh, and the sun breaks through stormiest clouds.'

Is it thus God deals with His weak ones,  
Weakening them more,  
And for ever increasing the burdens  
That bowed them before?

Are His buffetings all for the tender,  
And none for the strong?  
Must the minor of suffering ever  
Be heard in our song?

Hush! sad soul, and cease thy complainings;  
Art thou, then, so wise  
As to know all the good from the evil?  
In gratitude rise,

And thank God for heart trouble. Not always  
In anger 'tis sent,  
But oft-times in mercy to bow us,  
Till, in penitence bent,

From the depths of our sorrow, uplifting  
Our tear-blinded eyes,  
We catch, shining down through the darkness,  
A glimpse of the skies!

Sad soul, art thou press'd nigh to breaking?  
Be trustful and calm;  
For the Lord of the storm and the whirlwind  
Will shield thee from harm.

The sky may seem shut to thy praying,  
And heaven be unknown,  
But the dawn of a new day shall show thee  
Thyself at the throne!

FRANK E. MILLER.

### THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

#### CHAP. VI.

AUTUMN followed summer—roses and lilies gave place in Bessy's nosegays to marigolds and asters; these grew fewer and fewer, but still she managed to gather together enough for her purpose, and every fine day found her at her post, where she was now known and looked for, by those who were regular passers-by. She had seldom much trouble in disposing of the contents of her little basket, and when it was emptied, she made the best of her way home again, and deposited her small earnings in their destined corner. Her hoard might have been much larger, for many were the halfpence and even the six-pences, which the passers-by, interested by her appearance, and pitying her infirmity, had endeavoured to press upon her. But she constantly refused to accept anything beyond the price of her little bouquet. Many laughed at, some remonstrated with her, but it was in vain. She would have felt ashamed to return to her mother, if her purse had contained anything but what she considered her legitimate earnings, and she was steady in her resistance.

Her absences from home were seldom long, but her mother was always glad when she was in the house again; and as the time at which she usually returned drew near, Mrs. Williams would often lay down her work, and look out anxiously, and the appearance of the little girl's face would be a relief, though she scarcely knew what she dreaded.

One morning in the middle of October, the sun shone as brightly as it had done in midsummer, and Bessy thought, as she tied up some beautiful dahlias, which Mr. Merton had given her, that she should have many more nosegays yet, for who could believe winter at hand, such glorious weather as this! She enjoyed the soft breeze and the warm sunshine, which made her feel as if summer had come back again, after the rain and wind they had had for the last few days; and when out of doors, her pleasure was so great that she had wandered much farther than she was accustomed to do before she thought of returning. She had reached the town when she became sensible that she was in the midst of unusual bustle. She had occasionally, though not often, rambled so far as this, but never before had she met so many people as now hurried past. It seemed to Bessy as if all the inhabitants of the town were hurrying out of it with one consent, and she began to think it was high time she was at home again, for she always disliked a bustle, and the idea of being alone in a crowd was terrible to her. She turned round accordingly, and as she went the same way that every one else did at first, she got on very well. While she was wondering what they were all after, a party of children went by, talking and laughing gaily, and a little girl amongst them, struck by the beauty of Bessy's last remaining nosegay, stopped and asked her what she would sell it for. The rest were seemingly impatient of the delay, for they urged their little companion to be quick about her purchase.

'What you want with flowers just now, Lizzy, I can't think,' said a boy, who seemed most eager to proceed; 'they will be here directly now.'

Bessy inquired who were coming, and what all the bustle was about.

'Why, can't you read child!' answered the impatient young gentleman; 'look at that bill over your head with letters almost as big as you are, 'Grand Equestrian Troop! Will enter the town in procession'—can't you read for yourself?'

'How can she read it, James,' said Lizzy, who was diving into her pocket to find her halfpence; 'how can she read it when she's quite blind.'

'No! is she though? so she is! Poor little girl! Well, my dear, the horse riders are coming in, and we want to see them. Come, Lizzy, haven't you done? Hark, there's the drum! I shall stay no longer!' And away they all darted, leaving Bessy in a state of complete confusion and amazement. And now she too heard the drum, and other instruments besides, and soon a full band, which approached rapidly, and then all the people seemed to turn back again, and instead of being carried along by the stream, she was met and hindered by it. At any other time she would have been delighted with the music, of which, like most of the blind, she was passionately fond, but now she could pay no attention to it. Jostled as she was by the increasing crowd, she soon ceased to endeavour to make her way homewards, and submitted to be carried along by the rest in the direction in which they were all hastening. Her alarm and distress were however greater than can readily be imagined, and she was uttering bitter cries and lamentations, when she felt her hand seized, and a girl's voice close to her said, 'Take hold of me, and don't cry. I'll take you home.'

At that moment Bessy would have felt thankful for any offer of assistance and protection, and she grasped the hand which was offered her as she would have seized upon her mother's. She got on better now, for her guide could manage to push her way along; she did not seem at all frightened, and besides she could see. After pushing their way for a little distance, they turned into a by-



street which was perfectly quiet, and here Bessy began to recover her breath. She thanked her protectress, for such she considered her young companion, warmly, and begged she would put her in the way home immediately. The girl offered to accompany her, and they walked on together. As they walked, her new guide questioned Bessy closely about her family and everything connected with her, but especially about her little trade, respecting which she seemed to know a great deal, considering she was quite a stranger. This seemed to remind our little friend of something. She drew from her bosom a small bag which was tied round her neck with a string, and opening it, she counted out the halfpence it contained. There was just sixpence. 'This is what I have taken to-day,' said she; 'I will give it to you for being so very kind to me. I wish I had something more to offer you.'

The girl took it, and thanked her heartily. If Bessy could have seen, she would have noticed that she looked hurriedly and suspiciously around, as she hid the halfpence somewhere amongst her ragged clothes. But she could observe nothing of all this. If she could have seen the appearance of the match-girl, for such her new associate seemed to be, it would have conveyed to her an impression still more unfavourable than did her harsh voice and strange expressions. As it was, she felt it would be a relief when she could pursue her way once more alone, and she inquired repeatedly if they were not again in the direct road for her mother's house. The answer was always, 'Not yet;' and they had walked so far that Bessy had grown tired and impatient, when her guide declared that she was afraid she had mistaken the road. 'But never mind,' said she; 'here's mother coming, and she will put you in the right way.'

Bessy felt convinced, afterwards, that this woman had not been far distant from them all the way, but of this at the time she had no suspicion, and she heard her approach announced with unmingled satisfaction, for she felt, as children always do when in trouble, renewed confidence, now that she found herself under the protection of a grown-up person.

This woman heard the girl's story of meeting Bessy with well-feigned surprise, and treated the little wanderer with extravagant demonstrations of kindness and attention. She scolded Meg, for so she called Bessy's late guide, for bringing her so much out of the way; she declared the little girl must go into her house, which was close at hand, to rest for a few minutes, and promised then to see her safely home again herself. Bessy would rather have gone on now, tired as she was, but she had no idea which way to go, for they had come in and out of so many streets, that no trace remained on her mind of the direction she ought to take, and there was nothing to be done but to accept the offer, and trust to her new friends to help her home again. After walking a little farther, they entered a house, or rather cellar, for such Bessy supposed it must be, as they descended some steps to enter it, and here she was told to sit down, and a little milk and bread was given to her, of which she felt very glad, for she was faint and tired. But no sooner had she completed her slight repast, than she renewed her entreaties to be conducted home, for she now became seriously uneasy. It was growing late, and when she thought of her mother's distress at her not appearing at home at the usual time, her impatience to depart became extreme. For some time evasive answers were returned to her anxious but timidly urged requests. She heard that a man had entered the room, and a long conversation was carried on in a tone so low that it did not reach her ears. Then it ceased, but still no one offered to perform the promise that had been made to her, and take her home. Nor was any such intention entertained by these people. They were beggars by profession, and had purposely lured the poor child into their power, in the wretched hope that her want of sight and the interest of her manner and appearance might prove a source of gain. They had watched her when she little thought she was observed. They had seen the notice she had attracted,

and witnessed the offers of halfpence which had been made her by the kind-hearted passers-by. All this had excited her cupidity; and when accident threw the woman in the way of the child, perplexed and terrified, and ready to trust herself to the guidance of any one who might offer her protection, she had dexterously availed herself of the opportunity, and instructed Meg how to act so as to entrap securely her unsuspecting prey. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the state into which the discovery of her situation threw the unhappy child. Poor little girl! she had learned, it is true, within the last few months, what sorrow was. The loss of her father and the tears of her mother had thrown the first shade over her young life; but of the fierce and bitter passions which now shook her frame she had never felt a trace before. Grief, rage, a sense of bitter wrong, and of her utter powerlessness to resist, by turns took possession of her mind, and it seemed at first as if the storm must destroy the delicate frame which it so cruelly convulsed. At length, however, the very violence of her feelings appeared to exhaust them, and she fell into a kind of stupor, in which state her clothes were changed, and before day-break she, with the man, the woman, and the girl, was a mile beyond the town, on the way—she knew not whither.

It was little that Bessy ever remembered of this first day's march. Some indistinct recollection she had of walking till she stumbled—of coaxings and threatenings—and then of being carried, she knew not how, for a considerable distance. Then she remembered being laid upon a bed—a miserable bed it seemed to her—oh, how unlike her own! and here she must have been ill, for she lay on it some time, she was sure; and she remembered hearing regret sometimes expressed that she had ever been brought, and wishes that she could be got rid of again. This rejoiced her, for she hoped she should be sent home. But in this she was disappointed, and she got well again to feel all the horrors of her situation. And a dreadful one it was. But, young as she was, not all the physical sufferings to which she was subjected affected her so much as the society of the depraved people amongst whom she found herself. Not the long weary marches, her bleeding feet, and her stiffened limbs—not the threats nor the blows which her involuntary delays called forth—not her scanty food nor her cold sleeping corner caused her such anguish as the oaths which she heard and the wickedness which was acted in her presence. But whatever she might feel, she soon ceased to resist. She appeared to have fallen into a kind of sullen apathy, and submitted as mechanically to the will of her self-constituted masters as if she had been a machine. This satisfied them well enough at first, for, on account of reasons sufficiently obvious, they were satisfied to keep the child in the background for the present. The woman, who went by the appellation of Molly, would sometimes take her by the hand, when they stopped for a short time at some of the towns and villages they passed through, and, calling her her child, would endeavour to excite compassion by exhibiting her sightless eyes and pallid countenance. On these occasions, Bessy's sufferings were extreme. She, whose affliction had been heretofore carefully guarded by a mother's watchful tenderness from vulgar observation and remark, who had never felt herself to differ from others, except in being an object of greater love and more sedulous attention, must now hear her infirmities set forth and made the means of a miserable gain. Sometimes she would feel ready to sink into the earth with shame; and then her indignation would rise at the whining tale which was repeated by her self-styled mother, and her pale cheek would glow, and her lip quiver, while the words rose to her mouth to contradict the lies which were uttered so shamelessly in her presence. But then one grasp of the powerful hand which held hers would deprive her of the power of utterance, and fear would send back again to her heart the blood which anger had called into her countenance. She generally contrived, when she could, to creep to the side of Meg, for although Meg was not the most agreeable companion in the world, Bessy had less



fear and horror of her than of her two elder companions. She seldom spoke or made any answer to Meg's frequent questioning and bantering; so that the latter was a good deal surprised one day, as they were walking silently side by side, to hear her inquire where they were going to. Meg stared at the sound of her voice, and then said, with a laugh—'Oh, you've found your tongue, have you? I'll tell Molly that!' and she turned round, and was about to call to the others, to announce the phenomenon, when Bessy laid hold of her arm, and said—'Don't! pray don't! Can't you tell me yourself without calling them?'

'Well, then, leave hold of me, and don't tremble so. What a simpleton you are! You've no need to be frightened! I've had ten blows for every one you've had since you came, I know that; and you may have as much as you like to eat, while I must take what they leave; you've fine times of it!'

If Bessy had thought, she might have considered the last mark of favour as more owing to her own incapacity for taking much food, than to any kindly feeling on the part of her guardians; but she took no notice, and repeated her demand as to whether they were travelling. They were going to London, Meg said, and she supposed they must be getting near there now; she thought they should stay some time—she hoped so, for it was less hard work to go round the town than to walk so far as they had been walking lately—and she never got a lift. If an acquaintance did pass, it was always Bessy who was placed in the tinker's cart, or seated on the donkey, for a mile or two—*she* was never thought of. Again, Bessy might have replied that it was more necessity than kindness which had caused her to be carried when she could scarcely walk, but she paid little attention to these observations of her unamiable companion. She only understood that they were drawing near London, and this idea filled her with wonder and renewed terror. She had heard of London often, she had heard what a wonderful place it was, and had always imagined that it must be at an immeasurable distance from the place she lived at. And now she was actually approaching this far-off land—then, oh! how distant must she be from all she loved! The thought made her spirit quail. After a pause, in which many bitter thoughts passed through her mind, she asked Meg what she did when she got to London.

'Do! why, the same as we do in other places, get what we can. Folks call us idle, and ask me if I can't work when I beg a halfpenny, as if it wasn't hard work enough to wander about for days together in the wet and cold, and then, perhaps, be beaten at night for taking nothing home.'

There was a pause again, and then Bessy asked—'And what shall I do?'

'You! Oh, you'll go out with Molly for the present.'

The child shuddered, and gave little attention to the voluble description which Meg proceeded to give her of London, and of the various adventures she had met with when she was there two years ago; how much money she had got in one part of the town by saying she was an orphan and selling laces: and it was the truth, too, she thought, for she did not believe that Molly was any mother of hers, though she always said she was.

While they were talking, Molly drew near; and when she heard Meg discoursing upon the grandeurs of London, she joined in the conversation.

'Ay, it's a grand place,' said she; 'and we'll see if you can't sell some of your nosegays to the fine folks there, little miss, in the spring.'

'I shall sell no more flowers,' said Bessy, resolutely.

Molly stared for a moment in surprise at the steady boldness of this answer; then stormed with anger.

'What's that you say, Miss Impudence?' cried she, and she raised her hand to strike the child.

'Keep your hands off, can't you,' growled the deep voice of the man; 'don't you see you'd as good strike the stones on the road; let the lass alone, you'll make nothing of her, do as you will.'

'And pray, why wont you sell flowers, madam?' in-

quired Molly, restraining, with some difficulty, her disposition to use a more forcible method of interrogation.

'Flower-selling got me into all my trouble,' answered Bessy; 'and it was against mother's wish, too. If I had done as she would have had me, I should have been at home now. I shall never sell another nosegay.'

'But you'll be starved to death if you wont work, and what will you say to that?'

'I don't want to live—I would rather die than live here. I shall go to father, and we will wait till mother comes to us, and then we shall all be happy again.'

The child spoke steadily, for her very despair seemed to have given her calmness and courage. The hearers laughed at her speech, but the laugh was not genuine. Her change of manner was startling, and for a moment they were awed by the innocence and suffering of their victim.

'You'd rather get rich and go back to your mother. I should think; wouldn't you?' said the man; 'be a good girl, and get your pocket full of money, and we'll see about it.'

Bessy's countenance lighted up in a moment—'Oh, send me back!' cried she, turning with clasped hands to the last speaker; 'and I will sell flowers every day, and you shall have all my earnings; only send me back!'

'Well, well—we'll see some time,' returned he, and, muttering that she was a queer child, he strode on with Molly.

And now a long talk, and apparently a vehement dispute, took place between these two worthies, as they walked on, a little in advance of the two children. After a while the shrill voice and volubility of the female had evidently the advantage; the hoarse tones of the man grew less and less frequent, until, with some muttered curses on the obstinacy of women, they ceased altogether.

'Will they really send me home?' inquired Bessy of Meg, when Molly and her companion were out of hearing; 'will they send me home when I have earned some money?'

'Not as long as you can get anything, I warrant you,' said Meg, with a laugh; 'they'll take good care to keep you as long as you can bring them in a sixpence.'

The faint ray of hope which had been kindled in Bessy's mind died within her; she sank back into the apathy from which she had been roused for a time, and for the rest of the day, and several succeeding ones, scarcely a word escaped her lips.

At length they arrived in London, but this brought little change to Bessy's situation, beyond the degree of bodily rest which she obtained, now that the journey was at an end. Her lodging was, if possible, more wretched here than it had ever been before—more crowded and more filthy; and, although she could not see, no one could have suffered more from the absence of the cleanliness to which she had from her birth been accustomed, for her want of sight only made her more keenly sensible to the impurity of the air which surrounded her. As Meg had conjectured, Molly occasionally took her out on begging expeditions, and on these occasions she heard now one statement respecting her condition, now another: for Molly seemed to take a whimsical pleasure in varying her tale—she seldom made one history serve twice. When she did not go with Molly, she remained in charge of whoever might chance to occupy the apartment in which they lodged, or, if no one happened to be there, she was locked in by herself; for she was never allowed to go with Meg, though she had repeatedly requested to take charge of her. These were her least painful hours; and glad she always felt when she heard the key turned, for then she knew that she should be free from persecution for a few hours at least. At one time the thought of so many hours of solitude would have filled her with apprehensions, but now it was happiness, compared with the company to which she was daily condemned.

Bessy generally slept with Meg in a corner of the chamber, and one morning she was awakened by the low moaning and restless movements of her companion. She in-

quired, in a whisper, 'what was the matter?' The girl complained of her head, and continued to moan as if in pain, until the time came for getting up, when Molly called her, as usual, in no very gentle voice, to stir herself and get about the business.

Meg declared she was too ill to rise.

'None of your shamming,' was the answer; 'get up and see what you can do.'

The girl tried to obey, but the exertion of moving turned her sick, and she fell back again.

As she could not walk in her present condition, it was settled to leave her at home; and Molly proceeded to prepare Bessy and herself for departure, intending to lock the invalid in the room by herself until their return.

'Oh, don't leave me by myself!' cried Meg, whose cheeks glowed, and whose eyes shone with fever; 'let Bessy stay with me to-day!'

The woman looked as if about to return a surly refusal, but some consideration, either of convenience or compassion, appeared to strike her, and she consented. She locked the door after her when she went out, and the two children were left alone.

Meg still continued to moan, as she turned about restlessly on her wretched bed. She was indeed very ill. Pity for her sufferings seemed to restore Bessy to something of her former activity, and she immediately set about nursing her to the best of her power. It was but little she could do, but that little was of great value. She groped about till she found the water, of which there was fortunately a supply in the room, and gave Meg some to quench the burning thirst with which she was tormented—she bathed her hot temples—she collected all the bed-clothes she could find and laid them on the patient, who, though feverish, frequently shivered with cold; and then, having administered all the slender comforts in her power, she sat down by the side of the invalid, and commenced singing in a low, soft voice, as her mother used to sing to her when she was fretful and poorly. Her attentions were not in vain, Meg seemed soothed, and after a while sunk to sleep. She did not sleep more than a hour, but she awoke less restless, and lay some time without speaking or moving, with her eyes intently fixed on Bessy, who had ceased her song, and sat silent and motionless, listening for the first movement of her charge, and apparently fearful of disturbing her.

Strange thoughts passed through the mind of the poor girl, as she sat watching the countenance of her blind companion, to whose features benevolence and compassion had brought back the loving expression which was natural to them. A dim feeling of another kind of life, to which she had been hitherto a stranger, stirred within her the blessed instincts of love and affection, which had lain dormant in the bosom of the neglected and harshly-nurtured beggar-girl, faintly awoke, and, wondering at the new kind of emotion which she experienced, she remained silent for a considerable time. At last she said, in her usual rough way, 'What makes you give yourself so much trouble about me, I wonder?'

Bessy started, she did not know her patient was awake. She scarcely knew what to answer, for she had not been conscious of giving herself any trouble; she had only followed the impulse of her heart in trying to administer relief. At last she said—'Because you are ill, and cannot help yourself.'

'Nobody else tried to help me,' said Meg; 'did any one attend to you when you were ill, before you came here?'

The tears flowed from Bessy's eyes, but this time words could come with them, for she felt differently towards Meg to what she had ever done before. She had done Meg good, and nothing softens the heart towards others so much as having been the means of blessing them. She could talk now of all her mother's love, and how she and father had sat up with her by turns when she had the measles, and how Tom had brought her fresh flowers, and read to her, and told her stories when she was a little better, and how they all rejoiced when she was well again and able to go about as usual.

'And they leave me all by myself,' cried Meg; 'but I will serve them the same some day.'

'Oh! hush Meg, don't talk so,' said Bessy; 'you know Christ tells us to forgive those who treat us ill.'

'Who says so?' asked Meg.

Bessy was surprised. Had Meg never heard what Christ taught in the Bible? Meg did not seem to know much about it. She knew that old Betty Nixon had made a lady believe that she was half starving, and had got supplied with a basket of little books to sell, which were all about God and the Bible. Betty always said that this basket kept her well in snuff and tobacco, but she did not trouble herself much about what was inside the books, Meg thought.

'But, Bessy,' asked she, abruptly, after a short pause, 'do you forgive me for tempting you away from home?'

Bessy was silent for a moment; then she said—'Yes I do, Meg; and I could forgive Molly and everybody if they would but let me go home again,' added she, bursting again into tears.

'I've a great mind to try to get you home again,' said Meg.

'Oh, how?' asked Bessy, eagerly.

'That's the question,' returned the other; 'if they would let you go out with me I would put you in the way of telling your tale to some of the police, and they would get you sent home, and you could not swear to any of us if we came in your way, so there would be no danger in it; but there's no chance of that. Can't you give Molly the slip some day when you are out with her?'

'No,' Bessy said, 'Molly kept fast hold of her all the time—besides, if she did not succeed in making her escape, where was she to go, and how to proceed without some one to guide her in these busy streets?'

Meg told her that most likely somebody would notice her in time, and she must ask to be taken to a police-station, where they would take care of her until her tale was ascertained to be true, and her friends could fetch her home. Bessy did not know whether she could do all this, even if she had the opportunity; but still, when she thought of once more hearing her mother's voice, she felt as if she could undertake a great deal. But alas! there was little probability of her being able to effect her escape and try the plan.

'I say, Bessy,' cried Meg, suddenly starting up in bed, as a sudden thought struck her; 'suppose you set off now.'

Bessy inquired how, for she believed the door was locked. Meg, who seemed suddenly inspired with new strength, started up and tried the lock, but it was fast enough. She tried to slip it back, but it resisted all her feeble efforts. 'I have done that before,' she muttered; 'but this is too strong for me.'

She turned away despondingly, for she thought there was no other hope. Then she looked out of the window, and her countenance brightened. 'Bessy,' cried she, 'dare you get out of the window? It is not high.'

Bessy trembled all over, but she did not answer, and Meg went on.

'You must feel with your feet for the old shutter just below—I will take hold of you while you reach it—it is strong enough to bear your weight; then you must take hold of the rope, which I will fasten, and let yourself down in this way.' And she took Bessy's hands and showed her how to manage it; 'don't be frightened—it is no height. I could jump it easily, if there was soft ground under instead of hard stones.'

'But they will kill you,' cried Bessy, 'when they find I have gone!'

'Oh, never fear,' answered Meg; 'I don't think they will be very sorry; besides they need not know I helped you; will you try?'

Bessy consented, and Meg set about her preparations with sagacity beyond her years, and which was partly attributable to her natural quickness, and partly the result of the scheming adventurous life in which she had been brought up. She took a large rope which happened to

be in the room, and which was used by the man who passed for Molly's husband, when he went out to collect rags and bones, for the purpose of tying up his merchandise. This rope had fortunately a noose at one end, through which Meg, with Bessy's assistance, put one end of the rude bedstead—the only article of furniture in the apartment; she threw the other end out of the window, but it was not long enough, and she looked about for something to join to it. There was a pile of old clothes in one corner, for Molly sometimes dealt in such articles, and Meg selected a ragged shawl, but which promised to be strong enough for the purpose, and proceeded to fasten it to the end of the rope. This was a work of some difficulty, but she accomplished it tolerably well. She seemed as strong and active as ever for a time; but strange feelings in her head warned her that her strength would not last long, and she hastened her preparations accordingly. She picked another shawl from the heap and tied it round Bessy, for it was bitterly cold; she put her own old bonnet on her head, and then, telling her all was ready, bade her be quick and try to descend.

'Good by, Meg,' said Bessy; and then, all dislike giving way to gratitude and love, she clasped her arms round the neck of the beggar girl, and burst into tears. Meg, on her part, felt very strange. Never before did she recollect having done a kind action to any one—never before had a living creature shown gratitude and love towards her, and, rude as she was, she was affected by Bessy's emotion. But this was no time for delay; she placed her charge on the window-sill, held her fast until she had got her feet on the shutter, then bade her take the rope, and saw her safely reach the bottom.

'Keep to your right when you get out of the alley,' said she; 'and now make haste before any one sees you.'

Bessy did not wait to be told a second time. Her desperate situation gave her courage, and she ran along, keeping close to the wall, until she was out of the narrow alley in which her late abode was situated; then she turned to the right, as she had been directed, and then again she moved rapidly onwards, fearless of any possible obstacles, which at any other time would have filled her with terror, and seeming almost miraculously to escape every hindrance and danger which she encountered. One fear alone haunted her, that of meeting with her tyrants, and feeling as if every step she took lessened this peril, she hurried along. Definite hope or purpose she had none. An indistinct idea of going on and on until she was at home again floated through her mind, and conspired with the mortal fear of being overtaken to hasten her steps. She obeyed Meg's directions mechanically, and turned to the right, not only on issuing from the alley, but whenever she found herself at the corner of a street. She never could tell how long she had wandered the streets on this dismal morning, but it must have been many hours, for her legs grew so tired they could scarcely support her; and, as she arrived in a street which she perceived to be wider and quieter than many she had passed through, she felt that she could go no farther without rest. She crawled slowly along, holding by the iron rails which surrounded the areas, until at last she sunk down, exhausted by fatigue, on a door-step; and then, the excitement of her flight being at an end, the full feeling of her desolate situation pressed upon her mind, and she burst into an agony of tears.

#### POVERTY AND ITS REMOVAL.

After all the special efforts to remove poverty, the great work is to be done by the *general advance of mankind*. We shall outgrow this as cannibalism, butchery of captives, war for plunder, and other kindred miseries have been outgrown. God has general remedies in abundance, but few specifics. Something will be done by diffusing throughout the community principles and habits of economy, industry, temperance; by diffusing ideas of justice, sentiments of brotherly love, sentiments and ideas of religion. I hope everything from that—the noiseless and steady progress of Christianity; the snow

melts, not by sunlight, or that alone, but as the whole air becomes warm. You may, in cold weather, melt away a little before your own door, but that makes little difference till the general temperature rises. Still while the air is getting warm you facilitate the process by breaking up the obdurate masses of ice, and putting them where the sun shines with direct and unimpeded light. So may we do with poverty. It is only a little that any of us can do for anything. Still we can do a little, we can each do something towards raising the general tone of society: first, by each man raising himself—by industry, economy, charity, justice, piety—by a noble life: so doing, we raise the moral temperature of the whole world, and just in proportion thereto; next, by helping those who come in our way, nay, by going out of our way to help them. In each of these modes it is our duty to work. To a certain extent each man is his brother's keeper. Of the powers we possess we are but trustees under providence, to answer for the benefit of men, and render continually an account of our stewardship to God. Each man can do a little directly to help to prune the world of wrong, a little in the way of charity, a little in the way of remedial justice: so doing, he works with God, and God works with him.—*Rev. T. Parker.*

#### ANTIQUITY OF ANÆSTHETIC AGENTS IN CHINA.

M. Stanislas Julien some time ago addressed to the Academy of Sciences a note in reference to a substance employed in China more than a thousand years ago, about the third century of the Christian era, for the purpose of producing a temporary loss of sensibility. These curious facts have been taken from the great Chinese work, entitled, 'Kon-Kin-I-Tong, or a Compilation of ancient and Modern Medicine,' published at the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is there said—'When Mo-Tho knew that it was necessary to employ acupuncture, he used the remedy in two or three places, the moxa being applied at the same time as it was indicated by the nature of the affection which he had to treat. But if the complaint is situated in parts upon which the needle, the moxa, or liquid medicaments produce any action, for instance, in the bone, stomach, or intestines, there may be given to the patient a preparation of hemp (*ma-yo*), and in a short time he becomes so insensible, that he seems intoxicated or deprived of life. Then, according as the case may be, the operations are performed, of amputation, &c., and the cause of the malady is removed. Subsequently, the tissues are brought together by sutures, and linaments are applied. After some days, the patient is restored to health, without having felt the least pain during the operation.' Well may we say with truth, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'

#### A LESSON OF AUTUMN.

Nature's book is never sealed. Ever are its pages unfolding with new and delightful instruction. It opens now to pictures of sombre tint, and lines of grave import, in the tracery of sober autumn. Read ye one short and wholesome lesson. Behold, in the depth of the wooded ravine, how the green grass, untouched by frost, yet softly lingers, and the streamlet wanders on amid freshness and silence. High above them towers the mighty oak; in his summer pride he looked down upon the grass and the stream, like a monarch from his throne. Where now is his glory? the frost has touched his emerald coronal, and, fading, it falls to the ground. Shorn of his comeliness, his loftiness but exposes his desolation. Why, O why, will no man learn the blessedness of contentment in a lowly state. The loftiest head must bear the fiercest wrath of the tempest. Blighting calumny and the frosts of care fall first upon the famous and powerful; and when they lose their glory and strength, the eyes of a sneering world are upon their stately helplessness. But the streams of secure happiness water the deep vales of sequestered life; and upon their banks the virtuous soul may enjoy the freshness of early sympathy and truth, may flourish in a 'green old age,' long after the pride of the lofty is laid low.

## LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE Stock Exchange is one of England's most potent institutions. It is the market in which England's credit, the credit of foreign countries, and the credit of foreign potentates, are bought and sold by England's capitalists; and it is the bazaar in which the capitalist who deals in money makes the most that he can of his commodity. In this commercial country, and in all countries similarly disposed and situated, it has become an axiom that 'money is power;' and as the power of the Stock Exchange is wholly money-power, this institution, independent of its personal action and influence, exercises a powerful relative influence upon the industry, prosperity, and even liberty of nations. It may with truth be asserted that the only principle in politics which finds favour with the Stock Exchange is stability. The discriminative morality of the institution does not impel it to distinguish between despotism and any other ism; its members will buy stock from the emperor of benighted, enslaved Russia, or from repudiative Pennsylvania, provided they be 'good,' which *good* in commercial phrase does not mean morally good, by any means, but simply, 'likely to pay interest and stock according to agreement.' The Emperor of Austria came to borrow money in Britain, in order to free himself from the pecuniary embarrassments into which the Hungarian war involved him; but the Stock Exchange did not think him good, and he could not obtain a loan. Now they did not refuse the money because he had scourged women in the market-places, or summarily murdered noble men who had dearly loved their country; they refused because they considered him to be on the verge of bankruptcy, and not safe as a debtor; while in a few months afterwards they have readily poured five millions of pounds into the treasury of the Russian autocrat, who was his aider and abettor in crime and cruelty, for no other reason than that he promised five per cent. of interest upon the loan, and they believed him able to fulfil his engagements. It will be seen from its transactions that the Stock Exchange is an institution destitute of moral principle, but at the same time omnipotent in its influence upon the moral and social condition of nations. It is a startling, unseen power that sways dynasties and empires, that cannot exist except where liberty and civilisation guard it, and which at the same time seems to disregard civilisation, and to care little for liberty. We purpose to describe the constitution and machinery of this interesting corporation, for interesting it must be, both to the capitalist, proletarian, politician, and Christian, as a society which exerts, perhaps, the most powerful human influence upon the general condition of nations. For the details connected with the business of the Stock Exchange, we are indebted to our able contemporary the 'Bankers' Magazine.'

The persons involved in, and developed by this system of business are of several species, and several of these are designated by names of bestial origin. The *bona fide* members of the Stock Exchange are characterised as brokers and jobbers; the suttlers, the carrion crows that flutter round Capel Court, and do what they can in the way of money-making, are called outsiders, alley-boys, bulls, bears, stags, and alligators.

The Stock Exchange is a close corporation, and the qualifications of applicants, and the conditions of admission into the body, are clearly defined, strictly scrutinised, and imperatively enforced. A broker is an agent regularly employed in buying and selling stock for persons wishing to invest money in this way, or wishing to dispose of stock which they may possess, and who is remunerated for his trouble by a per centage upon all his transactions. A stock-jobber is one who deals in stock, buying from and selling to the brokers, according as their customers may desire, and doing business with no one save a broker. The stock-jobber is the capitalist with whom the medium-man, the broker, negotiates sales for his customers out of the 'house.' The jobber is chancellor of the exchequer to Plutus; the broker is the go-between, who sells stock to him for kings, emperors, states, or individuals, and buys

from him for the same. The Messrs Baring, for instance, are brokers whom the Emperor of Russia employed to dispose of five millions of pounds worth of stock. This stock was taken up by the great jobbers, who distributed it to their customer-brokers, having realised by the transaction their profit; the brokers again disposed of it to smaller capitalists, having their profit also by this second transfer. It will be seen that the broker runs no risk in his dealings, and that from every transaction the jobber and he *must* have a profit. To explain more clearly and fully the relative positions which these stock dealers and money-changers occupy towards one another, we shall take an example. Suppose a broker has an order from a customer to purchase for him £100 worth of consols, and another broker has an order from another customer to sell exactly the same amount, those two brokers do not do business with one another, but both repair to a jobber, to whom the one sells, and from whom the other buys. The jobber always receives an advance of  $\frac{1}{4}$  upon sales. If he buys at 90, he sells at 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; and it is for this reason that the newspaper quotations of the prices of consols are written 90 to 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

Brokers have not always orders to buy, and as little have they always orders to sell stock; so that the exigencies of their business constrain them to look to one who is always ready for either transaction. The jobber will not only buy and sell to his brokers on the same day, but he will arrange with them to buy stock, and will engage to resell it at a future day, or *vice versa*. The future days mentioned are stated periods when the members of the Stock Exchange settle their accounts with one another; they are called 'settling days,' and occur according to the fiat of the committee of the Stock Exchange. If a banker, for instance, wishes a sum of money immediately, to meet some pressing demand, he will order his stockbroker to sell perhaps £10,000 worth of stock for money, and to buy the same amount again for time. By this means he instantly commands the use of £10,000 upon his stock, and when 'settling day' arrives he pays back that sum with the per centage, and his stock remains intact. On the other hand, if a banker has money which he wishes to employ profitably, for a short time, he will exactly reverse the operation, by which means he receives interest for his money according to the amount of difference between the price of consols when he bought and when he sold. Generally the price for time is higher than the price for money, and the difference is called the 'continuation.' Suppose that a purchases consols to-day for money, and pays 100 for them, he probably would not be able to purchase the same for time under 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; now supposing the 'settling day' to be a month distant, and one-eighth per cent. to be the 'continuation,' that would amount to twelve-eighths, or three per cent. per annum of difference between the price for money and the price to time. The 'continuation' varies in amount according to the proximity of the 'settling day,' according to the abundance of money, and the market rate of interest, and according to the abundance or scarcity of stock. It is necessary for the information of the general reader that we should explain what is meant by the abundance and scarcity of stock, the terms not being so familiar in the parlour as in Capel Court. The stock-jobber's business is to buy and sell stock; it is the commodity in which he trades. Like all men in business, he calculates the contingencies of his trade, and often ventures to speculate upon anticipation. He accordingly agrees to sell against the next 'settling day' a larger amount of stock than he actually holds, expecting that, in the meantime, he shall be able to buy more than sufficient to meet the demand. Sometimes, however, his calculations fail; he has not the promised amount to meet his engagement, and, consequently, he is in a dilemma. In this case he will try to obtain stock from those who have it, agreeing to pay them down money for it, which they can employ in the meantime, and agreeing to let them have back the same amount of stock, at a future period, for exactly the same money, thus abolishing the 'continuation.' Sometimes, however, the brokers are constrained to pay a premium for the use of consols, and this premium is called *backation*, being exactly the re-

verse of *continuation*, and implying that the time price of stock is less to that amount than the money price.

All the transactions of the Stock Exchange are confined to the accredited brokers and jobbers, who form a most exclusive association; and when one considers the amount of credit that is daily reposed in these men, and the necessity which exists for punctuality and good faith in their transactions, one can scarcely wonder that there should be a rigid monopoly of their business. If the motive for forming a close corporation be a desire to secure trustworthiness, one cannot deny that a careful scrutiny is necessary, in order to give assurance to the public who are constrained to trust their property to these men.

The proceedings of the Stock Exchange are regulated by a committee of thirty, who are chosen on the 25th of March, annually, by ballot, and who decide upon the admission of new members as well as order the period of the settling days, &c. There is a subscription paid for admission, the amount of which is fixed by the trustees and managers; and this must be annually renewed, as the re-election of members takes place on the 25th of March of every year. Applicants for re-election must address a formal letter to the secretary of the committee, stating their particular names, residences, and the names of their bankers; and at the same time declaring that they engage in no other profession or business, save what is transacted on 'Change. Every application must be for an individual, as copartnership applications are not allowed. If a former member has not subscribed for two years, he is treated precisely as a new applicant; those who have discontinued for only one year may be re-admitted, on the recommendation of two members, without security. Three members who have been, not less than two years immediately preceding the application of a new member, faithful in the discharge of all their engagements in the Stock Exchange, are required to give security, that each will pay £800 to the creditors of the new applicant, if he fails in any of his engagements for the next two years. Foreigners who have not been five years in England, immediately before application, are not admissible to the Stock Exchange under the above rules. Other stringent laws are enacted—all calculated to exclude from the Stock Exchange men who are not well known for their business probity, and men who are likely to have private and early information concerning the fluctuations in the value of stock. If any member has been found to be dishonourable, the committee have the right, by special reservation, to fix his name upon the black-board; and consequently the £800 of his securities and his own occupation are gone.

The money-dealings that take place on 'Change, are fair and actual transactions; but those others, called for the account, or 'time bargains,' are speculations. Both modes of doing business are co-existent since the origin of the funds; and although legislative enactments have been projected since the days of William III., proposing heavy penalties in order to prevent speculation, these attempts have all failed. Commercial cupidity has, in multitudes of instances, triumphed over both individual morality and the dread of the penal laws. Perhaps at no period in the history of the Stock Exchange did gambling exhibit itself so shamelessly and flagrantly as in the years 1845 to 1848. The desire to accumulate wealth rapidly, involved tens of thousands in the whirlpool of speculation, and when the illusion had vanished, too many found that they had been dragged into the vortex of ruin. The love of money triumphed over this nation, like a contagious epidemic, demoralising the moneyed classes of our country, and causing them to forget that men by industry acquire habits of frugality, patience, and self-reliance, which are far more valuable than gold. But to return to the business of the Stock Exchange. We have already shown that by its constitution the Stock Exchange is a close corporation, the members refusing to do business with any one who does not belong to the body. If A B has any money to spare, £500 for instance, and wishes to dispose of it to the greatest advantage, no jobber will sell him any stock upon his own application, he must employ a broker as his agent.

To this broker A B must apply for instructions to invest his money to the best advantage. Consols, which are government stock, always maintain an equable price, yielding a pretty regular per centage, and their value being steady, is easily ascertainable; railways, however, fluctuate in value, and their future worth is often matter of calculation and speculation. If a person is desirous of obtaining large returns, he will prefer to invest upon the chance of obtaining them, rather than be content with humble certainty; and, consequently, he will order his broker to look out for the most likely railway investment. The broker applies to a jobber to know, perhaps, the market price of the Caledonian Railway's stock, and is told two prices—say £125 and £126 a share—the former being the buying, the latter the selling price; it being always understood that there is a certain limitation, in the option of the jobber, both to the number of shares that he may sell and buy. The jobber, of course, always tries to obtain as much as he can for his stock; and the broker, if an honourable man, must endeavour to do the best that he can for his client. Having ascertained the market value of the shares of the Caledonian, the broker then declares the nature of the transaction to the jobber, and purchases four shares, perhaps, at £125. Of this purchase he makes a memorandum, and the jobber does the same. The broker, on returning to his office, makes out a note for A B in the following form: 'London, March 1, 1850—Bought for A B, Esq., £500 stock of the Caledonian Railway Company, at 125, of Rake, jobber, for the account 17th March—JOHN COFTSHARES, Broker.' A B, in this case, is perfectly willing to pay down the money immediately, and have the shares transferred; but, by the rules of the Stock Exchange, neither buyer nor seller is required to fulfil his engagements till account day. If, in the interval between the purchase and that period, anything should occur to depress the prices of Caledonian stock, the jobber will be enabled to purchase, at the amount of depression, for less than he sold, and will pocket the difference. When this takes place, which is frequently the case, the jobber sends the deed of transfer, which he has received from the person selling, to A B for his signature. This gentleman, perceiving the fall in price, may naturally suppose that it accrues to his advantage; but he afterwards finds that the jobber only wished to save the expense of a double transfer, and that he must still accept at the price originally offered by him. This is the rule of the Stock Exchange, and is accounted perfectly regular. We shall recur to the subject in a future article.

## BIRDS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—MARCH.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

'Oh how delightful to the soul of man—  
How like a renovating spirit comes,  
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant spring!  
Morning awakens in the orient sky  
With purpler light, beneath a canopy  
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipped with gold;  
And from his palace, like a deity,  
Darting his lustrous eye from pole to pole,  
The glorious sun comes forth, the vernal sky  
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter north  
Retire wild winter's forces—cruel winds,  
And gripping frosts, and magazines of snow,  
And deluging tempests. O'er the moistened fields  
A tender green is spread; the blade grass  
Shoots forth exuberant; the awaking trees,  
Thaw'd by the delicate atmosphere, put forth  
Expanding buds, while with mellifluous throat,  
The warm ebullience of internal joy,  
The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude  
To Him who shelter'd when the storms were deep,  
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.'

Now it is that the burst of vernal melody, which swells louder and deeper as the spring advances, is first heard distinctly and unmistakably heralding the sweet season of ever fresh delight—that season which most resembles the

morning of life, the time of present enjoyment, and of hope, and bright anticipation for the future. The Thrush and the Blackbird, it is true, began to sing their songs of welcome to the coming spring awhile since, and perhaps, in the short intervals of sunshine which 'glimt amid the gloom,' to fancy that she was even here; and two or three others of the feathered choristers had awakened the echoes of the yet leafless woods to proclaim the joy-giving intelligence; but their songs were desultory and uncertain, and had a wintry shiver in them; and there was a tone and an air of dreariness and desolation about the concert which they attempted to get up which even St Valentine could not overcome, although he warmed their fluttering bosoms with the transports of love, and invited them to commence the sweet cares and duties of conjugal and parental affection—for he it is, as the old rhyme runs, who 'marries every year—'

The lyric Lark, and the grave whistling Dove,  
The Sparrow who neglects her life for love;  
And all the feather'd choristers that sing  
Their songs of welcome to the gladsome spring.'

Hitherto, we say, these songs have been faint and desultory. It was more like the tuning of the instruments, and the trial of several sweet voices singly and apart; but now the symphony commences, and presently, but not quite yet—we must wait another month first—there will be such a full burst of harmony as shall make your heart leap again, and your whole being to thrill with delight, that is, if you are not a dull insensible clod, that cannot be moved by any concert of sweet sounds—that knows not what it is

'To go abroad, rejoicing in the joy  
Of beautiful and well-created things,  
To thrill with the rich melody of birds.'

If such be your case, reader, we pity you, and pass on—as you will doubtless do when you come to our papers—to the contemplation of things more agreeable and inspiring, for—

'Hark! hark! the Lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins to rise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lie;'

and we must away over the hills on this bright March morning, to inhale the invigorating breezes, and to refresh our souls with the floral and other indications of the advancing season of beauty and of melody—the 'fair-handed spring,' that, as Thomson says, 'unbosoms every grace.' Did our ears deceive us? Were we dreaming? No, with Romeo we may exclaim—

'It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,'

which we heard singing so loudly and so clearly far up in the blue sky—the bird which, as Miss Barrett (now Mrs Browning), in her beautiful 'Lay of the Rose,' tells us—

'Hath her nest among the gosses,  
And her song on the star-courses;'

and hence chosen by James Montgomery as the emblem of *humility*, because, although she 'soars on highest wing,' yet she 'builds on the ground her lowly nest; and in a very rude and artless manner she does it, like most ground-builders. A little dried grass or other herbage suffices for the structure, and any little hollow on the ground, the under side of a ridge, or even a rut made by a cart-wheel, for its resting-place.

With Graham, as with most poets, this bird is an especial favourite; and so thickly do their songs in praise of the lark throng upon our memory as we write, that we scarcely know which of them to quote.

'Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and lumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!'

sings the Ettrick Shepherd; and the Ayrshire ploughman makes the welkin ring again, as he tells how—

'The waken'd Laverock warbling springs,  
And climbs the early sky,  
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings,  
In morning's rosy eye,'

and sings we know not how many strains of a similar character. Wordsworth hails the bird as—

'Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky:—'

and Shelley, in his—we had almost said sublime—'Ode to the Lark,' pours forth, like one inspired, a flood of thoughts and images, impassioned and beautiful, in a rhythm, than which even *he* never gave utterance to anything more perfectly harmonious—

'Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart,  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire,  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

Teach us, spirit or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine,  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.'

Hark, again, that blithe song rings in our ears—

'Lo! here the gentle Lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty,  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The tree tops and the hills seem burnish'd gold.'

Here we are back to Shakspeare again, who has already told us how 'the Lark at heaven's gate sings,' and hailed the glorious bird as the 'herald of the morn.' But we must somehow extricate ourselves from this perilous maze of poesy, in which we have got entangled, and, descending to plain prose, inform our readers that scientific naturalists have applied to Larks generally the term *Alaudinae*, or *Alaudine Birds*, and that the particular species now under notice is called by them *Alauda Arvensis*—the common Field or Sky Lark, or Laverock, under which latter title Burns, we have seen, addresses it, as do many other of the poets, those of Scotland especially. Nearly all agree in making it the bird of morning—the emblem of hope and cheerfulness—the precursor of, and the rejoicer in, the light and warmth of the glorious sunshine. The old dramatist, John Lilly, says that the bird is not merely the herald but the awakener of the dawn—

'Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
None but the Lark, so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
And morn not wakens till she sings.'

How she bathes her speckled plumes in the golden beams of day, and soars, and soars, until she becomes a mere speck upon the sight, or is lost entirely, absorbed, as it were, into the azure depths, while her thrilling notes still fall upon the ear like a spirit-voice calling to us from a brighter, better world; we have all of us had opportunities of observing this, and a cold and insensible nature must be possessed, who has not felt within him a sensation of pleasure, approaching to ecstasy, as he has stood and listened to that blithe carolling; that has not been lifted up for a time above the cares and annoyances of life, and felt his faith strengthened, and his affections expanded, so as to embrace the whole universe of created beings, while he has been ready to exclaim, with Thomas Miller—

'Hark! hark! the Lark sings 'mid the silvery blue!  
Behold her slight, proud man, and lowly bow.  
She seems the first that does for pardon sue.  
As though the guilty stain which lurks below  
Had touched the flowers which droop'd above her brow,  
When she all night slept by the daisies' side;  
And now she soars where purity doth flow,  
Where new-born light is with no sin allied,  
And pointing with her wings heavenward our thoughts would guide.'

Yes, truly the Sky Lark is the bird of hope, and joy, and love—not melancholy, pining love, that is for the Nightingale, but free, rapturous, unsuspecting love, like that which gushes from the heart of a child—a refreshing stream, all purity and brightness. Does not Thomas Hood tell us how—

'Lost to sight, the ecstatic Lark above,  
Sings like a soul beautiful of love.'

And L. E. L.—poor L. E. L., whose passionate gush of song was hushed so suddenly, whose life so mysteriously ended!—said she not—

'Is not the Lark companion of the spring,  
And should not hope, the Sky Lark of the heart,  
Bear with her sunny song youth company?  
Still is her sweetest music poured for love:—

love of that feathered mate that sits brooding over the speckled treasures left for a short while on the earth—love of the little fledglings which are there carefully tended and watched—love of the free fresh breeze, and the golden sunshine, and of the fleecy clouds above, and of the green grass, and the flowers, and the waving trees beneath, the brooks and streams that glitter in the light of day, and of all things and creatures that are loveable and beautiful. Yes, the breast of the bird is a fountain of love, which overflows in song. To the young it sounds like a foretaste and a promise of eternal happiness, and even to the old it may seem as a message sent to cheer and comfort them from one who careth for all; they may well say, with T. K. Hervey—

'The Lark is with us yet to sing  
Unto the winter of our days,  
And pour, on never tiring wing,  
Her love, and loving lays:  
And here is still the music call,  
Sung nearest heaven of them all.'

These are a few of the associations which throng upon the mind when we speak of or listen to this bird, and they invest our subject with a charm, and an interest which—to us, at least, and we trust that it will not be less so to our readers—makes the task of recording them indeed a pleasant one. Washington Irving, in giving an account of his impressions of England, says—'The first time that I heard the song of the Nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes, and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the Lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning air'—rising and singing, he might have added with Jeremy Taylor, 'as if he had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministrations here below.' Many persons are perhaps not aware that the Sky Lark has two broods in the year, the exact periods of which are somewhat uncertain. It is not an early breeder, the first nest being seldom constructed before May, and the second is usually so late in the autumn, that the little fledglings are frequently destroyed by the sickles or scythes of the reapers of the corn amid which their home is made; that home being on the ground, too, is easily accessible to weasels, stoats, and other enemies of that kind, not to mention human depredators—

'Ah, little think  
The harmless family of love how near  
The robber treads! He stoops, and parts the grass,  
And looks with eager eye upon his prey,  
Quick round and round the parents flutt'ring wheel,  
Now high, now low, and utter shrill the plaint  
Of deep distress.'

But all is over; the prize is seized and borne off by the rude hands of some truant schoolboy, or not less cruel, though from experience and motives of self-interest more careful, bird-catcher, by whom the young birds are reared, and in due time offered for sale, and doomed to pass their lives within the narrow compass of a cage. Think of such a fate for this of all birds, a creature that loves to soar free as the air, and scatters his melody, like golden rain, far and wide over the listening earth—this

'Bird of the blushing morn, to him are given  
Earth's choicest verdure and the midway heaven.  
Hark, the glad strains that charm our wondering ears,  
As upward still the minstrel fearless steers,  
Till wide careering through the solar stream,  
A speck he wanders in the morning beam.'

The song of the Sky Lark may be heard occasionally through nearly the whole of the year, but to most advantage perhaps during the spring season. It then seems to accord best with the joyousness and freshness of all nature; during the height of summer it is, like most other song birds, comparatively silent, but bursts forth again as the

autumn advances, as though it were offering a tribute of praise to the bounteous Giver of all good gifts, for the richness and abundance which then prevail.

'Light from the sod the Lark exulting springs,  
Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings.'

might then, we fancy, as indeed at any time, have been written 'praise tunes his voice;' but may be this is an idle fancy.

In reference to the claws of the Lark, which are particularly long, Mr Jesse says that they are used by the parent bird to remove its eggs to a place of greater security when they are threatened with injury or destruction. By drawing these claws over the egg, the bird can in a manner clasp, and transport it quickly to any desired spot, and this transportation the acute naturalist above-named says he has witnessed. Larks are with us partly stationary and partly migratory. As the cold weather sets in they become gregarious, and immense numbers of them are destroyed for the sake of their flesh, which is very delicate eating. Not only here, but over a great part of the European continent also, are these birds much valued as a delicacy in the winter season. In Germany such quantities are caught that they are made a source of national revenue, being subject to an excise duty, which has produced, according to Keyser, to the city of Leipsic alone, no less a sum than £900 sterling a-year. On the large plains by which Rome is encompassed on the east and south, vast flocks of Larks assemble in the autumn, when they are in excellent condition; and it is customary with the gentlemen, and ladies, too, of the eternal city, to go forth and enjoy the sport of Lark-shooting. A recent traveller has given an account of the mode of pursuing this lady-like pastime. The foolish birds, it seems, are attracted to a certain spot by pieces of glittering metal, or looking-glass, kept in motion by a string or machinery, and are there shot down by those who stand around, armed with the deadly weapons, and who, the account says, have nothing to do but fire away as fast as their servants can load their guns. But Larks are not the only creatures that are lured to destruction by a glittering bait—

'For brooder's dress and Jewell'd star, full oft  
The aspiring courtier hath his honour sold:  
The glittering ore hath won full many a soul  
Unto perdition; and to outward beauty  
What victim-worshippers have yielded up  
All which they best should prize and steadfast hold.'

But an Owl is said to be the best decoy for these sagacious birds, and towards it they will fly screaming and fluttering, as if to express their hatred and indignation. Why is this antipathy? Does it result from the opposition in the nature and habits of the two creatures—the one loving silence, and darkness, and solitude, and the other bright sunshine and cheerful companionship—the one trilling out a joyous welcome to the dawn, the other hooting a farewell to the sinking sun, and hailing with loud 'Too-whit! too-who!' the glittering shades of night? May be so—

'Alas! that men should so resemble these  
Unreasoning birds, and visit oft with scorn  
And hatred those they do not understand,  
Merely because they differ from themselves;  
Set their own likeness, as a standard, up,  
And think that none are beautiful nor good,  
Who do not therewith approximate.'

It will be seen that we have devoted a very large portion of our chapter to one individual of the family of birds which it represents, and we hope to be held excused for so doing on account of the high estimation in which that individual is universally held, and the many poetic and other associations which naturally attach themselves to it. We shall now proceed to say a few words about the several other birds of this family.

'Dost thou love to hear the song-birds of spring,  
Are their notes as voices of joy to thee?  
Then fly to the grove where the Wood Larks sing,  
Rejoicing once more in their vernal glads.  
The spring-time is come, the winter is past,  
And the Wood Larks' songs are cheerful once more;  
Their sorrows have fled with the wintry blast,  
And soft-dawning lays through the woodlands they pour.'

It is thus that the author of the 'Minstrelsy of the Woods'



invites us forth to listen to the pleasant warble of the *Alauda Arborea*, a bird much less known and admired than the brilliant songster to which we have been alluding, than which it is considerably sunnier. As its name implies, it is a lover of the leafy woodlands—a songster of the shade, although at times it may be heard pouring out its sweet notes, by some preferred even to those of the Sky Lark, far above the tree-tops. This, however, is most usually toward evening.

'What time the tim'rous hare leaps forth to feed,  
When the scared owl skims round the grassy mead,  
Then high in air, and poised upon his wings,  
Unseen, the soft enamoured Wood Lark sings.'

as a poet has told us. The song of this bird, too, may often be heard far into the night, and at that silent and solemn hour it falls on the ear like a strain of music inexpressibly sweet and touching. It is a permanent resident with us, but a very shy bird, and is therefore comparatively little known even in those southern counties, which it mostly frequents. This, too, is a ground-builder, and in winter a gregarious bird, although it assembles in very small flocks, and never mingles in those immense gatherings of Sky Larks, Thrushes, Fieldfares, and other birds which sometimes cover the snowy plains and the sea shores in that inclement season, when, as Joanna Baillie says—

'The birds now quit their holes and lurking sheds  
Most mute and melancholy, where, through night,  
All nesting close to keep each other warm.  
In downy sleep they had forgot their hardships;  
But not to chant and carol in the sky,  
Or lightly swing upon some waving bough,  
And merrily return each other's notes.  
No; silently they hop from bush to bush,  
Can find no needs to stop their craving wants,  
Then bend their flight to the low smoking cot,  
Chirp on the roof, and at the window peck,  
To tell their wants to those who lodge within.'

At such times the sweet melody of the Wood Lark is changed to a low melancholy wail, which has some such sound as this—'Lu, lu!' Hence Cuvier has called the bird *Alauda Lulu*; but *Alauda Arborea*, the name given by Linnaeus, would seem to be the more appropriate one. Then there is also the Shore Lark, sometimes called the Horned or Crested Lark—*Alauda Alpestris*—which is, however, only a straggler in this country, but few specimens having been shot here. Wilson, in his 'American Ornithology,' gives a long account of this bird, into which, however, it is not necessary for us to enter.

Jennings, in his 'Ornithologia,' mentions also, as birds known in Britain, several other individuals of this genus. These are the *Alauda Pratensis*, or Tit Lark, which, according to Macgillivray, properly belongs to the *Anthus*, or Pipit genus, of which we shall speak presently; the *Alauda Obscura*, Rock, Dusky, or Sea Lark, which sings little, and has a note like the chirp of a grasshopper—a rare bird with us, most likely identical with the Shore Lark; *Alauda Minor*, Field, Lesser-Field, Short-backed, or Meadow Lark, said to be a spring visitant only, and to be sometimes mistaken for the Tit Lark; *Alauda Rubra*, Red or Pennsylvanian Lark, larger than our Sky Lark, and very rare; *Alauda Tristis*, or Pipit Lark, which should also, no doubt, be placed in the Pipit group, to which we will now proceed; but first let us just allude to the Tawny Laverock, placed by naturalists in the genus *Corydalla*, which seems to be a sort of connecting link between the Larks and the Pipits. Wood speaks of it as a very rare bird, and refers his readers to those authors who have best described it. We should not perhaps so much as have mentioned it but for the name Laverock being applied to it, that being, as we have before noticed, the title frequently given by the Scottish poets to the Sky Lark.

'The Laverock in the morning he'll rise frae his nest,  
And mount to the air wi' the dew on his breast,'

as Burns sings—not meaning, however, the tawny stranger here spoken of, but the glorious lyrist, which to our imagination lives in an atmosphere of poetry more bright and dazling even than the sunshine amid which it delights to soar and sing.

In the same family as the Larks are classed the Pipits, they being alike termed Alaudine birds, and having many

common characteristics. Of the *Anthus* or Pipit genus, Macgillivray describes several species: the *A. Pratensis*, or Meadow Pipit, sometimes called the Tit Lark, Titting, or Moss-Cheeper—a bird which is very generally distributed through these islands, being found principally on moist meadows, on moors and pasture lands, having a wavering and desultory flight, and a rather pleasant song, composed of a series of sharp modulated notes, generally uttered on the wing. It is to the care of this bird that the Cuckoo most frequently consigns its eggs—

'And oft the poor Titting within her small nest,  
A monster beholds that devours all the best  
Of the food that she brings with such care in her bill,  
With a wide-gaping throat, and a look that bodes ill,  
For her fledglings, that soon by the stranger are turn'd  
From their house, and the parent whose heart to them yearn'd.'

Then there is the Tree Pipit (*Anthus Arboreus*), which arrives in this country at the end of April, and departs in September, and is pretty generally distributed, frequenting the cultivated grounds in the neighbourhood of woods and thickets, sometimes called the Meadow or Short-heeled Field Lark; and the Rock, Dusky, and Tree Pipit or Lark (*Anthus Obscurus*), evidently the same bird as that alluded to by Jennings as one of the *Alauda* genus. There are also the Red-breasted and Richard's Pipits (*Anthus Spinoletta* and *Richardi*), about which we need say nothing, as they are only museum birds with us. The Tits (*Genus Parus*), which also belong to this family, are a lively and beautiful group of birds, remarkable for their sharp shrill notes, some of which greatly resemble the sharpening of a saw. Many familiar names are given to them, such as Tomtit, Titmouse, Blue-cap, Blue-bonnet, Black-cap, Hick-wale, Belly-biter, Ox-eye, and the like. Their voices are scarcely adapted for singing us a song; therefore we will sing one to them, and thus conclude this bit of ornithological gossip—

The little Tomtit! the little Tomtit!  
What a joyous bird is he!  
And he loveth about in the sun to flit,  
And to perch on the orchard tree:  
When the shiny buds begin to peep  
With his sharp *twit-twit*, and his shrill *cheep-cheep*,  
From morn till night 'tis his to keep  
As busy, as busy can be.

The little Titmouse! the little Titmouse!  
What a comical fellow is he!  
With his head away, and his half-closed eye,  
As much as to say 'I see—  
I see the maggot within the green bud;  
You cannot, although your sight may be good,  
I'm sharper than you, for I'm searching for food,  
And I'm hungry very—chee! chee!'

The little Tomtit has a little black cap,  
And oh, such a twinkling eye!  
And his tiny wings, they go flip-flap,  
As he utters his shrill, sharp cry:  
And he looks as proud as an eagle can,  
That sits on a rock the sun to scan;  
And he says to the gardener, 'Come, my man,  
We ought to be friends—you and I!'

But the gardener likes not the little Tomtit,  
For he sees the ground beneath  
With buds bestrewn, and he vows at noon  
Ere night to be his death.  
But surely this is a cruel speech,  
For a maggot hath eaten the heart of each;  
If the fatal shot should the poor bird reach  
'Tis the innocent suffereth.

#### LIFE-BOOK OF A LABOURER.\*

ERSKINE NEALE, M.A., is rector of Kirton, Suffolk, and his 'Life-Book of a Labourer' is a collection of sketches, embodying his experiences in his vocation, and containing many of the reflections which those experiences have educated. The excellent and graphic sketches, which bear so modest a collective designation as the above, are not religious essays. Their tone and character are such, however, as well become the works of a clergyman. The spirit of his moralisings is as catholic as Christianity, and the subjects of his lucubrations are not in the least disfigured by sectarianism. He can stand humbly and respectfully be-

\* By ERSKINE NEALE. London: Bentley.



side the tomb of Thomas Clarkson, and bless God for the labours of which that illustrious man was the instrument; and he could walk twenty miles to behold the birthplace of Robert Hall, when refused a conveyance by bigots of his own communion, and although, at Arnsby, saluted with the bigotry of those who considered that the privilege of respecting the memory of the celebrated preacher was exclusively that of Dissenters.

Perhaps the most excellent of Mr Neale's excellent sketches is that entitled 'A Fastidious Parish.' It is merely a sketch, it is true, but it only wants filling up, action, and disposition, to render it a very splendid picture of a poor clergyman's experiences.

#### A FASTIDIOUS PARISH.

'As a parish, we have never yet known what an approach to unanimity was.'—*Speech of the ex-Churchwarden of Christchurch.*

'Some men say that they will not be taught by clergymen, weak men like themselves. I answer, that they are the five barley leaves and two small fishes—little, indeed, of themselves, but sufficient, by the blessing of God, to feed five thousand.'—*Observations by E. W.*

If ever a mild and gentle spirit—a spirit which breathed nothing but peace to all around it, tenanted a human form, it was enshrined within the earthly tabernacle of the careworn and sorrow-bent Philip Heathbury.

His had been a lot strangely chequered. Born to affluence, and up to manhood in the possession of it, he found himself, in the decline of life, wholly dependent on the income of his living, which never amounted to a hundred a-year, in the most favourable seasons.

Fond of children—after rearing a promising family to the very verge of manhood, he had the anguish of feeling himself, in the evening of his existence, childless and alone. Devoted to retirement and yearning after peace, the position he coveted was that of pastor to some small rural population, in a secluded parish. Providence had so willed it, that his destiny was to preside over the spiritual interests of a jarring, noisy, gossiping market-town, where the society was composed of the most discordant materials, and where parties on all questions were balanced to the most excruciating nicety.

'Like the Parisian capital, we have our coteries,' was the self-satisfied remark of a little noisy-tongued, paper-headed corn-factor, who, with some command of language, enviable assurance, and a retentive memory, possessed a most extraordinary facility for setting people by the ears, and might be styled the Mirabeau of Middle-Hinton.

Poor dear Mr Heathbury! I think I see him now, with his tall spare figure, placid face, and kind eye, presiding with the air of a martyr over a parish meeting, and in vain counselling peace to those whose life was one continued warfare. He had but one defect—an utter inability to say 'No.' He could not pronounce it. So desirous was he to cultivate feelings of amity with all around him—to be at peace with all—to be the friend of all, that the power of giving a refusal, of uttering a negative, seemed denied him. The penalty entailed upon him by this singular weakness was painfully oppressive. His taskmasters were rigorous, and daily was it enforced. Still, his gentle temper, unvarying forbearance, and ready sympathy—his willingness to 'rejoice with them that did rejoice, and to weep with those that wept,' won even upon the jarring, disunited, bickering flock which called him pastor. They observed his failing health, broken spirits, and sinking energies; and, in a moment of unprecedented unanimity, proposed to give him a curate. This was the first burst of their generosity. 'Tis true they afterwards qualified their proposal with this ominous proviso, that 'the parish was to be allowed some voice in the selection of the gentleman'—in other words, to have a veto of the whole transaction. The guile of this amendment was not at first perceptible. Mr Heathbury acceded cheerfully to their suggestions; thanked them with tears in his eyes for their kind consideration; congratulated himself over and over again, that his latter years would be years of peace. Dear, good, infatuated old man, from that moment his life was more embittered by discord than ever.

'How earnestly do I wish,' I have often heard him say,

in the strife which disquieted his closing days, 'that I had the means of retiring from duties to which I am no longer equal; that I could betake myself to any shelter, however lowly, and there await my final change. But there is no superannuation fund in our profession for the worn-out servant in the Great Master's vineyard. Were I to retire from labour, what awaits me, save the cheerless shelter of a parish workhouse, or the precarious assistance of eleemosynary contributions? No, I must struggle on till the Great Spirit above is pleased in mercy to release me.'

Ah! they know not in high station the wretchedness which a poor clergyman silently endures, whose professional maintenance is at once inadequate to his wants, and derogatory to his calling. They know not how completely the meagreness of his temporal state unfits him for the effectual discharge of his varied duties; and how the anxieties of a life, which has no resources upon which, under Providence, it can with calmness depend, unnerves his faculties for such a continued and strenuous devotion to his peculiar calling, which is essentially necessary to its proficiency and success.

To a clergyman weighed down by a ceaseless struggle with poverty, there must ever be wanting that cheerful and unburthened energy of mind by which alone he can attain to any excellency in the knowledge and distribution of divine things. He cannot, if under an absolute uncertainty of his daily bread, feel that absence of all worldly anxiety from the heart, without which it is impossible for the weakness of our fallen nature to give itself up wholly to anything but a laborious endeavour to obtain the necessities of life.

Alas! how unjustly in many cases is a poor clergyman judged! His hearers often visit him with severe censure for having secular views—impute to him as a crime that he is guilty of undue devotion to the world, when he seeks to augment his pittance from sources in the slightest degree foreign to his sacred calling—but are not they themselves to blame? Are they not criminal in the sight of God and man, who, by withholding from the minister of the altar that provision for the flesh which is meet and right for the station in which he stands, compel him to turn the current of his thoughts from heaven to earth, and direct his efforts to the labour of securing his own temporary existence in this world, instead of working head, and heart, and soul, for their everlasting inheritance in the next?

But to trace the course of events at Middle-Hinton.

Mr Grayburn was the first gentleman appointed to the curacy under the new arrangement. He was a modest unassuming young man—plain in his dress—simple in his manners—and devoted to his calling. For a few months all was peace. But the calm did not last long. An affluent member of the congregation made the discovery that his conduct was open to objection. 'He was too much among the poor! His discourses were far too simple! There was nothing in them that an educated mind could relish! The graces of diction were utterly wanting. They contained only the most obvious truths.'

The dismissal of Mr Grayburn was resolved upon.

The process by which this intended measure was matured was curious. An indistinct growl against poor Grayburn from the immediate friends and retainers of the wealthy complainant was first audible at intervals. Then the grumbling became more general. Next a private meeting of the malecontents was convened, at which 'strong resolutions' were agreed upon. This was followed by a deputation from the subscribers to the incumbent with an 'expression of their sentiments.' They rang the changes boldly upon the word 'dissatisfaction;' and then—talked of 'withholding the supplies.'

Mr Heathbury defended his colleague mildly and anxiously, but not firmly. Tears stood in his eyes as he reluctantly admitted that 'without their assistance he could no longer avail himself of the indulgence of a curate. If they were dissatisfied he deeply regretted it: he was aware he was at their mercy.'

The faltering tones in which the poor old man uttered

these remarks, would have told upon the feelings of almost any assembly save that to which they were addressed. The deputation peremptorily replied. Mr Heathbury listened in silence; and after another feeble effort at remonstrance, yielded to their caprices. The dismissal of Mr Grayburn was decided on.

His place was supplied by a Mr Wilmington. Mr Wilmington was a young man of high spirit, good family, and great attainments. He had taken honours at the university; and far from being content with mere academic distinction, continued the course he had early adopted of patient reading and research. His ministerial efforts gave high promise of future excellence; and the old vicar once more indulged the hope that all parties would be satisfied. Confiding old man! he was doomed to be speedily roused from his day-dream! With the passing gossip, scandal, and party spirit which reigned in Middle-Hinton, Mr Wilmington had no feeling in common. The incessant interchange of petty hostility he held in utter abhorrence. Absorbed in his own pursuits, partly professional, partly personal, the same sense of his own dignity which led him to loathe the tale of scandal effectually guarded him from all approach to servility. He would neither cringe to the purse-proud Mr Prance; nor flatter his die-away daughter; nor carry news to the mischief-making Miss Martinson; nor tolerate the scandal-loving dowager at the hall. He was speedily discovered to be 'a very objectionable person.' 'A change was indispensable.'

'We are not a university,' said Mr Whiff, a wealthy tobaccoist who called himself one of the 'landed interest,' and talked largely about his 'estate' and the 'game bill'—the said estate being a little paddock of about the size of a widow's pocket-handkerchief, and on which there was a faint and very indistinct tradition that a hare had once been killed—'we are not a university. I state this broadly as a fact; and I defy contradiction—yes! I defy contradiction. We are a plain, humble body of country parishioners. You see my drift, Mr Heathbury?'

'I confess I do not,' said the vicar, mildly.

'We're poisoned.'

'Poisoned! Who is poisoned? When—where—how?'

'The parish, by your curate.'

'Impossible! What has he done?'

'Done! Why he's—he's—give me the word, Martinson? ay, that's it—he's heterodox!'

'Yes!' observed Mr Martinson, drawing himself up, and advancing with great dignity to the relief of his brother malecontent, 'the truth is too melancholy to be denied. Mr Wilmington's sermons are too recondite. The poor have not the gospel preached to them. The Bible in his hands is a sealed book. We must not,—great emphasis was laid here—'have a neologian any longer in this pulpit.'

Mr Wilmington heard of this interview and instantly formed his plans. He waited on his anxious and afflicted superior, and, addressing him with the same affectionate deference which had characterised his bearing throughout, at once tendered his resignation.

'I am aware,' said he, 'of your peculiar position. I see I shall cause you embarrassment. Permit me at once to terminate it by a hasty adieu.'

The next that took the field was a man of property, and to the poor one of the kindest and most liberal of benefactors—a Mr Meade. Possessing great animal spirits, a voice of rare and singular melody, a fund of information on all subjects, and a very winning address, there was something peculiarly attractive about Mr Meade, both in his public and private capacity.

'He must please!' was the vicar's thankful confession at the close of a few weeks' acquaintance.

And he did please—for a while. His sermons were very even and admirably delivered. His charities were liberal and most judiciously bestowed. His society as a companion was eagerly coveted. And he appeared to have made a permanent impression upon the good opinion of his fickle flock. But alas! how hollow are appearances! Mr Meade was a thorough churchman—a high church-

man, if you will, in the proper and legitimate meaning of the term—and he was at no pains to conceal it.

One Sunday—one most unlucky Sunday—as poor Mr Heathbury invariably described it—he laid his opinions before his flock in a most elaborate address on the excellencies of the Liturgy. The pseudo-churchmen were instantly in a blaze. The Independents—and they formed a powerful body in Middle-Hinton—fanned the flame. A terrific outcry was raised. 'He is a papist! He has raised the Prayer-book above the Bible! He should have lived in Laud's days! Away with him!' And away from this focus of strife Mr Meade very speedily hurried. But previous to his departure he preached a tremendous farewell sermon—a sermon which drew tears from the eyes of many; and called up all the blood in their body to the cheeks of not a few. 'It is unbearable,' said Mr Whiff to his daughter as he writhed in his pew; 'it takes away all the breath in my body while I listen to him.'

Of all the slaves who had bowed beneath the yoke of popular opinion in the little factious borough, none had ever burst their bonds with the fire, force, and spirit of the vivacious Mr Meade. His successor was a Mr Hans Bowser—a very grave and saturnine-looking gentleman—who stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and appeared a very giant in divinity. Rumour was rife on the arrival of such an imposing-looking personage. Some said that he was a widower. Others that he had buried two wives. One party positively affirmed that he had formerly held a commission in the cavalry. Another quite as confidently asserted that he had commanded a troop of infantry. That his previous career had been of a military cast, all agreed. Meanwhile he himself was anything but communicative. He spoke but seldom, and then very briefly. He listened, wholly unmoved, to the long and mournful detail which Mr Heathbury gave of the distracted state of his difficult cure.

'Be at peace, sir,' was his comment, 'I will never leave you till I have brought this parish to its senses.'

His auditor opened his eyes to their widest extent, and gazed upon the speaker in unfeigned amazement.

'I believe—at least I do not think it possible I can have heard aright. You cannot have understood the—the—peculiarities of your appointment.'

But with a smile which had more of sadness than even his former gravity, the stranger replied—'This at least have I learnt from my former profession: to relinquish only with life a contested outpost—never voluntarily to recede from a position—nor lightly to abandon a friend. Discipline must be restored.'

'Discipline!' cried the old pastor, more bewildered than ever—'discipline! Where?'

But his companion had relapsed into his usual state of taciturnity.

To others his language was as brief and pointed. Mr Prance, a retired horse-dealer, with a heavy purse and light headpiece, waited to propound 'a grand scheme of preaching,' which should embrace all creeds and satisfy all parties.

'I am quite persuaded,' said that worthy, 'that it is practicable to devise some comprehensive scheme of divinity—that it is possible to preach sermons upon a broad basis—sermons which shall put an end to dissent, and include Calvinist and Arminian, Baptist and Socinian, Churchman and Independent, and contain something suitable to the palate and agreeable to the opinions of all. Does it not appear to you that such a system formerly existed; has been temporarily lost; and may yet be found?'

'Yes: in the moon.'

And Mr Bowser gazed up into the inquirer's face with an air of the most profound and deliberate gravity.

Mr Prance took his hat and was off.

The owner of the large estate, and representative of the landed interest, paid his respects to the new comer on the following morning. He brought with him 'a paper of suggestions for educating the children of all denominations together, leaving religion quite out of the matter as an

embarrassing question. Give them plenty of rewards—here and there good clothing, and an annual feast, and our school-room will be filled, Mr Bowser—filled to overflowing—filled to the very threshold.'

'Yes: with heathens.'

His nerve and self-command were extraordinary. Of this he gave a memorable proof on his *début* at Hinton. His height has been already alluded to; and the contrast which he formed in this, as well as in some other unimportant respects, to his immediate predecessor, was irresistibly droll. Mr Meade was a merry-looking, portly little man, far below the middle stature, who required in the pulpit the aid of three hassocks, to give him anything like command over the auditory he was addressing. These hassocks had been left, some said purposely, others declared accidentally—(those who know the Middle-Hintonites rather incline to the former opinion, for among them were many wags, and other *marais sujets*, devoted adherents of the late Mr Meade, and anything but captivated by the gravity of his successor)—just as their late lowly curate had been accustomed to use them. The gigantic Mr Bowser ascends the pulpit; and imagining that all was *en règle* and duly prepared for his reception, mounts, without a single misgiving, the pile of hassocks, and when he drew himself up to his full height, the bewildered congregation observed, with astonishment, that his knees were nearly on a level with the red pulpit cushion! Without the slightest visible discomposure, Mr B. descended from his unnatural elevation, and endeavoured to put himself rather more on a level with his people by removing the superfluous hassocks, and piling them against the pulpit-door. This arrangement completed, in a far more lowly attitude he began his sermon. Warming with his subject as he proceeded, and indulging, as was his wont, in a slight and sparing use of gesture, the hump of the pulpit-door yielded to the pressure from within; and at one particular burst of animation, just when he had uttered the words—'Behold and lo!'—a ponderous hassock disengaged itself from its fellows, and bumpity bump! bumpity bump! bump! bump! boldly banged its way down the pulpit-stairs! The older, graver, and more staid portion of the assembly, retained with considerable effort their composure. As much cannot be affirmed of the younger. The features of Mr Bowser remained immovable. Stilled by his manner, as much as by his subject, the whole congregation had resumed the attitude of attention, when, at a fresh division of his topic, he uttered the words, 'And again.' As if obeying him, the next hassock followed its companion with cheerful alacrity, and terminated its erring course only by a thundering bang against the squire's pew-door. The speaker calmly watched its progress, and then with admirable self-possession resumed his subject. He had arrived at the concluding section. A few moments and his first ministerial address would have closed. But previously he had to say, 'Once more!' At the word, the last hassock began its descent, and while it dropped slowly from step to step, as if willing to prolong the confusion it caused, the muscles even of the oldest, and sternest, and strictest in the assembly relaxed involuntarily into a smile. Mr Bowser looked grimly down into the aisle upon his tormentors, as if thankful no further interruptions from them could await him, and, after a slight pause, concluded his address with features as composed, and voice as unflinching as when he began.—'He has the gravity of a judge,' said one.—'He has the nerve of an old soldier,' said another.

But there was a further ordeal through which 'the imperturbable' had to pass, of a different, though scarcely less trying description.

To this little factious borough belonged no less than five 'Friendly clubs'; which, though they were composed of members of almost every religious persuasion under heaven, were pleased annually to repair to the parish church on Whit-Monday, there to hear a sermon, specially preached for their edification. A most thankless office had it proved for years. For as in these five friendly societies—(rarely, by the way, was there such a scene of

uproar witnessed; or so much strife, contention, ill-will, crimination, and recrimination displayed, even at Middle-Hinton, as on the annual rendezvous of these amiable associations)—individuals were mingled of the most conflicting sentiments; what in the preacher's sermon suited the creed of one, was anathematised as rank heresy by another. And so many were the sarcasms uttered, and so freely was misconception indulged, and misrepresentation circulated, that by the unfortunate officiating clergyman at Middle-Hinton, for the time being, Whit-Monday was viewed as the darkest Monday in the calendar.

Whitsuntide approached, and the enviable appointment of chaplain for the day was offered to the new curate. He accepted it at once, and delivered an address of no inconsiderable length. The most practised grumblers were puzzled how to condemn it. It dwelt on the necessity of individual as well as national repentance, and was unlike anything they had ever heard before. Nor was the conduct of Mr Bowser himself one whit less extraordinary. Contrary to all former precedent, he accepted the invitation given him by the managers, and dined with the multitude at the Blue Dragon; proposed 'Prosperity to the Clubs,' in a very brief but sensible speech; returned thanks with considerable point, when his own health had been given; and contrived to quit them while they were in high good humour, and before the slightest approach could be perceived to tumult or disorder.

These tactics were quite new, and the clubs, in a moment of extraordinary good fellowship, resolved that the managers of each fund should in due form, as a deputation, wait on the Rev. Hans Bowser, to thank him for his sound scriptural and instructive sermon; and request him to publish it as a memorial of the proceedings of the day, and with a view to their further edification. He received them thus:—'Gentlemen, I accede to your request with peculiar satisfaction. The more so as I believe my accomplished and well-intentioned predecessor fell under your displeasure, for his cordial admiration of, and measureless attachment to, the liturgy of his church. I aimed at presenting you with a sermon drawn almost entirely from the boundless resources of her services. I have succeeded! That which you have gratified me by commending—that which you have characterised as sound, scriptural, and instructive, has been based entirely upon our church service for Ash Wednesday, and our martyr service for the thirtieth of January. Thence has been derived whatever of value it possesses. There are to be found much of its argument, many of its expressions, all its notion. I state this to you without reserve. It may teach us that sometimes we condemn that with which we are but imperfectly acquainted. It proves to us the fallacy of their objections, who assert that familiarity with this ritual only produces in the churchman feelings of satiety and weariness. Again I thank you for the compliment, and will cheerfully comply with the request it involves.'

The rebuke was smart, but salutary. The parish never rebelled from that hour!

But to the venerable incumbent, his ascension-day—for to the good man death may so be called—was not far distant. By slow and gentle advances the gloomy tyrant claimed him as his own. When one of his friends ventured to remark how acceptable rare preferment would have been: 'So best,' he uttered, 'so best. Innumerable temptations escaped—tremendous responsibility unknown.' He died as he had lived, singularly peaceful and triumphant. He wished to expire on the Sunday, for then, he thought, 'heaven's doors were open, and during the period of service, for then there accends to the mercysent the melody of thanksgiving, chastened by the intensity of prayer.' The bells had rung in—the opening hymn had ceased. 'My people are now engaged in our blessed and beautiful service—raise me that I may join my prayers with theirs!' His wishes were obeyed. He clasped his thin pale hands, and strove with feeble effort to lift them towards heaven; when a ray of brightness beamed in his dull sunken eye, and a smile of indescrib-

able happiness passed over the care-worn pallid countenance, and in an instant prayer was lost in praise.

The 'Life-Book of a Labourer' contains some racy, original chit-chat, and literary anecdotes: and we have no doubt will endear its liberal and benevolent author to many hearts, as well as favourably recommend his talents to the general public.

## A FIFTH BUNDLE OF BOOKS.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

AGAIN buckle we to our task. And, first, of several productions which have reached us since our Fourth Bundle was penned.

A sapient critic in the 'Athenæum' has lately christened us 'Worldly Wiseman' and 'Praise-all.' One nickname at a time, we think, is sufficient (otherwise we might have called him 'Ill-will' and 'Prejudice'); but as the first was so stupidly unlike us, we suppose that the writer was obliged to add a second equally inapplicable. If he doubts this, let him send us, as contributions to our Sixth Bundle, his writings, and wait the result. Our bundles, at least, have never been deficient in common justice; and even as to other qualities, we are not afraid to pit them against the dry and spleenful critiques of the 'Athenæum,' where ill-tamper, spite, and mean jealousy are mistaken for honesty and truth; and the cliques connected with which are, as a whole, destitute alike of insight, heart, and enthusiasm.

The 'Church a Banqueting-house' is the production of a very amiable, diligent, and promising minister of the Free Church of Scotland. It is pleasingly and sweetly written, breathes a fine tenderness of spirit, and the two addresses it contains must have told with great effect on a communion-day.

Mr Alexander MacLagan sends us his 'Summer Sketches.' We have already spoken favourably of this author. He has unquestionably an eye of his own, both for Scottish nature and Scottish life. Those recent sketches are equal or superior to his former. We have been delighted especially with his 'Mountain Spring,' and his 'Sunrise from Arthur's Seat.' The former is sweet, natural, cool, and refreshing as its subject. The second is bold, animated, and copes worthily with the fine theme.

The Rev. W. Linwood sends his 'Unwritten Poetry,' the substance of two lectures, both written in a glowing style and a beautiful spirit. There are occasional traces of juvenility of taste in the style, but this will leave him as he goes on, and gets warm in the harness. His lectures are full of uncommon promise, and show a sincere, enthusiastic, and amiable nature, as well as much ability.

'Peter Plough's Letters to Lord Kinnaird' are admirably written. Without entering on their subject matter, which is totally out of our province, we have seldom witnessed a more complete, unanswerable, and smashing exposure than this. Feeble busybodies, who interfere with subjects of which they know little or nothing, deserve all the indignity which an honest and powerful pen can confer upon them. We know who the author of these very refreshing letters is, but, without betraying his secret, we take the liberty of saying, that out of the columns of the 'Times,' there exists no more vigorous, acute, and trenchant newspaper writer than he. Indeed, we wonder the 'Times' has not ere this found him out, and made him a conductor to its 'thunder.'

Mr Ramsay's 'Lectures on the Revelation' constitute a sensible and clear statement of his views on that mysterious Apocalypse, which, like Cosmogony in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' has 'puzzled all ages.' Mr R.'s great defect is not having read up to the present state of information as to that book—seems, for instance, quite unaware of the existence of Elliott's 'Horæ Apocalypticæ'—but the work is highly creditable to his industry and talents, is luminously and ably written, and proves him a most respectable minister of the United Presbyterian Church.

'Thoughts from the Inner Circle' comes principally from the pen of an old opponent of ours, Mr Langford of Birming-

ham, who, a year or two ago, answered, in a very respectful manner, our strictures on George Dawson. These poems (not indeed entirely composed by him, for there is, at least, one other hand in the medley) show rather earnestness of spirit than weight of matter or brilliance of genius. They contain, however, fine lines and thoughts, and evince talent, sincerity, benevolence, and heart. We are almost disposed to think somewhat better of Dawson's teaching from those 'first fruits of his ministry,' the 'Thoughts from the Inner Circle'; only, we would warn the authors against the crying sin of the age—imitation. Let them burn their Tennyson, and look into their own hearts.

'The Christian Sabbath,' by John Hunter, is a clear, comprehensive, pleasing, and impressive discourse—the more creditable as its author is entirely self-taught.

We have received three numbers of the 'Aberdeen Universities Magazine'—a production of very fair merit—learned, with less of the immature and juvenile than such productions usually contain. Its editors are tolerably 'far north,' as their notices of 'Festus' and Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' among others, evince. We wish them God-speed in their early literary aspirations. 'The Rural Echo,' from the same shire, is a much inferior production. Why should its writers throw away their time and talents in faint imitations of the 'Spectator' and 'Rambler'? Have they ever rubbed their eyes since childhood?

The three last books on our present list demand far more attention than we have time or space to afford. The first is the 'Great Redemption,' by Mr Leask, of whom we have already spoken in the INSTRUCTOR. The design of this very excellent work is not so much to cast any new light upon any one topic in theology, as it is to furnish a logical and perspicuous compendium of the whole subject. And certainly, in this point of view, Mr L. has completely succeeded. His work may be called the 'creed of a moderate Calvinist.' It is not a crum of ill-cemented parts—it is a regular and beautiful whole, admirably condensed, starred richly with Scripture, and sprinkled modestly with the flowers of a fine fancy. There is no riot, there is no profusion, there is perhaps not much pure originality; but there are restraint, succinctness, point, system, and often elegance approaching to beauty. Mr L. views the 'Great Redemption' under the varied views of 'antiquity,' 'sovereignty,' 'completeness,' 'adaptation,' 'freeness,' 'efficacy,' 'design.' The eighth and last chapter is much the most interesting and eloquent. As he touches on the second advent, the future glory of the Church, the innumerable hosts of the saved, he breaks the trammels of system, and bursts away into fine leaps of enthusiasm. We think, however, that he might have spoken out more broadly on the pre-millennial advent. Surely the time has gone by when that view durst be branded by any Church as a heresy. And we confess that we do not very clearly apprehend his meaning when he speaks of the 'new heavens and the new earth.' Does he consider them distinct alike from the millennial and celestial states? If so, where is his evidence in Scripture? He says, indeed, that the description of them follows that of the general judgment; but do not most Millenarians conceive that the judgment is to precede the millennial rest? Altogether, this work establishes Mr L.'s reputation as a theologian, and as a chaste and animated writer. We quote one passage on the present state of philosophy: 'Philosophy has spread out no covering for the exposed, has paved no highway for the pilgrim, has arched no bridge across the yawning chasm. She is no guide of the blind, for she herself is confessedly lost in the mazes of doubt and uncertainty. Her voice is many-tongued, her directions are contradictory, her theorems are guesses, her facts are hypothetical. Her labour is in the fires, and the light she yields, while discoloured and unsteady, is effectual only to the extent of making the darkness visible. She has evidently received no new commission, except it be *once again to certify to humanity that she cannot help it*. Her first principles require antecedents. Her deepest researches scratch but the surface of the soil, which is supposed to conceal the remedy for

human wo. Her experiments tend only to irritate the sufferer. Her prescriptions, couched in modern phrase, are but the ancient compounds which partially conceal the symptoms, while they undermine the system. Her mental worship is but the avator of an old idolatry; and her modern pantheism is just the resurrection of rabble deities, which have been buried in oblivion for two thousand years.' (To this we demur. Pantheism and polytheism are surely quite distinct. Ovid and Spinoza did not hold exactly the same creed.) 'Philosophy can work no deliverance in the earth. It has not infused new life into a paralysed world; it has not redeemed mind from either ignorance or superstition; it has not removed the huge deformities of society; it has not cemented the rents and fissures of the social fabric; it has not healed the breach, nor leaped into the gulph, nor stayed the plague, and we are sure it never can.' This is excellent writing, but not perhaps a fair statement of the case. The philosopher might easily retort by saying, Has religion as yet healed the breach, stayed the plague? &c., by contending that philosophy is confessedly in her infancy, and that she is in the present day seeking for an alliance with religion, if she only knew how to get it effected.

Edward Miall, of the 'Nonconformist,' is one of the most honest, straightforward, and sturdy of modern men. When we first saw and heard him, we said internally, This is the third man we have ever seen who comes up to our ideal of an earnest man, one filled and devoured with the fire of purpose; the other two having been Thomas Carlyle and poor McChyne. How like, yet how different, the three men! McChyne's one desire was to save souls by preaching and practising the highest Calvinism; and although he spent his last sermon in denouncing a sermon of ours, and although his views of the character of the Most High, expressed in that same sermon, were little else than LIBELLIOUS, yet we are free to confess him one of the sincerest and best, albeit narrowest, of men. As Mirabeau said of Robespierre, 'That man will yet go far; he believes every word he says.' McChyne believed and felt every word he said. Thomas Carlyle's purpose is to inculcate a wide and new Protestantism, and every new work of his comes down with the noise and emphasis of a *protesting shilling*. Miall's object is to make our present form of Protestantism once more a living thing, by conforming it not to the fashion but to the spirit of the age. In their very personnel there seemed a certain resemblance. A grave, if not gloomy, cast of countenance, a firmness of determination, an aspect of constant thoughtfulness, betrayed the flame of zeal which was with more or less intensity burning within. In McChyne's case, the fuel of the fire was sentimental fancy; in Miall's, strong intellect; in Carlyle's, genius; but in all, moral purpose was felt to be the mastering power. Miall has much of the air of an old commonwealth man, added to the enlightenment and progressive spirit of the present day. He has been called a one-ideaed man, but this is a mistake, springing simply from the fact that he has, from among many, selected one or two monster grievances, and fought against them with all his soul, and heart, and mind, and strength. He is a fearless yet reverent thinker, a vigorous and manly writer, devout without cant, earnest without fanaticism, and eloquent without declamation. He feels more than most men the evils which are at present infesting the church. He lays them bare with a stern and unflinching anatomy, and then advises remedies which, if they do not, in our judgment, fully meet the urgency of the case, are certainly proposed in good faith, and are worthy of attention, if not of acceptance. Our principal objection, however, to his 'British Churches' is, that while he enlarges to great purpose on the disease, he heals it but slightly. We thoroughly coincide with almost every word of the first seven chapters. They are full of weighty, memorable, and melancholy truth. We admire exceedingly his illustrations of the aristocratic sentiment, the professional sentiment, and parts of his chapter on social and political hindrances to the success of the churches. We like better still his remarks in the third chapter, on 'the substitution of law for love as the spirit of Christianity.'

By a curious coincidence, we had said a year ago, in a paper on Longfellow, 'Love, not law, shall one day lead the great dance of human life.' How happy we were to find our views corroborated by such an authority as Mr Miall's. The Christian, he beautifully says, is not bound by any law to virtue; he is upon honour to God. But we miss, even in this part of the lectures, a chapter on the following most important topic—'the secret scepticism of modern Christians.' We suggest this as a desideratum to be filled up in an after edition; and, as we have said, his remedies are not so broad or deep as the disease. We are astonished that he lays so much stress upon his proposed alterations in the form of pulpits and churches—this paltry reform he should have left to George Dawson; or that he names a mere financial arrangement, such as that of the churches maintaining their own poor, as an important aid to revival. Nor have we much faith in what he says about the 'extension of the gift of teaching' among the laymen of the Church. We have already too much teaching and itching to teach among that class; would we had more of the desire and the docility to learn! Contrary to Mr M.'s views, we are convinced that the evil is beyond the skill of man, and are waiting with patience and expectancy for that supernatural impulse to our bemired chariot-wheels, which is at once deeply desirable, and nearly *due*. All honour, however, to the 'Nonconformist' for his bold, honest, and able exposé of our present evil plight. It is a book which cannot be perused without much pain, much pleasure, and more profit.

Dr Davidson's 'Introduction to the New Testament,' traverses a very wide and most interesting field. It is a new and elaborate argument for the credibility of the Gospels, and other books of the New Testament, accommodated to the present state of that absorbing controversy. The points of discussion it embraces are so numerous that we cannot touch on them. But we are bound to testify our approbation of the ability of the workmanship, the diligence of the research, the abundance of the wealth of learning, and above all the candour and calmness of spirit, distinguishing the two volumes. Dr Davidson has, as usual, suffered for his fairness. One party accuse him of unsoundness on the doctrine of inspiration, although we must say that his views on that subject seem to us the only views which any man of sense and honesty in the present day can entertain. Another class accuse him of 'begging the question,' of false reasoning, and bold assumption, but we confess that we have not been able to find specimens of any such naughty things in his volumes. They seem to us eminently and almost criminally candid. You see an honest and truth-loving man patiently plodding his way through a mass of evidence, and never or seldom thinking of the results in which his researches may terminate, or the theological tenets which they may affect. Strauss he does not denounce as a monster, but calmly confronts and answers as a man. His work has deeply interested and somewhat saddened us. To find that beautiful narrative of the Gospels, on which from childhood we had reposed as on the faithfulness of nature, subjected to the most trying scrutiny, and at last 'saved so as by fire,' and that dear face of Jesus, which had seemed distinct to us as the moon in the heavens, snatched with difficulty from the abyss of the mythic hypothesis, is very humbling and very distressing. But blessed be God, the one is saved and the other is snatched. The sun is not a mere mote in our eye; the moon is not a mere film over a distempered vision. In spite of Strauss, Jesus is, Jesus lives, Jesus reigns, Jesus shall yet descend from heaven, and every eye shall see him, and *they also that pierced him*, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so. Amen.

## WATERLOO, THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

### CHAP. III.

It is from the top of the Mount of the Lion that the guide acquits himself of the most essential part of his duties. With his hand stretched towards the horizon, he

indicates the various points occupied by the different corps that were present at the battle, the spots where the most bloody episodes of the day took place, the farms, the ravines, the hamlets, the lines, and heights that were taken and re-taken so often by the French and the Allies. The scenes which they recount provoke in them no feelings now. They have followed the example of beautiful nature which lies before them, and which has covered over the dead with the green mantle of her peace.

'Listen,' say they; 'here, in this clump of trees, fell General Ponsonby, mortally wounded. In front, where the wind is shaking the corn, Picton, another English general, was killed, in commanding the last grand charge upon the French. Below, on the other side of the road, where you see that white smoke rising, the Imperial Guard were repulsed; and the Prince of Orange was wounded in crossing that ravine. Between those mowers who are sleeping, and the flock of sheep which descends the low road, the Duke of Wellington, despairing, believing for the third or fourth time that the battle was lost, stood enclosed in the centre of a solid square. More distant, between the road to Nivelles and the road to Genappe, you will perceive a group of little gardens, which sink and rise again into mounds; it was from that spot that Napoleon watched the operations of the fight. And it was by the grand wood beyond La Haye that the Prussians, under Bulow, attacked the French commanded by the Count Lobau.'

Often these explanations are discoursed by the guides to three different parties, at the same point and the same moment, in three different tongues—to the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the German, who are then upon the most pacific and friendly terms. It has been remarked, and the observation has its own value, that the subjects of nations who did not take an effective part in the battle of Waterloo can be distinguished and classified, from the sympathies which they express. The Russians, with few exceptions, range themselves on the side of the English and Germans; whilst the Danes, Swedes, Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, and the people of the two Americas, pronounce for France. It will be seen that the French carry away more than the balance of sympathy. The southern nations are especially strong in their demonstrations in favour of Napoleon. I saw an American boy, remarkable for the beauty of his person, raise himself upon his little trembling feet, and spit in the direction of the unfortunate lion of M. Cockerill; then, mounting on the third step, he cried several times in Spanish, at the same time waving his pocket-handkerchief. 'In the name of Havana, my dear country, hurrah for Napoleon!'

When the French army, on their way to the siege of Antwerp, passed the foot of the Mound, they discovered so lively a sentiment of grief and wounded pride, that they resolved to hurl the insolent lion from its place. In the twinkling of an eye the ladders were placed against the pedestal by the young soldiers, who saw in this monument an outrage upon the memory of their fathers, and the work of demolition had commenced. All the young men of the army cheered and applauded with both voice and hands. Marshal Gerard, however, one of the old Waterloo generals, prevented this act of patriotic vivacity. The men obeyed him, and left the lion standing; but before they parted from it, they saluted it with several volleys of musketry, the marks of which are still seen round its mouth; and, in order to disgrace it the more in the eyes of posterity, they chipped a piece off its tail. At the foot of the Mound, in a cabin open to all the winds that blow, a keeper presents to those who have descended a register, in which they are invited to write their names, their country, and their profession.

On leaving the Mound of the Lion, I wished to see some other places, no less celebrated in the feats of that horrible day, so I took the road of Haye Sainte and of the Chateau d'Hougoumont, which are not very distant from one another. In 1815, the farmhouse and chateau were united, and surrounded by a wood, which does not now exist. The ground has been cleared, and is sown

with wheat, oats, and lint. In looking at these beautiful fields, covered by a luxuriant vegetation, it required the affirmation of my readings to persuade me that that space surrounding the farmhouse and chateau had borne the bloody corpses of so many men. During more than four hours, the balls and bullets mowed down, without relaxation, thousands of Frenchmen and Englishmen; and, to crown all, fire consumed the chateau, and the wounded men of both nations perished in the flames. About mid-day, nothing could be seen save the black clouds obscuring the face of heaven, a bloody stain upon the ground, and the bony timber-work of the chateau rising between those two phenomena like a gigantic skeleton. La Haye Sainte has been probably several times repaired since 1815. It is a farmhouse, in the full simplicity of the term, and one which cannot compare with those of France for the richness of its dependencies. When I entered the yard, several ducks were sporting in a pond, and a little fair-haired child, almost naked, was teasing a great black dog with an osier wand. My presence in that lonely habitation soon drew the attention of the dog, and he barked loudly at me. His salutation attracted the notice of a lad who was standing at the threshold of the stable-door, of a young woman who appeared at that of the dairy, which was framed with a mass of foliage; and under the vault of a cart-shed I saw a very old man, with a cotton bonnet on his head, a pipe in his mouth, and sharpening a scythe with a stone. After the usual salutations, I said to the stableman, 'Well, my brave fellow, this is the farm of Haye Sainte?'

'Yes, sir.'

'It is here that the battle raged fiercely?'

'Yes, last year, for the Kermesse.'

'I speak to you of Waterloo,' said I.

'Waterloo is down below, sir; you have mistaken the way,' was his answer.

'I know where Waterloo is, but I speak to you of the battle.'

'Last year, for the Kermesse?' he replied, looking steadily at me.

'No; of the battle of Waterloo.'

'Oh, you will find Waterloo near to Mont St Jean; you are far off the way.'

Seeing that I did not understand him, and renouncing the idea of making me comprehend what seemed so incomprehensible, the man pointed to the young dairywoman, and I went to her.

'Madame,' said I, 'although you are too young to recollect the battle of Waterloo, still you have doubtless often heard others speak of the massacres committed then at this farm?'

'Yes, sir; I have often heard my father speak of them, whom you see sharpening the scythe there, under the shed.'

'You cannot tell what positions the English occupied in the farm?'

'No, sir; but my father can, I fancy.'

'Thank you, madame,' said I, and turned away towards the old man.

The woman recalled me for a moment, and said, 'Sir, my father is very deaf. I am afraid he will not hear you.'

'Monsieur,' cried I, in a manner to prove that I had profited by the daughter's intimation, 'what do you know of the combat that was so hotly contested here?'

'Here!' he exclaimed, looking up.

'Yes, here!' I shouted.

'In what time?'

'In 1815.'

'In 1815? No, not in 1815,' he answered.

'How not?' cried I.

'I tell you, that in 1815 I was not here,' he replied; 'I was in Frise.'

'But do you know nothing about it, then?'

'About what?—about Frise?' he asked, sharply.

'No; about Haye Sainte, where we now are—where I speak to you at this moment; try and recall your memory of what was done here.'

The old peasant looked at me with a clear eye, and with the air of a man who did not understand me, and then he said to me, 'You will probably get some news down below there.'

I saluted the honest old man, wishing him, in the manner of Fenelon, a continuation of that calm existence which had kept him ignorant until now of the cruelties exercised by war, upon the spot where he now smoked his pipe and sharpened his scythe. There was nobody else for me to inquire at, save the child and the dog. I dared not interrogate them, although they might have replied more intelligently than the others. Would that the general world in 1849 thought as little of Waterloo as they do at Haye Sainte! I ought to add here, that my guide assured me that the people whom I addressed were not the masters of Haye Sainte, but a family of haymakers—a class who are numerous in Belgium. They come every harvest, and hire themselves during the time of haymaking, and then return to their own country when harvest is over.

The Chateau of Hougomont, to which I went immediately on leaving Haye Sainte, still looks desolate and ruinous. It remains pretty much what it was after the fire. It has never been a very remarkable place, despite of the ambitious title of chateau, with which it is honoured. Less damaged than the chateau, the farmhouse of Hougomont is still habitable, although it had not many inhabitants when I introduced myself to it. The exterior wall which enclosed both the farmhouse and chateau has never been repaired since the battle of Waterloo—since the sad morning when that wall, at first so silent and inoffensive in appearance, suddenly became a gallery of homicidal musket-holes. Those embrasures still remain. In the holes which vomited a hurricane of balls upon the French, and mowed them down so suddenly, I have seen, living in perfect security, beautiful lizards lying amongst lichen, curtained with moss and white roses. It is well known that Napoleon, when he saw his forces paralysed at this part of his line, cried, 'Several cannon, eight bomb-mortars, and it is finished.' He was obeyed, and in an instant the yells of the wounded and dying mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and then shortly afterwards Hougomont was finished.

It was about three o'clock when I entered this tragic and historical spot. There was nobody in the outer court to notice me. The people of the farm are in the fields, thought I, and I advanced towards the main body of the building, constructed to the right of the chateau. I then heard a murmur of voices. I advanced still further, and found myself at last in an immense barn full of fodder, of which the doors had been left half open, and to which the farm-servants had retired from the heat of the sun. Here they maintained a dreadfully loud dispute; shouting, yelling, and swearing in Flemish, with their great twisted mouths, their upturned noses, and their beer-coloured complexions—characteristics peculiar to them, and which have not left them since the days of Teniers and Van Ostade. I had fallen upon a picture of the Dutch school of natural grandeur. Nothing was wanting—neither the short pipes, nor the glasses beside them, nor the pots of beer, nor even the bonnet falling over the brow and resting upon the ear. All these accessories were marvellously strengthened by the local colour, and the subject was completed by a quarrel. I could not at first understand what all this uproar meant, but after several efforts of thought and some attention, I finished by guessing. Two cages were placed opposite to each other, upon a high beam, and in each of these cages were two canaries of a very beautiful species, with long bodies, pale yellow plumage, but far more slender than are the ordinary kinds of this beautiful bird. Everybody knows the passion for tulips that reigns in the Netherlands. The passion for canaries is pushed even to a greater length amongst the Belgians, who continue in the right line of the Dutch. They pay a prodigious attention to the lyrical education of those poor birds, too prodigious for the poor birds, to my sense. Instead of singing the airs which God had

taught them, they are obliged to sing airs of Belgian mance, airs of songs, and even opera airs. The more they can sing, the higher is their price. Our Flemish bores were roaring and vociferating about the powers of the poor unfortunate birds, and arguing about the number of airs they each could sing. The solution of the problem depended upon each party listening, and counting the notes of each bird according as it sung them. This operation so very simple in reality, had become altogether insupportable from the passion, anger, and partiality, which I observed changed this competition into a combat. The umpires on one side had declared that one of the canaries had sung three more tunes than the other umpires would allow; and again declared that their favourite had surpassed its rival by four airs. They yelled, they threatened, and even struck at one another. They sought to make the birds begin to sing again; but after having recommended them to sing, twenty times, the unfortunate warblers neither would nor could utter a note. Then the hard-hearted Flemish in order to force them to sing, whistled in a manner deafen the little delicate birds, shook them violently in their cages, and struck them under the bills with ash little wands. Think of Duizend obliged to sing his grand air of 'La Favorite' twenty times following, under the points of the bayonets of his audience! These poor canaries trembled with affright. They hid their heads under their wings, their feathers fluttered, and at last they fell on the bottoms of their cages in convulsions. Tears started in my eyes at this brutal spectacle, and I turned away. I had tarried too long, for night was now advancing, and hastened back to Mont St Jean, taking a long circuit by my route, and at last I passed before the farmhouse of Belle Alliance. I stood for a moment to look upon this spot, where so many of the stirring incidents of that fatal day had occurred thirty-four years before. The sun was setting now, as it did when Napoleon, drawing up his horse, gazed at it sinking like the blaze of his own glory. The Duke of Wellington and Blücher embraced each other in one of the rooms of that mean farmhouse, just about this hour, for then the battle was over.

'To Mont St Jean—to Mont St Jean!' cried I to my guide.

'Do you not wish to enter the farmhouse?' said he.

'No,' was my response.

I arrived at the Hotel of Mont St Jean, exhausted with fatigue and emotion. Ten minutes afterwards, I was met by my way to Brussels. And the Englishwoman? I forgot to ask what had become of her.

## THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

### CHAP. VII.

FIVE weeks had elapsed since Bessy had been snatched from her happy home—only five weeks; but what an age it had appeared to her and to her friends! This last stroke of affliction had effected a grievous change in poor Mrs Williams. In the last calamity which had befallen her, she soon became calm and resigned; but now that awful uncertainty respecting the fate of her child kept her mind in constant agitation, and she sometimes feared she should lose her reason. Strange thoughts and feelings came into her mind at times, but it was no wonder, when the sleepless nights and anxious days which she passed were recollected. She had shed no tears since Bessy was missed; it seemed as if the fountain of her tears was dried up. Often as they had flowed during this last year, there was not one left now to moisten her aching eyes. But if she could not weep, Tom often did, for he could never look at his mother without his eyes filling with tears. Her grief was not noisy, but an attentive observer could see by her countenance what her sufferings were, and what they must have been. This thought passed through Tom's mind as he sat looking at her at breakfast on the Sunday morning after Bessy had effected her escape from Molly's guardianship. He had finished his meal, but



mother's cup of coffee still stood untasted, and she sat apparently lost in reverie, gazing into the fire.

'Mother, dear,' cried he at length, 'do eat something pray, do! I'm sure something will happen to you, if you go without sleep and food as you do.'

'What do you mean will happen, child?' said she, turning, and passing her hand over her forehead.

'I mean you will take ill, and leave me too,' said the boy, with some difficulty controlling his emotion.

His mother soothed him, and tried to take something to satisfy him. Her appetite was not very good just now, she said, but she hoped it would improve by and by. Then she got up and busied herself about clearing away the breakfast things, and putting the little apartment in order. It was as scrupulously clean and nice as ever it had been; but her thoughts were far away, the influence of her habit prevented Mrs Williams from neglecting the laws of cleanliness and order. Tom gave a helping hand, and they had nearly finished when a knock was heard at the door, and Sally appeared.

'Are you not for school this morning, Sally?' inquired Mrs Williams.

'Mother could not spare me in time,' answered the girl, 'and I have come to see if I can help you a bit.'

'Why, thank you, dear; I have nothing for you to do,' said Mrs Williams; 'Tom and I have put all to rights already.'

'Well, then, I'll go with Tom to church, if he is going,' said Sally.

'Do, dear; and it's time you both got ready. Go, Tom.'

'Wont you go to-day, mother?' asked Tom, wistfully.

She shook her head. 'Not to-day, dear. Soon, perhaps, but not to-day—not just yet.'

The children were soon dressed, and, when she had watched them depart, Mrs Williams put on her own clean apron and gown, drew the Bible from its shelf, placed it on the table before her, and seated herself. She tried to read, but she could not. Although her eyes were fixed in the page, her thoughts were far away; and at last she closed the book, and abandoned herself without restraint to her painful reflections.

'If I could but see her dead,' she muttered to herself—'laid to rest beside her father, I could bear to lose her; but who knows what she may be suffering now!' and, tugging afresh by the agony of the idea, the poor woman rose, and walked for some minutes with hurried steps about the little room. After a while she became more composed. 'God help me, and teach me how to submit!' ejaculated she, with a heavy sigh, and she seated herself again, and again opened the volume on the table. It was strange that the first words upon which her eye fell were these—'He is the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow.' Often and often since her last misfortune had wise and pious friends, as well as flippant and thoughtless neighbours, spoken to the afflicted mother of the all-wise government of God, and of the duty of trusting to His providence for the good result of his mysterious dispensations. Her understanding had meekly submitted, but the fears and agonies of her heart had refused to be quieted at the voice of argument and reason. Now her cry for help was heard. The words which she read appeared to her an actual promise from a living Father. Now she felt his active government, his paternal care; and she could at length trust her child into his hands. Now she felt her heart relieved at last, for the lost little one had still a Friend above to guard and cherish her. Oh! there are thoughts which come direct from God, and which far transcend all earthly communications! To the humble and loving heart the age of revelation has not yet passed away, and the golden chain of faith is still left to join our mortal world with a higher and purer sphere above! While Tom and Sally, with their hearts full of the lost sister and mourning mother, were earnestly repeating the response to the prayer for comfort, help, and succour to those in danger, sickness, and tribulation, the blessing had already fallen where it was needed, and tears streamed at length in showers upon the inspired page on which the

widow leant, relieving the heart which had so long supported an intolerable weight of woe. And now the service was over, and our two young friends left the church, and walked silently and thoughtfully homeward.

'Tom,' said Sally, at length, 'I always think when they pray for widows and fatherless children, it seems as if it was made on purpose for your mother and Bessy.'

Tom said he was afraid there were many more fatherless children in the world besides themselves.

'But not many children that are lost, like Bessy,' said Sally. 'Oh, Tom, do you think we shall ever find her again?'

Tom shook his head. He thought not. Every thing had been done to find her that was possible. Mr Merton himself had undertaken the business, and it was sure to have been well done under his hands; yet every search had been unsuccessful, and Tom thought there was no further hope.

'If she is not found,' said Sally, and her voice faltered, 'I shall never feel again as I used to do. Shall you, Tom?'

Tom again shook his head, and they walked on in silence. After a little he said, 'I think she is dead, Sally; and I wish we could find out that it is so, for then mother would be easier—and I cannot bear to see her as she is.'

'I wish we could do anything to comfort her,' cried Sally.

'And so do I,' answered Tom; 'but nothing will comfort her till she knows what has become of Bessy.'

Thus talking, the children arrived at home.

On the following morning, as Tom was leaving home for his work, he observed the postman, who was looking about, apparently uncertain which was the residence he wanted. Tom paused a moment, thinking he might be of use, and the man approached.

'Can you tell me where Mrs Williams lives?' asked he.

'Yes, sir; this is the house,' answered Tom.

'Is your name Williams?' inquired the postman.

Tom answered in the affirmative, and the man, who seemed in a prodigious hurry, as postmen generally are, put a letter into his hand, telling him it was for his mother.

'I think this cannot be for mother,' said Tom, as he looked at the letter, which was of the finest paper, and directed in a free and lady-like hand.

'Oh, yes; it is properly directed—it is all right,' said the postman, and he stalked away.

Tom gave another glance at the letter. Bessy, and news of Bessy, were always in his head;—but no, this could have nothing to do with her. He sighed as he went into the house, and put it into his mother's hands.

#### CHAP. VIII.

While Mrs Williams breaks the seal, we will return to Bessy, whom we left desolate and miserable on a doorstep, in one of the squares in London. There were not many people passing, and she was allowed to remain some time unnoticed and unmolested, and thus had an opportunity of giving free course, in tears and sobs, to the misery with which her poor little heart was overcharged. The first person whose notice she attracted was a man-servant, who was waiting with a neat but unostentatious-looking carriage, before the house at the door of which Bessy had taken up her temporary resting-place.

'Come, come, young mistress,' said he to her, as soon as he became aware of her presence, 'march off, or you'll have some one tell you to do so sharper than I do.'

Bessy rose. Her first impulse was mechanically to obey, then, recollecting Meg's injunctions to explain her situation, she stopped short, and, turning her sightless but streaming eyes towards the person who addressed her, she cried, 'Oh, help me—help me! Get me sent home again to my mother!'

The man's curiosity was excited, and he asked what was the matter. Bessy was proceeding in broken words to explain something of her story when she was interrupted by a passer-by, who had stopped for a moment to listen.

'A likely story indeed!' exclaimed he; 'you'll not im-



pose upon people with that tale, I've a notion. Folks don't steal children now-a-days.

'You had better move off, before you are taken up for a vagrant,' said another.

'It strikes me you could find your mother well enough, for as blind as you say you are,' said a third.

'Let the child speak,' said the coachman, whose interest was considerably excited, and who was leaning from the coach-box to listen to Bessy's story. 'Ask her, Thomas,' continued he, addressing his fellow-servant—'ask her where she comes from, and what they call her friends.'

Thomas proceeded to put the required questions, when he was startled by a voice behind him.

'What is all this?' inquired a lady, in a sweet voice, but with some degree of command in her manner.

Neither Thomas nor the coachman had expected their mistress's approach, and now they looked embarrassed at their lack of duty.

'It's a blind child, ma'am,' said Thomas, in answer to the lady's inquiry, who tells a tale about having run away from some people who stole her from her home. I can't understand her story very well. It's most likely all a fib, ma'am,' added he, half ashamed of the interest he had manifested in the little girl's narration; 'but it would be best to give her in charge of the police, if any one would take the trouble,'—and Thomas looked round on the bystanders, for by this time several people had assembled.

The lady approached the child, and questioned her calmly and kindly. The sound of her voice seemed to re-assure the trembling little creature. Her sobs ceased, and her answers became more clear and intelligible. After putting several questions to Bessy, her interrogator said, 'I have no doubt of the truth of her story. I will leave you, Thomas, to see her safely lodged with the parish authorities, who will see her restored to her family. I can drive home without you.'

Thomas touched his hat and prepared to place his mistress in the carriage, when Bessy, whose terror and agitation were renewed all at once, grasped the lady's dress, and cried out, in an agony of entreaty—'Oh, do not leave me! won't you take care of me till my mother comes?'

The lady turned to re-assure her, but when she saw how the child trembled, and what an expression of anguish and terror there was in the wan face, she paused; but she did not pause long. She appeared to have formed her resolution quickly, for she said almost immediately, 'You shall go home with me until your mother can be sent for.' Then, turning to the footman who held open the carriage-door, she said in a decided tone, 'Put her into the carriage and drive home.'

Thomas looked for a moment as if doubtful whether he heard aright, but the calm countenance and steady voice of his mistress were not of those who give contradictory or hesitating orders, and he obeyed. He handed the lady into the carriage after he had lodged Bessy in the corner, clapped to the door, took his seat behind, and in a moment they were rolling away at ease, over the streets which Bessy had so lately traversed in pain and sorrow.

On their way, Miss Cleveland, for such was the name of Bessy's new friend, questioned her more particularly respecting her history, and all she gathered from her tended to confirm her conviction of the child's truthfulness. Bessy became more composed, now that they were alone, and talked more freely, but it was evident that her nerves were sadly shaken by the violent emotions she had lately experienced, and the harsh usage she had for some time suffered. It was the perception of the feverish state into which her sufferings had thrown the poor little girl that caused Miss Cleveland to adopt the resolution of taking care of her herself. She felt convinced that if the child's nerves were not soon quieted by gentle and soothing treatment, illness must be the consequence, and how could the forbearance and attention which this fragile little being required, be expected from the parish officers in a suspicious case like hers! Miss Cleveland therefore at once

determined to take charge of her, although fully sensible of the ridicule which the appearance of the beggar-girl seated by her in the carriage, might excite. But she was not a woman to care for appearances or ridicule, when doing what was prompted by her sense of duty or her kindly feelings. When Bessy said that her mother lived at B——, Miss Cleveland asked her many questions about the place, for she knew it well herself, having frequently visited there. She was also acquainted with Mr and Mrs Merton, and if she had had any doubts before of Bessy's veracity, they would have vanished when she heard her speak of the different members of that family, as one only could speak who had had frequent intercourse with them.

When the carriage stopped, and Miss Cleveland entered her own house, the servant who opened the door looked much amazed at seeing her so strangely accompanied, and received orders to desire the immediate attendance of Richards, with a countenance that made Miss Cleveland smile. Mrs Richards soon made her appearance, and her face wore a suspicious expression, as if she were a little distrustful of the nature of the service in which she might be required. She was a tall, straight, prim-looking personage, bearing on her countenance an expression of perfect consciousness of the confidential office which she held (for the two functions of lady's-maid and house-keeper were blended in her person), and a corresponding distrust of everybody below her. Bessy could not see her, but, to her sensitive ear, Mrs Richards's voice conveyed the same impression which her outward appearance did to those gifted with the visual organ.

To this functionary Miss Cleveland explained, in a few words, Bessy's situation, and concluded by saying, 'I feel perfectly convinced of the truth of her story, and I have brought her here that she may be kept quiet, and spared any additional pain and excitement, until I hear from her friends and Mrs Merton. I wish you to see her put to bed, for she is worn out and feverish, and then we will have her provided with decent clothes.'

'I'm sure you are very kind, ma'am; I only hope you may not find it out to be all a tale.'

'I hope so too, Richards,' returned her mistress.

'But I'm afraid you'll find she is a vagrant born and bred, and that she is only imposing on you.'

'If so,' was the answer, 'her imposition can only last till the return of the post, which will, I doubt not, bring me answers to the letters which I am immediately about to write. In case of their being unsatisfactory, she may go to the workhouse, and even then we may be the means of rescuing her from a life of vice and misery.'

Mrs Richards said that her mistress knew best, without doubt, but she could not help thinking that the workhouse would be a more suitable place for her to stay at as it was, than a gentleman's family.

'That I must be the judge of,' answered her mistress; 'I intend her to remain here until I hear from her friends or Mr Merton, and I expect you to attend to the directions I have given you respecting her.'

'Certainly,' Mrs Richards replied; she hoped she knew her place well enough to obey her orders.

'I hope so too, Richards,' said Miss Cleveland; 'and I hope your goodness of heart will give you pleasure in performing an act of kindness which this poor child's mother may one day thank you for.'

A little softened by this observation, Mrs Richards proceeded to take her charge down stairs. Bessy's want of sight prevented this being accomplished without actual contact, but Richards managed it skilfully, by wrapping her hand in her pocket-handkerchief before she took that of her unwelcome charge.

'I suppose she must be well washed, ma'am?' asked she, as she left the room.

'Oh, by all means, and I do not think she will at all object to the operation.'

Miss Cleveland smiled as the door closed.

'Richards would scarcely accept of my satin gown if I were to cast it off to-morrow,' thought she, 'after it has been so long in contact with the poor child's filthy rags.'

While Miss Cleveland sits down, without changing her walking-dress, to write the letter which we have already seen delivered into Mrs Williams's hands, we will follow Bessy and her new guardian into the servants' hall, where several servants were assembled, listening to Thomas's version of the morning's adventure. Thomas had become as proud of the early interest he had displayed towards the little wanderer, now that he found her protected by his mistress, as he had in the first instance been disposed to be ashamed of it. He looked upon her in some measure as his own protégé, and had so far succeeded in interesting the audience in her favour, that Mrs Richards found them less disposed than she probably expected to descant upon their mistress's oddity, and the suspicious character of the intruder so unceremoniously thrust upon their company.

'Well, to be sure,' said the cook, who was a widow, with two children of her own; 'missis may be a little odd, and do things different from other people, but nobody can say she's not a good woman, and a real lady, and if she likes to bring the poor child into the house, it's no business of ours.'

This proposition was received with some hesitation; at another time it might have met with an unqualified dissent, but just now a degree of enthusiasm for poor Bessy had been awakened by Thomas, and the hearers were disposed to admit, that in this case their mistress might do as she liked in her own house.

Mrs Richards saw that this was no time for descanting on the absurdity of the proceedings of the morning, so she took refuge in a dignified silence, and, calling the kitchen-maid, gave orders for Bessy's purification and disposal. Mary executed her task kindly, and the poor little girl, refreshed by a thorough ablution, and a basin of bread and milk which the cook set before her, was soon placed in a comfortable bed, and, completely exhausted, was speedily fast asleep.

In the meantime, Miss Cleveland was relating to her brother, over the dinner-table, Bessy's little history. And while these new friends are discussing the affairs of our little heroine, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting them, as our readers may be desirous to be admitted to a more intimate acquaintance with people who were destined to have an important influence on Bessy's future destiny.

Dr Cleveland was a physician, who had realised a handsome fortune by his great talents, and his devotion to his arduous profession. He was not only a skilful physician, but a man of extensive knowledge and sound understanding, and he added to these advantages the infinitely higher distinction of a noble and generous heart, directed by inflexible principles of truth and justice. His sister, who had long resided with him, strikingly resembled him. They were united by a steady friendship as well as by the ties of family affection, for they mutually respected and admired each other. People said that it was very odd they had never married, particularly Miss Cleveland—she must have been so handsome—even yet she was a fine-looking woman. And then the elderly ladies would hint at something of an early disappointment, and the young ones who had a taste for the sentimental would expect to find some traces of it, when they were introduced to Miss Cleveland. But there was nothing about this lady to gratify such romantic expectations. She was neither delicate, nor nervous, nor melancholy. If some of the flowers of life had withered in her grasp, she had had the strength to recognise that life is something more than a flower-garden, that it is a stage of earnest work, and she had found her own task, and set about it with activity and zeal. Many were the ways of usefulness which her brother's profession and her own position in society opened to her, and her hand and head were always found ready for the occasion. Her life of disinterested usefulness brought its never-failing reward. Enjoyment of life, which constantly eludes the grasp of those who make it an object of pursuit, as constantly falls to the share of those who forget it in generous care for the welfare of others,

or in noble efforts to fulfil their duty. Miss Cleveland's constant cheerfulness made her a universal favourite, and when in her company, young ladies would half suspect that, perhaps, after all, it was not necessarily so dreadful a thing to be an old maid. Although respected and admired, the doctor was not perhaps so generally beloved as was his sister. He was a little sarcastic, and could be occasionally very severe upon the faults and foibles of those he met with. Still, never anything but real faults or unworthy weakness fell beneath the lash of his ridicule, and to true merit, however humble or unattractive, he was ever a kind and protecting friend.

Such were the lady and gentleman into whose hands Bessy had so strangely fallen. It is not surprising that she was well cared for and kindly treated. The doctor indeed had been at first disposed to agree with Mrs Richards, and to think that his sister might have disposed of the little girl without bringing her into the house, and he rallied her a little on what he called her Quixotism. But he quite appreciated her motives, and when he visited the child in the evening, he felt convinced that she had acted properly. Bessy was ill and feverish, and her ideas rambled so strangely that Miss Cleveland was alarmed. Her brother told her she need not fear; he administered a composing draught, and said that he had no doubt a few hours of quiet and repose would completely restore the patient. And so it proved. The next morning she was calm and tranquil, but so much exhausted and depressed that she remained in bed. But in a day or two she was a different creature; and when early one morning she heard Miss Cleveland's voice in her room, she smiled and thanked her for all her kindness in the cheerful voice which was natural to her.

'And so you really are better this morning,' said her benefactress; 'and ready, I dare say, to hear some news from home, if I had any to tell you—eh, Bessy?'

Bessy trembled violently. 'Is mother come?' asked she, eagerly; 'oh! is she here?'

'No, my dear child, she is not here; this is a very long way from B—, and it would be a long journey for your mother. But I have in my hand a letter from her, and another from Mr Merton—she is quite well and inexpressibly happy to hear that you are safe, and so soon to be restored to her.'

'Oh, may I get up and go directly, ma'am?' asked Bessy.

'You may get up, but I am afraid you must wait a day or two before you set out on your journey; it is too far for you to go by yourself, but Mr Merton, who was intending to visit London in the course of a few weeks, is kind enough to come immediately, that he may take you home with him, and so save your friends the trouble and expense of so long a journey.'

In spite of herself, Bessy could not help a slight feeling of disappointment. She said Mr Merton was very kind, and she thanked Miss Cleveland, but just then her mind was too full of her mother to feel their favours as she thought afterwards she ought to have done.

'And now, here is Mary,' said Miss Cleveland; 'she is come to help you to get dressed; I dare say when you are ready, you will come down to me and let me have a little more talk with you.'

Bessy had taken a great fancy to Mary, who was a very good-natured girl, and she felt much pleased to hear that she was with her. She also liked the idea of getting up, but she felt uncomfortable at the thought of putting on the dirty rags which had composed her clothing before she went to bed. But there was no help for it, so she prepared to arise, and asked Mary if she would be so good as to find her clothes for her. Mary did as she was requested, and handed the little girl some articles of dress.

'Oh! these are not mine,' said Bessy; 'you have made a mistake, these are not my clothes.'

Mary had been watching with considerable interest to see if Bessy would detect the little trick she had played her, but she had not expected it to be so quickly discovered.

'What makes you think they are not yours?' asked she, smiling.

'Oh, they are not at all like mine,' said Bessy; 'they are much nicer. Do you know where mine are?'

'These are yours,' answered Mary. 'Missis bought them for you her own self yesterday. Come, let us make haste, and see how they fit.'

With Mary's assistance, Bessy's toilette was soon completed, and then the good-natured girl could not suppress her admiration of the effect it produced. 'Well, how beautifully the frock does fit you!' exclaimed she; 'it looks for all the world as if it had been made for you! And how nicely you have braided your hair! They won't know you down stairs, I'll answer for it.' And Mary led down her charge in triumph, delighted with the metamorphosis which comfortable clothing, cleanliness, and happiness had effected in her appearance.

The news soon spread through the house that the little blind beggar was actually the child of respectable parents, and that a gentleman was coming to fetch her home again. She immediately became quite a heroine and an object of universal attention. Even Mrs Richards condescended now to talk to her and to sympathise with her, but Bessy could never get on very well with Mrs Richards. Although she bore her no malice on account of what had passed on their first interview, the impression it had made clung to her; and while she chatted away of her mother and home to the cook and Mary, she became silent and embarrassed whenever she was aware of the presence of Mrs Richards. Yet that worthy person herself had no such distinct recollection of her previous feelings. Indeed, those who heard her tell the tale afterwards never failed to receive the impression that she had from the very first cordially coincided in her mistress's views, and had placed the most implicit confidence in the lost child's story—not that she actually wished to deceive, but the conviction that she would not have been wrong if she had felt in that way appeared to have originated in her mind an idea that she really had, and she always looked upon Bessy afterwards as a sort of protégé of her own, and often alluded to the day when she took her to bed, as if it constituted a bond of union between them. When Bessy was older, she could scarcely repress a smile on these occasions; but she was careful not to deceive the good woman, to whom she was really grateful for many acts of kindness which she received in after years, and they continued excellent friends.

Notwithstanding all the kindness which was shown to Bessy in Miss Cleveland's house, it seemed an age to her until Mr Merton arrived, and when he did come he had to stay several days in town, so that it was nearly a fortnight before she could set out for home. During the time he was in London, Mr Merton's acquaintanceship with Dr and Miss Cleveland ripened into intimacy, for their habits and tastes suited, and when that is the case people soon become good friends. All that the latter heard of Bessy's family tended to increase the interest they already felt in her, and they determined to be on the look-out for some means of assisting Mrs Williams. Miss Cleveland wished much to have kept Bessy in London to place her in the blind asylum; but the child craved so for her mother, and Mr Merton spoke of that mother's desire to see her being so intense, that she could not think of proposing it.

On the appointed day, therefore, Bessy bade adieu to her kind friends in London, and after a safe and expeditious journey, Mr Merton had the happiness of once more placing her in her mother's arms. But who can describe the joy of that meeting, mixed up as it was with awe and thankfulness. The return of the lost one seemed to her friends as if she had been snatched by some friendly hand from the brink of a precipice, and while they rejoiced in her safety, they trembled at the thought of the abyss which she had escaped. For days Mrs Williams had neither eyes nor thoughts for anything but Bessy. She watched her slightest change of countenance with alarm, for she feared that the sufferings which the child had undergone would affect her health. Nor were her apprehen-

sions groundless. After the excitement of the meeting had subsided, Bessy was laid by with a low nervous fever. Her illness excited the most intense anxiety in the bosom of her unhappy mother. Before, when she was in ignorance respecting the fate of her child, she thought she could have submitted to yield her quietly, if she might be permitted to watch over her last moments, and to close her eyes with her own hand; but now she felt as if she must die too if called on to part with her newly-recovered treasure. This time, however, her fears were groundless. Bessy recovered, and her mother's anxiety on her account was once more at an end.

### Original Poetry.

#### ANXIETY.

Oh, whither dost thou wander, my poor care-worn mind?  
Think't thou beneath misfortune's scowl a resting-place to find?  
Within this vale of grief and tears, no haven of bliss we know—  
No happy spot where weary hearts their sorrows can forego—  
No friendship here that dieth not, nor love that never fades:  
The purest mixes with the vile, the sunshine hath its shades.  
Repine not, then, if friends revile, or lovers hate and scorn;  
Stand steadfast 'midst the wreck of all, dishonour'd and forlorn:  
Heed not the sneer of faithless ones—still to thyself be true;  
An upright heart and purpose good can greatest ills subdue.  
Fear not the vile, the profligate, who envy what they spurn;  
Keep constant on thy better course, nor to their ways return.  
It is hard to be neglected by friends we have deem'd true—  
It must grieve to be accused of deeds we would not do;  
Yet in the consciousness of truth improvement we will find—  
At all times able to impart sweet solace to the mind—  
A consciousness of rectitude, a firm unerring aim—  
Pursuing still life's onward course, unheeding worldly fame. S.

#### RELIGION IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Parents attend to the physical wants and comforts of their children with perhaps superfluous care and bounty; and to their education, so far as that regards human learning or worldly accomplishments, with a lavish expenditure, aiming only or chiefly at what is called their advancement in life; forgetful, or possibly careless, all the while, that they are made for a higher life than this, and for a purer happiness and a loftier virtue than this either gives or contemplates. Now religion—and by religion we mean the spirit of Christ's blessed Gospel—religion comes in to rebuke all this; so far, at least, as concerns the habit of regarding the present world as the chief sphere of man. Religion comes in, with a calm and sober remonstrance against that eager, excessive, misplaced solicitude which sees nothing before man beyond what the great arenas of human ambition can offer. She enters the domestic circle to speak—what though it be in a voice and tone of solemnity? such of right belongs to her, and well would it be for all were it better heeded—to speak to each one there, who is old enough to understand her language, of a God, omnipresent, heart-searching, heart-judging, who will require of each, in an hour of trial which none can escape, a strict account of time and talent, of opportunities and privileges, of means furnished, of duties prescribed. She comes to remind them that they have entered on an endless existence; and that the world without, great as we are apt to think it, which is perpetually striving for so large a share of human devotion and effort, is but the school in which character is to be formed for another world, before the infinite importance of which this fades into dimness. She comes to show them that home is not merely to bind them in affection to one another, but to consecrate and sanctify that affection by enlarging its embrace, by waking up their sympathies for their fellow-beings abroad, by lifting it in all its fulness and fervour to God; to nourish and strengthen qualities of heart and mind which shall make them blessings everywhere; to inspire and impart principles of thought, reasoning, and action, which shall prove the safeguards of their present virtue, and, under God, the earnest of eternal felicity.





*William Swan*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.S.A.

THE stars are going out—the great in art, in science, eloquence, and poetry, are fading from the presence of the world into the chambers of immortal shadow. It is but a year since David Scott, the great metaphysician of Scottish painters, was stayed in the 'procession of his unseen powers,' and led aside into the valley of the shadow of death; and now Sir William Allan, the greatest of Scotland's historical painters, has also departed. Last year the exhibition of the works of living Scottish artists had scarcely been opened, when the master on whose easel the grandest epic work in that collection had grown, was suddenly cut down; and scarcely a week of the exhibition of 1850 had passed, when the veteran who had sat side by side in boyhood with Wilkie—who in his strong manhood had roamed with pencils and sketch-book amongst the valleys of the Caucasus and the plains of the Crimea, and whose last beautiful picture of the 'Finding of the Cup in Benjamin's Sack' was attracting the admiring eyes of his co-citizens, was also called away from his bodily pains and his earthly glory. This coincidence of deaths impoverishes the catalogue of Scottish artistic genius, and leaves vacant places in the universal republic of art. The genius of David Scott died with him. His style is like the cuneiform characters that cover the walls of the disintombed Nineveh. They represent the thoughts of an invisible world, of the language of which living men have not the alphabet. His magnificent style represents a depth and majesty of idea of which no living artist seems to have caught the inspiration. He has not left his peer behind him; nor even a spark of the light within him, that might have kindled into a glory, as a legacy to any of his scholars; he died, like another Michael Angelo, bearing with him to the tomb the gloom, the grandeur, and the majesty of the British school of painting. Sir William Allan's genius was the complete antithesis of David Scott's. The former surveyed the world of imagination through a vision that sublimated and magnified everything at which he looked; the latter beheld and represented only the minute and the beautiful. The painter of 'Vasco de Gama' could at will rise into the heaven of storms, and, like a giant shadow, ride with proud intelligence upon the black-winged clouds; the president never took a higher range of vision than the horizontal line of his own eye. He never rose above the earth and the actual; he was a historian with his pencil, not a philosophical poet. Sir William Allan has no grand works. His two pictures of Waterloo, which are perhaps the largest of his productions, are only *large*. Compared with the sublimely horrible and sickeningly effective battle-pieces of Horace Vernet, in the 'Battle-Room' of the palace of Versailles, they look like importations from Lilliput, and seem to be more maps of that grand and sorrowful carnage than illustrations of the fiendish qualities of men in destructive activity.

Perhaps the finest work of Sir William's is the 'Slave Market of Constantinople,' and even here we see no tragic passion. The grouping, the disposition of light and shadow, the expression of the various characters, the keeping and general effect are perfect; still there is not depicted that hurricane tumult of human passions that sweeps the sympathetic student into the sorrows or terrors of the scene. You look down or forward upon the beautiful captive who is being dragged away to grace, like some forlorn bird of paradise, the golden-gated seraglio of a bearded pacha, and upon the young Circassian her lover, who has been taken prisoner by some fierce mountain chief, and sold to a peddling Mengrelain, who sells him again at Stamboul to form the body-guard of some bold Turkish aga. You do not look up, nor draw a deep inspiration, as you gaze upon this picture of one of the saddest chapters of human suffering, and the operation of one of the most diabolical of human crimes—the crime of slavery; you do not feel the misery and see the curse as David Scott would have made you feel and see had he illustrated this same slave-market. The scene, as presented to us by Sir Wil-

liam Allan in all the beauty of high finish, and delicacy and softness of touch and colour, is indeed a sad scene, but still it is exquisitely beautiful.

We can scarcely realise the fact, that in the one short year have gone away from the Scottish Academy and the world the reviver of Michael Angelo and the delineator of Circassia—the painter of the Titans, and the painter of the most beautiful types of humanity. The heart grows sad and the eye dim as we thus contemplate the going out of the stars. Slowly and invisibly the mortal, with even the halo of immortality around his beaming head, passes ever onward to the borders of the eternal world, and lives in the shadow of death. We cannot mark the gloom of the everlasting evening with those poor finite eyes of ours. We only know there is a vacant space when they have gone away and left us here awhile to weep. We have been called upon often, very often, in Scotland, of late, to bow our heads in humility and sorrow, and to mark the departure of those who constituted alike our country's glory and her pride. Her noble, large-hearted Chalmers but lately fell asleep in the twilight of his days, and with a smile gave up his soul to the great God whom he had glorified; and where has his mantle fallen? Silence is our only reply. Behind the expounder of God's moral nature and God's everlasting decrees came the sublime interpreter of the grandest aspects of God's moral creatures, and he, too, died, leaving Scotland destitute of an epic poet-painter. But yesterday and the death of the prince of forensic orators, the captain of parliamentary reform, the grandmaster of literary criticism, Francis Jeffrey, cast a deeper gloom of sadness over the brow of Scotland's widowhood; and now the first of her historical painters has also been called home. Alas! there are but few remaining now—very few—of all those who constituted the light and life of Scottish literature and Scottish art and genius a quarter of a century ago. When John Wilson bends his majestic brow to the inexorable tyrant, and when Brougham has become once more immortal, it shall only be in their works that we shall behold the glory of that galaxy of great minds, and only on the sepulchral marble that we shall read their names. And shall there be none to take the places of those departed ones upon the higher pedestals of thought and action? Are there not others ready to supply the wants and exigencies of society and humanity? Man is young, strong, energetic, and full of hope; and God, the immaculate and infinite Father of thought, breatheth into his nostrils the breath of life and of genius. The world cannot lack leaders and benefactors so long as there is need down here below, and so long as God reigns above. Amidst our sorrow and our regret let us still hope and believe that, though dead, the spiritual presence—the genius—of our greatest countrymen is still with us, and that it will burst forth again and again in all the fulness of its glory whenever the hour cometh of our country's need.

Sir William Allan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1782, studied drawing in the school of the Royal Scottish Academy beside Wilkie, and, having finished his curriculum as a light hearted student, went to London to pass through the general ordeal of suffering and hope-deferred. With those few meagre details, in these few sentences, the biographer, who has never been admitted to share the gossip of the Royal Scottish Academy's class-rooms, might dismiss the first three stages of the late president's life. Amongst the students, however, who canvass the history and genius of their predecessors with lively, generous, hopeful, and sometimes unsparring criticism, there are ampler traditional details of Sir William's early days. *On dit* that he was left to the care of a female relative when very young, and became the object of his generous guardian's tender solicitude and love. She conferred upon him a good general education, and had him apprenticed as a coach-painter, to Colonel Crichton, a celebrated coachmaker and commander of a volunteer regiment. The idea was lately common in Scotland of attributing to the general name of painter all the artistical excellencies. Like Mrs Dods, umquhile of the Cleikum Inn, St Ronans, the venerable dames of Caledonia believe that he who can paint a signboard should be

able to delineate all the things that are forbidden in the second commandment; and they would as readily introduce a future Raphael into the atelier of a Dick Tinto as the studio of a Leonardo, faithfully believing that the genius who works in paint will somehow or other paint a halo round his own brow. Luckily for William Allan; his practice in art was not confined to coating and rubbing down coaches, his employer, perceiving his abilities, having entrusted him with the painting of armorial bearings. While an apprentice, Allan produced a full-length portrait of Harry Johnson, a tragedian of note, in the character of Douglas. This was exhibited in the window of a cabinetmaker in Leith Walk, and attracted considerable notice. Allan became a student of the Royal Scottish Academy, and side by side with David Wilkie, and Burnet the celebrated engraver, he faithfully copied the beautiful antique models pertaining to that school. It is recorded that during the years of Allan's apprenticeship he earned from three to six shillings per week, which sums, abating occasional sixpences for chalk and paper, he faithfully presented to his guardian relative. At the expiry of his engagement as an operative, all the money that he had then earned was again presented to him by his kind guardian, and with this sum he turned his footsteps towards the world of London. The probation of youth was now past. Manhood, with its high resolves and buoyant vigour, had just dawned upon his brow. Fame and prosperity were before the young Scotchman, and it was to London that he was led in pursuit of them.

William Allan, like every Scotchman who has crossed the southern borders with honourable industrial intentions, did not expect to gather gold from the streets of London, nor to win the wreath of fame by court favour and interest. He was willing to work, and suffer too, while forcing upon the cold, cautious world a knowledge of his powers and merits. He had a goal ever rising before him in ideal, and with the indomitable courage of his nation, buttressed upon his consciousness of intrinsic power, he was determined to attain to it or die. On his arrival in the great city, he was immediately admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and here again he renewed his intimate and lifelong friendship with his old fellow-student Wilkie. If it were not for the universal antitheses, the perpetual duality that present themselves in the moral world as well as in dynamics, many that walk through suffering and poverty, and at last leave their footprints upon the plastic pathway of immortal fame, would sink in the struggle. No one but the initiated—and the experience is a dear-bought one—can know the privations that are suffered by the poor rising artist; and none can estimate the delicacy and yet the power of that gaiety and sympathy which bind together the meritorious and struggling sons of genius, and support them in their trials. With sensibilities quickened and refined from the very nature of his profession—living always in the contemplation of the beautiful, of the epical, and of the grand—the young artist is too often fated to feel the pangs of hunger, the abasement of threadbare apparel, that sickening of the heart which springs from neglect, a gloomy future, and, worse than all, the heartless criticisms of the impudent, the unrefined, and the unfeeling; and were it not for the little bright sympathetic world of the school, that derives its existence and unity from a community of sentiment and privation, many that live to adorn the arts and elevate society would die in the early gloom of their hard obscurity.

London, that great arena of British enterprise, is always full of competitors. He who would win the race in the struggle of honest industry must indeed be a patient as well as a strong man. William Allan, after several years of ill-requited exertion, determined to quit this place of trials and go abroad; and Russia, that most unlikely of nations, presented itself to his mind as a favourable field for his talents. With letters of introduction to several of his countrymen settled in the chief city of the autocrat, some artistic stock, and about the most slender of purses, Allan embarked for Riga. The envious winds, however, seemed to be as unpropitious to his fortune as the con-

noisseurs of London, for, after several days of tempestuous adverse gales, the ship was driven almost a wreck into the port of Memel, in Prussia. Here Allan was totally unknown, unfriended, and untongued—a stranger amongst strangers—a silent man, with every capacity and incentive to speak. The universal art, however, soon opened up for him a communication with the Prussians. He fixed himself in a little inn, erected his easel, and set his palette; and with the Danish consul, to whom the captain of the ship had introduced him, as his first sitter, he began to paint portraits. With his purse replenished and his hopes reanimated, the young adventurer placed his traps upon a diligence, and began his overland journey to St Petersburg. The continent of Europe at this period was in a state of universal excitement and commotion. Military couriers dashed headlong from city to city, and from capital to capital, inflaming the ardour of the German youth, and causing the hearts of wives and mothers to tremble. Everywhere, as the young artist moved eastward, there was visible anxiety and activity. Napoleon was in the full career of conquest and victory, and Allan met the Russian hosts on their way to Austerlitz, and he passed through a part of their camp as they marched to make a higher and a bloodier becatomb to the conqueror's glory. The countries through which he passed, and the time and circumstances in which he undertook his journey, were highly calculated to interest and impress the mind of the young adventurer. His imagination was fired by the new scenes which presented themselves to him; and the incidents of that journey doubtlessly biased in some respects his future activities. At last, after numerous adventures, Allan reached St Petersburg, and presented himself to Sir Alexander Crichton (brother to his apprentice master, Colonel Crichton), at that time physician to the Imperial family, who received his young countryman with much kindness, actively interested himself in his fortunes, and introduced him to many influential and patronising friends, who greatly facilitated his professional progress.

Having acquired the Russian language, and the means of prosecuting his adventurous studies, Allan penetrated to the Ukraine, that territory which is full of the wilder and grander aspects of nature, and which is peopled by a rude, picturesque race of men. The self-denying artist entered the cottages of the rude Tartars, sketching the appearances of their habitations, and purchasing their rude habiliments and ruder arms. He made several excursions into Turkey—crossed the Kuban, which is the northern boundary of Circassia—and roamed amongst the valleys of Psadug. Here he studied portraiture and grouping amongst the finest specimens of the race of man, and possessed himself of those sketches and those articles of Circassian costume which were the treasures of his museum, and the valuable models that enabled him so abundantly and so perfectly to illustrate the pastoral warriors of the Caucasus. In 1812 he had finished, to his own satisfaction, his mission to the East; and with his mind full of fine designs, and his portfolio full of sketches, he meditated an immediate return to his native country. But again was Europe convulsed and in her agony to satisfy the pride and ambition of Bonaparte, and to pay for the plots and perfidy of the diplomatists. The French were just invading Russia when the painter was about to return to his native land; and this grand circumstance of modern brutal warfare—this climacteric of Napoleon's power and glory, prevented him from leaving the dominions of the czar. He was constrained to remain and witness some of the sad episodic horrors of that direful advance and of that twice terrible retreat.

In 1814 Mr Allan returned to his native city, where the fame of his adventures and genius attracted to his rooms the most intellectual of his countrymen. Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor of the artist-traveller, who illustrated several of his works; and Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, and others, were his daily companions. The first of his works that attracted marked attention was that of the 'Circassian Captives.' This picture was exhibited in Somerset House in 1815, and obtained much praise



although it did not find a purchaser. The grouping, arrangement, and keeping were admirable, but still the picture was returned to the artist's studio. The success of this painting as an exhibition picture, however, determined Sir William Allan to devote himself wholly to historical painting, for which, indeed, he had schooled himself; but the profitableness of the adventure was at first far from encouraging. At last it was resolved by a club—amongst the most active members of which were Scott, Wilson, and Lockhart, to purchase his 'Circassian Captives' by subscription, and to ballot for an owner. The successful competitor was the Earl of Wemyss, whose gallery in Stratford Place, London, this fine picture now graces.

Shortly after this event—and it was a momentous one to Mr Allan—the Grand-duke Nicholas, now Autocrat of Russia, visited Edinburgh, and purchased several of Sir William's productions, amongst the rest the 'Polish Exiles on their way to Siberia;' and the critical judicious picture-buying public instantly followed the imperial example. The circumstances of the meritorious artist daily improved after this period, and his hands were kept in constant employment. Amongst the productions of his prolific pencil were the 'Death of Archbishop Sharpe,' purchased by Mr Lockhart of Milton Lockhart; the 'Pressgang,' which he sold to Mr Horrocks of Tillychewan; 'Knox Admonishing Mary, queen of Scots,' which became the property of Mr Trotter of Ballendean; and the 'Death of Regent Murray,' which now belongs to the Duke of Bedford. His picture of the 'Orphan Scene at Abbotsford' was bought for William IV.; and many other efforts of his fruitful fancy found their way into the cabinets of the numerous British amateurs. Of his illustrations of eastern life and manners, 'Tartar banditti dividing spoil,' 'A Jewish wedding in Poland,' 'Haslan Gheray crossing the Kuban,' and the 'Slave Market at Constantinople,' are the best. 'Haslan Gheray' was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas, and Mr Alexander Hill, publisher, Edinburgh, became possessor of the 'Slave Market.'

Mr Allan was enrolled in 1826 an Associate of the Royal Academy, London; and the same year he succeeded Andrew Wilson, Esq., as teacher in the Royal Academy of the Board of Trustees; and in 1835 he was elected an Academician. All the honours of the Scottish Academy, however, had preceded these metropolitan triumphs. The career of this prolific painter and enterprising man was suddenly intermitted, and his prospects were sadly clouded by a disease of the eyes. For several years the malady preyed upon his organs of vision, and at last began to seriously affect them, when a continental tour and cessation from labour were recommended, in order to preserve his sight. He visited Italy at this time, passing a winter at Rome, and sojourning thence to Naples, whence he took ship for Constantinople, and there collected the materials for his pictures of the 'Slave Market,' 'Byron in the fisherman's hut after swimming the Hellespont,' &c.

In 1834, his love of continental travel led Mr Allan to satisfy a long-cherished desire of visiting Spain, and of studying the almost unknown and almost totally unappreciated works of Murillo, Velasquez, and the other masters of that country. He sailed for Cadiz, and from thence to Gibraltar, passing through the greater part of Andalusia, previous to his intended progress to Madrid. Pressing business at home required his presence, however, and he precipitately returned to Scotland. In the year 1838 Mr Watson, the venerable original president of the Royal Scottish Academy, died, and William Allan was elected his successor in academical honours, and was appointed teacher of the round class in the Royal School of Design, in Edinburgh. In 1842, the honorary title of knight was conferred upon him; and upon the death of his friend Sir David Wilkie, he was nominated her majesty's limner for Scotland.

In 1844, Sir William returned to Russia, the scene of his early studies in historical painting, and was presented to his old patron Nicholas. His picture of 'Peter the Great teaching his subjects the art of ship-building,' which

now adorns the gallery of the winter palace of St Petersburg, and which was exhibited in London in 1845, was commissioned by Nicholas. In 1843 he produced his first picture of 'Waterloo, from the Mont St Jean side,' Napoleon's positions being delineated; and in 1846 he painted a companion view from the British lines. The Duke of Wellington purchased the former; the latter was painted for the Westminster Hall competition, and was reckoned worthy by at least one of the judges, the late William Etty, of national reward. For several years Sir William had been afflicted with chronic bronchitis, the disease which carried off Lord Jeffrey; and latterly so virulent were its attacks that on Friday, the 22d of February, one of them proved fatal.

In personal appearance, the president was under rather than above the standard height, and his countenance was somewhat stern and hard-favoured; but there was sleeping lightning in his bright restless eyes, and indomitable firmness in the play of his good-humoured mouth. He was benevolent and indulgent; but none who understood anything of expression, would have presumed to trifle with him after a few minutes' study of his countenance. Apropos to his benevolence: When he was in Antwerp, in 1844, he met in the streets of that city one of his old students, who had acquired considerable celebrity amongst his compeers at home for 'filling his eye' with the works of the old masters, but whom nature never intended to fill a picture-frame with any great work of his own. 'Hillo!' cried the astonished president, recognising his *ci devant* pupil; 'what are you doing here?' 'Feasting on Reubens and living in the Virgin Mary,' was the enterprising aspirant's prompt reply. Sir William laughed, for he was well aware that the powers of his scholar were ill adapted to produce for him a more literal feast than the sight of the works of Reubens; and mine host of the 'Virgin Mary' must either be paid or schemed off for payment of lodgings. He therefore generously presented the lean, camelion-fed youth with money, and sent him home to his own country—to feast on nothing less tangible than porridge, we hope. One of the late keepers of the Statue Gallery had left the Royal Institution for some other situation, and his place had been supplied by one of those indiscriminate, irrational incarnations of impudence that plume themselves upon exacting the strictest obedience to the extreme letter of their instructions, without having the sense to reflect upon the nature and spirit of their duties. When Sir William Allan presented himself to this modern Cerberus, who kept watch and ward at the door of our Edinburgh pantheon, the *ci-devant* footman commanded him, in the manner of Pistol, to deliver up his cane, and write down his name in the visitor's book. Neither requisition was unreasonable in matter nor difficult of concession; but the manner of the porter was most offensive and repulsive to the president. After several explanations and replies, he said at last in low, quiet tones, 'I am Sir William Allan.' At the same time there was a twitching at the corners of his mouth and a gleam in his eye that were plainly discernible to the few students in the gallery, who furtively watched the interesting and amusing scene. 'I don't care who you are,' replied the swaggering janitor; 'you must give me your stick, and write down your name in this book;' and he made a motion as if he intended to possess himself *vi et armis* of the president's cane. A vigorous push, seconded by a most energetic epithet, sent the gentleman doorkeeper reeling to the wall, and in a moment the cane on which he had just fastened his visioned eye, was flourishing over his head. The kind-hearted Sir William, instantly recovering himself, then turned away, smiling at his own impetuous fiery mood; but the younger loungers in the gallery rejoiced at the adventure, for it somewhat modified the manners of one who had been extremely insolent to them, who had not status sufficient to teach him such a lesson as the president had done.

Amongst the critics generally, the 'Death of Rizzio' is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir William's works, and even to the uninstructed this must appear a most effective picture. All the masterly art of grouping, which so highly



distinguished the works of Allan, and the greatest elevation to which he attained in expression, are here displayed. It is impossible to enumerate the many excellent historical works of this great artist. 'The battle of Prestonpans,' 'An incident in the life of Robert the Bruce,' 'Whittington and his cat,' and his cabinet portraits of Burns and Sir Walter Scott, will be pleasantly remembered amongst his numerous admirers, in addition to those which we have previously enumerated.

And again must we reach the starting point of our review, and reiterate the mournful sentence that led us back to the days of Sir William Allan's youth, and through the incidents of his life. He has gone, and his cunning hands lie mouldering in the clay. The high hopes, the ardent aspirations, the heroic struggles, the pains and pangs of body and of mind have passed away with the dream of life, and now to him all's known of the mystery of the future. Such is man, and such are the lessons that we are ever reading, but never profiting by, on the vanity of this terrestrial world and all that it possesses, save virtue.

### THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW; OR, TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

#### CHAP. IX.

Mrs Williams's trials were not over yet. As long as she and Tom kept at work, and they had no unusual expenses, they had been able to make a comfortable living, but now their circumstances were altered, and it became a matter of serious dread to the widow whether she should be able to procure the common necessities of life for herself and her children, should the winter prove, as there seemed every prospect it would do, a long and severe one. When Bessy was missed, large demands were made on their little savings to meet the expenses which were incurred in the fruitless attempts to find her. Then the mother's state of mind was such that she was incapable of undertaking any work, and the work she might have had then, was soon handed over to some one else who could set about it immediately. Still, for a while, Tom continued to bring in his wages, and, small as they were, they sufficed, for the personal wants of himself and his mother were small indeed now. But after awhile, this resource ceased too, for the frost set in early, and with such severity that not a bricklayer could work, and when Bessy came home, her mother and brother were not receiving sixpence a-week. A little sewing came in afterwards, and Bessy's mother had often sat up late by her bedside at her needle, for she began to fear there would scarcely be enough left in the savings bank to discharge the doctor's bill, if everything must be paid out of it, as had been the case lately. She had worked hard in the Christmas-week, and before she rose from her seat on the morning before Christmas, to prepare their slender dinner, a bundle was made up to be sent home in the afternoon. Glad indeed was she to see it ready, for when she had boiled up all that remained of bread and milk for Bessy, and placed on the table the last potatoes for herself and Tom, there was no food left in the house, and not a penny to procure a fresh supply. But Tom could ask for the money, and then they should manage very well for the next few days, Mrs Williams thought, and she said so. Tom sighed heavily. 'If I could but earn something,' he began; 'but to bring in nothing at all! I think I could bear anything better than this.'

His mother said that she supposed people always thought the evils they were suffering under the worst to bear, but they must remember they had only just been relieved from a heavier affliction than this, and they must try to be patient.

'If I could only be doing something,' persisted Tom; 'I think I could'—

'Our task is sometimes to sit still and submit,' returned his mother; 'God knows it is a hard one too, but we must do our best.'

Tom was about to give utterance to further complaint,

but his mother glanced significantly at Bessy, and he was silent. They had spared her the knowledge of what a struggle it had been lately to procure a living, to say nothing of the little comforts which she, as an invalid, required. Her blindness rendered this less difficult, for she could not see, when her little pudding or her basin of sago was handed to her, that her mother and Tom dined off a piece of dry bread or a boiled potato, and that sometimes they had less even of that humble fare than they could have eaten. Tom soon finished his meal, and prepared to set off with his bundle.

'Be sure to say, Tom,' said his mother, 'that I am sorry to be so troublesome as to ask for the money, but we really want it.'

'Yes, mother,' answered Tom, and away he went.

When he was gone, Mrs Williams laid Bessy down on her little bed, by the fireside, for, although she was much better, she was still weakly, and a sleep in the afternoon seemed to refresh her and do her good. She chatted awhile as she lay, but she soon turned drowsy, and her mother was left in silence. She had resumed her work, and had seated herself by the window, for the gloom of the winter's afternoon made her glad to avail herself of all the light she could obtain for her employment. Sewing is a melancholy employment to those whose minds are full of sad thoughts and anxious fears. Busy as the fingers may be, the mind is at liberty to wander as it will amongst its own distresses, without being diverted by the necessity of attention to outward occupation. As Mrs Williams sat, she grew more and more nervous, and she listened for Tom's return with feverish impatience. Never before had she felt so strongly the mightiness of the blessing for which we so often pray, and which is so freely granted to a large portion of our race as to cause us to be in some measure regardless of its value. Never before had she felt so strongly how appropriate are the words in which Christian men are taught to petition for this blessing, as she involuntarily repeated to herself, 'Give us this day our daily bread!' She thought her prayer was answered, for just at that moment Tom appeared at the garden-gate. She went to the door that it might be opened without noise, for Bessy was asleep, at least she thought so, and she signed to Tom to come in quietly.

'Well, Tom,' said she; 'I'm glad to see you back. Where's the money?'

Tom looked very grave, and shook his head without speaking.

'Did you not find Mrs Holland at home?' asked his mother.

'Yes, she was at home, but she was dressing to go to a party, and she sent word I must call another time. I begged the servants to go and tell her how much we wanted the money, but they said it was very impertinent to make such a fuss about it when the work was only just come home, so I was obliged to come away.'

'God grant they may never want it so badly themselves!' sighed Mrs Williams.

'Have you nothing left for to-morrow, mother?' asked Tom, as he sat down by the fireside.

'Not a morsel of bread have we in the house, child,' replied Mrs Williams.

'Well, never mind, mother; we've not spent all our savings yet, and we need not mind taking credit for a loaf, when we have the money to pay for it in the savings bank. I'll go and fetch one in five minutes.'

'It must be so, I suppose; but I am sorry to see that money dwindling away for our daily bread; there is the doctor's bill, and who knows what else may turn up out of the common way, before spring.'

'If I could but get some work!' was all Tom could say, and it was with a faltering voice. His mother and he sat by the fire-light a short time in silence, and sadly enough. Mrs Williams was roused by a gentle touch, and Bessy, who had crept unperceived to her side, put her arms round her neck, and kissing her, said, 'Never mind, mother, don't fret, and don't get the money out of

the bank, if it grieves you. I'm not hungry, and I dare say we can manage without anything to-morrow.'

'You are not hungry now, I dare say, Bessy,' returned her mother; 'for it is not long since you had your dinner, but you would find yourself very hungry if there was no breakfast for you, when you got up to-morrow morning. We must not go without as long as we have the means of getting something to eat.'

'I'll go to the shop, mother,' said Tom; 'and perhaps, after all, you'll get your money in time to pay for it without drawing from the bank.'

'Oh, I dare say you will,' cried Bessy; 'and never mind if you don't, so long as they don't take me away from you any more.'

'I trust not!' exclaimed Mrs Williams, and she clasped the child close, as if she feared indeed to lose her a second time.

'Oh, no! you're safe enough now, Bessy,' cried Tom, kissing her; 'so don't let us fret any more, mother. You know we thought if we could but have her back again, we could go through anything, and here she is, safe and sound. So never mind, mother; let's hope all will be well yet.'

'You are right, Tom,' returned his mother; 'we have cause for thankfulness, not repining,' and she rose from her chair more cheerfully, and was preparing to light a candle, when they were startled by a rap at the street door. Mrs Williams opened it immediately, and the brisk voice of Jenny Smith made her known before they had time to discover her features in the imperfectly lighted apartment.

'Well, I declare, you're all in the dark,' cried she; 'how are you all to-night, and how's Bessy?'

Then, without waiting for an answer to her inquiries, she ran on, 'I mustn't stay a minute, for it's near tea-time, and we're going to have lots of people to tea. Mother knew it was no use asking you, Mrs Williams, because it's too cold for Bessy to be out, so she put some cakes into a basket for you, and told us to bring it, but we've been so busy putting up the mistletoe, and the Christmas, and one thing or another, that I could not get here before this. And you must come to dinner to-morrow, father says, we're to have a goose—the fattest we ever killed. You will come, won't you?' And Jenny stopped to take breath, while Mrs Williams expressed her thanks, and proceeded to unpack the basket, which was nicely wrapped up in one of Mrs Smith's whitest napkins. 'Oh, never mind it now,' said Jenny; 'I can't stop, and you can bring the basket to-morrow, you know. But Tom, you must go home with me—your mother can spare you for an hour or two, I'm sure.'

Tom looked at his mother, and felt as if he would rather not leave her to-night, but when she smiled, and said he had better go, he took his hat and went off with Jenny, who walked and talked with equal speed, so that they were soon at the farmhouse, and seated by the roaring fire.

When they were gone, Mrs Williams examined her present. There were cakes, and substantial ones too, and there was a pork-pie in one corner, and a pound of butter in the other. But this shower of good things was not at an end yet, for, before these were stowed away, Mrs Merton's housemaid arrived with a Christmas dinner for the next day, and a present of some tea and sugar, in order that due honours might be paid to Christmas-eve. The young ladies had ornamented it all so prettily with evergreens, that it had far more the air of a friendly offering than a charitable donation, but never was charity more thankfully received. Here was food for a week to come, and Mrs Williams sent back her message of thanks with tearful eyes, and a heart overflowing with gratitude both to those human friends who had remembered her in their season of rejoicing, and also to the heavenly Benefactor who had once more provided their daily bread to her and to her children. As soon as they were once more alone, Bessy crept up to her mother's side, with a countenance that seemed to express she was about to ask a favour. And so it proved.

'Mother,' said she, 'may I give half my cake to Sally? She gave me half her treacle and bread yesterday morning. I should so like to give her some.'

'You shall have her to tea, Bessy, if you like,' returned her mother, smiling.

Bessy was overjoyed. Her mother thought she had never seen her look so pleased since her illness.

And a merry tea-drinking the two little girls made of it. After tea, Bessy had what she thought the greatest treat in the world, for Sally, who had become quite a good reader since Mrs Williams took pains with her, brought some pretty story books which had been given to her by her Sunday-school teacher, and read them aloud. The time passed so pleasantly in this way, that Tom arrived at home before he was expected. Then they had to listen to his account of all he had seen and done, and Mrs Burgess was obliged to put her head into the room, and ask if Sally meant to go to bed to-night.

'We have had a merry Christmas after all, mother—have we not?' said Tom, as he prepared to go to bed.

'Let us be thankful for it, Tom, and learn to hope and trust for the future,' answered she.

The next day was one of comfort too. They enjoyed Mrs Smith's fat goose, but better than that was the information from the farmer, that he had a little job for Tom, and from Mrs Smith, that she had got an order for some knitted stockings for them, which would be nice work for Bessy and her mother too, when it was too dark to sew, and for which they would be well paid. And so they went on, and the long winter wore away at last. Mrs Williams's store seemed like the widow's cruise, small and low, but never utterly exhausted. Many, many privations had to be endured, but they were well through all, and Bessy began to look like herself again, and to cling less nervously to her mother's side. And when she heard the first thrush's note, and Tom put into her hand the first snow-drop from his garden, she laughed as she had laughed a year ago, when nothing had happened to damp the gladness of her innocent life. And when Tom joined in her gaiety, his mother smiled, and in the midst of her poverty and desolation, she thanked God for his many favours.

#### CHAP. X.

There is perhaps no month in the year which has a worse reputation than March, and yet, in the midst of its storms, which have become proverbial, it offers us sometimes days of surpassing loveliness, and which are perhaps all the more delightful from being the first fruits of the early spring. On one of these mornings, Frederick Merton was very busy at work, in his father's garden. He was finishing the work which he had some time relinquished in despair, and which had furnished a standing joke against him for many a month past. But it seemed now in a fair way of being completed, and he was working as eagerly as people do who find themselves at last near the end of a long and tedious labour. He was so busy that he scarcely heard his sister Emma ask if she could help him, and she had to repeat her question before he gave her any answer.

'Help me? I don't know that you can, unless you could take the wheelbarrow to that heap of sods, and bring me some here, and that is not exactly a job for a girl either.'

'Oh, yes! I can manage it very well, I'm sure, for I've got my garden gloves on; and away went Emma for the turf.'

Frederick could scarcely help laughing, busy as he was, to see how awkwardly she managed the wheelbarrow, but when she brought him the sods, he declared he was very much obliged to her—it would help him nicely, for he wanted so much to finish this morning, that he might plant in the afternoon. That would be delightful, Emma said; she did long to see it planted; how pretty it would look! but this was not exactly the kind of thing Frederick had meant at first, and that she had seen on the paper, was it? Not quite, Frederick answered; that was too complicated for him to execute, and besides it required too

much space; his father had always advised him against attempting that pattern, but he had admired it so exceedingly he could not help trying, and he believed that was the reason he had failed. 'It is very odd,' continued he; 'papa always turns out right, and I always wrong.'

While they stood talking, Mr Merton joined them with an open letter in his hand. 'I have just received this,' said he to his wife, 'from our friend, Miss Cleveland. She announces her intention of visiting this neighbourhood very soon, with the view of suggesting a scheme for the benefit of Mrs Williams and Bessy, about which I wish to consult you,' said Mr Merton, as he put the letter into his wife's hand. Then, turning to the children, he said, 'Go into the house, and prepare breakfast, your mamma and I will join you presently.'

'I wonder what Miss Cleveland is going to do for Mrs Williams?' said Kate, who possessed a considerable share of curiosity; 'can you think, Emma?'

'No, indeed,' answered Emma; 'I have no idea.'

'Something very sensible, and good, I have no doubt,' remarked Frederick.

'I dare say,' suggested Kate, 'she is going to give her plenty of money to live on, and a nice little cottage like what she used to live in before, all to herself.'

'No, that is not very likely,' returned Frederick; 'she would soon be able to help nobody if she went to work in that way. She is more likely to put her in the way of getting her own living, I think.'

'Perhaps Miss Cleveland thinks of setting her up in a little shop,' said Emma.

'Oh that's it, I've no doubt,' cried Kate; 'I shall always go to her when I want anything she has to sell; want you Emma? what do you think it will be? threads, tapes, buttons, and all those things, I dare say.'

'Don't be in such a hurry,' said Frederick; 'it is very likely nothing of the kind after all.'

'Well, it is something,' remarked Kate, very sagaciously.

Meantime, Mrs Merton perused the letter which her husband had put into her hands, and as one passage in it is connected with the history of Bessy and her family, it may be as well to transcribe it for the benefit of the reader. 'I wish to consult you,' wrote Miss Cleveland, 'before taking any further steps in the matter, about a plan I have formed to assist my interesting little blind friend and her mother. The situation of matron in a blind asylum, in the management of which my brother has considerable influence, will be vacant in the course of a month or two, and it has occurred to me that Bessy's mother would be an appropriate person to fill the office. Everything I have heard of her has tended to give me a high opinion of her moral character and disposition, and her own family affliction would lead her to be a sympathising friend to the class of sufferers to whom she would be called on to minister. If she possesses sufficient education to undertake the accounts of the establishment, I have no doubt she will suit very well, and it is to obtain information on this point from you or Mrs Merton that I now trouble you. I should not like to propose the situation to her until I have made it secure to her, if she likes to accept it, and this I cannot do unless I know that she is thoroughly fit for the office. The advantages to Bessy from this arrangement would, I think, be inestimable, as she could be placed in the asylum, and receive the best education of which her condition admits, without undergoing a separation from her mother, which, after the shock her nerves have received, would be very undesirable.'

'Excellent, excellent!' cried Mrs Merton; 'this is indeed a haven for the poor widow at last.'

'But what do you say to the question? Can we answer it as we could wish?' asked her husband.

'I am sure we can,' answered she; 'you know the father of Mrs Williams was at one time a flourishing farmer, and gave her a better education than persons of her class generally obtain. I have received notes from her at different times about work and other business, which have been fairly written and well expressed, and I

have heard her say that in the early part of her married life, when Williams worked very hard, and allowed himself little assistance, she kept his accounts for him. As far as this kind of knowledge goes, we may speak confidently, I am sure.'

'It will be a very different thing to what she has ever been accustomed to, to superintend so large an establishment,' said Mr Merton, musing.

'Oh, never fear that,' returned his wife. 'I am very much deceived in Mrs Williams if she has not that degree of native intelligence which will enable her soon to fit herself for a new sphere of duty. In many respects I think she is eminently fitted for the office, and if she feels confidence enough to undertake it, I have no doubt she will perform its duties well. But in case of such an event, what will become of Tom?'

'I thought of him as soon as I received the letter,' returned Mr Merton. 'I have great hope that Mr Hodges will yet fulfil his generous purpose, and take him for an apprentice. He has got one, it is true; but he told me the other day that he should never be able to make anything of him, and that he should have no objection to another who might be likely to be useful to him when his time was out. But I will take care to see him and hear what he says about it.'

'Do so,' said Mrs Merton; and they entered the house, where the young people were assembled waiting for them.

Mr Merton did see Mr Hodges, and found, as he had expected, that there would be no difficulty in placing Tom with him, if his mother should obtain the situation, and be able to spare him. Thus it can be readily believed that there was little difficulty in arranging everything when Miss Cleveland arrived, in the course of a few weeks. When she had seen Mrs Williams, and had had some conversation with her, she felt quite satisfied that she would be a suitable person for the situation she had to propose to her, and the widow, on her part, felt too much the advantages of the offer to make any difficulty about accepting it. As to Bessy, she was delighted. Miss Cleveland had brought her several specimens of the work which the blind are taught to perform, and while that kind friend and her mother were talking she examined them closely. She put over her shoulders, with childish pleasure, a warm knitted shawl, which was a present to herself, hung over her arm a delicately-woven wicker basket, and was passing her fingers carefully over a book for the blind, and wondering how those silent raised figures could ever make her read as she heard Tom and Sally do out of their books, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and fill her with sadness. She put down the book and the basket, took off her shawl and wrapped it up, and then seated herself with such a pensive expression of countenance, that it drew Miss Cleveland's attention.

'Why, Bessy, what is the matter?' she inquired. 'Are you disappointed in your shawl, or perhaps you can make nothing of that book? But don't be discouraged; I can assure you our books are quite as unintelligible to those who have not learned to read.'

'Oh no, ma'am, it is not that,' said Bessy, and she hung her head, but the tears started to her eyes.

'What is the matter, Bessy?' asked her mother.

'I shall not like to leave Sally,' answered Bessy, with a faltering voice.

'You are a strange girl,' said her mother; 'you did not cry when we talked of leaving Tom behind.'

'No, because Tom will be very happy learning a trade, and I hope we shall come back to him some day; but Sally will have no one to teach her when you are gone, and you know you said one day that she will only get a very poor place if she can learn no more than she knows now.'

'We cannot help it, Bessy,' said her mother; 'if she is attentive and industrious, she will always be able to get her living, I hope, though I am as sorry as you are that she cannot be better instructed in the duties of a servant.'

Miss Cleveland inquired who Sally was, and Mrs Williams told her, and interested her very much by telling her

how tractable she had found the little girl, and what a nice nurse and needlewoman she had become under her instructions.

'Well, Bessy, don't fret about your friend,' said Miss Cleveland; 'if she is such a little girl as your mother describes, I think I can find means to provide her with an education which will fit her for her station, and enable her to take a respectable situation at any time. I subscribe to a school in which girls are educated for servants; and as the one I have placed there is now leaving, Sally shall take her place if you can procure her mother's consent to part with her.'

Bessy's face brightened, and Mrs Williams said it would be indeed an excellent thing for Sally, and she hoped Sally's mother would throw no obstacles in the way of what would be so much to her daughter's advantage.

'Will you undertake to propose it to her?' said Miss Cleveland; 'you, as an old friend, will be more likely to influence her than I should be.'

Mrs Williams readily undertook the office, though she felt great doubts about her success.

As soon as her visitor had departed, she sought an interview with Mrs Burgess, and opened her mission. She found the difficulties of her task quite as great as she had anticipated. At first Mrs Burgess would not hear of parting with Sally; what could she do when she went out if she had no one to leave in the house to take care of the children? If Mrs Williams had been going to remain with her, perhaps she might have consented; but, as it was, it was bad enough to lose such a kind friend as she had been, and Tom, who was always ready to do a kind turn, and Bessy, with her smile and her pretty voice (here the poor woman wiped her eyes), without being called on to part with her own child too. Mrs Williams was much moved by these marks of affection, but the point was too important to the welfare of her little friend to be given up, and she gently urged the duty of parents to submit to some present trials for the future benefit of their children. Then Mrs Burgess could not see the advantage of it. Sally already knew more than she had ever done in her life, and she had got on very well, upon the whole. The girl would find a place somewhere, no doubt, when she was no longer of any use at home, and she could but work for her living any way. Mrs Williams represented that she would get a much better place if she were better instructed in the duties of a servant—that she would be less likely to be out of employment, and would be able to procure better wages, &c. In the end, her arguments and Sally's entreaties obtained the victory, but it was a hardly fought battle.

With great delight Bessy exhibited to her friend the beautiful things which Miss Cleveland had brought her, telling her, with childish glee, that she was to learn to do such work as this, and to read and sing too, she hoped. Her only regret now was, that Sally was not blind too, and then they could have worked together; for Bessy was so happy that she felt her blindness more as a privilege than as a deprivation just now. But Sally was not blind, therefore she could not accompany Bessy to the asylum, and Bessy was obliged to comfort herself with the reflection, that at any rate she would be in London, and they should meet sometimes.

All being arranged, Mrs Williams set to work to prepare herself and her family for their new destination. She and the little girls were to accompany Miss Cleveland to London in the course of a month, and very busy it made her to complete all her arrangements in that time. Tom had been established for a week or two with Mr Hodges when the final day of separation came. It was a melancholy day, though one so full of hope and promise to a family which had, during the last twelvemonth, seen so many dark and threatening ones. When at last the coach drove off, Tom felt very lonely, and, in spite of his sense of the many blessings he had to be thankful for, very unhappy. When they were quite gone, he bowed to Mr Merton, who had accompanied Miss Cleveland to the coach, but he could not speak, and he ran off in a moment.

'I think it's a pity, papa,' said Kate, who was with her father.

'What is a pity, Kate?' inquired he.

'Why, you know it's very nice for Mrs Williams to go to a situation, and for Bessy to be taught, but it's a pity Tom can't stay with them.'

'Ah, my child,' returned her father, 'I fear that in the brightest moments of life you will always find some dark spot left which will make you say, 'It's a pity!''

#### CHAP. XI.

And now our tale is told; but as perhaps some young readers may inquire what became of Tom and Bessy afterwards, we will endeavour, briefly, to satisfy their curiosity.

For many years their lives passed quietly enough, as people's lives always pass who feel little of the vicissitudes of fortune, and who are busy every day with a settled and regular occupation. But they did not pass away without leaving a trace behind them. Mrs Williams found both her children improve so much that she felt as if all her troubles had been light compared to the happiness of seeing them what they were. Amongst a busy and happy community, Bessy became one of the busiest and happiest. She was so quick and so attentive that she readily received the instruction which was imparted to her, and she soon became one of the best pupils in the establishment. When her education was finished, she was retained as a teacher in the institution, and for many years she and her mother led there a useful and a happy life together.

As to Tom, he fully justified the good opinion which Mr Hodges had formed of him. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and his industry, together with his natural turn for the kind of work on which he was employed, soon made him an excellent hand at his business. When he was out of his time, he remained with Mr Hodges as a journeyman, and in this situation he made himself so useful that, in a few years, his master, who had no sons of his own, offered him a share in the business, and he was thus at once comfortably established, with the means before him of gaining an independent livelihood. The young partner was active and enterprising, and in the course of a few years the business was so much extended, and paid so well, that he felt justified in bringing about what for years had been the cherished wish of his heart—that was, bringing his mother and Bessy home to live with him once more. As soon as the former had consented to his earnest prayers, he took a pretty little house on the outskirts of the town, and Mrs Smith helped him once more to furnish—this time a joyful task indeed. Mrs Merton and Kate also looked in to give an opinion now and then, but there was only Kate now, for Emma was married and gone, and Frederick was still further off. He had got an appointment in India, and his mother thought of him and sighed, as Tom showed her his, or rather Bessy's, pretty garden, for so he called it.

It may be imagined how joyful was the family meeting, and how happily the time passed after the reunion. Everybody said it was delightful to see them—they were so cheerful, so loving, and supported prosperity as humbly as they had endured adversity meekly. If it was a pleasant sight to indifferent observers to witness the prosperity of this family, it was doubly so to Miss Cleveland, who was in some way the creator of it all. She visited the north some time after they were all settled, and she brought with her another old friend of ours, but who was so much altered that few would have recognised her who had known her some years before. No one would have identified in the pretty, intelligent, young person who now acted as Miss Cleveland's maid, the slovenly little girl who was presented to our readers in the person of Sally Burgess. But it was the same Sally after all, her mother said, as she sat gazing admiringly on her metamorphosed daughter, though she could scarcely believe it; for there was the same look when she smiled, and after awhile the old look was there oftener, and Mrs Burgess felt no longer strange with her newly recovered daughter, though her pride and admiration did not abate a tittle.

There was one person who admired Sally quite as much as her mother did, which is saying a great deal. This was Tom, and those who knew both did not wonder. Sally had enjoyed great advantages since she had been in London, and she had made good use of them. She had improved very rapidly at the school where Miss Cleveland had placed her, and had become such a clever, handy girl, that, on Mrs Richards leaving her situation, Miss Cleveland took her to wait on herself. Here she had still greater opportunities of improvement. She read a great deal aloud to her mistress, whose health now failed, and who, finding her young attendant desirous to improve, loved to talk with her, and to give her the means of gaining information. She reaped the reward of her kindness, for Sally soon became more to her than a common servant could have been. She loved her benefactress enthusiastically, and in all her illnesses attended on her as only those can do whose ruling motive is love.

Tom was very attentive in calling to inquire after Miss Cleveland's health all the time that she remained in the neighbourhood; so much so that his mother was delighted. But it was very natural, she said, such kindness as they all had received from the family; and Tom was always thoughtful from a boy. For some time Tom thought it all very natural too; but at last he found out that, much as he valued and esteemed Miss Cleveland, he should not have called so often at her door if he had not generally got five minutes' conversation with Sally before he left the house. Sally and he quite understood each other; and when he asked her to go home with him, and be a daughter to his mother, who had always loved her like one, he knew how her heart leapt at the thought, though she said, No—it must not be yet; she could not leave her mistress, who had done so much for her, and who now, feeble and ill, needed her so much. Tom sighed, but he was not surprised, and he felt too much that she was right, to urge her to change her determination. They spoke no vows for the future, but each felt that their future was settled. They agreed to make what had passed between them a secret, that Miss Cleveland might not know the sacrifice that had been made for her sake. But there was no keeping anything from Miss Cleveland. Some way or other she suspected it, and questioned Sally so cleverly that all came out. Illness and suffering had not made Miss Cleveland selfish. She would not hear for a moment of the wedding being put off. It should take place as soon as ever they got back to London, and the bride-elect should have completed the orthodox preparations. And so it did; and when Tom and Sally arrived at home, Mrs Burgess's pride and admiration were renewed in a tenfold degree.

And now Tom's family circle seemed quite a large one, and it was a happy one too, though many kind friends shook their heads and said it would never do—they would never agree all together. But they loved one another so tenderly that they learned to bear and forbear; and when, after the birth of their third little one, they laid Mrs Williams to rest beside her long-lost partner, Sally mourned for her as if she had been indeed her mother, and in their little circle they long missed her wise and loving counsel, and her tender, ready sympathy. And Bessy, poor Bessy, how did she exist without the mother whom she had almost idolised? She felt sometimes as if she must have died too, but for Tom and Sally, and perhaps, more than all, the children, who loved her so, and to whom she seemed so necessary. Not even its mother could rock the little one to sleep so soon as Bessy; when mother was busy, aunt Bessy had always time in her quiet corner to take the weary toddler next in age on her knee, or to wander with him in the bright sunshine, or to charm him and his sister with tales, of which her store was inexhaustible. Then when Tom and Sally were harassed by worldly cares—for believe not, young friends, that they escaped their portion—who was so sweet a comforter as Bessy—Bessy, who seemed withdrawn from the tumult and storms of life that she might be all the fitter to console and comfort those she loved. 'How happy we are,' whispered Sally

to Tom, one sweet Sabbath evening, as they stood together listening to Bessy, who, seated under a tree at a little distance, was relating to the two elder children, in her low, sweet voice, one of the parables of our Lord—'how happy we are above every one else—besides each other and these little ones, to have Bessy too!'

Tom looked at his wife with a smile of grateful affection, as he answered, in the same low tone, 'How happy I am to have a wife who can love and value her as she deserves!'

### Original Poetry.

#### A MEMORY.

This delicious little gem of the woods was at Ougar, in Essex. I know not if it exist now; probably the woodman's axe has laid it open to the profanation of the every-day world—but it was a lovely spot.

There was a spot I used to love,  
Its memory flash'd across me now:  
Around it coo'd the turtle-dove,  
Above it hung the forest-dove.

The early primrose blossom'd there,  
The sweetbriar flung its scent around,  
And all that fancy culls of fair  
Had deck'd it for enchanted ground.

The woodbine twined a fairy bower  
Where thrush and blackbird trill'd their lays,  
And Philomel, at twilight hour,  
Shook with her song th' o'erarching sprays.

How oft at early morning there  
I've stray'd, ere nature was awake—  
Startled from sleep the couchant hare,  
And fill'd with feather'd life the brake!

How oft at noonday, in a dream,  
Repos'd beneath the thicket's shade,  
I've watch'd the cloudlet floating dim  
Through the blue ocean overhead

And lil'ly mark'd the humming bee  
Rove with his load from flower to flower,  
And butterfly all daintily  
Sport with his nymphs love's little hour.

And many a sunny vision there  
Of glorious things that had to be,  
Came floating on the dreamy air,  
Like gorgeous tale of Araby;

And mighty brother-dreamers too,  
The painter and the poet-seer,  
Lent me their fancy's every hue,  
For they were boon companions here.

And eve has found me in the glade,  
And twilight breathed her soothing spell,  
And summer's silvery moonbeam play'd  
Around me in the woodland dell;

And meek-eyed stars peep'd softly out  
To mingle with as mild a ray,  
Where, like night's jewels strewn about,  
On mossy bank the glow-worm lay.

O, surely Love, with beaming eye  
And dewy foot, that wild nook trod,  
And, hand in hand with Poesy,  
Bow'd twin-like at the throne of God

For I have wander'd far and wide,  
O'er scenes as sunny and as fair,  
With loved ones fondly side by side,  
But would not ask the dearest there.

Its richness fill'd the throbbing soul,  
Too widely far for earthly love;  
The softest whisper must have stole  
From seraph's lips, or sigh'd above.

And this is of the things that were?  
For me—the world has claim'd its own,  
But still must beauty's worshipper  
Bow heart-ful, silent, and alone.

## TUBULAR BRIDGE ACROSS THE MENAI STRAITS.

THIS magnificent construction is a double triumph. It weds the mainland of Caernarvon to the isolated Anglesea, in spite of the rugged and seemingly insurmountable difficulties that nature has intervened between them; and it stretches its beneficent rails over the foaming waters of Menai, in spite of the arbitrary obstacles to its construction, which the organised will of several military chiefs had instituted. The physical character of the localities where the bridge is now erected, and the traditions of legislation, seemed to have associated in order to intermit a work, the execution of which the exigencies of modern civilisation imperatively demanded. That great power of the present age 'steam,' which, with gigantic rapidity and Titanic power, has rushed through the hearts of rocky mountains, and over sandy flats, and amidst blooming fields, and across the roaring ocean, on its mission of unity—that power which has within those few years so abundantly conducted to the friendly intercommunion of peoples, and the diffusion of the advantages of commerce, had brought the opposite shores of Caernarvon and the island of Anglesea so close to one another, that the necessity of physical union inevitably grew out of their moral proximity, and finally it was determined by the directors of the Chester and Holyhead railway to furnish the means of constructing a connecting link between the confronting shores, if any one could be found with sufficient skill to render such a bridge a safe vehicle of transit for railway trains flying at full speed. It is proper to say that Mr Telford, the celebrated engineer, had several years ago thrown an iron suspension-bridge over this great oceanic chasm, and had consequently furnished a means of partial transit from mainland to island; but of course this did not at all answer the present necessities, and the work of uniting these shores by a mode eligible for railway traffic was incontestably an original as well as a daring idea.

The Menai Straits are about twelve miles in length, and, dividing the island of Anglesea from the mountainous shores of Caernarvon in North Wales, they form a turbulent connecting-link between the waters of St George's Channel and the Irish Sea. In this narrow neck of the sea there is a constant backwards and forwards motion of waters, the tides rising and falling from twenty to twenty-five feet with each successive tide. The winds from the mountain-tops and valleys of North Wales sweep into this pent-house of the foaming waves with frequent and sudden violence, adding to the aqueous turmoil, and shaking, like some spirit of the deep, the frail barks of the daring boatmen who venture to pull into its stream, and to unfurl their sails. It was to throw a bridge 1492 feet long across this rocky chasm that Mr Stephenson the engineer was required; and it was not only imperatively demanded of him to satisfy competent judges, in the name of the public, concerning the safety and stability of any plan he might propose, but the government of Great Britain were inflexible in their determination that he should erect whatever works were necessary for the completion of his design without scaffolding or centering, or any other auxiliary that might impede the navigation of the Menai; and also it was necessary that one hundred feet of clear elevation above high-water mark should be left, in order that ships of war might pass at will below the bridge. Mr Stephenson first proposed to throw over a magnificent bridge of two arches. Each arch, springing 50 feet above high-water mark, was to be clear 100 feet above the same, and 450 feet each of span. The necessity of centering was to be dispensed with by ingeniously connecting together the half-arches on each side of the centre pier, and causing them to counterbalance each other, they being only supported in the middle. This plan was rejected by the admiralty, however, because it only provided the stipulated elevation above high-water mark at the apex of each of the arches. It must be secured throughout the whole passage, or the work must not be attempted.

The old proverb in this case received another magni-

cent corroboration of its truth, for necessity, that fruitful mother of invention, required that Mr Stephenson should devise the plan by which all difficulties were overcome and all objections obviated. This eminent engineer at last conceived the idea of running a cast-iron tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, resting upon three towers in the Strait, and upon two abutments terminating the bridge on each side. The requirements of this work were very numerous and very difficult of accomplishment. The best form in which the tubes should be constructed, in order to resist the pressure to which they were to be so constantly subjected, was to be determined, and the lateral form best adapted for resisting the storms of winter was also to be ascertained. Mr Stephenson first supposed that tubes of an elliptical form would most abundantly contain all the requisites of strength, &c., for the various exigencies of the work; but he at the same time determined to ascertain, by a series of experiments upon the form and material of iron tubes, that which was really the strongest, and of course to adopt that. He employed to assist him in this work Mr Fairbairn and Mr Hodgkinson, two eminent engineers, well acquainted with the properties and capacities of iron; and finally it was seen that wrought-iron tubes of a rectangular form, just like hollow beams, were in all respects superior to those of any other form or material. A lever, to which class of mechanical powers the beam belongs, is strong in proportion to its powers of compression and extension. For instance, when a weight is laid upon the middle of a rod, that rod sustains the load so long as it can resist being crushed in at the top superficies, and rent out at the under one. When it breaks, the laminae at the bottom are torn away from one another; while at the top they are crushed or compressed together. Two opposite forces, it will be seen, conduce to preserve the strength of beams, and these forces operating at the two extremes of top and bottom, leave the intermediate or middle part in complete quiescence. The central parts of beams do not conduce to their strength, and might with perfect propriety be taken out without diminishing their strength; so that the idea of the tubular bridge presented to the engineer a great hollow beam, which possessed immensely less weight than a solid one, and consequently an immensely diminished pressure, which comprehended the strongest form of beam, made of the strongest material, and which afforded the means of transit to goods and passengers through two long chambers running parallel to each other. The power of resistance exercised by the top of the beam is called compression, that at the bottom is termed extension.

It was found, then, that the compression of cast iron was from 35 to 49 tons per square inch, and its extension from 3 to 7 tons; while the resistance of wrought iron to compression was from 12 to 13 tons, and its resistance to extension from 16 to 18 tons. In theory, the adjustment of cast iron to the top, and of wrought iron to the bottom, of the tubes would have been most proper; but it was found impossible to attain this result practically, and consequently wrought iron was adopted throughout.

Immediately upon all the theoretical preliminaries being settled, the busy sons of labour were called upon to give Mr Stephenson's ideas form, and, as if by magic, a town of dwellings for the 1500 workmen to be employed was improvised, and workshops were quickly seen to rise, like mystic fabrics of the Cyclops, by the rugged shores of the Menai.

The Britannia tubular railway bridge across the Menai Straits consists of two long galleries, with rails for up and down trains, resting upon five towers. Two of those towers terminate the abutments on both sides of the strait. The second towers on the Caernarvon and Anglesea sides are called respectively the Caernarvon and Anglesea Towers; and the central tower, or pier, founded on the Britannia rock, in the middle of the marine defile, is called the Britannia Tower. This last enormous structure, which rises like a rough stern rock from the surging strait, is composed of upwards of 20,000 tons weight of

material. Its exterior building of Anglesea marble contains 148,625 cubic feet of masonry; 144,625 cubic feet of sandstone compose its interior, and 367 tons of cast iron beams and girders wrought into it add to its strength and solidity; the height of this majestic prop is 230 feet. The other towers, composed of rough Anglesea marble and sandstone, together with iron girders and beams, are 198 feet above high-water mark; and altogether the masonry of these stupendous works contains 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone.

The double tubes, of which the entire bridge is composed, were divided into four lengths, two of 230 feet each, and two of 460 feet. One double chamber, 230 feet long, stretches from the Caernarvon abutment to the Caernarvon Tower—another, 460 feet, from the Caernarvon Tower to the Britannia Tower. From the Britannia Tower to the Anglesea Tower extends another of the longer stretches; and, finally, one corresponding to the first spans the space between the Anglesea Tower and the abutment on the island. These great hollow tubes, composed entirely of wrought iron, and nearly equal to two storeys of a house in height, were constructed and laid down on shore, and then, being floated to the basis of the towers, they were raised to the proposed elevation by the most powerful hydraulic press in existence. The single iron plates of which the entire work was composed were of the following dimensions: For the bottom of the bridge, 12 feet long—from 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 8 inches broad—and  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. For the top they were 6 feet long—from 1 foot 9 inches to 2 feet 1½ inches broad—and from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch in thickness. For the sides the plates were about 6 feet in length, 2 feet in breadth, and from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch thick. All these plates were wrought and smashed into the required form, and then, in order to secure a perfectly smooth surface, a powerful roller was passed over each, which effectually crushed down the least excrescences. The largest of these plates weighed about 7 cwt. each, and after being perforated all round with holes 1½ inches from the edge, and at distances of 4 inches from each other, they were riveted into large sheets composed of about twenty plates, and were then hoisted by leverage, and united to the tube.

In the construction of the Britannia bridge there has been required no less than 2,000,000 of bolts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch in diameter, and 4 inches in length. The quantity of rod iron used for this single branch of the work amounted to about 900 tons, and in lineal extent it was 126 miles. The process of riveting was extremely difficult and laborious, in consequence of the men being constrained to work in flues, which were adopted in the formation of the bridge to give strength to it, and on account of every bolt being inserted into the holes in a red-hot state.

The four parts of the immense tubes were constructed upon wooden platforms (500,000 cubic feet of timber were used as scaffolding, &c.) on shore, and were then launched upon the foaming waters, and borne by great pontons, each 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep, to the bases of their destined resting-places. The floating of the first tube was quite an event in the annals of civil engineering and mechanics, and was the occasion of an immense concourse of people being assembled to witness the novel sight. It certainly was a momentous experiment, and highly calculated to produce intense curiosity and anxiety in the minds of the curious and the interested. Long before the time specified for the launching of the great iron tube, thousands had congregated to watch and wonder. During its construction a part of the wooden platform under each end of the tube, which was 1800 tons weight, had been cut away and the rock excavated as docks, in order to admit the pontons required to float it. Eight of these, of the dimensions already enumerated, and possessing a floatage of 3200 tons, were placed below it. These pontons were perforated in the bottoms with valves, which could be opened or shut at pleasure, and admitted or closed out the water. On the Caernarvon and Anglesea shores, as well as at the Britannia Tower, a series of capstans had been erected by command of the chief en-

gineer, having hawsers and ropes communicating with the pontons, the principal of which were two four-inch hawsers two miles long. By means of this apparatus the tube was borne upon the waters, and quietly moored below the Anglesea and Britannia Towers.

The placing of the tube in this position was the work of one day, and then it was required to raise it to its permanent position. The hydraulic press by means of which this was accomplished is perhaps the most powerful machine that ever was constructed. The syphon, which is 9 feet 4 inches long, and 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and which is of cast iron eleven inches thick, weighs 16 tons. The piston, which is pressed upwards by the water, and works within this hollow cylinder, is 20 inches in diameter. The whole machine weighs 40 tons. The barrel of the force-pump communicates with a slender passage, about half an inch in diameter, drilled through the metallic side of the cylinder; so that although the principle of the syphon really operates in the dark machine, it seems to be only a solid cast-iron cylinder of sturdy appearance placed on end. This machine being worked by two forty-horsepower steam-engines, incapable of forcing water 21,000 feet, or 5000 feet above the summit of Mont Blanc. This machine was placed in the Britannia Tower, 146 feet above the level of its base, and 45 above the requisite elevation of the bridge. Around the neck of the iron ram, or piston, which protrudes 8 inches above the top of this upright cylinder, there was fixed a strong horizontal iron beam 13 feet long, from the extremities of which hung two enormous iron chains, composed of eight or nine flat links or plates, each 7 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and 6 feet in length, firmly bolted together. These, which, in order to lift the tubes to their destination, required to be 145 feet long, weighed no less than 100 tons. As soon as those chains were fixed to the tube, and everything else was ready, the piston, forced up by the pressure of the water, which the steam-engines had compressed into the tube below it, slowly rose, lifting the great iron tube six feet into the air in about half an hour. The ponderous chains were then fixed by a powerful vice, and the water being let out relieved the piston, which again descended by its own gravity to its starting-point. After several slight accidents to the machinery, and much labour and anxiety, the great tubes were successively raised to their proper positions, and are now ready for the transit of passengers and goods from Chester to Holyhead, and vice versa.

The cost to the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company of constructing the tubular bridge across the Conway amounted to £110,000, and that of the bridge across the Menai Straits, which is identical in principle, but considerably larger than the former, was £500,000. In the erection of the great tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, private energy, private fortune, and obstructed genius, were constrained to contend with a power less accommodating than even the rude elements—the power of the admiralty. To the glory of our labouring countrymen, however, it can be recorded that they triumphed.

It remains for us to mention, that four huge conchast lions, chiselled from the Anglesea marble, each 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and 30 tons weight, repose two and two, one on either side at each extremity of the bridge. The bridge, or long narrow passage, is only 15 feet by 20; it is destitute of coniform support, is covered with a skin of iron not much thicker than an elephant's hide, and yet, passing and repassing each other at tremendous velocity, trains with goods and passengers dash through it. So the genius and activities of glorious labour move onward in their mission of bringing men more and more into the fulness of their original unity—of extending goodwill among men and perfecting peace.

## SCENES FROM 'LIFE IN THE WOODS'

### A PANTHER AND DEER CHASE.

'The wildest chase I ever saw,' remarked a hunter to me once, with whom I was in the forest several days, 'was between a panther and a deer, in the open woods.'



They were not fifteen feet apart, he said, when they passed him, and such lightning speed he never before witnessed. Though he had his rifle in his hand, and they were but a few rods distant when he saw them, he never thought of firing. They came and went more like shadows than living things. The mouths of both were wide open, and the tongue of the deer hanging out from fatigue, while their eyes seemed starting from their sockets—one from fear, the other from rage. Swift as the arrow in its flight, and as noiseless, save the strokes of their rapid bounds on the leaves, they fled away, and the forest closed over them. Over rocks, and logs, and streams, that slender and delicate form went flying on, winged with terror, while, so near that he almost felt his hot breath on his sides, he heard his foe pant after him. Ah, hunger will outlive fear, and before many miles were sped over, that harmless thing lay gasping in death, and its entrails were torn out ere the heart had ceased to beat. And thus, methought, it happens everywhere in God's universe. Innocence is safe nowhere; even in the solitude of the forest—in nature's sacred temple—it falls before the power of cruel passion. The hunters and the hunted come and go like shadows, and the appealing accents of fear, and the fierce cry of pursuit or vengeance, ring a moment on the ear, and then are lost in a solitude deeper than that of the wilderness.

The panther like the lion depends more upon his first spring than any after effort. Lying close to a limb, he watches the approach of his victim; then with a single bound lights upon its back, planting his claws deep in the quivering flesh. It requires a strong effort then to shake him off, or loosen his hold. His cry of hunger is very much like that of a child in distress, and is indescribably fearful when heard at night in the forest. It is seldom, however, that a traveller sees any of these animals of prey. They are more afraid of him, than he of them; and winding him at a long distance, flee to their hiding places. It is only in winter that they are dangerous. I have often, however, roused them up by my approach. I once heard a catamount scream in a thick clump of bushes not a hundred yards from me—it was just at twilight, and made me bound to my feet as if struck by a blow, and sent the blood tingling to the ends of my toes and fingers. You have heard of electrical shocks, galvanic batteries, &c.—well, their effects are mere slight nervous stimulants compared to the wild, unearthly screech of a catamount at night in the woods. This fellow was not satisfied with one yell, but, moving a little way off, coolly squatted down and gave another and another, as if enraged at our proximity, yet afraid to confront us. They will smell a human form an inconceivable distance.

#### A THUNDER STORM—A SOLUTION OF LIFE.

Thunder storms are not particularly pleasant things in the woods, but you are now and then compelled to take them. I have just passed through one, and, like all grand exhibitions of nature, they awaken pleasure in the midst of discomfort. I have never witnessed anything sublime, even though dangerous, that did not possess attractions, except standing on the deck of a ship in the midst of a storm, and looking off on the ocean. The wild and guideless waves running half-mast high, shaking their torn plumes as they come—the turbulent and involved clouds—the shrieks of the blast amid the cordage, and groans of the ship, combine to make one of the most awful scenes in nature. Yet I loathe it, and loathe myself as I stand, or try to stand, reeling to and fro, holding on to a belaying pin or rope for support. But give me firm footing, and I love the sea. I don't believe Byron ever thought of writing about it till he got on shore. The idea of a man thinking, much less making poetry, while he is staggering like a drunken man, is preposterous. But I seem to have forgot myself. I was reclining on the slope of a hill the other day, near a lake, from which I had a glorious view of the broken chain of the Adirondack. From the ravishing beauty of the scene, my mind, as it is wont, fell to musing over this mysterious life of ours—on its strange

contrasts and stranger destinies, and I wondered how its selfishness and sorrow, blindness and madness, pains and death, could add to the glory of God; or how angels could look on this world without turning away, half in sorrow and half in anger, at such a blemished universe, when suddenly, over the green summit of the far mountain, a huge thunder-head pushed itself into view. As the mighty black mass that followed slowly after forced its way into the heavens, darkness began to creep over the earth. The song of birds was hushed—the passing breeze paused a moment, and then swept by in a sudden gust, which whirled the leaves and withered branches in wild confusion through the air. An ominous hush succeeded, while the low growl of the distant thunder seemed forced from the deepest caverns of the mountain. I lay and watched the gathering elements of strength and fury, as the trumpet of the storm summoned them to battle, till at length the lightning began to leap in angry flashes to the earth from the dark womb of the cloud, followed by those awful and rapid reports that seemed to shake the very walls of the sky. The pine trees rocked and roared above me—for wrath and rage had taken the place of beauty and placidity—and then the rain came in headlong masses to the earth. Keeping under my shelter of bark, I listened to the uproar without, as I had often done under an Alpine cliff in the Oberland, waiting for the passage of the storm. In a short time its fury was spent, and I could hear its retiring roar in the distant gorges. The trees stopped knocking their green crowns together, and stood again in fraternal embrace, while the rapid dripping of the heavy rain-drops from the leaves, alone told of the deluge that had swept overhead. I stole forth again, and but for this ceaseless drip, and the freshened look of everything about me in the clearer atmosphere, I should hardly have known there had been a change. Scarce a half hour had elapsed, yet there the blue sky showed itself again over the mountain where the dark cloud had been, the sun came forth in redoubled splendour, and the tumult was over. Now and then a disappointed peal was heard slowly travelling over the sky, as if conscious it came too late to share the conflict; but all else was calm, and tranquil, and beautiful, as nature ever is after a thunder-storm. But while I lay watching that blue arch, against which the tall mountain, now greener than ever, seemed to lean, suddenly a single circular white cloud appeared over the top, and slowly rolled into view, and floated along the radiant west. Bathed in the rich sunset—glittering like a white robe—how beautiful! how resplendent! A moving glory, it looked as if some angel-hand had just rolled it away from the golden gate of heaven. I watched it till my spirit longed to fly away and sink in its bright foldings. And then I thought, were I in the midst of it, it would be found a heavy bank of fog—damp and chill like the morning mist, which obscures the vision and ruffles the spirit, till it prays for one straggling sunbeam to disperse the gloom. But seen at that distance—shone upon by that setting sun—how glorious! And here, methought, I had a solution of my mystery of life. With its agitations and changes, its blasphemies and songs, its revelries and violence, its light and darkness, its ecstasies and agonies, its life and death, so strangely blent, it is a mist, a gloomy fog, that chills and wearies us as we walk in its midst. Dimming our prospect, it shuts out the spiritual world beyond us, till we weep and pray for the rays of heaven to disperse the gloom. But seen by angels and spiritual beings from afar, shone upon by God's perfect government and grand designs of love, it may, and doubtless does, appear as glorious as that evening cloud to me. The brightness of the throne is cast over us, and its glory changes this turbulent scene into a harmonious part of his vast whole. 'God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.' After it has all passed, and the sun of futurity breaks on the scene, light and gladness will bathe it in undying splendour. I turned away with that summer cloud fastened in my memory forever, and thankful for the thunder-storm that had taught my heart so sweet a lesson.



## DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

## THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

July 7.—What diversity in the unity of humanity! Man is one. Men are innumerable—a series, a chain, a procession of uncounted individuals, each an organism—according to Plato, a world—having his own peculiarities, traits, characteristics, habits, idiosyncrasies; yet all obviously, anatomically, metaphysically, united with one common origin, root, stem, race! It is the harmony of discord, the unity of 'number without numbers infinite,' the great soul of one family of sons and daughters, whose aggregate number would baffle the figures of a celestial Babbage, yet whose individual unities call Adam 'father,' and Eve 'mother.' And what a mystery is the human heart! In one person it is hard, cold, stern, unimpressible. In another it is soft, warm, yielding, sensitive. Some men never shed a tear; others are moved deeply by the whimpering of a child. Some are ignorant of the idea of self; others are unconscious of any idea but self; and between these extremes there are as many varieties as would belt the old earth and make another ring for Saturn. Now, as my diary is a sort of quiet confidential friend, to whose bosom I can commit anything, grave or gay, in the certainty that, according to the Scotch newspaper advertisements, it will 'not be repeated,' I shall amuse myself for an hour by a slight sketch of the two neighbours.

They live in the same town and in the same street, but at opposite sides; they are both caterers for the wants of the human body, but they tend its opposite members, one caring for the head, the other patronising the feet; according to their own showing, both are patriots, but they take opposite sides at every contested election; they sit in the same church, but at opposite sides of the gallery; both respect the minister, but one selects the doctrinal, the other prizes the practical part of his sermons; and both are men of influence in the burgh, but Thomas Milbank succeeds by the utterances of the heart, Peter Rees by appeals to the understanding. Oddly enough, these men are fast friends, although, of course, they are continually disputing. 'How can such men be friends?' asks Philosophy, she having laid it down as an axiom that friendship supposes similarity. Well, let her answer her own question. I record the fact, as anybody who knows the parties will attest. Thomas quietly smiles at Peter's eccentricities and obstinacy, for he will not submit to be conquered at an argument; and Rees utters an uproarious laugh at Milbank's simplicity, who prefers drying a tear to sacking a city. Thomas is afraid to open a newspaper, lest his eye should fall upon some 'alarming accident,' 'serious occurrence,' 'fatal casualty,' or 'painful circumstance.' Peter, with a long pipe in his mouth, and the police reports before him, is always at home. When Thomas sits down to a good dinner, prepared by his thrifty wife, whom he married for the antiquated reason that he loved her, it would frequently 'stick in his throat,' to use his own expressive vernacular, when he thinks of 'many a better man destitute of the necessaries of life.' When Peter is similarly employed, with his haughty dame, whom he married for the improved modern reason that she had money, at the head of his table, he thinks of nothing but his superlative self. Thomas cannot enjoy the comforts of a warm fireside during the severity of winter, because of the oppressive feeling that the poor are shivering in wretched huts, whilst the frost-winged winds are making melancholy music through their crevices. Thomas is a 'man of feeling.' Peter is a 'thinker.' The motto of the former, literally understood, is, 'Do good unto all men, as ye have opportunity.' The motto of the latter, wretchedly apprehended, is, 'Do thyself no harm.'

Such are two specimens of our common humanity! 'Look on this picture—and on this!' Thomas is often the victim of canting hypocrisy, and Peter chuckles with intense satisfaction. Peter is sometimes overmatched by an ingenious device, and Thomas wishes very quietly that the lesson may tend to his profit. And, finally, Thomas

is saving money every year, with all his liberality, and notwithstanding his marriage to a penniless girl; whilst Peter is losing an annual per centage, with all his attention to 'number one,' and notwithstanding his union to five thousand pounds.

I went to the house of Thomas Milbank yesterday afternoon. The weather was very sultry, and the state of the atmosphere indicated the approach of a storm. On entering, I perceived some little agitation, as if there had been one of those domestic arguments which sometimes mar fireside tranquillity, and which, according to a certain fair authority, tend to relieve the monotony of married life. The usual mutual inquiries respecting health and friends satisfactorily answered, Mrs Milbank very gravely said, 'I dare say, sir, you will smile at my question, though I hardly like to ask it, yet I should very much like your opinion.' She paused.

'Pray, what is it?' I inquired.

I perceived that her worthy husband was deeply interested; and, anxious myself to hear the weighty problem about to be submitted for solution, my expectations of something sublime were driven violently into collision with the ridiculous, when the lady solemnly asked, 'Well, sir, is it wrong to kill flies?'

It is not polite to laugh at a question proposed by a lady, except the laugh proceed from her husband, which in this case it did, and happily relieved me from the choking sensation which had suddenly visited me.

'I dare say, Mrs Milbank,' I replied, evasively, 'were a public meeting of flies summoned to decide your question, they would unanimously answer in the negative.'

'A public meeting, sir; they hold public meetings from morning till night in every cupboard and corner of the house, and that is the very thing against which I protest.'

'You are the best of wives, my dear,' interposed her husband, 'but the nature of your protest, being nothing short of capital punishment, appears to me too severe.'

'And you are the most tender-hearted of husbands, dear; for it is literally true that you would not hurt a fly, although they would eat, or rather poison, everything in the house, if I would let them. The fact is, sir,' she continued, turning to me, 'Mr Milbank and I have had a warm discussion in this very hot weather about these nasty things. If it be wrong to kill them, I sincerely wish they were all transported!'

By this time the copious and refreshing rain had begun to fall, and the servant announced Mr Rees, who, as he entered, said, with mock formality, 'May a stranger find refuge from the storm in the house of one who is reported never to have refused an act of kindness to man, woman, or child?'

'Then,' said Milbank, 'he shall not spoil his character by beginning with you. Be seated.'

'Na, neighbour, there's nothing like *leather* when the streets are flooded,' said Rees.

'Then I judge you have *felt* the storm,' replied Milbank. 'For once I am answered, and, as our worthy minister is here, I had as well confess it,' said the latter, with a subdued smile.

It struck me, during the varied conversation which followed, that something disagreeable troubled the mind of Mr Rees. He frequently appeared absent and uneasy; and, notwithstanding the courteous attention of Mrs Milbank, and the use of the 'soothing weed'—bahl! the barbarism!—it was obvious that the mercury in his mental glass was sinking. Milbank noticed these symptoms of anxiety also, and, having communicated his purpose to me by the silent telegraph of the eye, by which soul speaks to soul, he said aloud, 'Come, Mr Rees, this is unusual; what is the matter? You are dull. I don't press for the cause, but I'm sorry to see the consequence.'

'Spoken like you, Mr Milbank! Kindness without curiosity. Sympathy with visible trouble without prying into its causes. Well, it may be feminine—beg pardon, Mrs Milbank—it may be even foolish, it may be ridiculous, but I confess I sometimes admire it when I despise it.'

'Good,' said Milbank, looking towards me; 'I fancy our friend Rees is approaching a transition state. But I wish you would take advantage of the half-confession he has just made, and say something which might be useful to us all.'

'My sentiments,' I replied, 'are well known to you all, my friends. The language of the heart is, in my judgment, the most beautiful, melodious, poetical, and precious of all languages; and it has one vast advantage above the thousand tongues of the nations, that it is universal. It is the same everywhere. The labour of translation is not necessary. Many years ago, an effort was made to introduce the language of signs. It had, like every other scheme which promises any advantage to the human family, several enthusiastic advocates, but the thing suffered the fate of many a fine sounding speculation before and since. But the language of the heart—no matter though I be met with the objection that good men sometimes suffer loss by listening to it—is neither beset by the difficulty of the symbolic speech, nor liable to the gross errors of ignorant translators. It speaks in the bosom of the African mother as eloquently as in that of the affectionate mother now hearing me; and when it is baptised by the spirit of religion—I mean the religion of Christ—it becomes a holy and a heavenly thing. It is the power, the life of all practical Christianity. It is the charity of St Paul, otherwise the love which the Gospel infuses into the human breast. Without it there is no real religion; but with it even a deficiency of doctrinal perception is seldom very injurious. The highest intellectual attainments can never prove a substitute for this God-like attribute, and the grand design of Christianity will never be realised until men everywhere speak this sanctified language of the heart. I may illustrate my meaning by the two men now hearing me. Nay, start not, Mr Rees. I must be faithful. Unfaithful ministers are a curse to any country, and, by the blessing of God, I shall never be guilty of shrinking from duty, even at the risk of offending the objects of my solicitude. But in this case I have no such fear, for I fall back upon your understanding, which is both keen and correct, generally speaking. Now, to proceed with my illustration. The two gentlemen hearing me are both virtuous; no person can charge either of them with immorality. They are both men of strict integrity; they cannot be charged either with a voluntary breach of promise or with intentional fraud. Both are consequently respected in the town in which they live, and those who know them only superficially see no difference between them. It so happens, however, that one of them is loved, and the other is not, by those who know them intimately. Here is the first loss, and it is no small one, which Mr Rees sustains because he systematically refuses to speak the language of the heart. His virtues are all of the selfish class. Yea, selfish virtues—interrupt me not. That is to say, doing right, not from supreme love to right in itself, but in consequence of the mental perception, that to be virtuous is most conducive to one's health, long life, and personal prosperity. Now, mark, I don't fall into the absurdity of calling this sin. I have called it selfish *virtue*; but it is not religion, it is not practical Christianity, it is not one of the fruits of the Gospel. The same reasoning applies to integrity and fidelity. They are, in the case supposed, nothing but modifications of selfishness. And there is one thing more—an acquaintance with the doctrines of revealed religion. This may be accurate and extensive, as in the case of Mr Rees; and yet, after all, 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'

'Well, sir, you have read my character,' said Mr Rees, rather sharply.

'And you are angry. But with which are you offended, the character or the preacher?'

'Both. But let us hear Milbank's homily. His picture, doubtless, will be perfect.'

'Yea, it shall be a perfect likeness of the man, but I am sorry to say it will not be the likeness of a perfect man. Milbank knows himself too well to put in a claim for perfection, and he would despise me if I taught him that he

was faultless. But to proceed. He is, like Mr Rees, a virtuous man, but, unlike Mr Rees, his virtue is unselfish; it is a thing of principle, the growth of deep conviction, the fruit of a purified heart, and ever associated with the most humble thoughts of himself. So of his fidelity and integrity; they are the outbreathing of principles of light within the man. They are not the result of calculation at all; he has struck no bargain with them; he would hold by them if they brought him to the workhouse; in short, he would 'swear to his own hurt and not change.' The world might call such a man a fool, and he might reply, 'I am a fool for Christ's sake;' for it is in the school of the Great Teacher that men learn such lessons. But Mr Milbank is deficient in his estimate of character sometimes, and consequently unprincipled persons impose upon him and injure him. Truthful himself, he credits the statements of others too readily; yet, upon the whole, I will venture the opinion that the cautious, intellectual, and doctrinal Rees has lost more money by rogues in ten years, than the generous, credulous, and benevolent Milbank.'

'I have,' said Mr Rees, rising and holding forth his hand to me, whilst he expressed thanks for what he had just heard. 'Only this morning I received intelligence that the dashing Captain Rosefield, to whom I lent £100 a month since at 10 per cent. interest, is in the 'Gazette.' Fool that I am to be captivated by show and glitter!'

'And I,' said Milbank, 'received last week a most gratifying letter, enclosing a cheque for £50, which I advanced three years ago to poor William Morton, never expecting to see a penny returned. But with that money and the blessing of heaven, he has succeeded well. He is now a well-paid reporter on one of the London daily papers.'

'Is it possible?' said Rees. 'Morton applied to me for help, but I refused him.'

'I know you did,' said the other, 'and did it not sound somewhat selfish. I should say I am glad you did, for the exquisite gratification I have received from his long and well-written letter would have been denied me, had you listened to what our pastor has called the language of the heart.'

'You owe part of that gratification to me, Mr Milbank,' said I.

'To you, sir? How is that?'

'In young Morton's distress he called on me for advice how to act. I was convinced from his conversation and manners that the fear of God was in his heart. Unable to give him money, I advised him to call on you, but charged him not to say so. I wished your charity to be voluntary. It was so, and you are rewarded.'

'The rain is over,' said Mr Rees. He wished to be alone. Solitude aids reflection.

#### NELSON'S WIDOW AND NELSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE Rev. Erskine Neale, in his 'Life-Book of a Labourer,' says, that in consequence of so many conflicting statements having been given to the world respecting the widow and daughter of Lord Nelson, no privacy in domestic life is violated by venturing on the following rejoinder:—'Of misconceptions of her character, motives, conduct, no one in private complained more feelingly or more justly than Frances, Viscountess Nelson. The biographers of the great naval hero, one and all, have striven to palliate his faithlessness as a husband by ascribing to Lady Nelson indifference and want of affection as a wife. She felt this accusation keenly; but after her death—when she has descended into the tomb, leaving behind her indelible impressions, among those who knew her best, of her warm-heartedness, gentleness, self-denial, and boundless generosity, that those who wrote the life of the husband should deem it part of their duty to speak slightly of the wife, seems a cruel perpetuation of injustice.'

It was my fortune in the early part of my career to see much of this ill-used and exemplary woman. For many years after the hero's death, her residence was fixed at—mouth, a picturesque watering-place in Devon, where

she unbosomed her feelings to an aged relative with whom I lived, and who was much in her confidence. There was a strong bond of sympathy between them. They were both widows, and for the second time. Each was the relic of a naval commander. Each conceived she had strong grounds for complaining of the world's ill-usage, and each lived much in the past. Moreover, my aged relative had met the celebrated Lady Hamilton repeatedly in society—recollected her in the earlier stages of her career—was in possession of considerable information respecting her—could understand and enter into many of Lady Nelson's feelings—and never lost an opportunity of soothing, not exasperating, with reference to the past. I remember, as if it were yesterday, Lady Nelson showing to my aged protectress a highly-coloured biographical account of her final interview with her hero husband. 'This statement,' said she, 'like all others that refer to me, is in many respects unjust, and in not a few grossly untrue. No mention is made of the letters which I received from Nelson filled with praises of Lady Hamilton, containing, in truth, little else but descriptions of her person and extracts from her conversation. Painful letters for a wife to read—a wife conscious that she at least had ever fulfilled her duty. They say, too, that my motives were sordid—that mine was purely a marriage of interest—that I married Nelson from ambition, not affection. [This accusation she always felt keenly.] Those who make this charge forget that when Prince William Henry gave me away to his friend, that friend was merely Captain Nelson of the navy—by no means a rich man—not altogether free from debt; and that his bride was not portionless, nor slow, nor averse to extricate her husband from certain pecuniary annoyances. All this is suppressed, together with the fact that this 'sordid woman's' son, Joshua Nisbet, saved his stepfather's life in the attack off Santa Cruz. These matters are all carefully veiled. The point insisted on from beginning to end is my 'want of affection for Lord Nelson.' Want of affection! she would repeat, and then burst into tears.

She often alluded to 'Horatia,' and said how much she should like to see her, provided she could do so unsuspected and unobserved. 'Did she resemble Nelson in features? What would be her eventual destiny?' The lady in question does not believe herself to be the daughter of Lady Hamilton. She repudiates the idea that Lady Hamilton was either directly or indirectly related to her. It is her firm conviction that Mr Pettigrew is mistaken on this point, as well as on others which refer to the state of abject want in which he supposes Lady Hamilton to have closed her last hours. Horatia, now Mrs —, resided with Lady Hamilton to the last. Her means, it is true, were limited; but of that abject wretchedness and positive want which Mr Pettigrew imagines to have ultimately overwhelmed her, there was none. She declares that Lady Hamilton never once gave her to understand that she was her mother—never lavished on her any mother's caresses—never hinted that such was the relation in which they stood to each other. On the contrary, she has strong grounds for believing that no such relationship existed. Mr Hazlewood, a solicitor, then residing at Brighton, and far advanced in life, was known to have been much in Lord Nelson's confidence. To him Horatia wrote. The purport of her natural and eager request was, that he, as the confidential adviser of Lord Nelson, and the depository of all his secrets, would tell her who her mother was. Mr Hazlewood replied, that she was quite correct in her conjecture that he was privy to all the circumstances, and was completely in Lord Nelson's confidence on that and other points, but that the information she so ardently desired he must decline affording. He was bound by the most solemn promise to make no disclosures whatever upon that point. One assertion he would make. To Lady Hamilton she did not owe the duty of a daughter. Of that she might rest assured. Her mother was a lady who had never been suspected. She had married well, and was now the mother of a family, and a person of considerable consequence. To reveal Horatia's origin by the mother's

side would do her (Horatia) no real service, but would cause infinite misery to a happy, united, and distinguished family. He thought, therefore, he was taking the kindest and wisest course in putting a negative on her request, how natural soever it might be in her circumstances, in maintaining the unbroken silence to which he pledged himself on the subject to Lord Nelson, her father. Mr Hazlewood was throughout life regarded as a man of the strictest honour and veracity: and his statement is entitled to implicit respect.

One trait of the erring Lady Hamilton merits record. There was a sum of £3000 left to Horatia, which Lady H. was sole trustee. She had the entire control of it: so absolute were her powers that she could do with it what she pleased; but in all her distresses in all reverses, she was mindful of her trust. Horatia's portion was handed over to her intact.'

### IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow—

Leave things of the future to fate:

What's the use to anticipate sorrow?

Life's troubles come never too late!

If to hope overmuch be an error,

'Tis one that the wise have preferred;

And how often have hearts been in terror

Of evils that never occur'd!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—

Permit not suspicion and care

With invisible bonds to enchain thee,

But bear what God gives thee to bear.

By His Spirit supported and gladden'd,

Be ne'er by 'forebodings' terr'd;

But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd

By fear of what never occur'd.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow.

Short and dark as our life may appear,

We may make it still darker by sorrow—

Still shorter by folly and fear.

Half our troubles are half our invention;

And often from blessings conferr'd

Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension

Of evils that never occur'd.

### SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY FADEUTES.

'*Fabricando fit faber, non speculando.*'—*HEAL. PROV.*

We purpose to devote this notice to some observations which shall have for their object to show that our ideas are not purely theoretic, but verily capable of application. We design, if possible, to demonstrate, that our themes ought not to be confined to the seclusion and speculation of the closet and abstract student; but can with propriety, with profit, and with pleasure, be introduced into the routine and exercises of the school, and even wielded as a goodly and potent weapon by the practical educator. Should the manner of handling the subject savour somewhat of the shop, we must plead the old apology, '*tractatus fabrika fabri*.' We have already remarked that the etymological element has in modern times been adopted with eminent success into most branches of juvenile education. It forms, indeed, an essential and systematic principle in all our improved modes of tuition. We have also taken occasion to express our wonder and regret that the same process should not have been made to bear with like precision and advantage upon geography, though this latter is a department upon which etymology sheds some of its loveliest and strongest rays.

But the analogy by no means rests here. In the practice of tuition, he is deemed, and justly so, but a lame and impotent doctor, who stints his instruction and requirements to the mere general meaning of the word under analysis and examination, and does not extend them to

ables of a cognate or kindred sense, designating at once broad and palpable features of agreement, and the minute and occult points of difference: we refer to them as technically called *synonymous* terms. Hence the best dictionaries are now characterised, not only as *etymologic* and *expository*, but also as *synonymic*. Hence, equip the teacher with suitable weapons for his arduous warfare—his *tela belli*, and to facilitate his pioneering labour, and thereby to speed the pace and progress of the learner, there have from time to time emanated from the pens of the learned various treatises upon this important topic. Such are Hill's and Dumesnil's valuable Latin synonyms, the former more profound and elaborate, the latter more practical and voluminous; Gerard's 'Synonymes Français,' a very mine of critical lore; and Fabbe's 'English Synonymes,' who may be said to have fully broken ground, or broached the subject, but done it well, and *secundum artem*. All these, and many other similar performances, have been composed with the express view of elevating the tone and standard of education, by furnishing prompt and efficient aid to those engaged in the instruction of youth; and most admirably adapted they are to achieve their object, if teachers will but avail themselves of the proffered assistance. But what we desire to impress upon our paedægetic brethren, 'Descriptum *radio* totum qui entibus orbem,' is, that this synonymic or comparative method of tuition is often very practicable in geography. In a sense, it is more so than in other branches. In most instances proper names are more truly and rigidly synonymic than appellative signs are. Consequently, there is less danger in handling them of running into those aræous niceties which require a closer and more sustained attention than the puerile mind is qualified and disposed to bestow. Their very nature precludes latitude of speculation and subtlety of distinction from geographic synonymes.

But to proceed to our proposed praxis. The great and most obvious synonyme of Flamborough is *Pharos*, an island near Alexandria, so named from its famous *pharus* or *lighthouse*, just as Flamborough has its name; and just as the southern promontory, which, being doubled, opens up and *lightens* up the Bay of Lisbon, is denominated *Espichel* from Lat. *specula*, a watch-tower, or *lighthouse*. This *Pharos* was a square, each of its sides being a stadium, i. e. 625 feet, and so lofty as to be visible 100 miles off. Hence the circumambient sea to that distance was called *Phariæum-Mare*. This pile, deemed one of the wonders of the world, cost Ptolemy Philadelph. 800 talents. Being of white marble, itself served as a conspicuous sea-mark by day; while at night pitch-tuns blazed from its commanding summit. Its architect was the famous Sostrates of Cnidus, whose devout and humane inscription on it deserves to be perpetuated to all posterity: 'To the saviour gods on behalf of mariners.' From this splendid *lighthouse* all others, and hills and eminences serving that purpose, have been denominated *phari*. It is really astonishing to consider how far and wide the word has been propagated, chiefly into parts where the Grecian language and commerce have prevailed, but also into remote and barbarous localities, where there is no evidence or probability that they ever penetrated. We need not particularise the many *faros* that are to be found *illuminating* the Mediterranean, the great theatre and focus of ancient and mediæval trade, but proceed to evince, by some curious and pertinent instances, that, as the Grecian navigators pushed their commerce and researches beyond the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), so their word *pharos*, with but little variation of phrase and of phrase, has been wafted far and wide. First, then, there is *Faro*, off Cape St Mary, in Portugal; *Ferro*, chief of the Canary Islands, through which the first meridian was wont to pass in charts, as it still does in French maps, and most probably for this very reason that it was a famous sea-mark; *Ferros* Islands, a group situated nearly midway in the course betwixt the Shetland Islands and Iceland. As they emerge steeply from the sea to a mountainous elevation they are themselves a conspicuous object to navigators. To come nearer home, there is *Fair-Head* in Ireland, confronting *Cantira*, i. e., *land's-end*, beautifully

opening up the North Channel, and corresponding to *Fairland Point* in Wigtownshire, and the *lighthouse* recently erected on the 'Ship of Sanda.' Then there is *Fair-head* in Sutherlandshire, which gives name to the parish of *Fair*. This high and rocky headland ought not to be confounded with *Far-out-head*, in the neighbouring parish of Durness. On *Fair-head* the ruins of an ancient fort or *pharus* are still visible. Indeed, the Highlanders call any hill or eminence, on which there is an alarm-post or *watch* of any description, by a common name, '*Cnoc-faire*, i. e., the *Hill of the pharus*. Hence, also, by transposition of a letter, is the vernacular name of Caledonia's darling corps, the undegenerate representative of her old military fame and prowess—the *Fraicaden* Dubh, or *Black Watch*, or the 'gallant forty-second,' in English style. But to return. There is also the island of *Faro*, throwing light upon the intricate navigation of the Baltic. Lastly, there is *Fair-Isle*, midway in the passage betwixt the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and in a clear day visible from the promontories of both groups. We request the reader's attention to Buchanan's latinisation of the name, who seems to have been led captive by the sound alone, being ignorant of the sense.—Lib. i., chap. 49.—'In hoc medio fere cursu jacet *Faro*, hoc est *bella Insula*,' i. e., *beautiful island*. In the description of it he confutes himself, and unwittingly advances the *right reason* of the name: 'It towers up into three stupendous promontories, encompassed with lofty rocks, and is inaccessible on all sides save on the north-east, where, lowering a little, it affords a harbour for small craft. The inhabitants are miserably poor (*longe pauperimores*). It is conspicuous both from the *Orcades* and *Shetland*.' Now, hear the Rev. John Brand's commentary on the above quotation, p. 84 of his quaint volume. He was commissioner from the General Assembly to Orkney and Shetland at the close of the sixteenth century: 'Moreover, I neither did see, nor was I informed of anything, that affords us any reason why this isle should be denominated *Bella* or *Fair*. This *Fair-isle* is seen by ships at fourteen or sixteen leagues distance in a clear day, and it is as a *myth* or *mark* to direct their courses.'

We trust that we have advanced enough to authorise us, in opposition even to our admired Buchanan's opinion, to include *Faira* and *North Faira* (another isle so called to distinguish it from this) among our exact synonymes of *Flamborough*. There are two other synonymes, which, from their remote distance from each other, and from their vast importance in navigation, merit observation. *Ward-huus*, or *Watch-house*, an island in the Arctic Ocean, a cheering object in this dreary and dangerous coast to vessels trading to and from Archangel, which is only practicable three months in the year. Turn we from this sterile and dreary region—whose very names, such as *Magara*, i. e., *meagre* or *bare* island, are descriptive of desolation, and inspire horror—to a scene and clime widely different, as attractive to the sense as the other is repulsive, where

'To them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabon odour from the spicy shore  
Of *Araby* the blest; with such delay  
Well-pleased they slack their course, and many a league,  
Cherish'd with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles.'

Let the scholar, we say, who desires to add to his geographic acquisitions, and, still better by far, whose study it is to secure and hold them fast moored in the mind's memory by the golden chain of sense and the strong links of rational association, turn to the map of Eastern Africa, and there, terminating its long range of sea-coast from the Cape of Good Hope, and exactly in Milton's odoriferous latitude, he will find a noble promontory, opening up the entrance of the Red Sea, called *Guardafui*, i. e., the *watch-fire*; just as that mass of islands, separated from the extremity of South America by the Straits of Magellan, is denominated *Terra del Fuego*, i. e. the land of *fire*, so called from their volcanic eruptions. We would draw the classical scholar's attention to the interesting and instructive fact, that this promontory was anciently called *Aromata*, as may be seen in maps *juxta Ptolomæum et Dionysium*. Moreover, right oppo-

site lies the *Sabean territory*. We would do so, because we do not deem it at all a rash criticism to suppose, that, from the observation of these two facts, Milton, who, among his other rare and scholarly accomplishments, was an exquisite geographer, originally derived that idea which his own unrivalled genius has wrought up into one of the most apposite and charming similes, the most exact and symmetrical in all the points of parallel and proportion, that adorns the English, or any other language. So true it is, that a certain substratum of truth and nature constitutes the basis of all genuine poetry, however transcendently lofty the fiction, and however gorgeously ornate the drapery!

#### A SCENE AMONG THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Of all the scenes which I have been privileged to enjoy in the Tallulah chasm, the most glorious and superb was witnessed in the night time. For several days previous to my coming here the woods had been on fire, and I was constantly on the watch for a night picture of a burning forest. On one occasion, as I was about retiring, I saw a light in the direction of the falls, and concluded that I would take a walk to the Devil's Pulpit, which was distant from my tarrying place some hundred and fifty yards. Soon as I reached there I felt convinced that the fire would soon be in plain view, for I was on the western side of the gorge, and the wind was blowing from the eastward. In a very few moments my anticipations were realised, for I saw the flame licking up the dead leaves which covered the ground and also stealing up the trunk of every dry tree in its path. A warm current of air was now wafted to my cheek by the breeze, and I discovered with intense satisfaction that an immense dead pine which hung over the opposite precipice (and whose dark form I had noticed distinctly pictured against the crimson background) had been reached by the flame, and in another moment it was entirely in a blaze. The excitement which now took possession of my mind was absolutely painful; and, as I threw my arms around a small tree, and peered into the horrible chasm, my whole frame shook with an indescribable emotion. The magnificent torch directly in front of me did not seem to have any effect upon the surrounding darkness, but threw a ruddy and deathlike glow upon every object in the bottom of the gorge. A flock of vultures, which were roosting far down in the ravine, were frightened out of their sleep, and in their dismay, as they attempted to rise, flew against the cliffs and amongst the trees, until they finally disappeared; and a number of bats and other winged creatures were winnowing their way in every direction. The deep black pools beneath were enveloped in a more intense blackness, while the foam and spray of a neighbouring fall were made a thousandfold more beautiful than before. The vines, and lichens, and mosses seemed to cling more closely than usual to their parent rocks; and when an occasional ember fell from its great height far down, and still further down into the abyss below, it made me dizzy, and I retreated from my commanding position. In less than twenty minutes from that time the fire was exhausted, and the pall of night had settled upon the lately so brilliant chasm, and no vestige of the truly marvellous scene remained but an occasional wreath of smoke fading away into the upper air.—*The Washington Intelligencer*.

#### THE TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

The reason why men are unhappy, is because they do not act in harmony with the Divine mind. While all the planets revolve around the sun as their common centre, their movements all harmonise; but let their laws of attraction be broken, and the most direful confusion would ensue. Now, in the world of mind, while all finite minds are bound to the infinite mind, and act in harmony with him, their conduct harmonises with each other; but, when that attraction is broken, and each one acts according to his own separate will, their ways must constantly be coming in contact with God's ways and with one another, and disorder and misery ensue. Now the Gospel shows man how he may be a worker together with God.

It tells us that God's order is an order of uniform benevolence. His great object is to do men good; and he who labours to do men good, sympathises and harmonises with God, and will as certainly be happy as God himself is happy. Selfish men have often, almost by accident, done deeds which harmonise with the divine plan, and have experienced emotions to which they were before strangers. A young man, who had inherited a princely fortune, was still so extremely wretched that he determined to go down to the river and plunge beneath the dark waters, and put an end to his miserable existence. On his way a deep groan fell upon his ear; and, led by the pale rays of the moon, he passed through a narrow and dark alley till he came to a wretched hovel. He bowed and entered the door of this miserable abode, and a sight fell upon his vision such as he had been unaccustomed to behold. There were a poor man and woman with several children, lying upon the ground in a state of starvation. For the first time, it seems that the boot of this young man began to swell with generous warmth, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a handful of gold and put it into the hands of these starved people. Now, as he looked upon these joyful countenances and the blessing of many that were ready to perish fell upon him, he felt as he had never felt before; for he had performed a nobler act than he had ever accomplished any previous period in his whole life. He left the hovel with a deep impression that he had been pursuing happiness all his days in a wrong direction; and this circumstance seems to have led to his conversion to God, for he afterwards devoted his large estate to purposes of philanthropy and religion. Here we see the ineffable glory of the Gospel, in discovering to men the true way of happiness.—*Rev. E. Noyes*.

#### LAW AND LAWYERS IN NORWAY.

The administration of the civil law in Norway is most admirably contrived. In every school district, the freeholders elect a justice of the Court of Reconciliation. Every lawsuit must first be brought before this justice and by the parties in person, as no lawyer or attorney is allowed to practise in this court. The parties appear in person, and state their mutual complaints and grievances at length, and the justice carefully notes down all the facts and statements of the plaintiff and defendant, and, after due consideration, endeavours to arrange the matter, and proposes for this purpose what he considers to be perfectly just and fair in the premises. If his judgment is accepted, it is immediately entered in the court above, which is a Court of Record; and if it is appealed from, the case goes up to the district court, upon the evidence already taken in writing by the justice of the Court of Reconciliation. No other evidence is admitted. If the terms proposed by the justice are pronounced to be just and reasonable, the party appealing has to pay the costs and charges of the appeal. This system of minor courts prevents a deal of unnecessary, expensive, and vexatious litigation. The case goes up from court to court upon the same evidence, and the legal argument rests upon the same facts, without trick or circumlocution of any kind from either party. There is no chance for pettifoggers—the banditti of the bar. Poor, or rich, or stupid clients cannot be deluded, nor judge nor jury mystified by the skill of sharp practitioners in the courts of law in Norway. More than two-thirds of the suits commenced are settled in the Court of Reconciliation, and of the remaining third not so settled, not more than one-tenth are ever carried up. The judges of the Norwegian courts are responsible for errors of judgment, delay, ignorance, carelessness, partiality, or prejudice. They may be summoned, accused, and tried in the superior court, and, if convicted, are liable in damages to the party injured. There are, therefore, very few unworthy lawyers in the Norwegian courts. The bench and the bar are distinguished for integrity and learning. They have great influence in the community, and the country appreciates the many benefits which have resulted from their virtue and their wisdom.—*Marcell*.

## THE FIRST HALF OF A DAY IN THE WISPERTHAL.

Being at Langen-Schwalbach, I took it into my head to ride through the Wisperthal to the Rhine. Langen-Schwalbach is a very nice place, but, nevertheless, one that it is quite possible to tire of. The hotels are good, the short excursions in the neighbourhood pleasant, the green alleys pretty, and Sir Francis Head's 'Bubbles' are amusing; but when one, day after day, has met the same people, pacing solemnly the same promenades, with their red, or green, or yellow glasses, containing the precious water from the Heel, or Wine, or Pauline wells; when one has for three whole weeks gone through the same dreadful performance of a German table d'hôte, with its stratification of courses so abnormal to British gastronomic science; when one has ridden the red-saddled donkeys to Schlangenbad, Adolphseck, Hohenstein, and Bleidenstadt, visited the iron hammers, and screamed to the echoes; when one has read the 'Bubbles' for the third time, and seen the swine general to boot—it is possible to become a little weary of the Schwalbach world and life. And so becoming weary, I thought a sight of the Rhine might do me good; I therefore studied a map, which hung in the passage of my lodgings, and finding I could make my way to the famous stream by the Wisperthal, and somehow taking a fancy to the name, I resolved to adopt it as my route.

Having no inclination to walk some fifteen or sixteen miles, in a temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, and doubting the practicability of the valley for wheeled vehicles, and besides having always been ready to take the Highgate oath, and preferring horseback to all possible modes of conveyance, I started in search of a suitable quadruped. I soon found one, a respectable animal in appearance, of a reddish hue, and, as the proprietor assured me, of Arabian genealogy. Although somewhat sceptical on this point, I named him Saladin on the spot, and readily agreed to the demand of a dollar a-day for the use of so noble a steed. The next point was to ascertain the road, lest I should go wrong and arrive at Timbuctoo, Tobolack, or any other place than Lorch, the little town at the point where the Wisperthal opens on the Rhine. My questions were soon answered in a very practical manner by Mr Wigland, the obliging and worthy host of the Hotel Royal; who knew the country thoroughly, having often hunted the circumjacent woods. In a few minutes he had produced a sketchy map, with the roads as far as Gerolstein, those which I was not to take being expressly marked 'nicht.' On gaining Gerolstein, he assured me, it would be impossible for me to lose my way, inasmuch as then I should be completely in the valley, without the possibility of getting out of it, except by always riding forward to Lorch.

Saladin duly appeared at the appointed time, and mounting him, in a famous good humour, I took my way up the Paulinenberg. My equanimity was, however, soon disturbed by a very unpleasant habit of the Arab, which, before we parted, gave rise to much contention between us. He thought proper, namely, every twenty steps, to stand upon three legs and scratch himself with the fourth. Certainly he had the excuse that the flies were troublesome, but still as a well bred horse, and an Arab, his conduct was most blameable. I must, however, confess that the slight proofs of my dissatisfaction which he received by no means mended the matter, for latterly, after culminating the tripod performance with a scratch of the most furious kind, he would jump off into a sudden canter, to the real disturbance of my musing and dreaming. The brute! I can't write of him with patience! He ought to have been ashamed of himself! He an Arab! An impostor! a wretch! But it is of no use scolding him now, so let it pass. The Duchy of Nassau, in which the reader learned in geography knows I was riding, possesses almost every variety of scenery, but the Taunus has a character quite peculiar to itself. This part of the country consists of a great assemblage of hills, closely wedged together, and intersected by the most beautiful little valleys imagin-

able. They lie in no definite direction, present no marked ridges, run into no prominences, rise into no peaks, form no chains, are divided into no groups, but each is isolated, fenced about by its own little system of valleys, and wonderfully similar in shape to its neighbour. They are, so to speak, a confederation of hills—they belong to the same range, but each is independent. They are very steep, but round-backed and thickly wooded; their bases almost touch each other, yet generally the bottom of the valley is a narrow flat, without trees, very smooth, covered with the greenest and finest grass, and permeated by its little stream, which capriciously wanders from side to side, now gliding at the foot of the one steep, now crossing at right angles to the other. These valleys wind much, and you never see a quarter of a mile before you; but at every turn new scenery is presented, which, though all of the same general character, is sufficiently diversified to be very pleasing. Sometimes an ancient castle comes into view perched on its high rock, sometimes the startled deer bound across from one wood to the other, sometimes the tingling you have heard for ten minutes is explained by the appearance of a little flock of sheep, the guardian of which, leaning on his staff, wonders at the stranger, but, nevertheless, salutes you courteously with the customary 'Guten Tag'; sometimes you come suddenly to a mill busily plashing away, sometimes to a quaint little church and spire. There is very little of the grand, and nothing of the wild in these landscapes, but so much of the soft and lovely—there is such an air of gentleness and peace diffused around, such an unconsciousness of the rudeness, and bustle, and jostling, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness of the great world—that one's heart is melted into contentment and love, and feels purified and lightened of its dross and cares. I am convinced that half the cures which the waters of the different baths take credit for might be more justly attributed to the soothing efficacy of these happy valleys. So sweet were they to me that I felt the greatest desire to settle in one of them—nay, I have chosen the spot; it is on the little stream Aarde, between Hohenstein and Adolphseck; and if I could forget one dear spot of earth in my native land at home, hallowed by the memories of what has been, I would, I think (some day when I am rich enough), try to prevail on the Duke of Nassau to grant me the site in question, and I would build a cottage on it. But, meanwhile, I and the Arab are jogging up the Paulinenberg. One sees from the top on either side exactly such a prospect of hills as I have attempted to describe. So confusedly huddled together do they appear, that it seems almost impossible that the rivulets that murmur in the valleys below will ever find their way to the sea through such a dense mob of mountains.

Descending the opposite side I saw before me a village with a small church, whose white walls reflected the noon-time rays of a July sun with the most intolerable brilliancy. I consulted my chart, and found it must be Laugenseifen, an absurd name for any village, as it means in English, 'Long-soaps.' To this place with a ridiculous name I descended by what it seemed altogether as ridiculous to call a road: for so great was the declivity that, in preserving the perpendicular position prescribed in the riding-school, my toes were close to Saladin's mouth and my head to his tail. And yet these roads are traversed by carts. But carts in the Taunus are wonderful vehicles, something like spiders, all legs.

The day was tremendously hot, and I was proportionably thirsty, but I looked in vain for any sign promising refreshment for man or beast. Nor was there a human being to be seen. And this is a peculiarity of the country. One might say the people were invisible. You see corn and wood cut, but there is no one in the fields or the forests; the houses are evidently inhabited, but the inhabitants are not at home. It is very mysterious. Suddenly an old woman appeared—an exceedingly old and ugly woman, who, I am very sure, will never read this, otherwise I should not run the risk of hurting her feelings by so describing her. I think she was a witch, for I could not conceive where she came from, and when, at my request,

she had pointed out the village inn, she vanished, while my head was turned, as strangely as she had appeared.

I dismounted at the inn and got what I wanted—half a schoppen of the weak, sour, white wine of the country, for which I paid six kreuzer, or twopence. So pleasant was the cool draught that I would fain immortalise the inn that afforded it, and Long-scape, which possesses the inn, by writing here of them at greater length to their advantage—but, alas! I have nothing more to say of either, good, bad, or indifferent. And yet the cup was handed me by a young mother, round whom three jolly urchins clung; and with that girl's life what histories of woman's love, and woman's constancy, and woman's courage may, I say may, have actually been woven!—of heroism, the more heroic because not meant for, or expectant of, world's applause; of virtue, more pure because maintained for virtue's sake alone. So meditating, I shook hands with my heroine, in posse, and bestriding Saladin resumed my pilgrimage.

Sliding to the foot of the hill, from Langenseifen, by the nearly perpendicular road, I came to a small stream. This was the Wisp, and I was at the entrance of the Wisperthal, that is, of the Wisp valley, or dale; and very beautiful it is! The hills are high on either side, and steep, yet wooded to the top. The little stream plays about in its narrow green prairie. The bridge road winds in cool shade through among the trees, and all is so quiet, and so secluded, and so solitary! High up many hawks and kites sailing securely, heighten the feeling of isolation from the world, for they are silent and safe. Even the two sequestered mills are more like hermitages than things of business. Not a human being did I meet for miles, nor, save the mills, the signs of one, and even they might have been tenantless, for aught I knew or could discover. But now we come to something which shews the hand of man. That assortment of wood regularly cut into that peculiar shape, and regularly disposed in that peculiar way, did not grow so, nor come so by chance. But where are the authors of the arrangement? Is the valley enchanted? and has the wood so remained for centuries, while the woodmen sleep a Rip Van Winkle slumber? There is a legend of the valley, which I shall tell by and by, but this woodwork is not mentioned there. Sir Francis Head was right when he spoke of the agency of invisible hands in the Taunus. But, behold! there, before us, Saladin, are visible legs, which surely do not belong to the bundle of wood which they support. Of such, and such like, must assuredly have been the forest that came to Dunsinane. And lo! as we meet and pass, a human voice issues from the timber, and says, 'Guten Tag' (good day). Guten Tag, Bundle. The voice divine is sweet even though it come from so strange a shape as a sturdy faggot. But of what kind the being, Caliban-like, imprisoned in that wood, whether it were man or woman, fair or ugly, young or old, I could not say; I am no Cuvier to construct a whole body even from such ample data as the lower half of a pair of legs. After all, I doubt if it were a 'human' as the Americans say, it moved on so mysteriously without hands to feel, or eyes to see the way, yet surely and with no halting, and now it turns the corner and disappears. Adieu, Wood-upon-legs.

Deeper into the valley. Higher hills, darker shades, profounder stillness and solitudes. Great insects go by humming; two pheasants burst startled from the wood and flutter round the next turn; a trout takes a fly.

And now the valley narrows; the path ascends a little, to gain, as it were, a footing on the steep hill-side. It is the pass of the Wisperthal—a famous place for a band of stout fellows to make good against a host, and no doubt it has here been done. Yes, these rocks have afforded cover to the crouching crossbowmen, and from these ambushments have sped their well-directed bolts; down over that all but perpendicular steep has tumbled the heavily mailed horseman, clutching vainly as he rebounded from point to point; and here, when the day was over and won, have re-assembled the trusty few to wipe their swords, and count their loss, and bind up their wounds. Yes! here—plague on thy stupid head, or rather hoof—thou, Saladin,

wilt make a false step here of all places in the world, and send me, too, down that unpleasant looking precipice. You shall have a run for that—off with you! albeit I had rather ride slowly and dream a little more—off with you! take heed though at this turn. Bravely stepped, Saladin! and now charge up the ascent—charge! The Gerolstein we are now approaching is not the Gerolstein celebrated by M. Eugene Sue. No matter, there will be plenty of stuff for a little romance there, without troubling the poetic fancy of the author of the 'Mysteries of Paris' and other works. See, there it is high up on the left, that old lofty tower on the craggy point, one of the robber castles, no doubt about it, and a famous trade it has driven in its day, that nest of ruffians. Yet, robbers and ruffians as you were, ye former occupants of these strongholds, I doubt if ye were by half so bad as the brave barons, and worthy bishops, and chivalrous counts, who, because they had bigger and stronger fortresses, and gayer and more numerous retainers, and robbed on a grander scale, and were dutiful sons of holy mother church, were rightful sovereigns and lawful lords, and by no means pillagers, extortioners, and tyrants.

I had resolved to visit the ruin, but, before doing so, it was necessary to attend to creature comforts. Yonder is a mill—there must, of course, be a miller. A loud yelp! aided by the bawling of an alarmed child, speedily evoked the white spirit. How he stared at Saladin and me. However, he very civilly answered my questions, offered to conduct me to the hostelry of the hamlet, and brought his hat (though on such a day as that certainly not to keep his head warm, as the conundrum would assert) with an air as if he didn't mean soon to return, but was resolved to see the most of the stranger, and make a day of it. We soon came to the inn, where, having loosened the Arab's girths, and seen him accommodated with some hay, I inquired the best path to the old castle, which was frowning directly over us as an old castle should. The miller immediately offered himself as guide. Now I hate guides; they generally insist on showing you everything you do not care about, and hurrying you away from what you wish to see; you cannot muse or dream with a guide beside you; you lose the pleasure of discovering everything for yourself; and you are almost sure to have an altercation with them when the time comes of giving them their fee. I therefore said I could not think of troubling my friend—could not think of taking him from his occupation. But he overruled my objections with a carols laugh, and seemed so very anxious to go that I could not disappoint him, and so sighed and submitted, whereupon he stuck a straw into his mouth, as if it were the symbol of his entering on his functions, and led the way.

As we ascended the path that led up a little valley tributary to the Wisperthal, we passed several holes in the rocks, square, about four feet wide and six high, being the mouths of subterraneous galleries, the formation of which is among the operations of slate quarrying. Gerolstein is famous for its slates, and two or three men, not more, were working at their duty—quietly, however, for everything is quiet in the Wisperthal. The greater part of the slates are exported from the valley in a singular way: down the face of one of the hills has been formed an inclined plane some six or seven hundred feet high, up which the slates are drawn. What becomes of them on the top I do not know; it was enough that they were out of the Wisp valley. This slide looks at a distance like a mathematical line, so straight and narrow is it, and so well defined is its slaty white against the dark green foliage on either side.

I entered into one of the galleries I have mentioned, but not above fifty paces, having the fear of foul air before my eyes; besides the miller assured me there was nothing to see, which was plainly true, as it was dark as day may be. There was something to hear, however, for raising a loud yell I had the satisfaction of hearing a voice going on slowly into the bowels of the earth till lost itself in them—a fate that served it right for presuming to be more adventurous than its master.



Coming out again into the hot day, we resumed our ascent, and soon leaving the path up the valley, scrambled upwards by a track so difficult and entangled that I am sure the varnished boot of polished tourist has never attempted it.

At last we arrived at the moat of the castle, and here we may rest a moment till I make the following observation on the grounds for which the sites of such German strongholds seem generally to have been chosen. When a baron or a robber would build him a fortress, he chose for his purpose the top of a high rock, but not of the highest rock. The rock required to be high, to make it secure against enemies; but not too high, lest it should be too difficult for himself and friends to gain; care, of course, being taken that it was not within reach of the missiles of those days from the more elevated points. Almost always the point chosen was the apex of a promontory or cape, formed by glens on either hand, so that it was by nature inaccessible on three sides, while on the fourth it was artificially defended by a transverse cut or ditch. The ground on the other side of this moat generally sloping upwards, the chief tower was raised so high as was necessary to command it for bow-shot, and to render its occupation within that distance impossible without active molestation. Hence the great, and at first sight apparently unnecessary height of many of these donjons. Gerolstein, for instance, is situated on the promontory between two narrow but deep and precipitous ravines, which here converge on the Wisperthal, and impossible of approach in front and on each side; the rear was defended against sudden attack by a deep cut in the rock, while a permanent lodgment on the sloping ground behind was guarded against by the height of the tower which overawes it. The commanding hills on the opposite sides of the valley and ravines were too distant for the successful employment of the missiles in use before the invention of gunpowder, though, in reality, the castle was ruined by a battery from a neighbouring height at a very early period, and when cannon were still very imperfect.

My natural history is rather rusty, and I have no inclination in this tremendous weather, with the thermometer of Beaumur at 36 deg., to go to the Jardin de Plantes (I write in Paris), in order to inspect the camels there and ascertain the relative height of the humps on their backs; besides, when I consider, I think it is the dromedary, and not the camel, which has two. But, taking it for granted that one of these two animals has the hinder hump more than the other, let him serve me for an illustration. Suppose a little castle fixed on the lesser hump, the hinder quarters of the animal will represent the steep precipices on three sides; the space between the humps a natural hollow, and the greater hump the other hill sloping upwards, higher, but commanded by the rivaling tower on the inferior.

I was standing in the moat with my friend and guide the miller, who had now replaced the straw in his mouth by a stalk of wild strawberries; he pointed out a well-defined cut in the rock, which formed the outer side of the ditch, and informed me with a professional interest that it had been formed for the fall of a mill-stream, and that the little rivulet, now flowing some two hundred feet below us, had, in the palmy days of the castle, been diverted from its course, and had flowed to this cut by a channel, which was still so perfect that the work of a day or two would suffice to lead it again into this artificial course. The mill must have stood in the moat. The fact of the chieftain choosing to have his corn ground so immediately under his own eye appears to imply the doubt as to the integrity of millers, which has prevailed with us since the times of Chaucer at the least, but I did not say so to my companion.

With some difficulty we climbed the scarp, which, being cut in the solid rock, is very entire, and clinging by the brushwood, with which the place is thickly overgrown, edged round the walls and gained the interior, which, merely as an interior, presented nothing worth seeing. The fortress within the walls is extremely small, and it is so choked

up with its own rubbish that it is scarcely possible to walk a yard without the aid of the friendly brushwood. Yet here in all his pride the chieftain of Gerolstein had lived and moved—here 'stately stepped he east the ha', and stately stepped he west'—here rung the jovial merriment of his rough retainers—and down there groaned vainly the miserable prisoner—while that bright sunny spot where the wild roses now grow was perhaps the bower of his fair daughter, whose blue eyes could soften his stern heart, and whose voice was the music of the place.

'What is that down there?' said I, pointing to a sort of well-defined mound rising from the centre of the hamlet below us. That was where the baron's brother lived. 'His elder or his younger brother?' The miller did not know. 'Was he too a robber chieftain?' He could not say; all he knew was that there the baron's brother lived. 'But the baron was a robber; and the castle was destroyed by cannon; and they were made of leather. The folk who came against it did not try to batter down the walls, for they were too strong, they only drove in the roof with their leather cannons from yonder height; and when the roof was in, the robber and his people had, of course, to flee.' This driving in of the roofs is perhaps the reason why so many castles on the Rhine and in its neighbourhood remain with their walls nearly perfect. The assailants had no idea of the power of the instrument in their hands, and accustomed to believe in the impregnable strength of the masonry, which a couple of 24 pounders would drive to pieces in an hour, contented themselves with expelling the inmates by battering in the roof, firing vertically, most probably. Take heed, miller, or we shall have some tumbling vertically presently; don't skip about in that way from point to point, or down you will come, 'and your head as it falls go nickety nock, like a pebble in Carisbrook well,' as the poet says. The grass is slippery as ice. See how he slides on it and brings up at the very brink of the precipice, like a very goat on two legs. I, too, like Edie Ochiltree, 'was a braw cragsman ance,' but now that we are going to descend I shall take my own way and proceed cautiously; I am no match for such a harlequin as this miller, and must keep silent as to the number of involuntary summersets I reckon on performing. Provided my neck is not broken in the descent, and I am able to gather myself together at the bottom, the reader and I will meet again.

#### ANGELUS SILESIUS—THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM.

AMONG the many singular classes of religionists whose number and influence waned with the fall of the Romish Church after the Reformation, was the Mystics. Existing chiefly in Holland and Germany, Mysticism had its strongest hold early in the fifteenth century. Revived in France by the celebrated Madame Guyon during the seventeenth century, it was partially espoused by Fenelon, and unsparingly condemned by Bossuet. It is a system which can boast of many great names, and amongst them is that of Thomas à Kempis, whose famous work, 'concerning the Imitation of Christ,' has perhaps, next to the Scriptures, been translated into more languages than any other book. The Scholastics, Dogmatics, and Mystics, formed the three sects of the Church of Rome. The doctrines of the latter have also been denominated Quietism, from their discouragement of all outward acts of devotion, or reverence for any outward rule of guidance. Such a system is doubtless to be shunned, for its tendency, when carried to excess, is pantheistic; but while forming our opinion, we must not at once condemn the preachers of it as fanatics and enthusiasts. Due allowance must be made for the times in which they lived, for these were winter and spring times which we at this period can with difficulty realise before the mind's eye—when the right and power of time-hallowed quackery of many kinds was just beginning to be questioned and overset by those bursting germs of pure truth, of which only those who were more or less Mystics could dimly shadow forth the full future triumph



—times which, from their portentous upheavings, can aptly be compared with a tropical forest, in which, at certain seasons, vegetable growth is so strong and quick, that some travellers affirm, those walking or lying down in the midst of them, can almost hear the sound thereof. While the writings of the Mystics abound in many grave errors and much sickly sentimentalism, there is yet mixed up with these a vein of deep and earnest piety, and a contempt for the vain traditions and barren formulas which surrounded them. We abridge from a translation in the eighth number of the 'Massachusetts Quarterly Review' the following notes on the life and times of Angelus Silesius, with selections from his greatest work, the 'Cherubic Pilgrim.'

'Religion is the life and soul of any age and of any man, even of those we are apt to charge with indifference or atheism. But the soul is often so locked up in the body, like the spark in the flint, that it requires the hard steel-stroke of adversity to draw it forth. Hence it comes that periods which in all other respects are most barren and desolate, not uncommonly exhibit the tree of religious life in fullest bloom.

German history presents no drearier page than that of the first half of the seventeenth century. The empire distracted with a long and furious civil and religious war—emperors and princes, Catholics and Protestants, south and north, in arms against each other—the peasant and citizen pillaged, and tortured, and murdered by a cruel and lawless soldiery, headed by cruel and lawless generals—the stranger invading the frontiers—Swedish and French armies lording it on German ground, and laying waste the land—the national glory and honour stained—the Church of Christ profaned—all laws, human and divine, trodden under foot by a cruel, avaricious, hypocritical selfishness, which, vainly trying to slake its thirst, was deluging the country with blood. And yet, in the midst of this waste howling wilderness, where all obscene and angry passions, like so many jackals and hyenas, were prowling about, we find here and there an oasis, full of refreshing shade, and watered with a clear fresh spring, around which sweetest flowers were blowing, breathing their perfume into the desert air. Poetry, faithful to her mission of bliss, was still there to throw her magic veil over the dreary desert, to sing the weary and disconsolate heart to sleep, and with her enchanter's wand called up before the dreaming eye a perspective of peace and happiness, which, like a sloping Jacob's ladder, began on earth, but gradually lost itself in heaven. Never since the times of the Minnesingers, that is, during more than three hundred years, had Germany possessed such a number of good and earnest men, who, if they were not poets in the highest sense of the word, could at least, without arrogance, apply to themselves the words of Goethe :

'Whilst other men are dumb with stifling anguish,  
A God gave me to speak and sing my wo.'

Opitz, Fleming, Gryphius, Logan, Spee, Simon Dach, Gerhard, constitute a new era in the history of German poetry. The night was dark indeed ; but there were some bright and blessed stars which pierced the black cloud-wall, and shone as 'lights in darkness,' giving assurance to the doubting heart, that, though veiled for the moment, heaven and its hopes still remained. Such were those deep and earnest spirits who, from the inwardness and un-earthliness of their life and the twilight glimmerings in their thinking, now in praise and now in blame, have been called Mystics.

The natural tendency of all life, when left to its own impulse, is to unfold itself like the flower, and to pour the ripened energies of body and soul into the lap of mother earth. But when, as in the times we were speaking of, this inward impulse meets with outward obstacles, when a cold and stormy world checks and chills the genial current of the soul ; then the soul—for live and act it must, in spite of all obstacles—recoils upon itself, and turns inwards its faculties, its eyes and hands, which had been turned outwards, and tries to realise, in an ideal world of its own, the plans which it could not realise in the actual.

'Though the world be cold and narrow,  
Yet the heart is warm and free ;  
Wild without the times are storming,  
Blooms within eternity.'

It is but natural that we should know little about the outward circumstances of men who were dead to the world, and whose life was hid in God.

The few notices we have been able to gather concerning the man whose name heads this article, and who occasioned these remarks, are contained in the following lines.

Johannes Scheffler, generally called by his adopted literary name, Johannes Angelus Silesius, was born about the year 1624, in a town of Silesia, it is uncertain whether in Breslau or Glatz. His parents were Lutherans, and he was accordingly brought up in the doctrines of that church. After many vicissitudes, which carried him at last to the court of the Emperor Ferdinand III., in Vienna, he took priest's orders, and toward the end of his life he sought a retirement in the convent of St Mathias, where he changed this world of strife and death for the better one, July 9, 1677.

The chief work of Angelus, that in which he laid down the law of all his deepest living and thinking, and on which his fame as a theological poet is mainly founded, is the 'Cherubic Pilgrim, or Spiritual Rhymes and Epigrams, teaching a life of Divine Contemplation,' a collection of rhymed epigrams in six books.

We venture to say, that there are but few volumes in any language, particularly in rhyme, which contain within so short a compass such a number of thoughts, the deepest, wisest, and holiest, expressed in a form so concise, so transparent, and so unavoidable. Many a one of them might be fitly called *verdi parvus onyx*, containing the quintessence of a thousand leaves written with theology and philosophy ; they are all 'apples of gold in dishes of silver.' The religion preached therein is indeed not that of Protestantism or Catholicism. In common with that of all his brother Mystics, it is distinguished by the following characteristics :

1. Rejection of all outward authority, be it that of men or books, of bibles or councils, of popes or reformers. The Jewish bibliolatriy of the Protestant churches was no less an abomination to them than the heathenish idolatry of the Catholics and their belief in the infallibility of councils and popes. They acknowledged no authority but that of the Holy Spirit revealing himself in the hearts of men. Novalis says : 'The Holy Ghost must be our teacher of Christianity, not a dead, earthly, equivocal letter.' And Jacob Boehme : 'The written word is but an instrument whereby the Spirit leadeth us to itself within us. Your councils and synods (speaking to the priests), your canons and articles, your laws and ordinances, are all mere devilish presumption. The Spirit of God in Christ will not be bound to any laws of men.'

2. Rejection of all mere historical belief in the great facts of Christianity. The life of Christ, according to them, has a symbolical meaning, and only when thus understood and applied, does it become of value and benefit to us. Our belief must wear itself out in a faithful reproduction—that is, imitation of Christ's life. Jacob Boehme says—'Christianity doth not consist in the mere knowing of the history and applying the knowledge thereof, saying that Christ died for us and hath paid the ransom for us, so that we need do nothing but comfort ourselves therewith, and steadfastly believe that it is so. Christianity is no such cheap and comfortable thing. Only he is a true Christian who is born of Christ.' Angelus expresses but the mind of all his brethren when he says—

'The cross on Golgotha can never save thy soul.  
The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.'

Regeneration—that supernatural new birth of the inner man—that miraculous transubstantiation of the earthly into the heavenly through the all-melting power of a divine love—is the characteristic centre-doctrine of all Christian Mystics.

3. Another characteristic in the preaching of the Mystics is their yearning for rest. 'God, according to them, is

blest stillness. Angelus dwells upon this in several of his epigrams, as, for instance—

'Rest is the highest good, and if God was not rest,  
Then heaven would not be heaven, and angels not be blest.'

4. And lastly, they lay a great stress upon a perfect union with God. This, which at first sight seems merely an explanation of what was already implied in the doctrine of regeneration, they carry sometimes so far as to destroy all individual distinction, and utterly to annihilate everything human in the all-absorbing fire-ocean of divinity.

The last two characteristics the Christian Mystics have in common with the Persian Mystics, particularly with the reatest of them, Dschelaleddin Rumi. No one, however, went farther than Angelus, who, in some of his epigrams carries this pantheistic confounding of the human with the divine to such a pitch as appears to us absolutely sinful and blasphemous. A single glance upwards to the stormy sky might have confounded such arrogance, and brought the philosopher on his knees. For the love we bear him, we have suppressed the worst of these stains in his otherwise pure and shining wings, and lest they might hold back from him the love which it is our wish to gain for him on his first introduction to an English public. Let the reader judge him for the present only by the following specimens of his poetry and theosophy, from the 'Cherubic Pilgrim':—

*The dew and the rose.*

God's spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose,  
If I but like a rose to him my heart enclose.

*The tabernacle.*

The soul wherein God dwells—what church can holier be?—  
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

*The holy night.*

Lo! in the silent night a child to God is born,  
And all is brought again that e'er was lost or lorn.  
Could but thy soul, oh man, become a silent night,  
God would be born in thee, and set all things aright.

*The difference.*

Ye know God but as lord, hence Lord his name with ye,  
I feel him but as love, and Love's his name with me.

*Seasons of the soul.*

Sin is the soul's winterfrost, repentance is the spring,  
Summer the mercy state, autumn good works will bring.

*How far from here to heaven?*

How far from here to heaven? Not very far, my friend:  
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

*Christ must be born in thee.*

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,  
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.

*Rise thyself from the dead.*

Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is in the grave,  
If thou, for whom he died, art still of sin the slave.

*Heaven within thee.*

Hold there? where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee.  
Seekst thou for God elsewhere, his face thou'lt never see.

*The only want's in thee.*

Ah, would thy heart but be a manger for the birth,  
God would once more become a child upon this earth.

*See God in thyself.*

Pray thee, how looks my God? Go and thyself behold;  
Who sees himself in God, sees God's own very mould.

*The soul God's image.*

God's very image lies upon the soul imprinted,  
Happy who wears such coin, in purest linen dressed.

*The heart encloses God.*

Immeasurable is the Highest—who but knows it?  
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

*Eyes of the soul.*

Two eyes hath every soul! One into time shall see,  
The other bends its gaze into eternity.

*Seasons of the day.*

In heaven is the day, in hell below, the night;  
'Tis twilight here on earth: consider this aright!

*The loveliest tone.*

In all eternity, no tone can be so sweet  
As where man's heart with God in union doth beat.

*Magnet and steel.*

God is a magnet strong, my heart it is the steel,  
'Twill always turn to him, if once his touch it feel.

*The swiftest.*

Love is the swiftest thing; it of itself can fly  
Up to the highest heaven, in the twinkling of an eye.

*Time immemorial.*

You ask how long it is since God himself began?  
Ah me! so very long, himself remembers not.

*The greatest riddle.*

I know not what I am, I am not what I know,  
A thing and not a thing, a point, and circle too.

*There is no death.*

I don't believe in death. If hour by hour I die,  
'Tis hour by hour to gain a better life thereby.

*'The well is deep.'*—John iv. 11.

Why shouldst thou cry for drink? The fountain is in thee,  
Which, so thou stopp'st it not, will flow eternally.

*Alas! why can we not?*

Why can we not, we men, as birds do in the wood,  
Mingle our voices too—a happy brotherhood?

*Love is not to be defined.*

One only thing I love, yet know not what it is,  
And that I know it not, makes it the greater bliss.

*Holy of Holies.*

No holier sanctuary on earth has ever been  
Than, in body chaste, a soul that's void of sin.

*Quiet love is strongest love.*

Love is like wine. When young, 'twill boil and overflow;  
The older it will grow the milder will it grow.

*The best preachers.*

What is a sinless state? No priest can ever teach thee  
What, eloquently dumb, the pious flowers will preach thee.

*The rich poor.*

The old man swims in gold, yet talks of poverty.  
He speaks but what is true, no poorer wretch than he.

*The most effectual prayer.*

The sleep of his beloved, much more with God will do,  
Than when the wicked wake, and pray the whole night through.

*To theologians.*

Within this span of time, God's name ye will unfold,  
Which in eternities can never quite be told.

*Blessedness.*

The soul that's truly blest knows not of selfishness;  
She is one light with God, with God one blessedness.

*Without a why.*

The rose knows of no why. It blows because it bloweth,  
And, careless of itself, to all its beauties showeth.

*'The best part.'*

To work is good enough, still better is to pray.  
The best— to love thy God, and not a word to say.

*Hell is where God is not.*

If thou diest without God—though Christ gain'd heaven for thee,  
Thy life will be a hell, wherever thou may'st be.

*The finest sight.*

Fair is Aurora, fair, but still a soul's more fair,  
When after a long night the sun, God, riseth there.

*Ignis fatuus.*

Who runneth not with love, will always run astray,  
And ignis fatuus like, to heaven not find the way.

*The noblest is the commonest.*

The nobler is a thing, the commoner it will be.  
The sun, the heavens, and God, what commoner than these three?

*The old ones like the young ones.*

Thou smilest at the child that crieth for his toys.  
Are they less toys, old man, which cause thy griefs and joys?

*Sigh for God.*

God is a mighty sea, unfathom'd and unbound,  
Oh in this blessed deep may all my soul be drown'd.

*The shortest way to God.*

To bring thee to thy God, love takes the shortest route;  
The way which knowledge leads is but a roundabout.

*It is here!*

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?  
Love is the only good; love and be blessed here.

*God is no talker.*

No one talks less than God, the all-creating Lord.  
From all eternity he speaketh but one word.

*Neither without the other.*

It must be done by both, God never without me,  
I never, without God, myself from death can free.

*Spiritual sun and moon.*

Be, Jesus, thou my sun, and let me be thy moon,  
Then will my darkest night be changed to brightest noon.

*Solitude.*

We need the solitude; and yet in every place,  
A man may be alone, if he's no common place.

*Life in death.*

In God alone is life, without God is but death.  
An endless Godless life were but a life in death.

*Like the doves, but like the serpents also.*  
That simplaness I prize that season'd is with wit,  
A witless simplaness I value not a whit.

*Wisdom a child.*  
Ye ask how wisdom can thus play in children's guise?  
Why wisdom is a child, so's every man that's wise.

*No beauty without love.*  
All beauty comes of love, God's very countenance,  
If lighted not with love, could never yield a glance.

*The creature a zero.*  
Creature preceeding God, to nothing doth amount.  
But place it after God, and 'twill begin to count.

*Faith without love.*  
Faith without love aye makes the greatest roar and din:  
The cask sounds loudest then when there is nought within.

*The second bliss in heaven.*  
The greatest bliss in heaven is next to God's blest sight,  
That into every heart we straight can see aright.

*The valley and the rain.*  
Let but thy heart, oh man! become a valley low,  
And God will rain on it till it will overflow.

*Divine music.*  
A quiet patient heart that meekly serves his Lord,  
God's finger joys to touch; it is his harpichord.

*Beware of the smoke!*  
The world is but a smoke. Therefore, if thou be wise,  
Keep off, or, sure, it will blind thy spirit's eyes.

*Learn from the silk-worm.*  
Oh shame! A silk-worm works and spins till it can fly,  
And thou, my soul, wilt still on thine old earth-cloth lie.

*Overboard!*  
Throw overboard, oh soul! the world with all its goods,  
Lest near the heavenly port thou perish in the floods.

*How we can see God.*  
God dwelleth in a light far out of human ken.  
Become thyself that light, and thou wilt see him then.

*God's work and rest.*  
God never yet has work'd, nor did he ever rest,  
His rest is aye his work, his work is aye his rest.

*'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'*  
With 'fear' we must begin, then next to knowledge tend;  
But only love of God is wisdom's perfect end.

*Great gifts and small receivers.*  
Our great God always would the greatest gifts impart,  
If but his greatest gifts found not so small a heart.

*Workings of love.*  
Love works the same as death; it kills what kill it may,  
But through the bursting heart the spirit wings its way.

*True Philanthropy.*  
I love, but love not men. Ye ask, 'What lovest then?'  
It is humanity alone I love in men.

*Killing time.*  
Man, if the time on earth should seem too long to thee,  
Turn thee to God, and live time-free eternally.

*Beginning and end.*  
Where can I my last end and first beginning find?  
There where God's heart and mine themselves together bind.

*To the Reader.*  
Let, reader, this suffice. But shouldst thou wish for more,  
Then read in thine own heart a page of mystic lore.

## DONALDSON'S HOSPITAL.

EDINBURGH is famous for its many richly endowed hospitals, that have been established for the maintenance and education of the young. George Heriot's, founded in 1628, and opened in 1659, 'for the maintenance, relieve, bringing up, and education of poore fatherlesse boyes, freemen's sonnes of the towne of Edinburgh,' stands proudly prominent upon the high grounds of Laurieston. The plan of the building, which is majestic and imposing, although in the fantastic Elizabethan style, was furnished by Inigo Jones, and £30,000 sterling were expended upon its erection. Nearly 200 boys are maintained in this institution; and six free schools have been erected and endowed from its ample revenues. Across the highway to the south, on the low lands of the meadows, stand George Watson's and the Merchant Maiden Hospitals. The former was founded in 1738, and opened in 1741, for the admission of 85 boys; the latter was established in 1695 for the maintenance of 96 girls. In 1825, John Watson's Hospital was founded, from funds left in 1759, for the behoof of 120 destitute children; and the Trades' Maiden

Hospital, in 1707, was opened for the reception of 48 girls. In 1797, an hospital was founded by the spontaneous charity of the public, for the support of 96 orphan boys and girls; and in 1825, Louis Canvin, a French teacher in Edinburgh, erected and endowed an institution at the village of Duddingstone, for the support and education of 90 boys. Many other charitable institutions for the relief of the aged, and infirm, and indigent are to be found in Edinburgh; and now another princely building is to be devoted to the lodgment, and its rich funds to the general advantage, of 300 poor children. We do not see how any enlightened and benevolent mind can agree with the principle of those institutions. They are juvenile monastic establishments, and monasticism is peculiarly unfavourable to the development of the most important and beautiful of the human sentiments. No amount of systematic skill and learning can compensate for the want of a mother's love, or the absence of a sister's smile, in social education. The child who grows up in a monastery grows up in a state of exoticism, and comes forth to the world unfit to appreciate the endearments of the family or the joys of home. He is artificially educated in all respects, and the artificial cast of his character thus inculcated never forsakes him. Still there is a principle of the highest moral beauty connected with these establishments which shall always render them popular—the principle of benevolence; and in no instance, we believe, has that principle been so broadly accepted as in the constitution of Donaldson's Hospital. In the constitution of all the other hospitals in this city, there are limitations and reservations, which confine the operations of each of them to a particular sphere of children. In Donaldson's Hospital, about to be opened, there is no limitation save that of condition and age; and the only preference conceded is to children of the same name with the founder, and that of his mother, Marshall. The history of such hospitals and of their founders are generally highly interesting. Those magnificent edifices, which, were it not for the purpose that consecrates them in the hearts of mankind in general, would be ostentatious monuments erected by the rich to their own vainglory, generally indicate some most curious characteristics of human fortune and of human energy or prudence. They are seldom associated with that general beauty of spirit which, in the pure ideal, we esteem charity to be; they are often the productions of men who were not of high moral repute; and they are sometimes the creations of more splenetic whim.

Donaldson's Hospital stands upon a commanding site, towards the north-west of the city of Edinburgh, overlooking the picturesque lands of the Dean to the north, and the little hamlet of Coltbridge to the west. It is a magnificent quadrangular structure, after the design of Mr Playfair; and its style is that admixture of Gothic and fantastic denominated Elizabethan. At each of the four corners of the main pile is a turreted pavilion, and in the central part of the front a loftier pavilion than any of these rears its little towers above the arched gateway. On three sides of the building, and at equal distances from each other, are plain graduated buttresses, and between these is a double row of low stone-cased windows. Towards the north, immediately above the lands of Dean, is a low-looking chapel, added to the principal building some time after the main works had been in operation. It certainly destroys the effect of the *tout ensemble*, although its architecture is in keeping with the building throughout. The effect of this structure upon the beholder is grand, both on account of the position which it occupies, and from the character of the works.

This princely edifice has arisen from the bequest of the late James Donaldson, printer, at Edinburgh, who died in 1830, leaving the principal part of his estate, amounting to £210,000, for the purpose of maintaining 300 poor children. Every Scotchman has a pedigree, says Sir Walter Scott; and the eccentric printer who founded this splendid hospital was no more an oddity than anybody in this respect. His grandfather was a respectable

weaver in a little village called Drumseuch, now superseded by the stately edifices of Melville Street. He, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, was a weaver of martial spirit, but he does not seem to have possessed the 'game' of the bailie, if we are to place confidence in history. Upon the approach of 'Prince Charlie' and his Highland myrmidons to Edinburgh, Captain (?) Donaldson called his contingent of the train bands from their looms, and, dragging a cannon behind them, they marched boldly to Coltbridge, where they took up their position. It must have been a martial sight to see those gallant websters,

\*With their arms brightly gleaming,  
In the sunbeams a-streaming.\*

and watching with leonine eyes for the approach of the daring mountaineers. At last, borne on the wings of the western gale, was heard the scream of the distant pibroch, and—tell it not in Glenhoulcan, whisper it not in the halls of butchers—every man in that band very sensibly took to his heels, threw down his arms, abandoned the cannon, and fled towards Drumseuch with the speed of the deer. One hero, who had been particularly charged to guard the fieldpiece, on being asked whether it was loaded or not, responded, 'I dinna ken—I dinna mind.' The son of this famous man of treddles and battles was Alexander Donaldson, who became partner to Hugo Reid, the celebrated printer, and who won some fame for himself by his successful defence of the rights of Scottish publishers, against an attempt of the English, to prevent them from publishing English works in Scotland. The issue of this trial, which took place before the bar of the House of Lords, procured for Mr Donaldson a public ovation on his return to Edinburgh. In 1761, this enterprising man established the 'Edinburgh Advertiser' newspaper, which, being at that time the organ of the 'war party,' became from 1775 to 1783 the subject of open contention in the streets on the days of publication. Crowds collected round the office, and fought with might and main to obtain the wet sheets that the sweating pressmen threw off; nor could those fragments of warriors, with their savage Lochaber-axes, the town-guard, preserve the king's peace. To the business of his father, and to £40,000 sterling, did James Donaldson, the founder of the hospital, succeed. In addition to the business tact of his father, this eminent 'typo' inherited the martial spirit of his grandfather. Napoleon had arisen to desolate fields of tillage, to destroy human life, and to give a stimulus to the heroic; and Mr James Donaldson, in his office at the Cross of Edinburgh, caught the common spirit. He followed with his visioned eye the campaigns of the rival ensanguined hosts, and, like ten thousand Bobadils rolled into one, he slaughtered a hundred French nations in idea. When the news of a victory came over the deep, and the bells of British churches clanged to the glory of Britain's hosts, this man dealt death in cyphers. To the *bona fide* numbers of the French returned slain, he, it is said, by some mistake or other, added a cypher to the right in the publication, and by this means he multiplied the loss of the enemy, and magnified the prowess of his countrymen. The effect was tremendous. Every patriot who loved his country's glory and hated the French rushed to the 'Advertiser' office to behold the wondrous bulletins of Napoleon's losses, and Britain's—what? her gains? It is said that, by those little mistakes, which were comprised in 'nothings,' this veracious historian swept off the whole population of France several times in a few years. Men bought this paper, however, and filled the proprietor's purse; until, in 1830, his estate had attained to the extent which we have before named.

James Donaldson married Jane, daughter of Dr Gillespie, but she had no issue. Mr Donaldson was somewhat eccentric in his disposition, and he appears to have had the talent of drawing men of peculiar habits and dispositions around him. He was reputed to be kind and benevolent in his nature, and yet to his old and faithful servants, who had grown grey in his house, he left no pecuniary consideration. His trustees, however, with a generosity alike just and commendable, granted some

small sums to those aged dependants. Mr Donaldson's attachment to any animals that had been for some time in his possession became remarkably strong, and he was always loath to part with them. A pair of old coach-horses that he once sold were afterwards met by him, yoked in heavily laden carts, and exhibiting more bone than they were wont to do when fed in his stalls. This circumstance caused him much mental anxiety for a long time, and he went about muttering, 'Ah, poor Tom, and poor Lofty!' He once despatched a messenger after a butcher who had purchased an over-fed cow, with peremptory orders for the restoration of his vaccine favourite, and he was just in time to save her from the fatal blow. He was well known to the fraternity of Edinburgh beggars of all grades, who used regularly to line the road he took to the office, and intercept him on his way thither, twice or thrice a-week. Many persons of seeming respectability were regularly pensioned by him; and to the familiar faces amongst his more ragged train he gave freely. To an importunate interloper he would give an advice in addition to an alms of money, and that was, never to come back again. This latter part of his gifts, however, was forgotten as soon as the other was pocketed, and the unyielding mendicant would return to the charge again on the first decent opportunity. This perseverance always had its reward; the beggar by dint of constancy established the principle of use and wont, and became in time a member of the privileged corps.

Mr Donaldson left his princely fortune in the hands of five trustees, 'to build and found an hospital, to be called Donaldson's Hospital, for poor children, preferring those of the name of Donaldson and Marshall, to be after the plan of the Orphan Hospital in Edinburgh, and John Watson's Hospital.' In 1844, a deed of constitution was proposed and executed by the surviving trustees, and the whole of the management and funds of the establishment were placed in the hands of a committee appointed as governors.

The only restriction to the admission of children into this establishment is the ability of their parents to support them; and it is a pity that such a qualification should require to be named as prohibitory. It is a notorious fact, however, that in many of these rich eleemosynary establishments throughout Britain there are the children of men notoriously capable of performing all the duties of parentage to their families, and yet, for the pecuniary advantages to be derived from these institutions, they sever the dearest and most tender of ties, and allow their little children to forsake the heart circle of home. We cannot reconcile the principle of monasticism with any other principle than that of necessity. We know and acknowledge that to the monasticism of the dark ages we owe what remains to us of ancient literature. The monks in their cells studied and transcribed the works of the past for the benefit of the future, while the men of the world fought with each other, and it would be ungrateful of posterity to forget this circumstance; but at the same time it would be unphilosophical, if not criminal, to forget that the disruption of the only positive form of social communion which God has constituted—the family—is the consequence of this system. To those who have no family, the charitable convent may be a species of home and school; but it is at best a misfortune, based upon the misfortunes of humanity. How those who have wealth, however—and wealthy men, it is well known, pay large premiums for the admission of their sons into some of our hospitals in England—how those who have wealth, we repeat, can take advantage of these artificial establishments to exoticiise their children, is more than we can reconcile with our notions of parental affection.

Donaldson's Hospital, however, possesses a constitution less objectionable than any other of our Edinburgh hospitals save the Orphans', because it prescribes that actual indigence shall be the only qualification of admission to its advantages, subject to no qualification except the reservation made by the founder. There has been established in this magnificent institution, however, one feature that de-

serves the highest commendation, and which reflects much honour upon the enlightened and judicious spirit of benevolence which has characterised the deeds of the trustees. Arrangements have been made for the admission of deaf mutes into the hospital; and when the whole of its departments have been called into requisition, one hundred of those poor afflicted little ones will be housed and taught, raising the full complement of inmates to three hundred boys and girls. Already there has been made a selection of one hundred and twenty children to receive the immediate benefits likely to accrue from the will of the late Mr Donaldson; and in demonstration of the liberal construction which has been put upon that will, they have been selected from thirty or forty parishes in Scotland.

### Original Poetry.

#### TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A mother died, and the home where once  
The light of her love had smiled,  
Held nought to gladden the widow'd heart,  
Save the care of a motherless child;

And that care grew into a doating love  
For his gentle, fair-faced boy,  
Who brighten'd again that cheerless home  
With the voice and smile of joy.

But a shadow fell on the child's glad brow,  
And a light gleam'd in his eye—  
'Twas pure and mild as the blue that breaks  
Through the clouds of a summer sky.

'Twas his mother's eye—and like her he grew,  
More beautiful in decay,  
While the shadow of heaven deeper fell,  
As he droop'd and pined away.

And the father tended his fading flower  
With more than a father's care,  
And night by night at his pillow watch'd,  
In silence, with tears and prayer.

One night, when softly the slumb'ring boy  
Lay folded to his fond breast,  
Sleep fell on the weary watcher's eyes,  
And long and quiet was his rest.

In a dream of that night a vision came,  
And hover'd around his bed—  
'Twas the face of the dead, but an angel form,  
With a glory round its head.

And o'er him it bent its angel face,  
And the boy from his bosom took,  
With a smile like that which had beam'd on him,  
With her latest word and look.

Then a strain of music, heavenly sweet,  
Through the stillness softly broke—  
Then a voice like an angel's whispering  
From the lips of the spirit spoke.

'Thy treasures are all in heaven,' it said,  
'Let thy heart be also there.'  
He strove to grasp the receding form,  
And clasp'd but the empty air.

He woke, and the cheek his hand had touch'd  
Was clammy, and cold, and chill;  
The little arm, half-round him thrown,  
Was lifeless, and stiff, and still.

He thought of the vision, and o'er his soul  
A hallowing calm he felt;  
Yet he bow'd his head o'er his child, and wept,  
Ere down by the couch he knelt.

He knelt—'O God! thou hast taken back  
What but for a time was given.  
Teach me to bow to thy will on earth—  
My treasures are safe in heaven!'

ISABELLA CRAIG.

### THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### PART I.—THE PAST.

##### CHAP. I.—LOVE, AND LOVE A LA MODE.

'GOOD-BY, Gertrude; and may you be forgiven that misery you have inflicted!'

There was a short pause between speaker and listener, ere the latter replied—'Tis your own fault, Horace—I tell you again. If you did run away with the idea that that love prompted these civilities!'

'Civilities!' said Horace, hastily interrupting her; 'a bitter, but convenient word; and a bitter extract these same civilities. How many a cool, convenient retreat has been made under cover of that position!'

'Only meant as such, whatever the interpretation self-love, or a more unworthy pretence, might put upon them.'

'I am not apt to misinterpret in such matters, though wishes, inclinations, are powerful aids to deception. Neither was this fondly cherished delusion solely mine; own; others watched and saw what my poor pretensions have, it appears, failed to elicit.'

'Whatever absurdities your gossip might, or might not perpetrate, can have little to do with such an affair, and to all I can only give the same answer.'

'May I inquire if the attentions of a certain individual of reputed wealth have in anywise contributed to the present and future cessation of these same "civilities"?''

'You have no right to ask, nor shall I answer such unwarrantable surmise.'

'I merely alluded to it, because I did observe a great change in your manner towards me, after Mr Hanbury's appearance in our circle. Had I not thought better things, I should have fancied, Miss Morton, that his civilities were the cause of a change in yours. In other words, my affection was endured, allowed—I will even say encouraged—until a more eligible opportunity presented itself.'

'Bitter words, Horace, and such as I will not condescend to answer. You are at perfect liberty to put whatever construction you like on my behaviour.'

The haughty beauty who said this had been sitting on a bench beside Horace, in the park at Morton Grange. She arose, and he hesitated to follow. They had probably parted company, but it was evening; the distance from home, though not great, was too far to allow an unprotected female to return alone, and he was again at her side.

Gertrude Morton was the eldest of three sisters, their parents residing at the Grange, near —, in Hampshire—a beautiful spot amongst the bleak downs, bordering on Wiltshire. Morton Grange, with its enclosures, was an oasis in the desert; clumps of trees and woods, in which it was situated, a pleasant mass of bright and dark green verdure, amidst undulating, arid downs, like the gardens and cypress groves so refreshing to the eastern traveller in those burning climes, hiding many a verdant spot from his own and the sun's too fervid glance. The hall was an old, low, brick edifice, built with less regard to symmetry than convenience—many incongruous styles of architecture having been adopted, for the sole purpose of utility, and at different periods, according to the wants and wishes of its occupants. It had, in consequence, a mottled, piebald appearance: the grey incrustations of the older portions contrasted with the more modern aspect of others, like age and youth, whose proximity enhances the peculiarities of each. Surrounded by trees and their adjuncts, a noisy colony of cawing rooks, there was little reason to regret that a more open or elevated position had not been chosen. In the hottest day, a comparatively cool atmosphere, accompanied by that delicious freshness and reviving scent which the proximity of trees always gives, made the shadowy glades around them particularly grateful, compensating for that damp and mildewy smell so often pervading the wet, warm atmosphere, from trees when too closely planted. The bleak, bare downs, with little else more interesting than a blue

wavy line of hills beyond, had scarcely made amends for the loss of shelter, and the huge, stately magnificence of surrounding elms, now shutting out all sight of such a dull dispiriting landscape.

The grounds, consisting of a pretty extensive park, and detached woodlands, extended over a considerable space; and it was in a favourite locality, at the farthest verge of these domains, that Gertrude Morton and Horace Orford, at the commencement of our tale, appeared so unhappily situated. He was a distant relation, and had long looked on Gertrude as the guiding star of his destiny; indeed, to all, the attachment seemed mutual—her behaviour to him, in the eyes of others, being such as to warrant this belief. Until this night, he had never spoken to her on the subject, and, no doubt, he was too well pleased with her apparent preference to run the risk of dissipating this pleasant dream by any premature disclosure. Her reserved, and often haughty bearing to most of the opposite sex, to him was contrasted by conduct usually the reverse. Every encouragement led Horace to suppose that, when circumstances might enable him to afford her a suitable establishment for life, his long and deeply cherished attachment would be responded to. He was, at present, dependent on a maternal uncle for this desirable expectation. His own salary, though ample as a responsible official in one department of the customs, would not allow him to afford her that settlement to which by birth and circumstances she was entitled; nor would the present declaration probably have been made, had not an evil interposition for him, in the shape of a rich bachelor, made his appearance in the neighbourhood. He answered to the name of Hanbury—Charles Turnbull Hanbury, Esq., as he styled himself. He had purchased Alton House and estate. He was a stranger in those parts, but kept a magnificent stud. His menage, altogether, was of the most costly sort, and evidently the property of one whose wealth could afford the outlay. The neighbouring gentry in a while cast off reserve, and soon Hanbury was installed into the best fox-hunting society the neighbourhood afforded. His dinner parties were on a scale of unparalleled profusion, such as had never been seen by that ancient and exemplary individual, the oldest inhabitant. The family from Morton Grange, consisting of the squire and his lady, with two Misses Morton, the youngest being at school, were frequently invited; and the exciting cause of this *coënvivement* was a splendid soirée at Alton, where the munificent host had been more than usually engrossed with his attentions to Gertrude. Horace looked on with that anxious sinking of heart such events but too often occasion; and, as he saw his beloved listening to the adulations of her admirer with evident interest, and rather more satisfaction than he liked, his apprehensions were excited, and he felt in a state of mind anything but calculated to render him attractive, or even pleasant. He should have danced the first set with Gertrude, but when he approached to claim her hand, found her so occupied by the attentions of his rival that he shrunk back, after exchanging a look that too plainly revealed his thoughts.

'You are engaged, I see,' was the only remark; and he fancied she was but too happy to carry on her present *tête-à-tête*. Horace loved her beyond anything on earth, and, in a state of mind bordering on distraction, sought the cool, quiet atmosphere without. It was cold, but he hardly felt the night-wind on his brow. A pair of brilliant eyes had, however, watched his exit, and divined the cause;—was there not a gleam of more than pleasure there, as she noticed the whole proceedings? The individual we allude to was Marian, Gertrude's younger sister, and of a widely different temperament.

Gertrude Morton was reckoned the most splendid girl that neighbourhood had, for a long time, produced; and, in truth, general opinion, as is often the case, was not far wrong;—eyes of extraordinary magnitude and lustre—features of the most classical cut and proportions, faultless probably in this respect—figure tall, and so truly elegant, that every motion seemed a new grace, nature in her loveliest mode of action. Her voice, though sweet, had those

tones in it which jarred somewhat with the delicious music breathing around her. She had little of what is usually called intellectuality in her composition; Venus, rather than Minerva, had presided at its formation. Marian, on the other hand, was short, but not ungraceful; perhaps, had she aimed at less elegance of carriage, it had been more in character with her style and figure. Her manner, naturally, was abrupt, at times brusque, notwithstanding attempts to copy the general bearing of her sister, which often ended in a more conspicuous display of the disposition she could not quell, and a constraint in her behaviour, not at all either advantageous or becoming. She was very clever, and looked upon as the oddity of the company wherever she came. There might, however, be detected a keen, quick susceptibility of temper—a deep undercurrent of passion, which these blunt, surface exhibitions, at times, totally failed to conceal. She was not handsome, hardly what the world calls good-looking. Intellect, however, predominated, to which Gertrude was a stranger. She had long observed the feeling with which Horace viewed her sister—and, shall we say, with anything but approbation? the cause, our story may perhaps develop.

The confession Horace had just made, and the heart-rending disclosure that ensued, did not tend to enliven that never-forgotten walk homewards. The red, round moon was just appearing above the horizon, glittering through the dewy leaves, and across the moss-grown trunks, that intercepted her beam. The sky above began to wax dim; the lesser lights extinguished, that heretofore besprinkled it. The night had a fresh autumnal chill; both of them shivered more under its influence, perhaps, than a joyous heart and a jocund spirit had induced. They could not converse on outward impressions; and a sudden suspension had befallen those uppermost in their thoughts, until Horace, who had just caught Gertrude's profile against a rich gush of moonlight through a narrow glade on the left, said, with a shudder he could not control—'How changed to me is the whole aspect, now, as though a blight had passed over! What a bootless thing is the past, and how hopeless the present!'

'Let us talk no more on this subject; it can answer no end, but to harass and disturb.'

'Would you answer me one question—candidly, sincerely? It is, perhaps, the last.'

'If in my power, I will,' said Gertrude, really moved to pity by his wretchedness.

'Then tell me—has —; his name will not leave my lips—you know to whom I allude—has he gained your consent, or your affections?'

'How ridiculous! He has not said one syllable to me on the subject—yet.'

'Ah! that little word, 'tis fraught with more than you care to disclose. And should he —'

He could scarcely articulate; the dreaded question was unasked; she saved him the painful inquiry, and replied—

'I cannot pretend ignorance; but your intended question stretches too far away into the future—suffice it that I answer for the present.'

'I see—I see it all. They told me that Hanbury—the name is out at last. They say the ladies are all eager to carry off the prize; and has Gertrude entered the lists?'

'I have not.'

Horace looked earnestly on her. He saw, as far as the moonlight would permit, what might appear sincerity in this declaration; but it could not assuage the anguish of a heart crushed by the shock he had just encountered. He was silent, until a sudden turn brought the house full in view—the heavy gables and chimney-stacks stretching out before them in sharp, irregular outline against the southern host, that in calm, unvarying brightness have looked down on man's sorrow and man's feebleness since his creation; whilst they remain glorious, unchanging—beautiful as ever! Horace had often looked on them from this very spot, but never with feelings like the present. His cherished hopes, his warmest anticipations were associated with their mysterious aspect. That solemn scene now mingled with and formed part of the

harrowing reflections within. Long afterwards they drew forth the same emotions—the same chord vibrated to their influence. All inanimate objects thus become instinct with our own sensations, endowed with hopes, fears, and wishes—a reflex from our inner self, and through life become the index of our passions and sensibilities.

'The stars, Gertrude. I have more than once, you know, tried a lesson in astronomy from this spot; but my pupil is become my tyrant.'

'Forget this idle passion, 'twill soon pass away, and you will then learn to laugh at such fancies. Really you make everybody about you miserable, with that susceptible temper.'

He did not reply—the feeling was too keen—the misery too acute for words. They entered;—Gertrude to her own room, and Horace to his chamber, where we will not follow him; pangs such as he endured are best withdrawn from observation.

Gertrude, on coming down stairs, joined Marian in the little oak parlour.

'How late you are!' said the latter; 'what has kept you out in this chill air? You know it is unwholesome, papa always says, at this time of year. I believe Horace was with you?' she said, with a wary and scrutinising look, though disguised under an affected carelessness, and as if she were most intent on a stitch just dropped.

'He has—and'—Gertrude did not proceed.

'That pause looks ominous, Gerry.' Here, Marian looked up at her sister; her large lustrous eyes as though they would search her through.

'Come, come, no more of this,' said Gertrude; 'you know I cannot have anything to say to him now, even should he'—

'Even should he honour you with a proposal? which, from your looks, I verily suspect has come off this very night.'

'And if it has—you know it cannot be listened to.'

'It can, though,' replied Marian, emphatically. 'But the answer?' and here she looked as if suspicious of something not yet confessed.

'You know all, Marian. Since our gossip about Hanbury, any little preference I might have felt for Horace is completely gone. I could not, as we may say, help liking the lad once—never was in love, though, I am convinced. Did Hanbury say when—I mean the day—he was coming to the Grange?'—

'Very shortly, he said. I shall be glad when the business is concluded. I hope he will set us both at rest, and not hesitate long. By the way, I expect you have given cousin Horace a decided negative, and not said a word about our conversation.'

'Trust me. But I do hope you are not mistaken about Hanbury. His attentions were so marked, that I should be made a jest—a laughing-stock by all the gossips in the parish, if these did not come to an issue.'

'Never fear. He was so particular in asking if you had a lover; and when I said "none that you cared for," his keen eyes almost danced with delight. The man is over head and ears in love—that's certain.'

'Don't mistake me, Marian, I am not in love, nor do I think I could ever fall in love with Hanbury. He is not bad-looking, though; and then every body is trying for the rich bachelor. I should like to carry off the prize. I don't think, Marian, it is my nature to fall in love. It's a thing I hear often enough talked about; but as for the reality, I doubt it. The only approach to anything tender I ever felt, was once in a walk with Horace.'

She said this in a tone of kindness and commiseration; but her sister replied sharply—'Remember what I told you, and say no more on that subject. Horace will soon be a happy man again. His love now is like an April gloom, and another will soon replace the *last* impression.'

'I don't think so,' said Gertrude. 'But you know best; I never pretend to compete with your more accurate perception of character. I daresay Hanbury will make a good husband—won't he?' She said this in a half-musing, half-questioning tone.

'And why should he not?—A box at the opera—splendid turn-out in the park—a London season; and what do wives want more now-a-days?' Marian said this however, as though such a combination would not be desirable stock of 'husbandry' for her, whatever she might fancy for her less romantic sister. 'You see, Gertrude, we are so different; my husband must be a lover yours—a husband. I do think you would tire of a husband-lover in a week. You know what Horace sometime quotes; his own composition, I dare say, but he does not own it:

'Deep, deep lurks the passion in hearts that seem hard;  
In that shrine it is cherish'd, unchanging, alone:  
Impressions on sand, though we scarcely regard,  
On rock they endure till its substance be gone.'

I always supposed he meant you and I in these lines; but I think he was mistaken in both.'

'I don't know,' said Gertrude, as some misgiving crossed her about the match it seems she had now set her heart upon.

'Come, come,' said Marian, 'go dream of love and—Hanbury—if you can. My little familiar whispers he will not delay his visit longer than to-morrow. Good night, Gertrude.'

As Marian ascended to her chamber, she saw the door ajar in that of Horace. He was at a table writing. He heard her step, and came out.

'Good cox,' said she, 'and what makes you look so wan and woe-begone? You must eschew late hours, and evil company—especially after nightfall.'

'Pray forbear, Marian; I am not in jesting mood, and I am sure you would not torture me, even for sport. I must away to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! And whither away, good master?' She said this in a pretently jocular tone; but there was something in her voice and manner that told of more deep-seated emotion than she chose to display.

'Home,' replied Horace.

'I always understood our own was held by that title in your esteem.'

'It was—but now—'tis past—and forever! Henceforth I am afloat on the wide world. All I look on seems strange—unightly.'

'Thank you,' said Marian, curtseying, 'for the latter compliment especially.'

'I did not mean those living and breathing, but all about me that used to look so beautiful—speaking in such eloquent language to my heart, associated in every feeling with all I loved—on earth.'

'Many more thanks for these flattering preferences. But how? whence this change?'

'I fancy you are not quite unacquainted with the cause; and, for the first time, he looked her steadily in the face. There was, however, no apparent response. 'You must have seen my partiality for Gertrude.'

'I have; but'—

'I know what you would say. It was not required. To-night, for the first time, I have learned this.'

'Then why give way to regrets, now unavailing? Your strength of mind was not wont to fail you in extremities. You have energy for anything, would you but exert it. Love cannot live without hope; and, as all feel is now withheld, the fire cannot fail to go out.'

'You know little on that subject.'

'I!' Here Marian, for the once, seemed thrown off her guard; an expression in her eyes and countenance, that startled while it surprised him. 'Perhaps more than you imagine; and a violent heaving of the bosom betrayed what had long been doomed to that place of concealment. 'But let us have done with this, Horace. Is there none else to soothe and supply your loss? Get an antagonist—the sooner the better.'

'Never!'

'Hush, Horace! No rash resolutions—more likely broken than kept. But you will come to us again, when the keener sense of this disappointment has abated.'

'Ay, when'—



'So so, don't let the present usurp dominion over the future, and unfit you for all reasonable purposes. I know it will come again; and so—good night.'

Horace retired; but not to rest. The letter was finished; and, through the long weary hours of that fearful night lay tossing and awake, until near daylight, when an uneasy slumber crept upon him. He awoke, feverish and refreshed—awoke to that dreary, hopeless future he dreaded. The iron had entered his soul—a weight on his spirit, he then thought never to be uplifted. He threw himself at the bedside, and, as he was wont, poured out his heart to Him that seeth in secret, for strength, comfort, direction. This, if sought sincerely, will not be denied, though vouchsafed, perhaps, in a different manner than what our proud, vain imaginations would point out.

He arose, invigorated for the rugged path he had yet to pursue. At breakfast he acquainted the family that something unforeseen called him away, and, with many regrets, left for town; previously giving a letter to Gertrude, as he bade her, what he then thought, a final adieu. She opened when he was gone, and read as follows:—'Dearest Gertrude, allow me still to address you as such—do not be sorry at this parting admonition. Though all hope of return hither has now passed from my heart, yet you are still dear to me, and I could not refrain from writing, though perhaps at the risk of repeating what has often passed between us. No doubt I am too precise, too scrupulous in many things for your taste; and you will refer some one more alive to gaiety and fashion, mixing more intimately with the world. Be it so; yet remember, blessed it be an union where you can ask His blessing, wealth, nay, the most brilliant acquirements, will fail to bring either happiness, or even domestic peace. And that is life, even the most enviable, without that blessing? Weariness and a curse. I would not write you a homily on the subject, but your happiness is very dear to me, and I am fearful, excuse me saying so, of mischief from a quarter where that happiness may be wrecked. You cannot misunderstand me. Remember we are not to be unequally yoked, nor have 'fellowship with Belial.' Be sure the individual you intend to marry is one to whom such an epithet will not apply. One false step here is ir retrievable. I wish I could write better—more coherently; but the wound is yet too sensitive. At present I find he cross hard to bear. Before I go to rest, I can only commend you to the care and guidance of Him who knoweth all our ways, and our path, though it be hidden from us. Good-by, dearest Gertrude.'

Her lip quivered as she read this. It was in all things counter to the path she had determined to follow, that her first impulse was to crush the offending monitor. She would none of such reproof. On second thoughts, however, she determined to show it to Marian, whose chamber she sought in no slight agitation.

'A letter from Horace; read it, and tell me what you think of such a thing.'

Marian looked vexed, as she hastily glanced it over. And what reply do you intend to this goodly sermon?

'None,' said Gertrude; 'I don't see what right he has to lecture me in this fashion, and with his Puritanical notions, too! Methinks it is somewhat early to take up the trade of public censor. To set up for a saint! The cant is downright odious.' And here she looked at her elegant figure in the glass—a gleam of satisfaction was the result. After another determination that no notice whatever should be taken of it, she swept majestically out of the room.

True to Marian's prediction, Hanbury came the very day that Horace left. The sisters received him cordially; Gertrude all flutter and blushes, Marian with an air of patronage and display.

'How glad,' said he, 'to find you alone, and so pleasantly engaged too. I don't know what ladies would, or would not do, if it were not for those everlasting needles;' and here he surveyed himself in the mirror to see that all was proper.

Charles Turnbull Hanbury was a good-sized, dark-

haired gentleman, with a profusion of black moustache—whiskers irreproachable—and dress and other appointments to match. He looked about thirty, and might have passed for one moderately good-looking, had not his small grey eyes, rather closely set, narrow, retiring forehead, full mouth, and large cheeks, given a more sensual expression to his face than would have comported with any high display of intellect. But there was a pleasant air of determination and sagacity withal, which rendered him not unapt to win upon a lady's heart, with his long purse into the bargain. At any rate, the effect was evident, whatever the cause; and Hanbury looked on as a desirable acquisition, whoever might be the happy possessor.

'What becomes of it when finished,' he continued, after the survey, 'I'm sure nobody can conceive. Looking at all the work which every body is always doing, one would think the habitable globe could scarcely hold it. It vanishes, however, like the bottle-conjuror, when done. You know, it is said, nobody ever saw either a dead donkey, or a dead post-boy; to this we may add another impossibility—crotchet-work after it is finished.' And here Hanbury broke out into such a peal of applause at his own wit, that the ladies could not by any means find room for more.

'We are infinitely obliged to you, Mr Hanbury,' said Marian, when the laughter had subsided; 'I'm sure ladies feel only too happy to find themselves in such company.'

'I know, Miss Marian, you can say such sharp and clever things, so that I always expect to come off with a broken—heart shall I say—for my pains? Miss Morton, I really must apologise.'

'And so must I,' said Maria, rising abruptly, and unexpectedly quitting the room.

Now Hanbury did not expect this sudden display of female generalship, and he really looked perplexed, confused for a while, until, rendered desperate by the awkward silence that ensued, he said—'I am really afraid, Miss Morton, this intrusion may be unpleasant, but I have long wished to speak to you on a subject'—

Another pause, during which Gertrude's needlework made strange oscillations, and bade fair to illustrate that extraordinary problem, 'One step forward, and two steps backwards, when will you come to the journey's end?'

'You cannot, I am sure, Miss Morton, be ignorant of my—my admiration,' and here he came to another full stop. His lesson had often been conned over, but memory, or something else, proved sadly treacherous. He fixed his keen, narrow eyes on the floor, and felt as though he had said either too little or too much.

Gertrude was now obliged to speak, and, throwing her fine eyes towards the window, replied—'I cannot say, Mr Hanbury, that I was quite unaware of your partiality, but really I am so uncertain as to my feelings towards you. I don't think I ever was in—in what is called love, so that you must excuse all the raptures of such a condition. I respect, and would desire to merit your approbation. If that ripen into the feelings you look for, they are very much at your service. But, probably, I have said too much. I know mankind like to have the pleasure, the excitement of a love-chase; nor would I, believe me, surrender at discretion. You must come here on my own terms, or'—

'Or not at all, my dearest Gertrude, eh?' and he took her hand, imprinting thereon a most respectful salute.

Now all this sounded hollow to Gertrude's real feelings. There seemed, altogether, and she felt it, a mere mechanical phraseology in the whole affair on both sides, so that she was depressed, chilled by the sensation, so little like that glowing union of heart with heart—the vitality of true love. His feeling towards her was merely a wish to possess so fine a looking creature. She would look superb at the head of his table, in his barouche, at the places of public resort, where he would be viewed as the envied possessor of a splendid specimen of feminine beauty—a similar feeling to that produced by a better horse, a more handsome equipage, a more recherché pic-

ture than those of our neighbours; and such, in nine cases out of ten, is marriage at the present day! What wonder we see and hear of so much misery, dissipation, ill-nature, when all thereto appertaining is made merely a matter of merchandise!

From this time Hanbury appeared as the recognised suitor of Gertrude. In due time the parents were informed, and the marriage looked forward to as an event of no distant occurrence.

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

### APRIL.

THE vernal year is understood to begin with this month; hence its name, from the Latin *aperio*, I open. The 1st of April is popularly known and celebrated as 'All Fools' day,' when it is the practice to send such as can be so far taken in upon what are called in England 'sleeveless errands,' or otherwise hoax and befool our acquaintances.

'Twas on the morn when April doth appear,  
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;  
'Twas on the morn when laughing folly rules,  
And calls her sons around, and dubs them fools,  
Bids them be bold, some untried path explore,  
And do such deeds as fools ne'er did before.'

In Scotland the amusement is called 'hunting the gowk.'

'On the first day of April,  
Hunt the gowk another mile.'

Many speculations have been adventured regarding the origin of 'All Fools' day.' It is supposed to have been an imitation of the Roman *Saturnalia*, called the *Festum Patrum*, when, amongst other absurdities, a mock election was made of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, from the pope downwards. This is understood to have alluded to the exploded pretensions of the Druids, who are known to have had their high-priests and other dignitaries. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the Romish Church, in the institution of her ecclesiastical orders, followed, as it did in most other matters, the established customs and observances of the Druidical worship, substituting for Druidism, however, the vital principle of Christianity. In an ancient Romish calendar, Brand finds mention made of a 'Feast of Old Fools,' on the 1st of November; but this, it mentions at the same time, was a removal, which was common enough, owing to the crowded state of the Romish calendar. Brand is therefore of opinion that 'All Fools' day' should read, as in the old English, *Auld*, or '*Aul*' Fools' day.' This assumption, however, is not satisfactory; and from the very general *foolery* of the day, the word 'all' seems the more appropriate. It is quite as possible that the word 'old' in the ancient calendar was a misconception of the meaning on the part of the learned scribe, who, like other very polite people in our own day, make sad havoc of the vernacular when they attempt to quote it in the drawing-room. Bellingham says the original intention of All Fools' day was as follows—'As the passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backwards and forwards to mock and torment him, i. e. from Ananias to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous, or rather impious, custom took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule.' This explanation, however, seems too impious to have any foundation in truth. A humorous writer, in 1769, threw out a conjecture that All Fools' day might originate in 'the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April; and, to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper to punish whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.' A writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' says—'Our year formerly began, as to some purposes, and in some respects,

on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed an high festival, and that both amongst the ancient Romans and with us. Now, great festivals were usually attended with an octave—that is, they were wont to continue eight days, whereof the first and last were the principal; and you will find the 1st of April is the octave of the 25th of March, and the close or ending, consequently, of that feast, which was both the festival of Annunciation and of the New Year. From hence, as I take it, it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially amongst the lower sorts, who are apt to pervert and make a bad use of institutions which at first might be very laudable in themselves.' There is a probability that All Fools' day may have originated in this way, and was continued in reference to the joyous nature of the season. There is, at all events, a happy conjunction in this respect in Scotland—the 'cuckoo, harbinger of spring,' is called, in the vernacular, the *gowk*, and to 'hunt the gowk' is to be made a fool of—to be sent upon an errand equally vain with that of attempting to follow and find the cuckoo from his cry.

Similar observances prevail in various other nations. In France, the person befooled is called 'Poisson d'Avril' (an April fish). And in Sweden the same practice exists.

The astronomical mythology of Asia fully bears out the supposition that All Fools' day is derived from the ancient practice of celebrating the vernal equinox, or spring of the year. In India it is called the 'Huli festival.' 'During its prevalence,' says Colonel Pearce, 'when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the party sent. The Huli is always in March, and the last day is the general holiday.' High and low join in the amusement. 'Sureja Doulah, I am told,' continues the Colonel, 'was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here so far as to send letters making appointments, in the names of persons who it is known must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.'

### MAUNDAY THURSDAY.

Maunday or Shere Thursday is the day immediately antecedent to Good Friday; and the traditional and ritual services peculiar to that day are said to have been inaugurated in memory of Christ washing the feet of his disciples on the night previous to his crucifixion. This example of humility was ostensibly followed, and his injunction to them to give to the poor was apparently obeyed on this day through all the ages of the Roman Catholic Church. The derivation of the word *Maunday*, like the derivation of the majority of such words, is very uncertain; subtle philologists and etymologists dispute upon almost every disputable derivative to such an extent that we are often constrained to denominate the science of words, '*Eruditio ad libitum*,' or the most twistable of sciences. Some say Maunday is one of the family which springs from the Latin *mandatum*, a command; being a quaint queer brother of mandate, demand, &c.; and because it is the anniversary of the day on which Christ commanded his disciples to obey the example of humility which he had just set them, the word Maunday is affixed to this particular Thursday. Another ingenious critic discards the Italian origin of the adjective altogether, and derives it from the French word *maundier*, to beg, the Norman-French having brought the word across the channel when they came to squat upon the lands of the Saxons, and make beggars of them. The French language has a Latin basis, however, and so, although *maundier* may be the immediate progenitor of Maunday, *mandatum* is doubtless the parent of both. A more original idea than either of these, however, concerning the symbolical source from which the word Maunday sprang, is that of the sage Cowell, who, in his book of rates, declares it

probable derivation to be from *masad*, a sort of basket or hamper containing eight bales. It matters as little to the intrinsic purpose for which this day was instituted, which of those words its name sprung from, as it did to the essential character of the stone in dispute between Edie Ochiltree and the Antiquary, whether the letters cut on it were the name and magisterial denomination of an 'Edile,' or the initials of 'Aiken Drum and his Lang Ladle.' The day was set apart for the ostensible inculcation of an example of humility and charity, and the institution was beautiful. Kings and queens, with an assumption of ultra piety, were wont sometimes to wash the feet of beggars upon this occasion; and popes, princes, and princeses, cardinals, and such like, who were desirous to be considered of humble spirit, also performed this ceremony. Every year we see intimations of the royal bounties being dispensed upon this day at Whitehall, by her majesty's almoner, to her poor Maunday pensioners; the number of whom, and the amount of their gratuities, increases according to the increase of the years of her age and reign. A hundred years ago or so, Maunday Thursday was a jolly day for the royal beggars of England. Then they were called to the old Banqueting-House, Whitehall, and received boiled beef, mutton, and small bowls of ale, which was called dinner. Then large wooden platters, filled with loaves of bread and fish, were given to each. One platter contained four quartern loaves, a large old ling and dried cod, with twelve red and twelve white herrings. Then shoes, stockings, linen, and woollen cloth, together with leather bags and money, were distributed; and then the lord high almoner performed the washing of some of their feet in Whitehall Chapel, as proxy in that humble employment for the king. James II. was the last who did so personally. Instead of those gifts of provisions, &c., however, Queen Victoria bestows upon her Maunday pensioners a sum of money as a commutation.

On this day one of the most gorgeous ceremonies of the Greek Church, the washing of the apostles' feet, takes place in the archiepiscopal cathedral at Moscow, the archbishop pretending to personate the Saviour, and twelve splendidly appressed monks assuming to represent the twelve poor, humble, barefooted fishermen of Galilee. This day is also the principal day of the fete of the Promenade de Longchamp, at Paris, which originated in the gay citizens resorting during Passion week to listen to the nuns and opera-singers chanting the 'Tenebrae' and 'Lamentations,' in the Abbaye de Longchamp, which was founded by Isabella of France, sister of St Louis, in the Bois de Boulogne. Maunday Thursday was also called Shere Thursday, because, it is said, our old rough forefathers trimmed their hirsute faces on that day, and cut the hair of their heads, in order to be smart and decent for Good Friday.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

This is the anniversary of the day upon which the Saviour was said to be crucified. We may, however, premise that the season, being early spring, is not contemporary with the Jewish feast of the Passover, at the period of which that solemnly august circumstance took place at Jerusalem. The institution of this day is originally superstitious and ideal, and the popular customs attachable to it prove that it is so. When the early fathers of the Roman Churches and those of Greece sought to convert the pantheistic heathens from the vague and bewildering fancies of their native superstition, they generally conserved their sensual fetes, under some modified form, and made them to refer in some degree and particular to the doctrinal and historical parts of Christianity. Good Friday is commemorative of the crowning circumstance in the life and mission of the Messiah; but the day had been originally, in Greece or Rome, set apart for some rite in the Pantheon. It is a very momentous day, however, in the ritual of the Romish Church, and is celebrated with great pomp. The image of the crucifix is borne on the shoulders of two priests, who move about in the vicinity of the altar; they are clad in crimson copes, and chant the most doleful of the church's hymns. The image, after being carried about

for some time, is then divested of its coat, and brought before the steps of the altar, where it is gently deposited upon a Turkey carpet, having silken cushions and pillows laid below the head. The bearers then prostrate themselves, and kiss the hands and feet of the image, all the monks witnessing this ceremony falling down and following their example. The people then present their offerings of money, or gold and silver vessels, or corn, or eggs. The figure, after this part of the service, is exchanged for one in the semblance of the dead Christ, being dressed in sepulchral raiment of fine lawn, and decorated with silks and sarconets of rare colours and quality. This image is then borne to a place representative of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the priests chanting the 'Tenebrae' and 'Lamentations,' the sexton bearing a torch, and the people kneeling and striking on their breasts. Consecrated bread is laid in the tomb with this image, and frankincense and sweet perfumes are burnt before it, and then the tomb is closed. The people then come with tapers in their hands to the gratings of the chapel in which the figure is laid, and they strew the early flowers about them, and present offerings, while the doleful chants of the monks mingle with their sobs and moans.

Good Friday, although no longer sacred to the majority of the adult people in these islands, is still a high fast-day with all young ladies and gentlemen who are able to draw upon the family exchequer for one penny each. The tempting hot cross-bun, baked of rye-flour and treacle, and smeared on the top, which displays the cross, with a transparent solution of the white of eggs and sugar, shines and smokes upon the portable tin ovens, with tempting warmth, until it is purchased by the juvenile gastronomic devotees. In a very elaborate and learned treatise called 'Bryant's Analysis,' the custom of eating buns upon this particular occasion is traced to the highest antiquity:— 'The offerings which people in ancient times used to present to the gods were generally purchased at the entrance of the temple, especially every species of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread, which used to be offered to the gods, was of great antiquity, and called *bouna*. The Greeks, who changed the Greek letter *nu* final, equivalent to our *n*, into *sigma* (*s*), expressed it in the nominative, *bouse*, but in the accusative, more truly, *bouna*. Hesychius speaks of the *bouna*, and describes it as a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. Julius Pollux mentions it after the same manner, as a sort of cake with horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering being made by Empedocles, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed. He offered one of the sacred Liba called a *bouse*, which was made of fine flour and honey. It is said of Cecrops, first king of Athens, that he first offered up this sort of sweet bread. Hence we may judge of the antiquity of the custom from the time to which Cecrops is referred. The prophet Jeremiah takes notice of the Jewish women at Pathros in Egypt, and of their base idolatry, in all which their husbands had encouraged them. The women, in their expostulation upon this rebuke, ask him, 'Did we make her cakes to worship her?' (Jeremiah vii. 18., xlv. 18, 19.) Mr Hutchison, author of a 'History of Northumberland,' in his observations upon the preceding chapter, observes that 'small loaves of bread, peculiar in their form, being long and sharp at both ends, are called buns.' The name of these he derives from the Greek, and remarks, 'We only retain the name and form of the *bouna*, the sacred uses are no more.'

A custom borrowed from the most remote antiquity, and one too of the grossest superstition, was practised in England on Good Friday, in the reign of one of the Edwards; that was the custom of blessing rings as antidotes to diseases. In an article upon 'Rings,' in a former number of the INSTRUCTOR, we fully entered into the history, uses, and supposed attributes of those digital appendages in their various forms. In Westminster Abbey, a peculiarly valuable ring was preserved, which cured the cramp and falling sickness; and to that celebrated church on Good Friday the king repaired to bless these metallic

charms. Another ancient royal practice upon this day was that of 'creeping to the cross.' Carpets were laid on the ground in order to protect the royal knees from injury, and in this posture kings and queens approached the cross and kissed it, in memory of the redemption that Christ had purchased upon the tree of which it was the sign. In Flanders, the superstitious belief still prevails that children who are born upon Good Friday have the power gifted to them by nature of curing malignant fevers and other chronic diseases. It is astonishing how those absurdities of credulity maintain themselves so long, when there are such abundant means and opportunities of proof; but people are willing to be astonished, and they will create for themselves the most improbable wonders rather than live without such instruments of excitement.

#### ANGELICA CATALINI.

POWER and music are the most sublime of arts. They are the language of the imagination and soul; and as far transcend the arts of painting and sculpture as mind transcends the beautiful but tangible frame with which it is associated. Painting and sculpture only reveal, by laborious processes, single attitudes and actions of life. They preserve, in a rigid, immovable form, one particular aspect of nature and of circumstance, but poetry and music are living, moving, animating arts, that speak to the highest of human intelligences, and which are illimitable in their powers of rapid transition and expression. Music, in all ages, and in all states of civilisation, has been regarded with admiration; and the higher the state of civilisation, the higher the amount of regard that has been bestowed upon it. Since Orpheus sung, to the days when Jenny Lind chanted, all nature and men have done homage to music—the sweetest and most thrilling of arts. The music of the god made the hearts of the obdurate oaks to tremble; Ixion's wheel stood still as he heard the echoes of the sacred lyre; and the Danaides forgot their endless toil as the voice of Orpheus filled their ears. The songs of the Hebrew captives charmed even the rude souls of their Babylonish captors; and the so-called Christian armies of ancient France, prior to Charlemagne, rushed for centuries to battle with the 'Veni Creator' on their lips. The cow-songs of Switzerland can recall her fugitive sons to their native land when seemingly stronger principles fail to do so; the modern Frenchman starts at the sound of the 'Marseillaise,' and the 'Gamle Norge' of the Norwegian creates as much enthusiasm in his breast as did the 'Polonaise' of Kosciuszko amongst the patriot Poles. An art so powerful, so emotional, that can 'create life beneath the very ribs of death,' has always won for its accomplished professors the highest honours and consideration. Since the Reformation, music has indeed decayed in Great Britain, and the revival has yet only been partial; still, amongst the more refined nations of the continent it is cherished with enthusiasm, and its professors are regarded with the greatest respect.

Perhaps few *artistes* have ever stood so high in the musical world as Angelica Catalini, the celebrated cantatrice, who died at Paris, of cholera, on the 12th of June, 1849, and we are certain that a short transcript of her history will gratify our readers.

In the month of October, 1779, Angelica Catalini was born at Sinigaglia, a small town, in the States of the Church. Her father was a very respectable magistrate—a sort of justice of peace—who was hard enough pushed in his endeavours to rear and educate, as became his station, four girls and two boys, and who, in order to supplement his magisterial salary, dealt in precious stones. In order to lighten his family burdens, M. Catalini was constrained to send his daughter, Angelica, at an early age, to a convent, where it was intended that she should, at some future period, pronounce the solemn and irrevocable vows of a nun. The convent of Santa-Lucia del Gubbio, at some distance from Sinigaglia, was the one to which the little girl was admitted—a privilege which was conceded to her aristocratic birth, and not to her fortune. This convent was consecrated to the education of the most noble

damsels of Italy, and Angelica Catalini being a sprig from a branch of the Mastoe family, of which the present pope is the chief, was received amongst the other high blood girls of her country. What strange phantasies does the history of one family present! On the papal throne, solemn, celebate, and austere, sits the chief of Catalini's house—on the throne of music did Angelica stand and awake the heart to its most joyous and holy emotions. The inflexible monk and the gay cantatrice seemed to form the extremes of a mental, moral, and social genius. What a diversity of metaphysical phenomena the whole members of this race must have presented, if the difference of each and all in thought and pursuit was proportionately equal to that of the pope and Catalini.

It was in the convent of Santa-Lucia del Gubbio that the young Angelica received her first lessons in musical art. An Italian convent, at the end of the eighteenth century, was none other than a species of conservatory, where prayer, love, and music, constituted the occupation of the inmates; for, as an eminent theologian has said, *pregara, amore, e cantare*, are three different words expressing a single and the same desire. At Santa-Lucia the nuns delighted very much in music; and on Sundays and fête days the novices caused the arches of the chapel to resound with the echoes of their pious hymns. Amongst those clear and virginal voices that of Angelica Catalini was soon distinguished on account of a silvery purity, volume, and flexibility, which was the admiration and almost the envy of her companions. The nuns, desirous of profiting by talents so rare, caused her to sing solos, which soon attracted a great concourse of worshippers to the shrine of their patron saint, Lucia. Crowds besieged the doors of the chapel on great fête days, in order to hear *la meravigliosa* (the most wonderful) Angelica sing; and on these occasions there were always more gathered together than was admitted. The success, somewhat tainted with worldliness, which Angelica had thus obtained, ended by scandalising the morose and most ostensibly devout people, and so the bishop commanded the superior of the convent to hide her light under a bushel, and suppress the solos of the young novice. The superior of the convent of Santa-Lucia del Gubbio did not, however, partake of the rigorous principles of the bishop from whom she held her situation, and she would not deprive the poor of so innocent and attractive an element of true piety as the maiden's music, so, using a very innocent subterfuge, she placed Angelica to sing behind a group of novices. These young creatures hid their companion from public view, and with their own sweet music tempered the rich tones of that voice which afterwards became the admiration of Europe. The faithful, however, would not allow themselves to be deprived of the pleasure of knowing who it was that so charmed them, and they would sometimes climb into the choir in order to gaze upon the young girl's face. The enthusiasm of these simple Italians became so great one grand fête day, when Angelica, clothed in a pure white robe, sang an 'Ave Maria Stella,' that every one would see her, and every one would embrace *la virginella* whom God had so richly gifted.

Catalini remained in this convent until she was fourteen. Her father, despite of the warm recommendations that had been addressed to him from all parts to develop and cultivate the splendid abilities of his child, could not at first consent to do so. His personal piety, and the considerations of importance which he attached to the magisterial functions with which he was clothed, rendered him extremely averse to dedicate his child to the cultivation of profane music. The tears of Angelica and the lively importunities of his family conquered him at last, however, and he consented to carry his daughter to Florence, that she might take lessons from Marchesi, at that time one of the most celebrated sopranists of Italy. Marchesi was just the master who could direct Angelica Catalini, and prepare the way for her future celebrity. Endowed with a charming person and a prodigiously powerful and flexible mezzo-soprano voice, this singer was distinguished above all by the brilliancy and magnificence of his vocalisation, and

had won golden laurels in every capital of Europe. Catalini studied two years under the direction of this master. Marchesi applied himself to moderate the extreme facility of her voice, and also to extend its volume; he adorned her memory with a succession of pieces, the one more complicated than the other; and he also, unfortunately, communicated his too exclusive taste for the pomps and false glitter of Italian vocalisation.

Catalini made her debut at Venice, in the year 1795, in the opera of 'Nicolini.' She was only sixteen, and her appearance charmed all who beheld her. Her form was tall and very slender; her beautiful arms were as white as alabaster; her neck was like that of a young swan, and her large, soft, limpid, blue eyes seemed melting to pity, then moving to tears; while her noble and charming features completed the attractions of the beautiful young cantatrice. In this person, all resplendent with youth and beauty, nature had placed one of the most remarkable instruments that ever existed. That was a soprano voice with a power of three octaves. This immense vocal chain was of a perfect equality, and of an incomparable flexibility. With these advantages to win the sympathies of an Italian public, it need not be wondered that her success at Venice was as spontaneous as it was brilliant. Her success prepared the way for her triumphant tour of the greater Italian cities, and, after several years peregrinations, she accepted an engagement at Lisbon, where she sojourned in the year 1801. During six years, Catalini was the favourite of not only the court but the city of Lisbon, where she supported her numerous family, and in which her gentle, modest deportment, and her beneficent, unostentatious charity attracted all hearts to her. When General Lannes was envoy to the French ambassador at the court of Portugal, there was with him as aid-de-camp a young French officer who exerted a powerful interest over the destiny of the beautiful Italian vocalist. M. de Valabregue, captain of the eighth regiment of hussars, was a most attractive young man, with manners perfectly *distingué*. The beauty of his form, the vivacity of his disposition, and above all the elegance of his uniform, made a powerful impression on the heart of the young cantatrice, who had occasion to meet him often in the salon of the French ambassador. M. de Valabregue was not slow to reciprocate the feelings which he had inspired; and reflecting, amongst other things, that the voice of Angelica might become the source of a great fortune, he demanded her hand in marriage. All her friends and relatives eagerly strove to dissuade her from this union, but mademoiselle only replied by casting her beautiful eyes to the ground; and the discussion at last was finished by her espousing M. Valabregue in the chapel of the court, under the auspices of the Portuguese regent and General Lannes.

Before she quitted Lisbon, in the year 1806, she contracted a profitable engagement, through the auspices of the British ambassador, with the Italian Opera in London, but went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which produced very considerable sums, and reached Paris in the beginning of June, 1806. Her reputation had preceded her, and all the journals vied with one another in announcing her arrival in such a manner as to excite public curiosity. Madame Catalini, who always retained her maiden name, gave three concerts at the Opera, which attracted considerable crowds. The prices of admission were tripled on these occasions—a ticket to the balcony costing thirty francs. Napoleon had listened to the charming *artiste*, and anxious to retain in his capital a cantatrice who could so effectively distract the public thought from graver preoccupations, he ordered her to appear at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never seen so closely the terrible virtuosos of war, who filled Europe with the sound of his war bugles, and she trembled as she approached him. 'Where are you going when you leave us, madame?' said Napoleon to her, in an imperious voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain at Paris; we will pay you well, and your talents will be better appreciated here. You shall have 100,000 francs per annum, and two months of *congé*. You have heard me. Adieu, madame;' and the

cantatrice retired, more dead than alive, without having dared to say to her peremptory interlocutor, that it was impossible for her to break the engagement which she had contracted with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had known this, he would not have scrupled to have laid an embargo upon Catalini, and would have regarded her as a fair prize of war. As it was, she was obliged to betake herself from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, in a boat that was employed to exchange prisoners, and she paid one hundred and fifty louis for this service. This interview with Napoleon made a most lively impression upon the fair *prima donna*, and she often spoke of it as the occasion on which she had felt the greatest emotion that she ever experienced during her life. Madame Catalini arrived in London in December, 1806.

The English taste for Italian music and Italian performers can be traced to a very distant date. In the sixteenth century one beholds lute players, and singers of madrigals and canzonets, figuring in all the great fêtes and festivals which are recorded to have taken place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who loved every thing mythological as much as she hated all that was papistical. The Italian Opera has existed in London since the commencement of the eighteenth century. And in the theatres frequented by the most fashionable English, the most celebrated singers of Italy—of the schools of Rome, Naples, Bologna, and Venice—have successively appeared, for the amusement of what an Italian biographer of Catalini, writing in the French language, flatteringly calls *les barbares*. Perhaps no musician, save Jenny Lind, ever obtained the distinction in Britain that Catalini did. She became the idol of the metropolitan fashionable world, and was received with flattering distinction by the highest aristocracy. It was known that she had resisted the commands and temptations presented to her by Napoleon, and this circumstance strengthened the national prejudice in her favour. For eight years she continued in Great Britain, reaping a rich reward, during the fashionable season, in the capital, and gathering much gold from the proceeds of her provincial concerts.

In 1814 Catalini repaired to Paris with the allies; and at the Opera she gave a concert for the benefit of the poor. During the hundred days she disappeared from Paris, and repaired to Ghent with Louis XVIII., who had known and patronised her while in England. Her house, while at Ghent, was the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After a short excursion in Holland and Belgium, Catalini returned to Paris at the second restoration, Louis XVIII. conferring upon her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, with 160,000 francs of allowance. This enterprise was the cause of serious chagrin, and great pecuniary loss to Catalini. Completely under the dominion of the truculent spirit of her husband, Valabregue, who sought to banish from the Italian Theatre every *artiste* whose talents he thought tended to throw a little into the shade the reputation of his wife, madame was at last obliged to abandon her unfortunate position, after having lost, with the good graces of the Parisian public, 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order that she might repair this double mishap, this celebrated singer undertook a journey to the north of Europe. She visited Denmark and Sweden, and triumphantly made the circuit of all the great German cities, realising great sums of money. After traversing Poland, and enchanting the noblesse of Russia, Catalini sung in public for the last time, at a concert in the city of Dublin; and then, breaking the lyre with which she had enchanted Europe for fifty years, she retired to a beautiful estate in the environs of Florence, to spend, in the midst of beauty, peace, and opulence, the last years of her life. In her retirement she chiefly spent her time in the practice of charity, and in the cultivation of music, which she passionately loved. She sung for her own pleasure—to gratify her friends—and, above all, for the unhappy, who came to invoke the magic of her name. When the scholars of Florence would repair to walk upon the hill where Catalini's house stood, they were sometimes ravished with the

echoes of that incomparable voice which had charmed Europe during a half century of revolutions and battles.

The appearance of the cholera in Italy decided Madame Catalini to repair for safety to Paris, where her children are resident, they being French by the inheritance of the rights of their father. The pestilence, from whose approach she had fled, and which perhaps might have spared her at Florence, suddenly cut her off at Paris.

Several days before her death, Madame Catalini, who was sitting alone in her room, without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who refused to tell her name to the domestic. When the stranger was admitted to her presence, she bowed to her, saying at the same time, 'I come to render homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of modern times, and at the same time the most noble of women. Bless me, madame; I am Jenny Lind.' Madame Catalini, moved to tears, pressed her amiable and benevolent Swedish second-self for a long time to her heart.

Madame Catalini was theoretically a very poor musician. Her education in this respect had been so much neglected that she could not at first sight read even the simplest cantilene. She did not play any instrument, and was always accompanied by one who was accustomed to follow the caprices of her fancy. She was what the Italians term an admirable *orchianta*. When Madame Catalini had studied a piece well, she delivered it in the most imperturbable manner, and she never supplied the failures of her memory from the opulence of her imagination. This celebrated *prima donna* was never completely herself in the theatre. The dramatic part which she assumed intimidated her, and destroyed the natural flow of her animation. Her magnificent voice, which rolled along in sonorous and limpid undulations of song, neither emitted in its course the cry of tragic passion, nor the fitful flash of comicality.

Madame Catalini was certainly, in the strictness of the term, a *cantatrice da camera* (a chamber-singer), a performer of social vocalisation, who loved her art for its own sake, and who did not care whether she charmed or astonished her auditors or not. Her range of favourite pieces was neither very varied, nor was her taste very severe. She had composed little more than a dozen of cavatines, which she sung above all, and always.

Madame Catalini excelled in contrasted effects, causing the softest *mezza voce* to succeed to the most thrilling bursts. The greatest defect of this admirable *artiste's* rich and splendid performance was a certain tremulous motion which was imparted to her chin, and which she was never able to correct. This movement, so disagreeable to look upon, and which should be condemned as a vice of vocal education, has become very common amongst even the most renowned singers. Gifted with a happy nature, possessing a soprano voice of the greatest compass, the most beautifully toned, and the most flexible that has ever existed—a beautiful bird of Paradise, the splendour of whose song equalled the magnificence of her plumage—Madame Catalini was more a wonder of nature than a production of art. She played with the voice as Paganini played with the violin, but without possessing his fertile and fantastic genius. Siren of the seraph-tongue, she intoxicated the listening crowd. One could say of her genius what a celebrated father of the church said of the dialectic of the Sophists—'It sported round the heart without piercing it.'

#### THE FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

The exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt under the conduct of Moses, their sojourn in the wilderness for forty years, and their subsequent conquest and occupation of the promised land, form the grandest epic achievement that the world has known. History can furnish, from the monuments and records of past time, nothing to match it, for greatness of conception, for difficulty in the performance, or for complete success in the result. Nor has poetry, with all the marvels of fiction at its command, and with all the resources of the most creative imagination to draw upon, been able to produce a fable so full of grand incidents as the simple narrative of the Bible, or to

invent a character so perfectly human in the elements of which it is composed, so massive, without exaggeration, in the proportions of those elements, or so truly heroic and sublime in their combination, as the Moses of the Arabian Desert. The argument of the Iliad, or of the Æneid, dwindles into insignificance beside the argument of the Exodus. The ten years' siege of Troy will bear no comparison, as a test of fortitude and magnanimity, with the forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. The heroes of Homer's fiction, and the 'pious Æneus' of Virgil, are not such colossal specimens of humanity, whether we look to the work they took in hand and accomplished, or estimate the qualities they evinced, as the Hebrew law-giver and statesman. Use the pruning-knife of the rationalist as freely as any will—cut off from the sacred story, as some are disposed to do, all that the church has consented to regard as miraculous, or sink it into the machinery and drapery with which myths and legends surround and embellish the actions of the distant past—leave only so much as a sceptical criticism is willing to allow to be the history of real transactions—still there will remain an enterprise planned and completed, which, whether we judge it by the difficulties in the way of its inception and progress, or the length of time requisite for its execution, the unpromising materials to work with, or the absolute merits of the polity and civilisation which were constructed from those materials, stands foremost, far in advance of all the acts and enterprises of the human race.

#### THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

While we maintain the unity of the human species, we, at the same time, repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilised, more emboldened by mental cultivation, than others—but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom; a freedom which, in the ruder conditions of society, belongs only to the individual, but which, in social states, enjoying political institutions, appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. If we would indicate an idea, which, throughout the whole course of history, has ever more and more widely extended its empire, or which, more than any other, testifies to the much contested and more misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race—it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected among men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation, or colour, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object—the unrestrained development of the physical powers. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man towards the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth in all its limits, and the heavens, as far as his eye can scan their bright and starry depths, as, inwardly, his own; given to him as objects for contemplation, and as a field for the development of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills or the seas which enclose his narrow home; yet when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines, like the plant, for his native soil; and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of man—this longing for that which is unknown, and his fond remembrance of that which is lost—that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

#### WISDOM OF A PARTIAL REVELATION.

The purpose of God was rather to rectify the will than the understanding of man. Now, an unclouded brightness would have benefited the understanding, and injured the will. Had there been no obscurity, man would not have been sensible of his corruption. Had there been no light, man would have despaired of a remedy. It is then not only just, but profitable for us, that God should be partly hidden and partly revealed; since it is equally dangerous for man to know God, without the consciousness of his misery, without knowing God.—*Pascal.*



## EUROPEAN LIFE.

## PROLOGUE.

In his notes to Thucydides and elsewhere, the late Dr Arnold has very industriously developed the parallel between the life of individual man and that of society. Society is born, grows up to manhood, grows old, just as man does. History is simply the biography of society. Take any nation. It has its birth, its boyhood, its time for sowing wild oats, its daring manhood, its wise middle life, its senility, and death. Take any family of nations: it is the same. The body of life, if one may use such a phrase, is larger, but it goes through all the periods.

In a series of papers, we purpose to give some illustrations of the progress of European life (understanding by Europe only the Europe of the west, of the Romanic and Germanic races; in other words, Europe, *minus* Russia, Hungary, and Turkey). Do not expect what would claim to be a history of Europe. Even the faintest outline of such a history we do not engage to indicate. A growth, a rising out of chaos, an advancing towards order, will be indicated, we trust, throughout; but it will have to be by single chapters—single leaves even—taken here and there, out of the great book of European history.

Let us at the outset endeavour to fix in our minds the characteristic features of the social life of western Europe as we find it in and round about us. One is very apt to conclude that it is simply life in Europe, that it is connection with the soil, which gives its name to European life. It is not so. At this moment, European life is stirring at the heart of India, at the gates of China, at the Cape of Good Hope. North America is full of it. Australia and the islands of the Pacific are becoming accustomed to its hum. Not every nation which has taken root in Europe was a development of European life. This is a thing by itself—a social development, differing from all previous, from all existing developments. There was a people, for example, whose history, as we shall see, has had a vast influence upon the character of European society—who themselves lived in Europe a full thousand years, and spread their influence over the richest half of it; we refer to the Romans. If you recall the map of Europe to your mind, you will remember a natural line, formed by the Rhine and the Danube, which cuts Europe almost diagonally across. Of all the countries lying *below* this line, Greece, Italy, France, Spain, and, besides these, Britain, the Romans became masters. And yet the Romans were not a people of European development. It is supposable that this people, instead of extending their conquests into the east, as they did, had completed the conquest of geographical Europe. But even in that case, so little connection has the possession of the soil with the character of a people's life, their history would have continued to be Roman, and Europe would have answered to no name but 'Rome.' European society could not have arisen under their supremacy. They had no idea of such a development as we partake. They could not have understood it. Rome filled their thoughts; their spread was the spread of Rome; their progress was a monotonous repetition of steps, invariably military, and differing in this very quality from the free onward tread of European life.

'In this very quality,' in monotony of development, we mean—(Guisot has a masterly illustration of this fact, in his 'Lectures on European Civilisation')—European life alone is not monotonous—not the result of development from a single principle. If you were to stand for a moment on the streets of Calcutta, and observe the natives as they passed, you would be pained by the signs of sameness, by the tokens of social monotony, which would meet your eye. The son repeats the father, in all castes, down to the latest posterity. An iron mould, like the shoe of the Chinese damsel, presses the young child from the first, and beyond its measure he cannot grow. Go back to ages, when they were not a conquered people, you encounter the same phenomenon. Over all Asia, under all denominations, in all ages, it is the same—monotony of social development. Look even at the Bible Jews; what an uniformity there

is! One principle lives at the centre of their politics, of their lives—one only. A single principle, doubtless a far reaching one, but one only—the principle of the Theocracy. A perfect Jew, that is, a Jew who has reached the height of his development, is, cannot but be, simply a Theocrat.

Come to historical Greece. Here, in a land, on all shores indented by the sea, and overshadowed by precipitous hills, man received a development into which variety was necessarily forced. But there was a monotony in the very variety. If we examine their remains, one ever recurring principle meets us at every step. In their sculptures, their eloquence, their poetry, in their very language, it is beauty—everywhere beauty—the perception of beauty, the worship of beauty, the embodiment of beauty. A perfect Greek is simply an Artist.

We pass to Rome—the Rome of the Romans. We are in a sphere entirely different. The eternal polishing of words and marbles which we found in Greece has given place to the stir of arms and political assemblies. We are made to feel that we are in the presence of Rome. In India you would have felt yourself in the presence of a temple; in Greece, of beautiful objects; but here, it is Rome—Rome, active, ambitious, restless, with a hand in everybody's concerns, with a lust for the dominion of the whole world. Surely here there is variety? There is the entirest absence of it. It is Rome at the centre; it is Rome out to the extremities; it is a Roman who sits in the senate; it is a Roman who goes forth to fight; it is a Roman who owns wife and child. The Roman principle, the principle of Rome's supremacy, comes out over the entire life, public and private. A perfect man, under this dominion, is simply a perfect Roman. Man, properly so called, has not an existence here. In a far deeper sense than we can well imagine, the ability to say 'I am a Roman,' was felt to be a higher, prouder one, than the ability to say 'I am a man.' You remember the amazement of the centurion in Jerusalem to find a Roman citizen in the Paul whom the Jewish crowd were chasing, 'Thou a Roman! With a great sum bought I this honour.' It was the expression of an universal homage. Romans themselves believed in the worth of Rome, and they taught such provincials as this centurion was, to count for the highest honour upon earth—the name of Roman.

Turn now to a modern European. Take him in any land, at any work: felling woods in America, fighting Sikhs in the Punjab, publishing newspapers in Paris, spinning cotton in Glasgow. You find a man who has escaped out of such limitations—who is no longer subject to monotony—who acknowledges no mould, no hindrance, no artificial standard; whose life is determined before hand into no fixed shape, but is free to grow and bear fruit up to the topmost reach of humanity. In other words, you find a MAN. Jews, Greeks, Romans—Theocrats, Artists, Soldiers—have passed away, and Men, beings sensible that they are above all other things human, have come upon the scene. This lies at the heart of European life, of European history. Monotony—development under the influence of one principle—has disappeared, and in its stead we have life gathering to itself all influences, and bringing out on every side what is highest and best in humanity.

The result has been an endless variety of development, and a variety which manifests itself in nations, in individuals, in languages, in thoughts. It was a European who depicted the 'Inferno'—a spiral descent sheer down from heaven through the nethermost abyss. Another European built Pandemonium—a region dim, immeasurable, vague, like the mists on northern hills. Take any European nation, our own for example, and see how this variety manifests its presence. Our language is a perfect jungle—Gaelic, Saxon, French, Latin, Greek, technicalities, provincialisms, Yankeeisms—all mingled, compounded, twisted, intertwined, with meaning upon meaning, each giving forth new branches, and each branch taking root for itself, and sending up new shoots. Look at our literature; here a Shakespeare, there a Hume; the one all life, the other all logic. Open the plays of Shakespeare—Lady



Macbeth, Dame Quickly, Imogen! Hamlet, Sir John Falstaff, Prospero! Go to the works of Hume—scepticism, philosophy, history, wit! In every mind, over all our literature, this element of variety. Turn to our politics. What a hubbub salutes your ear! All principles, all passions, craving to be heard. Theocracy, monarchy, oligarchy, democracy—Toryism, Whigism, Chartism—tearing, pulling at one another, apparently wishing to destroy each other, and yet in the end pulling all the same way. So with our ways of life. So with everything English. And yet the English character is not hindered by these things, but rather forwarded and developed. All these things are laid hold of, appropriated, turned to good account—the peculiar genius of our race rising above all, by means of all, submitting to none, saying to each, 'Thou art here to forward me.'

The same phenomenon would strike you if you had looked at any other nation, especially the nations of Germanic origin. You will see it if you compare nation with nation. No one is a repetition of the other. Each has a development, a character, a worth of its own. There is the practical sagacity of the English, the percipient sagacity of the French, the metaphysical sagacity of the Germans: Cromwell, Voltaire, Kant.

It is this healthy variety, this commingling of all elements, which gives to European life its distinctive character. Every party has an opposition—every principle a representative. In passing from the societies of ancient history to those of modern Europe, we seem to be stepping from a scene where all is rigid formula to one where there is perpetual turmoil and yet perpetual progression. For the first time, that mighty combination of all powers in one, that manifoldness of purpose and outward shape, which strike us in material life, finds its complete counterpart and expression in human history. Society is free, multifarious, and yet harmonious. In travelling over the few fields of European history we propose to traverse, if we listen with wise heart, the soft breathing of spring influences, the rich fulness of harvest, the bleak severity of winter, the singing of little birds, the still awfulness of stars, and the melancholy laughter of the sea, will occur to our minds continually, as the befitting types and symbols of that perpetual variety which lives and works in the bosom of European life.

It will be convenient if we fix in our minds the seventh century as the birth-date of European life. Before that century there was no Europa. The elements which were to compose it existed, lived and wrought on its soil, but they lived separate, repelling each other. From that period they began to unite. The nations which now constitute Western Europe had either begun at that period to move towards their homes, or had actually taken their position. The last movement of the kind occurred in the middle of the eleventh century, when the Norman William took possession of England. The first may be dated at the close of the fourth century, when the barbarians crossed the Danube to smite at the Roman empire. Between these two periods the nations of Western Europe 'were born,' took root on the soil, began to develop and have a history.

The interval is one of wild grandeur. A great power—the Roman empire—is passing from the earth. Town life is a succession of assaults and pillage: country life a wandering hither and thither of armed bands—chaos, confusion, darkness everywhere, and yet

'Even now we hear, with inward strife,  
A motion tolling in the gloom,  
The spirit of the years to come,  
Yearning to mix himself with life.'

One other word demands to be said by way of prologue—a word concerning the clearing of the ground for this new development of social life. We are in the habit of hearing that Rome was destroyed by the barbarians. Our imagination has been taught to picture out hordes of savages, flowing, wave after wave, upon Roman civilisation, until it was submerged. An impression tantamount to this is left upon our minds in rising from so true a picture

of the actual fact as we have in Gibbon's immortal work. Not that Gibbon ministers to it. Never for a single moment does that penetrative eye of his lose sight of the internal sources of decay. But the dramatic unity of the book—the splendour and fitness of the grouping—and especially the mental confusion arising from confounding the time taken to peruse the history with the actual time in which the events were accomplished—combine to leave upon our minds the idea of mighty bands of rude men overcoming the empire by brute force. It is a false idea. Rome was smitten by the barbarians; but this is not all the truth. It is the mere outside of the truth. It wants the impression of the inner fact, that it deserved to be smitten—that it had not in itself any more enthusiasm. Destruction does not so come upon nations. In God's world no society is the sport of circumstances. If they decay, there is a reason in themselves to explain it. Decay, dissolution, is a central fact. It is not the result of an external stroke; it is the vital energy growing weak; it is the sap, the soul, the inner life, departing. And then only, when this inner spiritual force is loosening its grasp, does the hour of dissolution prepare to strike.

There was a soul of strength in the Roman state or it would not have so grown as it did. From the most unpromising beginnings—from being a refuge for outlaws and robbers—Rome rose to power and wide empire; surrounding cities were swallowed up by it; surrounding peoples subdued; 'the weight of its shadow,' as a Jewish poet once said, fell upon the fairest parts of Europe, and they became its provinces. Distant countries paid tribute to it; the Mediterranean sea was changed into a Roman lake. And by the force of this one fact in their history, we believe that Roman citizens had an aim, a purpose, which they revered, for which they sunk their individual wills, which they believed in—the purpose of having Rome supreme. We say, they believed in this purpose. The supremacy of the city was not a hope, it was a faith to them. They did verily believe that it was supreme. And the leading men well knew that the secret of their prosperity lay here. Note how careful they were to betray no fear of the state's ultimate triumph in times of reverse. At Cannae they sustained a terrible defeat. Fifty thousand Romans were left dead upon the plain. The consul fled disgracefully to Venusia. The victorious Carthaginians was within eighty leagues of the city. Defeat had followed defeat. Not a murmur was heard in Rome. The women were forbid to bewail their husbands. The senate refused to redeem the prisoners. The wrecks of the defeated army were ordered to Sicily, to fight there. What is the death of fifty thousand? what are prisoners? what is an army to Rome? The senate closed this mighty exhibition of confidence by carrying to the fugitive consul their thanks 'for not having despaired of the Republic.' The consul himself, however, and this will show you the same faith in an individual mind, would never after accept the command of an army. 'Give your employment,' he always said, when solicited, 'to generals more fortunate than Varro.'

We, with our clearer notions, incline to characterise this devotion of the old Romans to Rome as idolatry, and wonder how greatness could ever spring from thence. But there was a time when it was not felt to be idolatry—when Romans believed that Rome deserved to be worshipped—that it was, as a town, divine. At the time to which we refer, Jupiter was supposed to have his dwelling on the Capitol; by virtue of his presence, the city was divine. A divineness rested on the hills on whose sides the houses clustered. A divineness made sacred the gateways by which the troops went out to battle. A very harsh divineness!—without mercy, without softness, narrow, municipal! But, so far as it went, was there not truth in it? A very imperfect adumbration, we admit; but still an adumbration of, a pagan groping after, this truth, that 'the Lord builds the city,' that all city life has its roots in the divine.

This was the sap of Roman life. A time came when it had ceased to be believed that Rome was divine, when intelligent Romans smiled at the notion of Jupiter living on

the Capitol. But even then it was felt that the secret of Roman strength lay in this faith—that Rome ceased to be strong from the hour it was abandoned. Accordingly, the republic placed an emperor at its head, and decreed divine honours to him. At bottom, a government attempt to restore the old faith! The emperor was the new Jupiter. The attributes of the dead god were transferred to the living sovereign. 'Behold your god,' the senators said to the people; 'our city is still divine; a god resides in it.' But no man believed the lie. The people ceased to worship Rome. Their life sundered from the source of its former strength. Each man sunk back into individual selfishness, into savagism. Rome was left to provincials, to freed slaves: Romans flocked to the provinces in search of plunder. Divinism perished from their ways of life. No man wrought with another for good. Lust and infidelity defiled the home. The city was full of lies. The poor were oppressed; the rich rioted in swinish pleasure. The map was gone; the soul was fled. 'The weapons which subdued the world dropped from their feeble hands.' The barbarian stepped out from his woods, went up to the seat of this huge empire, tried the arm which had ruled east the half of Europe to construct a state map, and found that its strength was already gone. This share the barbarians had in the destruction of Rome: no more.

It is good to know this. To the outward eye it sometimes seems that the nations retrograde. Civilised states are often overborne by states less civilised than themselves. The Jewish kingdom is conquered by the Greeks—the Greeks are subdued by the Romans—the Romans by the barbarians.

A thought presses into the mind. We, too, are the inheritors of a civilisation. Are we to understand that all civilisation tendeth to such destruction? and that the history of the nations shall be the history of retrogressions? What law is revealed to us in this connection of physical force with decaying civilisations? Why is there a barbarian present at the death-bed of nations?

In the fine fragment, 'Hyperion,' which Keats bequeathed to us, this very question is proposed for solution. The poem turns on the overthrow of the earlier gods of Greece. Gods younger than they have displaced them. They are overwhelmed by their misfortune. The ocean god has seen his successor; has seen also that it was right the younger should reign, and comes into the company of his fallen compeers, to open up to them for their comfort the law of change. He reminds them of changes in which they rejoiced—of dark chaos giving place to them—and now he adds:

'We fall by nature's law . . .  
 . . . On our heels a fresh perfection treads:  
 A power more strong in beauty, born of us,  
 And fated to excel us, as we pass  
 In glory that old darkness . . .

Doth the dull soil  
 Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,  
 And feedeth still, more comely than itself?  
 Can it deny the chieftain of green groves?  
 Or, shall the tree be envious of the dove  
 Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings  
 To wander wherewithal and find its joys?

We are such forest trees. And our fair boughs  
 Have bred, not pale and solitary doves,  
 But eagles, golden feathered, who do tower  
 Above us in their beauty, and must reign  
 In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law,  
 That first in beauty should be first in might.'

Without doubt, the poet has here opened the secret of all social change. However much appearances may make against the law, it is not brute force but beauty which carries the day. Even of the brute force which does succeed, it always is discovered in the end that it was beauty at the core. It was not wholly savagism and civilisation which came into conflict at the birth of Europe. That civilisation concealed a nature corrupt, abominable, worthy of death: that savagism, as we shall see, was but the rude exterior of a humanity, fresh, buoyant, simple as a little child, and worthy to receive the talent taken from

Let us not doubt that behind all barbarian attacks, all apparently retrogressive movements, there is substantial progress. Nations and individuals attain a certain culture, and it spreads from them into the general life of humanity. Nothing which is noble is allowed to die. The Roman perished: his civilisation remained. The Greek philosophy, too (the highest reach of the human intellect working in its own sphere), fell into the keeping of a generation of Greeks unworthy of it. At that juncture it passed into the Roman mind. A time arrived when there were no Ciceros to preserve it there, when Romans were no longer worthy of this mighty charge. The Roman empire in that very hour divided, and the philosophy of Greece found a refuge in the empire of the East. Here, for a thousand years, it was preserved, until Western Europe was educated for its reception, and at that term the Turks destroyed the eastern empire. The teachers of the Greek philosophy flocked back to Europe, and that epoch in European history began which is known as 'the revival of letters'—the grey dawn of the Reformation.

There is a meaning, a law, in facts like these. It is not to some new invasion the nations are moving on. The law is progress—progress of what is best. Contradictions, exceptions, are only so in appearance. In clearer light these will disappear. Towards a high destiny move all the nations—towards union, broad, universal—based no longer upon treaties indicating selfishness, but upon love. 'Until this has been attained,' writes the eloquent Fichte, 'until the existing culture of every age has been diffused over the whole habitable earth, and every people be capable of the most unlimited communication with the rest—must one nation after another be arrested in its course, and sacrifice to the great whole of which it is a member, its stationary, retrogressive age. When that first point shall have been attained—when thought and discovery shall fly from one end of the earth to the other, and become the property of all—then, without further interruption, halt, or regress, our race shall move onward, with united strength and equal step, to a perfection of culture for which thought and language fail.'

## THE SECOND HALF OF A DAY IN THE WISPERTHAL.

HARK we are again safe at the little inn. The arrival of a stranger on horseback has been noised abroad, and a deputation of the citizens of Gerolstein is assembled to meet me, and very flattering it is. I call for a bottle of wine, and pour out a tumbler of it for the worthy companion of my walk, who, judging by my own feelings, must be a little tired and very hot. No, he won't take it; he drinks nothing stronger than water he says. Here was teetotalism in perfection, for I need scarcely say that the wine of the country, though pleasant enough, is very weak; here was teetotalism in perfection, in such hot weather too. He would not refuse a cigar, however? No! rather to my disappointment, for I know one German who does not smoke, and was now in hopes I had found one who neither smoked nor drank. He took a cigar willingly, lit it, and gave me fire, and now the whole deputation, the miller and myself, were smoking steadily.

The miller was whitish, as a miller should be; the deputation were honest German peasants, with large heads and light hair. But who is that man of some thirty years, with an eye more than usually intelligent, his cheeks somewhat sunk and tinged with a hectic red? His dress, though very rusty, has been of finer material; his hands are white, and plainly unused to labour. The others look at him from time to time, as if he should speak, but he has not yet uttered a word, except to salute me as I entered. I have it! he is the schoolmaster.

'There is a good school here, I have no doubt,' said I, not looking at him. No, there was none. I was disappointed.

'But this is a schoolmaster,' said one man, pointing with his pipe to the individual I was puzzling about.

Indeed, how much surprised by Google

'No,' said the schoolmaster, 'I have no school,' and he sighed.

Inquiring as to the *ministerium vagum* with which he seemed to be clothed, I found he was a stranger in Gerolstein, and was then travelling through the country, whither he scarcely knew, in the desire of finding some place where he might set himself down and rest, settle for life with no farther hope than living and dying in the unenviable capacity of teaching a few boys the elements of knowledge, so as to earn his bread—to earn as much as would support life, and no more. Here, possibly, was a man gifted with fine natural abilities, and improved by much acquired knowledge, who had gone forth, with all the bright visions of boyhood, to the university, had lived his thoughtless, wild, merry, student life, in the fixed expectation of a brilliant career—had seen, alas! his hopes wax fainter and fainter, but still dreamed on, till all his friends, one by one, had dropped away—till, sinking lower and lower in his ambition, all his schemes, leading to fame and fortune, had vanished—till his heart had died in him—and till, awake now at least to the severe reality, he saw no help; and then, broken in heart and spirit, he had turned into the wide world to seek (and it was not easy to find) such a poor opportunity of turning his acquirements to account, as might give him the means of keeping soul and body together, painfully, for a few sad years; for the flush on his cheek told that the number of his days would not be long. Alas! poor schoolmaster, thy fate is a hard one, yet by no means solitary!

'Do you speak English?' I said to him, hoping to give him an opportunity of exhibiting his acquirements before the others. Unfortunately he did not, and, fearful of again hitting on something of which he was ignorant, I stopped.

'He speaks most excellent German though,' said one man, in a dreadful patois; and so in truth I soon found he did. He spoke not only with a pure accent, but his words and expressions were of that well-chosen kind which distinguish with a particular charm the conversation of a well-educated gentleman.

'Do you think you will settle here?' said I.

'No,' replied he, sighing again; 'I fear I must go farther. My friends here are very good and kind, but the place is too small. There are not children enough to form a school. But,' continued the poor man, and his eye gleamed with a new-born hope, and I thought I could see his heart beat, 'they say English gentlemen often wish tutors who understand German, or travelling companions; I think if I could get such a situation I might be found not altogether useless.'

Poor, poor fellow! He plainly thought that I had, quite providentially for him, passed through Gerolstein at the same time he did, and that I was the bearer to him of the good fortune which had tarried so long, but was now come at last. Poor fellow! his excited imagination pictured a long series of happy days in store for him, all, however, depending on my answer. Poor fellow! what simplicity was his! I saw his hand shake as he took his pipe from his mouth, and tried to look cheerful and unconcerned. Seeing me hesitate, and thinking he guessed the reasons, he hastily and eagerly went on—'I would very soon acquire sufficient English to make myself understood. I have very good testimonials, excellent testimonials, and'—here he looked at his threadbare sleeve—'these are not my best clothes.' He stopped, looked down, and blushed. The other men bent eagerly forward for my answer. They were little better off than he was, and they had known him but a day or two, but he had gained all the sympathy of these honest, simple creatures—better testimonials he scarcely could have. I verily believe, if I had asked any of them what he most would wish me to do for himself, that he would have answered, 'Procure the good schoolmaster the situation he wants.' It was plain they took me for some most influential personage; indeed it seems to be a settled point, that all Englishmen who travel on the continent are rich and powerful. Little did they guess the real state of the case—little did they know

how little I could do for their friend. It was sad to be obliged to disappoint them utterly, both in regard to my own means of assisting him, and the chance his new idea had of being by other means realised. But it was better than encouraging vague and groundless hopes, so I merely replied, in a decided, though of course kind tone, that I knew of no such a situation, nor of any one who would be likely to require such services. Their faces fell, and there was a pause.

'I have often wished to visit England,' said the schoolmaster, after a time; 'you are very rich in England, and there are great rewards for scholars, I have heard. I dare say I could make my living there. I do not require much.' He was determined not to give up his hopes; my patronage, if he could only gain it, he felt sure, would be enough for him. Poor fellow, once more! Little did he know England, and little did he know that I—the very man on whose pittance aid he reckoned—had been obliged to leave that rich England, where there are such great rewards for scholars, for the simple fact that I could not live there. I saw it would be unwise not to undeceive him, and so I told him plainly that, rich as England is, there are as many poor in that wealthy land as in any other, and that in no other is it more difficult for a mere scholar to earn his bread; that there were hundreds such and thousands who were glad of any employment to earn a pittance, inasmuch as they would certainly starve if they trusted to mere scholarship or letters; that nowhere is living so dear (and I gave him a few statistical facts); that I myself could not live in my own fatherland; and that therefore a stranger and foreigner, poor and without friends, would have a miserable chance, or rather, that he would have a miserable certainty, before him.

They all looked rather incredulous, but said no more, and I changed the subject.

'What sort of a road is there from here to Lorch?' said I.

'The road is good enough for a little way,' replied the miller; 'but after that there is scarcely any for a considerable distance—for a little half hour,' to use his own phrase.

This rejoiced my heart. Untouristed country and untrodden ways are my delight.

But the miller looked on this state of things with a different eye, he was evidently of a speculative and improving turn. 'A very little,' said he, 'would make the road passable for carriages all the way, and then more people would pass through Gerolstein.' He had evidently calculated the 'traffic on the line,' and the advantages which would accrue to his village from increased means of communication.

Soon after, for the day was going by, I shook hands with them, and bade them farewell, or 'live well,' as the German phrase is couched. One circumstance, however, must be noted. Before shaking hands with my miller guide, I offered him a few kreuzer as a recompense for his services. To my great surprise, he refused to accept them, though I pressed him to do so. At last he said, 'Give the money rather to that man there,' and he pointed to the schoolmaster.

It was an unpleasant situation. No doubt the poor schoolmaster had sore need even of that trifle, but I feared to affront him by the offer of it. Fortunately I remembered a story of Franklin; I put the money in his hand, and told him when he found another scholar, poor or in difficulty, to repay him the money for me. He said nothing, but when we shook hands he pressed mine warmly, and so we parted.

After inspecting Saladin's girths, rather to the dissatisfaction of a kind of ostler who held him, for this functionary seemed to think the scrutiny expressive of doubts as to his carefulness, I mounted the gallant steed (he had a wisp of hay in his mouth to eat on the road), and, waving my hand to the poor schoolmaster, the miller, and the deputation, who all stood, pipe and hat in hand, at the doorway, I rode from Gerolstein. I soon found the miller was right about the road, which, after a few hundred yards,

diminuted into a mere track, with ruts here and there, formed by the wheels of the rude hay-carts, crossing and recrossing again and again the clear rivulet, which sometimes led its way through the trees, sometimes opened out on the beautiful little flats, sometimes ascended the hill-side a little way, sometimes turned sharp round a great projecting rock. It was a famous road for a dreamer, and accordingly I dreamed gloriously; as thus:—Now, I was a Christian knight, renowned for courtesy and prowess, returning from contending with the infidel for the possession of the sacred land. With Richard Cœur-de-Lion I had rallied the fainting Crusaders on the plains of Ascalon, and I had mounted the walls of Ptolemais by the side of Philip of France. I had visited the holy sepulchre, and fulfilled all my vows, after which, my health being broken, I was returning to my native land and ancestral castle, whither a few hours' ride would now bring me. I had, however, some sad doubts as to what I should find there. I had some fears of the constancy of my beloved lady, for it had been rumoured I was killed at Joppa, and, in truth, I had been sorely wounded before that place, so that it was possible that my Cunegunda, after long mourning me, had at last yielded to the ardent suit of some gay young knight—if so (here I dreamed a dreadful revenge), I would pitch him from the top of my castle's highest tower, send Cunegunda back to her father, old Carl Von Potzblitz, and retire to a cloister to end my weary days—or, better, I would play the generous, refrain from discovering myself, let my wife continue to believe me dead, and retire to the cloister, without throwing the gallant from the battlements.—Now, I was a soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, and the particular friend and sworn comrade of Dugald Dalgetty. Gustavus being at Gutenfels on the Rhine, I was on my way to rejoin the army, having accomplished (with great skill and success) a secret and delicate mission to Bethlem Gabor voivode of Transylvania. Having had reason to fear that I should be waylaid by the Spaniards, near as I was to my journey's end, it behoved me to proceed with caution, and to be on my guard against a surprise. Yet here I might surely consider myself safe. How famously I should enjoy a carouse with Dugald after all my perils and fatigues! A worthy fellow Dalgetty, though somewhat prosy and pedantic with his Marischal College learning, and an excellent soldier, though rather too methodical and precise with his formations by extracting the square root. But I do not like the appearance of that rock, it has a villainous sneaking ambushment look about it. Forward, Saladin—there, I was sure of it! Two spanish ruffians in leathern doublets, enormous hats, and tremendously long swords. Ha, my masters! and what will ye? Down with the lurking traitors! A demi volte, Saladin! Ha! well dealt, trusty blade! Bite the dust, ye Catalanian loons!—Now I was a lover hastening after long absence to my love, recalling many a spot, made sacred by association, in the sweet Wisperthal, where we had so often wandered hand in hand. Forward, Saladin! the way is long and weary to me.—Now I was a skillful and famous old minstrel, on my way to give specimens of my craft in a lordly castle, where all would rise at my entrance and wish me joy, and the lady of the house herself would prepare me a cup of spiced wine, while the old baron, in his great boots and velvet surcoat, called me to come and sit by him on the dais, and lovely maidens leaned on my chair, and faithful hounds, recognising a friend, laid their heads on my knees.—Now I was an old philosopher, tired of the world, its ignorance, brutishness, and vice, come out to wander along the Wisp, and enjoy the freshness of nature in this beautiful solitude—such a philosopher as was perhaps the baron's brother, who lived contentedly at the foot of the robber castle, Gerolstein.—And now I was a poor scholar, with all my bright dreams and all my happy days fled away for ever, neglected, forgotten, unknown, without an aim, and without a hope. Yet not so! For here all things preach a healthy homily. Not in this fair valley shall man learn or retain despair. Yes! the poor scholar remembers what he has been, feels proudly what he is, and knows, ay, knows! what, if it

please Heaven, he yet shall be. Then forward, forward, Saladin!

But this turn brings another old castle into view, frowning sullenly in ruins. That must be the scene of the fearful Wisperthal legend, which runs as follows:—Once upon a time a soldier, a student, and a travelling journeyman met at Lorch on the Rhine, and, finding they were bound in the same direction, agreed to proceed in company. Their way was through the Wisperthal. Now this valley was enchanted. They had not gone far, when they came to a splendid castle situated on a hill. Looking up to it, they could see three white handkerchiefs waved as if in signal to them. Right glad of an excuse to visit so noble a mansion, and the soldier being thirsty, the student amorous, and the journeyman fond of an adventure, they ascended the steep, and presented themselves at the gate. There they were met by three young maidens of surpassing beauty, and splendidly attired. But all three were in tears.

'Ah, good sirs,' said one of them, 'we be miserable maidens; I have lost my falcon.'

'And I my squirrel,' interrupted the second.

'And I my golden cockchafer,' said the third.

'They who should find them and bring them back might deserve well of us,' said they all in one voice, with looks that thrilled through the bosoms of the three young men, who immediately offered to go in search of the lost favourites.

'But how shall we know them?' said they.

'You will recognise my falcon by the token that he will ask you a question.'

'And my squirrel, by his repeating a proverb.'

'And my golden cockchafer will tell you a story,' said the three maidens.

Then the three young men returned down the steep, often looking back and waving their hands, to signify they were resolved to find the falcon, the squirrel, and the golden cockchafer.

They had not gone far up the valley when a falcon came down with a sudden swoop upon a stone by the way, and cried, 'What do you always follow but never overtake?' and then he perched on the proffered wrist of the soldier. Almost immediately a squirrel jumped out of a tree and lighted on the shoulder of the journeyman, saying, 'Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs! And the next moment a golden cockchafer came circling round and round the student, telling a long story about his ancestors in a drowsy and monotonous voice. Once he came bump against the nasal organ of the youth, who cried out, 'My nose!' 'You have solved my riddle,' said the falcon.

The story continues in this way, the squirrel repeating his proverb, and the falcon propounding his riddle at every turn, while the golden cockchafer never ceases telling the long story about his ancestors in his drowsy and monotonous voice. The end is, that the three young maidens, who, of course, accept the loves of the three young men, and have a splendid supper with them, suddenly change into three shocking old women, and the fine castle becomes a noisome and unclean place, for it seemed they could assume their beauty and magnificence for only one day and night in each year. The soldier, however, declares, on his honour as an officer and a gentleman, that for one day's such glorious carousing he is content to live horribly the other 364; the student avows, by his future fame as an author and a poet, that for one night's companionship with so much beauty he is ready to share 364 with the wrinkled hag before him; but the travelling journeyman, having less romance and devotion about him, starts up, cries, 'Avaunt, Satanax,' and, escaping with difficulty the long and determined pursuit of his former comrades and their loathsome brides, returns to Lorch, tells the awful tale, is shriven by a priest, and dies two days afterwards. Moral—Never undertake absurd commissions for young ladies.

The valley, after I had passed the enchanted castle, gradually became wider. Distant hills began to appear.

at the base of which I thought the Rhine must flow. The Wisp had increased from a tiny burn to a small stream, and I ceased to take an interest in it, just as one often does in a child emerging from perfect infancy. Paths came down the side of the hill, or emerged from secondary valleys at each confluence, the road I was pursuing becoming perceptibly better. I overtook labourers going home from their day's work; and at last I came to a signpost. I was approaching the end of the Wisperthal, and of my ride. A sharp bend in the valley, and I cross the Wisp for the last time. A little girl salutes me with the usual 'Guten Tag,' and, as I turn to acknowledge the greeting, Saladin makes a false step—a stumble, in fact, which nearly sends me over his head, to the great danger of my own. So I gave expression to my wrath at him in what I believed to be the true eastern style, thinking he would understand it better.

But that must be Lorch. Farewell, thou sweet and picturesque Wisperthal; the day I have spent in thy shades shall not soon pass from my mind. Nor shall I soon forget the excellent honest miller guide, nor the poor scholar in the little Wirthshaus at Gerolstein.

But where is the Rhine? Lorch, I know well, is situated upon it, but here are high hills all round, and no river. Where is the Rhine? I ask. Saladin's hoofs echo through the narrow streets of Lorch. A stranger riding from the Wisperthal is plainly a curiosity here. A man forking up hay into a loft, poises his bundle in mid air to have a look at me; another, who seems amusing himself with cleaning a boot about the streets, arrests his brush and turns round; a woman sewing at her door, stops her work with her thread and her mouth at full distension; a pretty face appears at a window above, and then retires, thinking I do not see it, but I do. Meanwhile Saladin becomes much more lively than he has been for some miles, and turns his head eagerly towards every house that has the least appearance of an inn. That is the church. It looks very old. We turn down a steep lane to the right. There are high walls on each side. Before us is something green. It is the Rhine. Yes, there it flows—the famous green Rhine, streaming, streaming.

Saladin was soon (literally) installed in an excellent stable; and I, wonderfully refreshed by abluion and brushing, established myself in a window of a nice clean and comfortable little inn immediately on the bank of the river. I had despatched a 'butterbrod mit fleisch' (Anglee, sandwich), and now, half buried in a large chair, with my legs outstretched on a smaller one, a bottle of delicious cool wine beside me, and a fragrant cigar in my mouth, I enjoyed the company and conversation of the very tidy, and very pretty daughter of the house. Could anything be more delightful? I am not to be disturbed on any account.

Yet within half an hour I disturb myself. Man is a discontented animal, and never knows when he is well off. *Vide* Virgil, 'O fortunatos nimium'; Horace, 'Qui fit Macomeas'; and moral writers, *passim*. I suddenly feel I should like to see the Rhine by moonlight, and seeing the weather clear, and knowing the moon to be about full, I leave my chairs, bottle, and maid of the inn, commend Saladin to the care of an old ostler, and (accompanied only by my cigar) set off in a boat for the opposite bank of the river, in order to meet the Coblenz steamer at Heimbach. Gentle and courteous reader, wish me a pleasant voyage.

## LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

In our last article on this subject we showed, from the nature of A. B.'s dealings with a broker, and, through him, with a jobber, that, even in the most candid and fair transactions, there was necessarily an element of speculation. A. B. bought to-day, but he was not entitled, by the rules of the Stock Exchange, to his receipt until settling day: and, in the meantime, the jobber had all the

advantages that might accrue from the depreciation of that particular stock, and was secured from loss. In fact, however, where the jobber has plenty of the stock required, and when he does not expect any advantage to arise from any fluctuation in the interval between settling day and the time of the purchase, the shares are immediately transferred and the business settled.

The transaction we have described in the case of A. B. is a *bona fide* one, and altogether different from a really speculative purchase or sale of shares or stocks. The latter is a mere game of chance; an adventure which is undertaken upon no principle but the wish to make money at any risk. The transaction will be clearly understood from the following illustration:—A speculator, who has been watching with keen eyes the variations of the railway stock barometer, and who has noted that, some time ago, the shares of the London and Folkestone railway were £120, while they are now down to £110, expresses a good opinion of that stock, and, like a gentleman on the turf who has confidence in some particular horse, he orders a broker to purchase 100 shares of that stock for next account day. The broker goes into the house and buys from a jobber the amount of shares at £110, delivering to the speculator the contract-note of the purchase in the ordinary way. If the shares advance in price at any time before the settling, the speculator can order the sale of his shares; and, on settling day, the broker presents him with the amount of difference between the purchase and sale of the same. If the shares have depreciated in price instead of risen, the speculator must pay the broker the difference of amount between the price at which he purchased and the price at settling day. 'Speculators, however, do not purchase with the idea of paying over money; so that, if a contingency of this kind happens to them, and they, not having sold the stock, still hope for an advance in the price of the shares on which they have ventured, they desire their brokers, on the second day before the account day, to 'carry over' the shares to next account; and for this favour they pay a *continuation*, being a sum per share which the jobber charges for allowing the contract to remain open till the time specified. The speculator in this case, however, must still pay the difference of price that has taken place; and then he holds the shares at the reduced quotations, as if he had purchased them originally for that sum. The broker charges his commission upon these transactions as if they were completely new purchases, which, of course, they are; and the speculator, besides being allowed the favour of 'carrying over' instead of paying down the aggregate price of all the shares he purchased, has the advantage of buying in the shares at a lower rate than if he went to do business with a different jobber. This speculator, who is always looking and hoping for a rise of prices, is called a 'bull'; and, if the business of the Stock Exchange has been, during a month, transacted principally with men of this class, and jobbers are not overburdened with stock, and wish rather to retain it in their own hands, the rate of continuation is low. The buyers in this case are not *bona fide* purchasers; and if the dealers in shares, or jobbers, have not a great amount of these in reservation for any business emergency that may occur, an accommodation between them is easy and cheap. If, however, sales to *bona fide* buyers have been extensive, and the jobbers are anxious to transfer stock to them, continuation is high, in order to regulate the supply and demand of the commodity in which the jobbers deal, and in order, also, to determine the quotations at which they buy and sell.

It is clear that the speculator who deals in purchasing shares, in anticipation of an advance in their price, in order that he may realise a profit from the advance, can, if he has money to pay for the stock, become a *bona fide* stockholder; but the converse of this transaction is a more baseless, hazardous, and daring affair altogether, and peculiarly the transaction of a 'bear.' Suppose that the individual characterised above as a 'bull,' were to sell off his horns, &c., and, assuming the character of a Capital

and Foulstone railway were going down instead of tending upward—upon the basis of this supposition, the 'bear,' hoping to make money by purchasing at the lowest rate, and in order to further depreciate the stock in question, orders the fictitious sale of 100 shares, which, of course, nominally places 100 shares in the market more than really exist, and causes a reduction in the price of the actual stock. By such means the 'bear' hopes to buy the *bona fide* shares before settling day at less than he had sold his ideal shares for.

Money is the medium of exchange; it is the grand basis of worldly power; it can compass all that human ambition may desire. It is useful, it is necessary, it is omnipotent in this earth for good or evil; and the love of it urges men to try an endless diversity of modes of acquiring it.

From these members of the money trade, who roam round the precincts of Capel Court, and who venture to create and take advantage of speculative fevers, we shall now, however, turn, and advert to the phraseology of the Stock Exchange, and endeavour to describe the mysteries of its rhetoric.

Upon turning to that most important part of the daily papers which contains the history of public monetary transactions, the reader may often see such paragraphs as the following:—'An extensive jobber offered, to-day, one-fourth per cent for the *put* of a large parcel of consols, for the next account. The mention of this circumstance will serve to indicate the state of feeling in the market.' Or it may run thus:—'The call of £50,000 of consols was given by a jobber, to-day, at one-eighth, for the account.' The words *put* and *call*, which we seldom see used as substantives in general language, are obverse terms indicative of the operations of the jobber, who agrees, in the one sense, to accept, or, in the other, to deliver, the amount of stock specified, at the per centage named, on the next settling day. Between puts and calls, however, there is an indefinite hesitative word called *options*, which the jobber sells also, and by the sale of which he agrees to either accept or deliver stock at the price named, when the option was taken, at any period during the continuance of the account.

In illustration of these three words, let us, in the first place, describe the operation of a call. Suppose that Gideon Graspmore has a large sum of money which he wishes to multiply, by speculating in the funds; and that the said Gideon Graspmore, being a 'knowing one,' has reason to believe that the market will improve in a short time, which circumstance he is anxious to take advantage of. In this case he purchases the call of a jobber, which transaction will ensure him a certain amount of profit if his calculations have been correct; and which defends him from indefinite loss if he may have formed an incorrect opinion. If a person purchases *bona fide* stock at a certain amount, he can only claim, by the rules of 'Change, a certain amount of stock from the jobber; and he is precisely in this position when he purchases calls; while, at the same time, the jobber can only impose upon him a certain amount of stock if he loses.

Say that consols are at the quotation of 92, and that the speculator wishes to have the call of £10,000 stock. He sends his broker into the house, who asks a jobber at what rate he will sell the call of £10,000 for the next account; or he, in fact, inquires at what rate per cent. the jobber will agree to deliver this amount of stock at the settling day, or pay the difference of price between the sum to be at this time agreed upon, and the rate of the quotations at next settling day. The jobber perhaps will agree to sell the call of £10,000 of consols at 93, for the account day, for one-eighth per cent., being £12:10s. on the amount of stock specified. If the bargain is settled, the speculator stands in the following position in relation to this transaction: If at any time before the account day the funds should rise from their price of 92 to any price above 92, he can call upon the jobber to deliver the stock at the advanced price, 93, or pay the difference. If the price rose to 94, he would gain one per cent., or £100 upon the £10,000 of stock; but if the price, from the period at which he bought until the day of settling, did not exceed 93, the

quotation at which he bought, he would lose the £12:10s. which was agreed upon as the sum for which he purchased his right to call, as he certainly would not call for the stock if the quotations went down below instead of rising above the quotation fixed as that at which he was to begin and realise a profit. The person who purchases the right to put stock upon the jobber, is in a position exactly the reverse of him who buys a call. The former is a 'bear,' because he wishes prices to fall in order that he may actually buy at a reduced rate; the latter is a 'bull,' who watches with intense anxiety the rising of the golden thermometer. If a jobber does not anticipate that the prices of stock will decline more than one per cent. during the period of the account's continuance, he may accede the right to put £10,000 of consols on precisely the same terms as the jobber who took the call for £12:10s. The speculator in this case purchases the chance of gaining the per centage to which consols may fall below 91, for instance, the price upon which they may perhaps agree. This price is one per cent. under the amount which has been indicated as the market price; and unless the quotations are depressed below this, during the open time between the making of the bargain and the settling of accounts, the speculator loses any advantage that might have accrued to him from his right to put. If a speculator wishes to combine both the bullish and bearish in his transactions, or is desirous of having two strings to his bow, he purchases of a jobber 'an option for put and call,' which confers upon him the right to either call for or put a certain amount of stock at the prices to be determined upon. If the jobber takes the option at one-eighth per cent., the speculator for the sum of £25 can call upon the jobber to deliver or accept £10,000 consols at any price above or below the quotations agreed on, say 93 for the call, and 91 for the put; and this he can call upon him to do at any time during the continuance of the account.

The settling days, it will be remembered, are generally once a month. If a bargain of this kind is made at the beginning of the month, the chances of fluctuations are greater, and consequently the speculator must pay a higher price for his contingent advantages. The rates lower as the account day approaches, and the steadiness of the market seems to obviate any chance of sudden elevation or depression.

When trade and commerce, and peace conduce to render the domestic affairs of our country somewhat stable and the people contented, and those of foreign states are prosperous, and likely to continue so from like causes, the jobber inclines to back the bulls and bears, and will sell them options at very moderate rates. If, however, the political atmosphere looks stormy, and the commercial world becomes unsteady in consequence, then the jobber is more shy of entering into those bargains, and will only dispose of options at a very high rate. Several of those jobbers who transact business in this way, grant options from the price of the day without determining themselves the precise quotations which are to bring the put and call into operation. If the account day does not occur for a considerable period, a higher per centage is charged for this arrangement; if the day is near at hand, however, and the probability of fluctuations is consequently not very considerable, the matter is easily disposed of. If the speculator may be said to watch with keen eye the various indications of change in the state of the money market, and if he calculates with jealous care the chances of fortune, so does the jobber; and in these bull or bear and jobber do not coincide in their aims and calculations. Their interests are dissimilar. With eye and front opposed, they try to checkmate each other in the game of fortune, and to aggrandise themselves individually at each other's expense. If the jobber expects a fall, he will dispose of the call at a much lower rate than the put. His grand object in business is always to have plenty of elbow-room when he thinks the risk is greater than it usually is, and that he may save himself from the serious consequences that might accrue to him from any sudden change in the state of 'Change.

## A N E N I G M A.

'Misericordia venit sollicita rebus.'—Ovid.

Read me a Riddle, of profounder sense  
Than ever suppliant, statued in suspense,  
Heard from the Dodonian oaks, or where  
The steep of Delphos cleaves oracular air.  
Read me my Riddle! If the power be thine,  
His laurels Phoebus shall to thee resign,  
And own thee the Diviner, though he be Divine.

I stand for aye! and, by the eternal law,  
Men name me oft in tones of thrilling awe.  
Yet soft my voice; it murmurs as the bee,  
Or whispers gently as the whispering sea.  
The sound of liquid streams is also mine—  
Of the pure Dee, that sends its onward line  
To meet the circling sea, and in one whole combine.  
My tones are ever blended with the breeze;  
There speak they forth in sweet melodious ease.  
I dwell in music; mark of strain or air  
But half-a-dozen notes, and I am there.  
Yet grave and solemn things do not alone  
Absorb my presence, or direct my tone.  
Like half 'the schemes of men and mice' we see,  
I sometimes, I admit, am found 'a-jee';  
So gay that oft I smart, and must endure  
What Kemble titled *achés* for my cure.  
I have an eye for fun in my own way,  
And pry, and peer about, a very jay.  
A key have I to unlock secret things;  
Yet to the race of man no harm it brings.  
I know their need of charity full well,  
And, where they lack an inch, I yield an ell.  
As old Sir Joshua, when annoyed by stuff,  
Shifted his trumpet merely, and took snuff,  
So I, when folly raves, slow to condemn,  
Give forth but some scarce aspirated Hem!  
Heedless though many blame such timid ways,  
And call me 'hen,' in vilest Cockney phrase.  
But who, I ask, would play the censor proud?  
I am, I know, a cipher in the crowd.  
Well gone in years am I, yet, all may see,  
Full fairly form'd, and blooming as a pea.  
Old things, old words, I love as well as new,  
Keep up old ways, and sport, I own, a queue.  
From me is framed full many a character,  
Though some may say, perhaps, I make them err;  
And charge me, not unjustly, I confess,  
With the display of crooked stubbornness.  
A love of scandal none can lay to me,  
Although I live on talk, and must have tea.  
Such as I am, I think that, were I known,  
Friend that now readest, you would prove mine own.  
And I have drams, too, that might stir your glee—  
What the gay French call life, *vis-à-vis*.  
Shy though you be, as hares when hounds pursue,  
I yet might fairly trust to double you.  
In politics I fail, I must allow;  
I am an *œt*, like greater folks ere now;  
And 'all the waves of Wye,' as Shakspeare says,  
Though at command, may not that stain erase.  
Yet should I not by vanity be led;  
I know myself a cipher, I have said;  
And some may call me, with the bard, a 'needless zed.'

Now let me ask you—Is my riddle solved?  
Know you the mysteries therein involved?  
If you guess rightly, then you find in me  
A type for all things, present, past, to be.  
If still you stumble, further still explore;  
For I have named me twenty times and more.  
And if you held that more I ought to say,  
Pray, take it in one grand *et cetera*.

T. SMEDLEY.

THE THREE SISTERS;  
OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

## PART I.—THE PAST.

## CHAP. II.—THE SMUGGLERS.

HORACE was labouring hard in his vocation at the custom-house—where, for one so young, he occupied an important situation; but few years, apparently, would elapse ere he should receive considerable promotion.

One day, the head of his department requested an attendance in private. Horace found him completely immersed in a mass of papers, but he commenced business at once.

'I have recommended you to an affair of some importance, which, from previous skill and attention, I doubt not you will do your best in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion. You are aware of the great deficiency in the look-out, or at any rate the failures, as yet, in detecting a most daring and successful gang of smugglers on the southern coast, whose chief haunt seems to be in the neighbourhood of Southampton. They run from Havre in the most audacious way, by means of a fast-sailing vessel, which none of ours can at present overtake, unless she permit. Several times she has been boarded, but nothing found to justify detention. It is suspected they have an organised corps of confederates throughout that and the neighbouring counties, so as to elude every effort hitherto employed for discovering the means they adopt in securing and disposing of their cargo. Voyage after voyage is performed, but we cannot find out how nor where the goods are landed, where disposed of, nor in what way they continually elude our search. We have now determined to send down a person of steadiness and address, who will reside some time in the neighbourhood, with every possible means at his disposal to facilitate discovery. Are you willing to undertake this?'

Horace was quite alive to the importance, and perhaps danger of the mission; but he would not shrink from duty. With full authority and instructions, therefore, he set out for Southampton, where it was proposed his headquarters should be established. He was now located within about thirty miles from Morton Grange. He had not heard a word from or of the family since he left, and often wondered, while a pang accompanied the thought, how his long-loved, but now lost Gertrude was engaged. He did not intend to go over, hoping some stray intelligence would reach him; nor was he disappointed. From a casual source he heard that Miss Morton was about to be married to Hanbury, the wealthy proprietor of Alton Park. 'Oh, woman! woman!' he ejaculated, mentally, 'what a mass of wonders, inconsistency, and caprice, thou art!' And it was well that the business in which he was engaged so fully occupied him.

One night, as he was just sitting down to coffee and a quiet evening, a messenger came with important news, conveyed in an open letter.

'And so the cutter is at sea again?' said Horace, after perusing it.

'The men on the look-out have seen her, and she may be expected in to-morrow night an hour before flood.'

'Then, of course, all will be ready. You know the arrangements? The officers and the crew will be at their stations, I understand, by nine o'clock. I purpose going along with you this time.'

The envoy departed, and Horace retired to rest, full of anticipation that ere long the business would be concluded.

Next forenoon he made every preparation; and he knew all was committed to the care of as gallant and determined a crew as was ever afloat.

As the time, he felt, would hang heavy and uncomfortable until nightfall, to while away the hours and mitigate his anxiety, he strolled out towards Netley Abbey. The account of those far-famed ruins had long interested him, and he resolved to visit them before he left. As he approached the entrance, a gipsy accosted him—a fine specimen of her race. Who has not heard of the gipsies of Netley Abbey?



He was startled, at first, by her appearance. She seemed to spring from behind a ruined archway; and, as she stood before him, her thick, dark, wiry hair, jet eyes, and swarthy visage, looked scarcely akin to the pale-faced daughters of his own race. She gazed on him intently; her eyes fixed on his, as though she would read his fate and his thoughts, at a glance.

'I see fortune in your lucky face, master. Will you have it told?'

He hesitated a moment ere he replied, 'If you will confess that you don't believe a word of what you pretend to tell, I'll give you something, and more than you would expect for your fee.'

She drew herself up with a lofty air, and her eye flashed unutterable scorn.

'Believe!' said she; 'I do believe, and could make you believe too. My mother's gift comes to the eldest born. We are of high gipsy blood. You judge by the common gang, but they are impostors. Cross my hand with silver, and I'll tell you where there's danger, and how to avoid it.'

Horace, with all his professed and really felt incredulity, possessed the common attributes of our nature, however stifled by reason and education. Love of the marvellous, the mysterious, was no doubt implanted in us for wise purposes, and, when not carried to excess, may be productive of good. We feel there is a world about us unknown, unseen, where, if our eye cannot penetrate, others, more gifted, may pierce the veil that hides us from the invisible.

'If you can tell my business here, and the issue, I will believe, but not till then,' said Horace.

'I'll tell you that, and more.'

He saw a look of earnestness in her manner that shook his incredulity, though it did not convince his judgment. He took out a piece of money as required. She looked attentively in his hand,—then at his face.

'You are bound for a short voyage. Take care of the smuggler. You may hunt for his cargo, and not find it. But think well if you don't get more than your labour for your pains.'

Horace was not a little surprised at the excellent guess she made.

'Well, my good sibyl,' said he, 'and the issue?'

'Not as you wish. There's another in the way. Ah, I see!—a lover; and a maiden not!' the humour. And yet time brings all things round—if not this. Why, there's another, and another. They, perhaps, will not prove unkindly.'

'Aye the old tale; you can never be far wrong with such prophecies. But there's another business. I want to know the end of it; and would give great reward for the discovery.'

'Ay, indeed, and so you would, young master. But the time is not yet. The smuggler's craft has a charmed life at present. She'll not fly; though she could go round and round you if she chose, and laugh at your saucy crew. There's danger though; and shortly. Cross my hand with another, and I'll tell you how to avoid it.'

Though still incredulous, he complied.

'Don't hunt too close. If they ask you to board, lay to and watch; or the ship may fly off with a live cargo.'

All this was vague enough; yet he did not feel the less need for caution; and began to think she knew more about the free-traders than her knowledge of the occult sciences could command. As he was turning away, she called him back, and, in a peculiar tone, said, 'It be a pity, master, so brave a youth should come to harm. They know everything, and are prepared. A smuggler's eyes be everywhere.'

'And yours too,' thought he, 'possess something of that Argus-like capacity.'

'Be on the look out for a lift at the cables.' She turned hastily from him, and was soon lost amid the ruins, nor did he see her again during his stay.

How these forms of the Past contrast with the Present! How strangely out of use and place do they appear! In this utilitarian age, a worthless, unmeaning

mass of stones—a pile of rubbish! yet awakening the past, like a far off sound from days gone by! The Present hath a different voice, and a far different mode of interpreting, embodying man's aspirations after greatness. How, or in what mode, the Future may symbolise these imaginations, we cannot say, but doubtless they, too, will have exponents in outward forms, and creations—images of their own. His thoughts flew rapidly back to the Past, as he wandered through these noble ruins; the mind busy with cast-off forms, and efforts whereby man has striven to invest his longing after the great and the beautiful; trying to escape the dull, cold, realities of life, and rearing a temple to his own inventions. He saw the long, echoing, mysterious aisles, the dim cloisters, the solemn archways, and he peopled them all with living shapes and earnest worshippers. He heard the deep-toned chant, the pealing anthem, the lofty swell, as of some distant organ, accompanied by unseen voices, which rose and fell with the wind, that moaned, while it rushed through those dilapidated walls. The spirit of past ages was upon him, and he could scarcely realise the present time-worn relics, in the vast, the mighty phantasms that imagination called forth.

It was an effort to escape from these waking dreams, and again face the realities he must yet struggle through. He left with regret, and soon, amid preparations for the coming strife, lost those feelings which, too long or too frequently indulged, unfit us for active struggles with the Present.

#### CHAP. III.—THE PURSUIT.

The night drew on, dark and gusty. The stars shone out here and there, through an ever-shifting scud, that rapidly accumulated from the south-west. Horace stepped into the boat along with several of the crew. They were well armed, and, as the clocks ashore sounded nine, ascended the deck of the nice, trim revenue cutter, then moored in Southampton water. They soon got under weigh, and a stiff breeze carried them away towards the channel. Their course lay in the direction of the Isle of Wight; and they were soon to windward of Cakhut Castle. They lay to for a while, to reconnoitre. A considerable swell made this operation somewhat disagreeable to Horace, who, though not quite unused to the sea, was yet too little of a sailor to escape its distressing malady. Nevertheless, he was not incapacitated for duty—his energies only a little more prostrate than might have been wished for, on such an occasion.

The moon, yet below the horizon, sent up a yellow flush above. The clouds began to disperse at her approach, and soon her scarcely half-illuminated face rose up, a fiery crescent on the verge of that vault to which she was climbing.

'We shall have a breeze from that quarter ere long,' said a voice on the starboard bow.

Horace, like other fresh-water sailors, thought what they had at present a sufficient specimen of that nature, without further increase.

'Ay, ay,' said another; 'and yon long, low thing we're looking after will get all the benefit. We'd best give her more offing, if my opinion was asked—which I reckon it will not—'cause as why, if she comes to-night she'll be due south of us, an' those may catch her that can.'

'Don't you see,' said another comrade, 'we must lie to windward, or we've no chance? I'd rather ha' been on t'other side o' the island.'

'Depend on't,' said a third, 'she's just now not far off the Needles. But I reckon we're to lie snug; we've had enough giving chase to a Will-o'-the-wisp like yonder —. I var'ly believe she's some evil thing from Old Davy.'

'That's like enough, for she comes and goes, and plays at hide-and-seek, for all the world like 'The Phantom Ship' Tom was reading about t'other day.'

'And then she's out o' sight all on a sudden; so that when may be you're a-thinking you can lay a broadside on her, she sends out a fog as thick as a mud-bank; and when it clears a bit, she's makin' off out o' reach, direct

't the wind's eye, for miles on t'other tack. Why, mess-mate, I've seen her close inland, where boat nor aught else, hardly, could live. If she be not a chick o' the Flying Dutchman's, I pray she be no worse.'

These speculations were put an end to by the lieutenant—who had been for some time sweeping the horizon with his glass—calling out, 'A sail! Suspicious looking craft, sir,' said he to Horace, who sat on deck. 'She is making for port to hereabouts, or I'm mistaken.' He looked again more attentively. 'Tis she, sure as the fates are propitious. If so, as she cannot well distinguish us, I think, under cover of the shore, she'll, ten to one, make for land somewhere between Poole and Lymington. Let draw the head-sheets,' said he to the mate, 'and steer west-nor-west. If we get her fairly in shore, it will go hard but we have her hauled up before morning.'

The trim bark obeyed the impulse, and was now under easy sail, disguised as much as possible in appearance. Horace, in a while, saw the object more distinctly, which the practised eye of the lieutenant fully made out. He saw a broad, dark sail against a pile of fleecy clouds, just above the horizon, towards the west. He could scarcely, however, make out her character; but the officer expressed himself satisfied she was the vessel of which they were in search. All was calm, deliberate expectation. Every preparation was made for a struggle; and Horace beheld, not without misgivings, the arrangements for a conflict. Yet he was in the path of duty, and in obedience to the commands of his superiors.

The distant sail was kept carefully in sight. Her peculiar shape, the sailors said, could be easily distinguished from others of the like build; even to the unpractised eye of Horace there was something in her look that was out of the common way. She did not seem under press of sail, but swept easily on; the revenue cutter keeping at a respectful distance, within a mile or so on her track. Her object was evidently to make the shore, and, probably, not far a-head, as they saw a fire lighted on the beach, which they supposed, and with good reason, was a signal from friends.

Her pursuers kept pretty close in her wake, but more to windward as she made for the coast. At length she cast anchor, when, at once, the revenue cutter bore down upon her, and ran alongside. During this short interval the smuggler's hands were not idle, though, on approaching, no impediment was observed to their boarding. The crew, on taking possession, proceeded with all haste in their search; but, to their mortification, though knowing she was the most notorious impostor on the whole coast, and one that had often previously escaped them, yet now, when fairly in tow, she put on airs of conscious innocence, as though a perfect pattern of propriety. Not a flaw was to be found; everything fair and above board; papers all correct; so that, without further evidence, it would be impossible to make her out a lawful prize, or even continue longer in possession. Every object, likely and unlikely, was overhauled. Her crew, a very scanty complement, three or four men and as many boys, being the whole. Lading there was none. What was she doing there? Merely for return cargo from Poole to Havre. What was their freight from the French coast? Nothing; and nothing more could be made of her.

Horace was neither an idle nor an uninterested spectator. It was hardly likely, as the lieutenant suggested, this story could be true. She was at anchor, with three cables out, and this operation must have been accomplished both rapidly and dexterously, with so few hands. Horace had a great inclination to remain on board; but this could not be done without consent of the individual in charge. It appears he had completely forgotten the gipsy's warning. He proposed they should ask permission to remain till day-light; but the lieutenant urged a speedy departure, keeping at the same time a strict watch on her proceedings. All had been examined. If, however, Horace could himself get permission, along with another of the cutter's crew, to remain, there could not be the least

objection, provided signals were arranged, in case of fraud or treachery. Horace could not resist the temptation to continue where he was, during the night. All seemed possible—correct; yet the whole transaction was so mysterious, that he felt an irresistible curiosity to remain, at any rate, until she was again under weigh. For this purpose he asked permission from the person in command. It was willingly granted, as well as for another of the crew. The lieutenant promised to be within sight, signals being mutually agreed upon. The boats left, and Horace, along with his companion, prepared to pass the night on board.

The moon was now high and bright in the heavens, and a magnificent train followed her from the east. He again watched that glorious host, wheeling their nightly round, in all the pomp and garniture of a never-changing array. As he gazed, his thoughts took a wider flight, he felt upon the verge, the threshold of the infinite, of which that vast phalanx was but a few stray glimpses from the unseen beyond his ken. Where do the material and immaterial meet—the finite, and the infinite and spiritual, commence? Even in our own nature the facts are inscrutable, how much more when we attempt to soar beyond the bounds of space—to pry into the heavens of heavens that cannot contain Him! It is mind alone that can commune with the spiritual, and all beyond the vast universe where we exist—our bodies but an atom—our souls limitless, unchanging, immutable as the power that created them. How incomprehensibly vast the thought that the soul can alone wing its flight beyond all we see and comprehend—can converse with realities, though invisible, and hold intercourse with what is neither seen nor comprehended! Such were a few of the fancies which rapidly glanced across his imagination, as he gazed on the wide vision the starry hemisphere presented. He sat looking upwards, and around on the waves beneath, indulging in a delicious reverie. Then Gertrude, and his own blighted hopes would intrude. Her form, expression, the bewitching smile that was ever engraven on his heart—the whole of that fearful parting, and her last adieu, came so vividly before him, that he was hardly aware of the novelty, if not danger of his situation. He dreamt not, however, of any untoward result. His friends were not far off, and, should the least change occur, they would soon run down to his help.

He had scarcely closed these judicious reflections, when the master respectfully announced that refreshment was below, and a comfortable hammock, should he be inclined for sleep. He declined the offer, alleging that he had no need of either, and preferred remaining on deck. He did not like to lose the advantages of his present position, nor put himself out of sight and communication with his friends.

'As you will, sir,' said the complacent captain. 'You need not fear treachery; there's nothing in our little boat that will harm you. We labour under the disadvantage of bad character, I own,' continued he, smiling, 'and worse than we deserve.'

But Horace stuck to his determination, preparing his 'sea legs,' as far as he was able, for a walk on deck. He soon, however, felt cold and drowsy, and at length fairly on the look-out for a berth, where, in case of emergency, he might be prepared for action. One near the fore-castle seemed just suitable; and accordingly he contrived to place his own coverings in the best possible manner, along with two or three belonging to the vessel. His companion had already arranged for his own comfort, though sufficiently on the alert in case of alarm. In spite, though, of resolutions to the contrary, sleep, for a few moments, at times overcame him. He was in a large vaulted chamber, Gertrude at his side; then in the little church at Morton Grange, where he saw her with another at the altar. Again he was in a smuggler's cave, his arms pinioned, so that he could not move; strange voices and fantastic forms hovered about him. He started awake to the only true portion of his dream—his arms fastened, and himself lashed to the 'bitte,' near which he lay; at the same time a fellow, with a pistol presented towards him, gave warning that, on the

most noise, he would be despatched. He was excessively alarmed at his own imprudence. He remembered the day's warning, and felt certain she knew of their intentions, being in some manner privy to the proceedings—probably in communication with this desperate gang.

The moon, though now far advanced towards the west, enabled him to perceive that his comrade had been endangered, and was guarded in like manner with himself.

The master of the vessel assured him no harm whatever was intended, if they would remain quiet. 'We have a little work to do,' said he, 'and then you will be set at liberty.' What this work was, Horace, amidst all his vexation, felt vastly curious to ascertain.

He was not long kept in ignorance on the subject. The crew began to heave in the cables, and he could not help recurring to the gipsy, who had cautioned him on this point also. Almost immediately after they commenced, his surprise may be imagined, when he saw a large number of kegs attached in clusters, almost the whole length of each cable. They all displayed the same fruitful progeny; and had not Horace been too much vexed at being so daringly outwitted, it would have afforded no little amusement to watch them hauled on deck.

In a while the boats were launched under cover of the vessel, and the whole quickly conveyed ashore. Parties, it appeared, were in waiting for the cargo, and, in an incredibly short time, the whole had disappeared; the agents being evidently used to despatch of business. When done, the deck assumed its previous appearance, nor betrayed signs either of roguery or ill intentions.

Horace could only look on; no other course was practicable. Indeed he could not have made himself heard, and his friends, on the look-out for signals, did not pay much attention to anything else.

#### SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.\*

THE Moslem invaders reposed for a month at Damascus from the toil of conquest, during which time Abu Obeidah sent to the Caliph to know whether he should undertake the siege of Caesarea, or Jerusalem. Ali was with Omar at the time, and advised the instant siege of the latter; for such, he said, had been the intention of the prophet. The enterprise against Jerusalem was as a holy war to the Moslems, for they revered it as an ancient seat of prophecy and revelation, connected with the histories of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet; and sanctified by containing the tombs of several of the ancient prophets. The Caliph adopted the advice of Ali, and ordered Abu Obeidah to lead his army into Palestine, and lay siege to Jerusalem.

On receiving these orders, Abu Obeidah sent forward Yezed Abu Sofian, with five thousand men, to commence the siege, and for five successive days detached after him considerable reinforcements. The people of Jerusalem saw the approach of these portentous invaders, who were spreading such consternation throughout the East, but they made no sally to oppose them, nor sent out any one to parley, but planted engines on their walls, and prepared for a vigorous defence. Yezed approached the city and summoned it by sound of trumpet, propounding the customary terms, profession of the faith or tribute: both were rejected with disdain. The Moslems would have made instant assault, but Yezed had no such instructions; he encamped, therefore, and waited until orders arrived from Abu Obeidah to attack the city when he made the necessary preparations. At cock-crow in the morning the Moslem host was marshalled; the leaders repeated the matin prayer each at the head of his battalion, and all, as if by one consent, with a loud voice gave the verse from the Koran: 'Enter ye, oh people! into the holy land which Allah hath destined for you.' For ten days they made repeated but unavailing attacks; and on the eleventh day Abu Obeidah brought the whole army to their aid.

He immediately sent a written summons requiring the inhabitants to believe in the unity of God, the divine mission of Mahomet, the resurrection and final judgment; or else to acknowledge allegiance, and pay tribute to the Caliph; 'otherwise,' concluded the letter, 'I will bring men against you who love death better than you love wine or swine's flesh; nor will I leave you, God willing, until I have destroyed your fighting men, and made slaves of your children.'

The summons was addressed to the magistrates and principal inhabitants of *Ælia*, for so Jerusalem was named after the emperor *Ælius* Adrian, when he rebuilt that city. Sophronius, the Christian patriarch, or bishop of Jerusalem, replied that this was the holy city, and the holy land, and that whoever entered either for a hostile purpose, was an offender in the eyes of God. He felt some confidence in setting the invaders at defiance, for the walls and towers of the city had been diligently strengthened, and the garrison had been reinforced by fugitives from Yermouk, and from various parts of Syria. The city, too, was strong in its situation, being surrounded by deep ravines and a broken country; and above all there was a pious incentive to courage and perseverance in defending the sepulchre of Christ. Four wintry months elapsed; every day there were sharp skirmishings; the besiegers were assailed by sallying parties, annoyed by the engines on the walls, and harassed by the inclement weather; still they carried on the siege with undiminished spirit. At length the patriarch Sophronius held a parley from the walls with Abu Obeidah. 'Do you not know,' said he, 'that this city is holy; and that whoever offers violence to it, draws upon his head the vengeance of Heaven?'—'We know it,' replied Abu Obeidah, 'to be the house of the prophets, where their bodies lie interred; we know it to be the place whence our prophet Mahomet made his nocturnal ascent to heaven; and we know that we are more worthy of possessing it than you are, nor will we raise the siege until Allah has delivered it into our hands, as he has done many other places.'

Seeing there was no further hope, the patriarch consented to give up the city, on condition that the Caliph would come in person to take possession and sign the articles of surrender. When this unusual stipulation was made known to the Caliph, he held a council with his friend. Omar despised the people of Jerusalem, and was for refusing their terms, but Ali represented the sanctity and importance of the place in the eyes of the Christians, which might prompt them to reinforce it, and to make a desperate defence, if treated with indignity. Besides, he added, the presence of the Caliph would cheer and inspire the army in their long absence, and after the hardships of a wintry campaign. The words of Ali had their weight with the Caliph; though certain Arabian writers pretend that he was chiefly moved by a tradition handed down in Jerusalem from days of yore, which said, that a man of his name, religion, and personal appearance, should conquer the holy city. Whatever may have been his inducements, the Caliph resolved to receive in person the surrender of Jerusalem. He accordingly appointed Ali to officiate in his place during his absence from Medina; then, having prayed at the mosque, and paid a pious visit to the tomb of the prophet, he set out on his journey. The progress of this formidable potentate, who already held the destinies of empires in his grasp, and had the plunder of the Orient at his command, is characteristic of the primitive days of Mahometanism, and reveals, in some measure, the secret of its success. He travelled on a red or sorrel camel, across which was slung an alforja, or wallet, with a huge sack or pocket at each end, something like the modern saddle-bags. One pocket contained dates and dried fruits, and the other a provision called *sawik*, which was nothing more than barley, rice, or wheat, parched or soddened. Before him hung a feathered bottle, or sack, for water, and behind him a wooden platter. His companions, without distinction of rank, ate with him out of the same dish, using their fingers according to oriental usage. He slept at night

\* From Washington Irvine's new work, 'Mahomet and his Successors.'

on a mat spread out under a tree, or under a common Bedouin tent of haircloth, and never resumed his march until he had offered up the morning prayer.

As he journeyed through Arabia in this simple way, he listened to the complaints of the people, redressed their grievances, and administered justice with sound judgment and a rigid hand. Information was brought to him of an Arab who was married to two sisters, a practice not unusual among idolaters, but the man was now a Mahometan. Omar cited the culprit and his two wives into his presence, and taxed him roundly with his offence; but he declared his ignorance that it was contrary to the law of the prophet.

'Thou liest,' said Omar; 'thou shalt part with one of them instantly, or lose thy head.'

'Evil was the day that I embraced such a religion,' muttered the culprit. 'Of what advantage has it been to me?'

'Come nearer to me,' said Omar; and, on his approaching, the Caliph bestowed two wholesome blows on his head with his walking-staff. 'Enemy of God and of thyself,' cried he, 'let these blows reform thy manners, and teach thee to speak with more reverence of a religion ordained by Allah, and acknowledged by the best of his creatures.' He then ordered the offender to choose between his wives, and finding him at a loss which to prefer, the matter was determined by lot, and he was dismissed by the Caliph with this parting admonition—'Whoever professes Islam, and afterwards renounces it, is punishable with death; therefore take heed to your faith. And as to your wife's sister, whom you have put away, if ever I hear that you have meddled with her, you shall be stoned.'

At another place he beheld a number of men exposed to the burning heat of the sun by their Moslem conquerors, as a punishment for failing to pay their tribute. Finding, on inquiry, that they were entirely destitute of means, he ordered them to be released; and turning reproachfully to their oppressors, 'Compel no men,' said he, 'to more than they can bear; for I heard the apostle of God say, he who afflicts his fellow-man in this world will be punished with the fire of Jehennam.'

While yet within a day's journey of Jerusalem, Abu Obeidah came to meet him and conduct him to the camp. The Caliph proceeded with due deliberation, never forgetting his duties as a priest and teacher of Islam. In the morning he said the usual prayers, and preached a sermon, in which he spoke of the security of those whom God should lead in the right way; but added, that there was no help for such as God should lead into error. A grey-headed Christian priest, who sat before him, could not resist the opportunity to criticise the language of the Caliph preacher. 'God leads no man into error,' said he, aloud. Omar deigned no direct reply, but, turning to those around, 'Strike off that old man's head,' said he, 'if he repeats his words.' The old man was discreet, and held his peace. There was no arguing against the sword of Islam.

On his way to the camp, Omar beheld a number of Arabs, who had thrown by the simple garb of their country, and arrayed themselves in the silken spoils of Syria. He saw the danger of this luxury and effeminacy, and ordered that they should be dragged with their faces in the dirt, and their silken garments torn from their backs. When he came in sight of Jerusalem he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, 'Allah Achbar! God is mighty! God grant us an easy conquest!' Then commanding his tent to be pitched, he dismounted from his camel, and sat down within it on the ground. The Christians thronged to see the sovereign of this new and irresistible people, who were overrunning and subduing the earth. The Moslems, fearful of an attempt at assassination, would have kept them at a distance, but Omar rebuked their fears. 'Nothing will befall us but what God hath decreed. Let the faithful trust in him.'

The arrival of the Caliph was followed by immediate capitulation. When the deputies from Jerusalem were admitted to a parley, they were astonished to find this

dreaded potentate a bald-headed man, simply clad, and seated on the ground in a tent of haircloth. The articles of surrender were drawn up in writing by Omar, and served afterwards as a model for the Moslem leaders in other conquests. The Christians were to build no new churches in the surrendered territory. The church doors were to be set open to travellers, and free ingress permitted to Mahometans by day and night. The bells should only toll, and not ring, and no crosses should be erected on the churches, nor shown publicly in the streets. The Christians should not teach the Koran to their children; nor speak openly of their religion; nor attempt to make proselytes; nor hinder their kinsfolk from embracing Islam. They should not assume the Moslem dress, either caps, slippers, or turbans, nor part their hair like Moslems, but should always be distinguished by girdles. They should not use the Arabian language in inscriptions on their signets, nor salute after the Moslem manner, nor be called by Moslem surnames. They should rise on the entrance of a Moslem, and remain standing until he should be seated. They should entertain every Moslem traveller three days gratis. They should sell no wine, bear no arms, and use no saddle in riding; neither should they have any domestic who had been in Moslem service.

Such were the degrading conditions imposed upon the proud city of Jerusalem, once the glory and terror of the East, by the leader of a host of wandering Arabs. They were the conditions generally imposed by the Moslems in their fanatical career of conquest. Utter scorn and abhorrence of their religious adversaries formed one of the main pillars of their faith. The Christians having agreed to surrender on these terms, the Caliph gave them, under his own hand, an assurance of protection in their lives and fortunes, the use of their churches, and the exercise of their religion.

Omar entered the once splendid city of Solomon on foot, in his simple Arab garb, with his walking-staff in his hand, and accompanied by the venerable Sophronius, with whom he talked familiarly, inquiring about the antiquities and public edifices. The worthy patriarch treated the conqueror with all outward deference, but, if we may trust the words of a Christian historian, he loathed the dirty Arab in his heart, and was particularly disgusted with his garb of coarse woollen, patched with sheepskin. His disgust was almost irrepressible when they entered the church of the Resurrection, and Sophronius beheld the Caliph in his filthy attire, seated in the midst of the sacred edifice. 'This, of a truth,' exclaimed he, 'is the abomination of desolation predicted by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place.' It is added that, to prove the cleanly scruples of the patriarch, Omar consented to put on clean raiment, which he offered him, until his own garments were washed.

An instance of the strict good faith of Omar is related as occurring on this visit to the Christian temples. While he was standing with the patriarch in the church of the Resurrection, one of the stated hours for Moslem worship arrived, and he demanded where he might pray. 'Where you now are,' replied the patriarch. Omar, however, refused, and went forth. The patriarch conducted him to the church of Constantine, and spread a mat for him to pray there; but again he refused. On going forth, he knelt, and prayed on the flight of steps leading down from the east gate of the church. This done, he turned to the patriarch, and gave him a generous reason for his conduct. 'Had I prayed in either of the churches,' said he, 'the Moslems would have taken possession of it, and consecrated it as a mosque.' So scrupulous was he in observing his capitulations respecting the churches, that he gave the patriarch a writing, forbidding the Moslems to pray upon the steps where he had prayed; except one person at a time. The zeal of the faithful, however, stripped their respect for his commands; and one half of the steps and porch was afterwards included in a mosque built over the spot which he had accidentally sanctified. The Caliph next sought the place where the temple of Solomon had stood, where he founded a mosque, which

in after times, being enlarged and enriched by succeeding caliphs, became one of the noblest edifices of Islam worship, and second only to the magnificent mosque of Cordova.

The surrender of Jerusalem took place in the seventeenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Christian era.

### Original Poetry.

#### A PRAYER.

Almighty Jehovah! before thee we fall;  
Creator, sustainer, and Lord over all;  
Great source of all pleasure and pain;  
At whose nod from on high the wild tempests are driven,  
At whose word streameth forth the fierce lightning of heaven,  
By whose will the dark mountains asunder are riven,  
Oh, let not our prayers be in vain!

Great essence of goodness, of justice, and love,  
From eternity throned in thy eulam above—  
Immutable, Infinite God,  
By whose power the vast ocean is chain'd to its bed,  
By whose power in their circles the planets are led,  
By whose power heaven's dome was with stars overspread.  
Oh, guide us from sin's fatal road!

From the depths of the ocean to earth's utmost bound,  
In ravine and valley, O God, thou art found,  
By all who would seek thee aright.  
Could we penetrate earth to its innermost cave,  
Or were mountains on mountains laid over our grave,  
Were the ocean itself above us to rave,  
We could not be hid from thy sight.

Thou source of all being, of measureless worth,  
At whose breath yonder ball of effulgence had birth,  
To thee we in suppliance cry!  
The universe, Father, is fill'd with thy grace,  
From the throne of bright heaven to uttermost space;  
E'en for us—a rebellious, iniquitous race—  
Thou gavest the Saviour to die.

Oh, Father of worlds—omnipotent God!  
Support us, thy creatures, who groan 'neath a load  
Of transgressions entirely our own.  
When thy thunders shall o'er this universe boom,  
And awake all who are, or have been, from the tomb,  
May we number with those who in glory shall bloom  
Eternally round thy high throne.

W. M.

#### EDWARD AND MACARIA.

'I come,' said Edward, opening the door of Macaria's studio, 'to remind you of the promise you made the other evening, that, on the first clear night, you would give me a lesson on the stars.'

'I am pleased to be reminded of my promise,' said Macaria, looking up with a sweet smile from 'Flaxman's Designs,' one of which—'Orestes Pursued by the Furies'—she was studying when Edward entered.

'What a charming apartment you have for your study!' said Edward, looking round. 'I now know how to estimate the privilege which you granted me, viz., permission to enter these sacred precincts whenever I felt inclined.'

'That is a privilege granted to few,' said Macaria; 'but the devout student I am always willing to aid. It is to the young we look with hope. From the old—enslaved by early impressions, and fettered by prejudices; devoid of courage, either mental or physical—we expect nothing. I have lived to see the dawn of the spiritual era contending with the darkness of the opposite pole; you may live to gaze upon the calm, clear azure of its noon. I would willingly aid you, then, devout as I see you are, in the development of your moral nature. The tree grows according to its amount of vitality; but, in order to the due

and one of the most important of these is favourable environment.'

Edward fixed on Macaria his earnest eye, as the light of the lamp fell upon her countenance. The features were large and handsome, and the eye beaming and powerful; but the prominent characteristic of the face was its emotions. Touching and persuasive as were the tones that fell from her lips, the utterance was incomplete without the passing emotion of the countenance. This was the accompaniment to each revelation,—the light by which her dark sayings were to be read. Her form, too, was flexible, and her stature tall and commanding; but her nature—deep, pure, and high—evinced itself, not in these, but in an emanation of spirit which, powerful, though intangible, made the 'bower she dwelt in as a sainted shrine;' diffusing around her a holy atmosphere, in which no impure thought could live.

'I am glad you came to-night,' said she. 'We should always begin, at least, with the plain and clear. This window,' she added, withdrawing the curtain, 'embraces an hour on each side of the meridian; but as the fresh air and the exercise of walking brace and invigorate the frame, so do they quicken and enliven the mind; therefore we will walk out. Night hath many beauties to the open soul besides her stars. I spend long hours solitary, alone, in the silent fortresses of nature.'

'What! do you, a woman, walk out unattended after dark?' asked Edward, astonished.

'In the region of absolute truth,' replied Macaria, 'night is but a conic shadow. I have long since broken through those conventionalisms that mar and limit the nature of woman. That a woman should be modest, retiring, gentle, I allow; that she should become imbecile, cannot be pleasing to God or to any right thinking man. We have permitted foolish custom to enslave us; and, feeble and enervated, we have fallen from our high estate. We must return to our lost allegiance; and, abjuring the *ignis fatuus* of custom, walk by the light of the Spirit. To those who lead the divine life there can be no fear. God is stronger than all the powers of darkness.'

'So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liv'd angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guile;  
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begins to cast a beam on the outer shape,  
The unpolished temple of the mind,  
And turns it, by degrees, to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal.'

Often have I sat in the far fields, from the close of day till deep night, watching the changes of earth and sky; have seen the sun descend, amid crowds of veiled seraphim; have listened to the solemn stillness when earth, ocean, air, were hushed in silent adoration before the flood of glory; and caught the angel-whisper of the twilight winds, as it passed through the leafy trees, announcing the approach of night. They do, indeed, cheat themselves of much, who, from a coward fear of custom, deny themselves these high and pure delights. They are to me the lustral waters that cleanse and heal my being from the scars of time.'

'I have often,' said Edward, 'felt pleasure while walking amid fine scenery during moonlight; but I always thought such pleasure enhanced by communion with a friend, whereas you seem to seek communion with nature,—to love solitude for what it yields you,—nay, to prefer it to society.'

'In solitude the nature deepens, in society it broadens,' said Macaria; 'therefore the scholar will seek both. You are young, Edward, and you must pass over every step of the ground. The mysteries are not revealed but to the duly initiated. He who would gather the broken fragments of Osiris must pass through many regions.'

'Now you talk metaphorically,' said Edward; 'but I ask you a plain question,—Could you, with your large soul and deep insight into being—could you not initiate me, give me of your mind?'

'I can do somewhat for you,' Macaria replied; 'culture can do much more. But time and trial only can break down the barriers that sense hath raised around the soul, and give free entrance to the light from heaven.'

'So you always tell me,' said Edward, as, giving Macaria his arm, they stepped from the studio into the garden, on their way to a rising ground, from which a view of a larger range of sky might be obtained. But he became silent and impressed, as, leaving the enclosures behind them, they stood upon more open ground, and beheld the landscape, domed by galaxies of stars. Those of our readers who are in the habit of observing the sky will be able to sympathize with our student if they call to remembrance the aspect of the heavens in the middle of January, about nine in the evening. In the meridian is the brilliant constellation Orion, the dazzling star-dust around it, contrasting finely with the larger stars of the groups; the Hyades, lying to the north-west; with the glowing star, Aldebaran; and, farther west still, the Pleiades, 'glittering like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid'; while in the zenith the shining star, Capella, is flanked on the one side by Castor and Pollux, and on the other by the host of stars forming the constellation Perseus; and, lying along the western horizon, Regulus, Procyon, Sirius, shine from out the deep blue of night. But, besides these, the western sky was peculiar and beautiful. The crescent moon hung, like a fairy bark, about two degrees above the horizon; near her, the planets Venus and Mars in conjunction. Two long irregular bars of cloud floated beneath them, their edges silvered by the light of the moon—the only cloud in that beautiful sky,—and the sea lay silent below. You only became aware of its trembling motion by the long streak of glittering sheen with which the moon bound like a zone the mighty waters.

'A very glorious sky!' said Macaria, as if in answer to Edward's thoughts, for no exclamation had escaped him. Indeed, he seemed to have forgotten that Macaria was present, for he started when she spoke, and only answered, in a low suppressed voice, 'Beautiful! beautiful!'

Macaria, pleased with his devotion, remained silent till they had attained the eminence spoken of. Then, pointing out to him the different groups, and naming the larger stars, she added, as Edward gazed in admiration, 'Yes, they are indeed beautiful! I rejoice to find even *one* soul that is penetrated with such beauty. Oh, I have wept, when, enriched myself by the holy influences of nature, I have met parties, coarse, degraded, descending to foolish ribaldry, in the presence of beauty that should have filled them with worship and love!'

'Then you admit,' said Edward, 'that, among the sons of men, there are those who are inferior. I was led to think you were of a different opinion, by your conversation the other evening, when you seemed to me to maintain that all were alike capable of appreciating beauty, if placed in circumstances favourable to the development of the faculties.'

'Each perception,' replied Macaria, 'that is permitted to lie inactive, is an eye, possessing all the powers of sight, remaining untouched. The diamond that is cut and polished, and thereby made capable of reflection and refraction, and the diamond that is enveloped with rubbish and sand, are one and the same in constituent atoms. True education, then, consists in removing the obscurations; but our popular teachers content themselves with covering over the rubbish, and giving a fair exterior, thereby adding the pride of intellect to barriers of the Spirit already too great. To natures so marred, this beauty finds no entrance; the surfaces of being are affected, but the everlasting gates are closed. With an enlarged and vigorous system of education, that would open the windows of the soul, vitality would be obtained, and men, growing in wisdom and goodness, would look upon each intelligence as a step in the advancement of being, each experience as another scripture that he had fulfilled; and, comprehending clearly the meaning and majesty of existence, he would see that possession is nothing, *LUKE* is all.'

'I think,' said Edward, 'I begin to see into your mean-

ing. But you said something the other evening of disease of the intellect that I did not rightly comprehend. Before I could accept of aught from a teacher I must be able to accept all; otherwise, I should have no assurance that what I believed was not a deception as well as the rest.'

'You are yet limited in insight,' said Macaria. 'George Fox, in writing to the Lady Clappole, has this memorable passage:—"Looking down at sin and destruction, ye are swallowed in it; but looking at the light, which discovers them, ye will see over them, and gain the victory," and thus secure "the first step to peace." A scripture saith, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven." Take care that no strong man enter thy house, and bind thee.' But enough of this at present. From the seed comes forth stem, foliage, and flowers; and each of these must be duly developed before it comes to seed again.'

'Now you return to your parables,' said Edward. 'The other night you talked of esoteric and exoteric teaching; of minds incapable, through the smallness of their calibre, of perceiving, in the operations of nature, the symbolic lessons that Divine goodness intended they should convey. This is all dark to me; you must speak more clearly.'

'Say rather,' said Macaria, 'that such light is more than your mental vision can at present bear. There is no process in nature or the material world which does not suggest a parallel phenomenon in the world of mind. This power of abstraction, however, demands a large acquaintance with the objective (for the chemist, you will allow, must know his materials well ere he attempt transmutation), before the mind can trace the subtle relations existing between physics and metaphysics, and extract the lessons thus given in symbols. Yet if the soul be kept open, light will enter. The discovery of specific gravity, by Archimedes—of the law of gravitation, by Newton—of any of the mysterious secrets of nature—involves a greater discovery,—a discovery that would prove largely beneficial to mankind, viz., that into the open soul *light* is continually flowing. 'My book,' says the brave Kepler, 'may well wait a century for a reader, since God waited seven thousand years for an observer!'

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

APRIL—(CONTINUED.)

### EASTER EVE.

EASTER EVE is the close of the Saturday immediately preceding the Sunday observed in the Romish Church as the day of our Saviour's resurrection. Easter is derived from a Saxon verb, *oster*, signifying to rise. From the same root comes the word east, which is used to designate the point of the horizon in which the sun rises. This period was less a period of festivity than of vigils and awe with the general people; it was a time of solemn importance and grave preparation with the clergy. The people trimmed their tapers and muttered their aves and credos as they repaired to the church, where they witnessed with trembling the ceremonies of their clergy. It was customary in this country, on this eve, to extinguish all fires and lights in the churches, and to re-light a vessel flame with the sparks struck from a flint. A large fire was then lighted and blessed by the priest, and the people eagerly sought after the brands from this hallowed pile, supposing that these charred faggots, when re-lighted, would protect them at any time from lightning or the evil effects of any storm. The Paschal taper was then blessed, and garnished with frankincense, in order to increase its sanctity. This magnificent taper, sometimes of enormous size, was kept constantly burning day and night, in memory of Christ's triumph over the gloom of the grave and hell. It is stated that the Paschal or Easter taper of the Abbey Church of Westminster was 300 lbs. weight in the year 1557; and in the sacristy of Christ Church, Canterbury, wax candles of the following ponderous gravity and

incense were anciently used—*Cercus Paschalis*, or Paschal taper, 360 lbs.; *Cercus ad fontes*, or taper that was burnt beside the font, 10 lbs. After the consecration of the Paschal taper, the priest proceeded to hallow the water that was to be used for baptismal purposes in the ensuing year; that which had on the previous Easter Eve been prepared, being cast out as no more fit for this purpose. The hallowing of the water was an imposing ceremony, the ecclesiastical fraternity moving through the passages and aisles of the churches with their lighted candles, crosses, banners, the chrisme full of sacred oil, &c., hoisted aloft and finely displayed. This procession moved round the font nine times, those composing it calling upon the saints and chanting. At last they drew up round the church well, when the priest, approaching it, touched the water three times, repeating some formula; after which he extinguished his taper by immersion therein, breathing on it three times when he took it out again, and then pouring the contents of his chrisme upon it, which ended the ceremony. The people, believing the water thus consecrated to have received power against devils and diseases, carried it home in vessels, and preserved it as a talisman. This was the last ceremony of Lent. The six weeks' fast was now done, and the people had liberty once more to the eating of butcher-meat.

#### EASTER-DAY.

Is it not worthy of observation, that the customs and pastimes which used to be regarded as grave and serious affairs by our bearded, doubled ancestors, only now linger amongst us as childish amusements and observances? The days that of old were welcomed with a suspension from all serious or industrial employments—that kings, statesmen, churchmen, magistrates, and grey-bearded senators, came down from their thrones, altars, and tribunals, to hail with buffoonery, are now only regarded by our children with the faintest show of observance. It might not be unprofitable to ask how far the common mind of our ancestors exceeded the general capacity of our children, and by a comparative view ascertain the amount of mental progress that has been attained by society generally during the last two centuries. It is certain that the taste for pageantry and rude buffoonery is being displaced by a more refined spirit of amusement. The drunken revels of the crowd, the cock-fightings and dog-worryings, that distinguished the holidays of our rude forefathers, have been succeeded by milder and more intellectual fetes and reunions. Easter, or, as it is termed in Scotland, Pace, Sunday has a place in the memory of all living, as a day of reflection upon dyed eggs. On Easter Eve of modern times, logwood, rose-pink, scarlet cloth, the dried coatings of onions, and every other easily attained dye, is subjected, in conjunction with diverse eggs, to ardent decoction, in order to prepare the latter for the rolling festivities of the following day. This is one of the visible and seasonal practices of old Easter still retained; the more abstruse ideas associated with it have no general existence now, in Scotland at least. In priestly times it was a popular practice in these realms to extinguish all the fires on Easter Sunday, and, having cleared away all the ashes from the chimneys, and swept and washed the houses free of all dust and impurities, to bring home rushes and spring flowers, with which to strew the floor. This, says an old chronicler, was an example to all men and women, that just as they bore out from their houses the fire and other unclean substances on Easter day, so should they purify their souls from all uncleanness. At midnight of Easter eve, the people assembled in the church to matins; and those of them who were remarkable for gluttony repaired after that service to feasts of flesh, custards, eggs, radishes, creams, cheese, and other dainties. Some of them brought the first offerings of their *déjeuners* to be blessed by the priest. Mendicant friars levied heavy contributions upon the people at this time; and many of the superstitious confined themselves to the eating of radishes, in order to fortify them against quartan-ague and diseases of a similar nature.

In all countries, and from the remotest antiquity, there have been observances similar to those which our young people still perpetuate amongst us with their dyed eggs. Amongst the Egyptians, an egg was venerated as the sacred type of what humanity was after the renovation of the deluge. The Jews conceived it to be a symbol of their own circumstances before they came forth from the land of bondage, and representative also of a bird called zig, which the rabbins had extolled to a wonderful degree. On the table specially dedicated to the support of the Paschal lamb, at the feast of the Passover, a hard-boiled egg was placed by the Jewish women; and the early Christians looked upon it as typical of the resurrection. Persians, Romans, Turks, Greeks, Ganks, and Saxons, all incorporated the egg with their superstitious observances. Pliny says that the young Romans used to paint eggs red, and amuse themselves with them; red seems to have been the general colour imparted to them in succeeding times. In the sixth satire of Juvenal, and in one of the books of Ovid, we find eggs specified as amongst the paraphernalia of the ancient Roman ceremonies and offerings. Ovid paints an old woman offering eggs as expiation for her faults. Juvenal refers to the custom of offering a hundred eggs at the autumnal equinox, in order to propitiate the destructive winds of that season. In a Latin work called 'Oriental Sports,' published in 1694, we are informed that, at Easter and forty days subsequently, the younger sons of the Christians of Mesopotamia purchased hard-boiled eggs, which they regarded as emblematical of the resurrection of Christ, and which they daubed with red paint, in memory of the blood shed by him for sin. This festive occasion was also in the Turkish calendar denominated *Kizil Yumurda*, and with the Persians it was called *Beida Surkh*. In the market-places of the East, hard-boiled eggs were sold, and those who purchased them and took part in the sports, ran about, seeking for combatants to contest with them the hardness of their shells. The eggs were smashed against each other, and the broken one was forfeited to the victor. Amongst the Roman Catholics, eggs are forbidden food during Lent; and as the dispensation to eat them comes at Easter, a feast is made of them. The Rumanians of the Greek Church dye their eggs at Easter of a red colour with Brazil wood, and each person offers one upon that day to the parish priest, who blesses these which they retain. During the continuance of the Easter holidays, each person carries about with him or her an egg, and on meeting with friends they salute each other, formally allude to the resurrection of the Saviour, and then exchange their eggs. In the north of England, as at present in Scotland, eggs are boiled hard, dyed, gilt with gold leaf, and presented to children, who roll them in the fields. In Scotland the practice is discountenanced upon the Lord's day, but the children in some parts have a half-holiday from school on Monday, to indulge in their innocent game of Pace eggs.

On Easter Sunday, a practice at one time prevailed in some parts of Yorkshire, amongst the rural swains, of clandestinely possessing themselves of the maidens' shoe-buckles, and making off with them. On Monday the young women made reprisals of both the shoes and buckles of the young men, and the redemption of these was purchased by small sums, which, being clubbed, formed a forfeit fund, from which the price of a cake, called *tanamy* cake, was disbursed, and from which a fiddler was paid for his services at the dance, which took place on the Wednesday following.

Easter, which was the finish of six weeks of pretended austerity, being closed, there opened up to the people a course of sports and revellings called the Easter holidays, of which we are duly notified by the suspension of parliamentary business at that season. The principal game in practice at that period was that of hand-ball, the antiquity of which is uncertain, and the signification of which is merely conjectural. One game, which we hope was not a very serious one, and which, from the reciprocity of victory, we are inclined to believe was not so, was that of fisticuffs between husband and wife. On Easter Tuesday



the 'weaker vessel' rose up against the man, whom she had promised to love and obey, and did beat him; and on the following day he, becoming mighty in wrath and strength, did teach her by the weight of his arm that he was indeed the head of his household. Sports on the water; foot-races, in which men and maidens contended with each other for the prize of a tansay cake; tilting at the quintain; hunting, and various other games, were indulged in at Easter, with all the joyousness and hilarity of people released from a hateful restraint. The sobriety of a general moral conscience was nowhere visible at that time of high jinking; all the allusions and demonstrations of the acts and thoughts of the people were sensual, and shadowed forth a nation still only a few steps from barbarism.

There was a curious practice retained in the north of England not long ago, and probably it is still so in some parts, called 'lifting,' or 'heaving,' on Easter holidays. It was originally performed by lifting an individual horizontally by the arms and feet. This, done three times, referred, it is said, to the resurrection of Christ. In this way the men used to lift the women on Easter Monday, and the women returned the compliment on Tuesday. Edward Longshanks, it is recorded, was lifted one morning from his bed by a party of ladies, so that the practice must, in his day, have prevailed among all classes. 'Heaving,' which seems to have succeeded the somewhat indelicate ceremony of 'lifting,' was performed, according to the 'Public Advertiser' of 13th April, 1787, in the following mode—'On the first day, a party of men go with a chair into every house to which they can get admission, force every female to be seated in their vehicle, and lift her up three times, with loud huzzas. For this they claim the reward of a chaste salute, which those who are too coy to submit to may get exempted from by a fine of one shilling, and receive a written testimony, which secures them from a repetition of the ceremony for that day.'

#### HOKE DAY.

This festival day, long ago forgotten as such by the vulgar, was peculiar to England. Both the institution of the day and the derivation of the term have been subjects of much discussion, which is strong presumptive evidence that nothing certain is known on the subject. Of all the theories which have been propounded, however, that of the holiday having been derived from the death of Hardicanute, a Danish king reigning in England, when the Saxons were freed from the yoke of their oppressors, seems the more consistent. It appears that the Dane died while attending a wedding, and on this account the women bear away on Hoke day. It was generally observed on the Tuesday of the second week after Easter, but even the precise day of its celebration was uncertain. It was customary to gather money at this festival, which was said to be applied to the repair of the pariah churches.

#### ST GEORGE'S DAY (23d).

The history of St George, the patron saint of England, is involved in profound mystery. He is said to have appeared miraculously at the head of a numerous army clothed in white, with a red cross for their banner, and to have put the Saracens to flight at the celebrated siege of Antioch, during the first crusade in Palestine. People of fashion used to appear in blue coats on St George's day. Formerly the day was observed with much enthusiasm. From the accounts of the churchwardens, it would appear that considerable expense was incurred in making and decorating the figure of St George. And a belief still exists in Finland, that whoever produces a disturbance on St George's day is in danger ever after of perishing in a storm and tempest, or suffering otherwise from their effects.

#### ST MARK'S DAY (25th).

In the observance of this day, which was held as a fast in the Catholic Church, in imitation of the sober and ab-

stinent St Mark's followers, who founded the first Christian church at Alexandria, it was usual to implore blessings upon the corn. It was held unlucky in many places to work on St Mark's day. In London, in 1589, we are informed, an 'ale-wife,' who continued to brew on that day, was burnt out of her house, the veat having taken fire, and it being impossible to extinguish the flames. In Wales, too, no farmer would hold his team on St Mark's day, from a belief that he who did so would lose an ox. This idea arose from a person having lost one of his oxen who was guilty of this breach of idleness.

#### TRUE WISDOM IS CONCILIATORY.

It seemeth to me that whoever applies himself to the study of wisdom, in hopes of becoming, one day, capable of directing his fellow-citizens, will not indulge, but rather take pains to subdue, whatever he finds in his temper of turbulent and impetuous, knowing that enmity and danger are the attendants on force, while the path of persuasion is all security and goodwill; for they who are compelled, hate whoever compels them, supposing they have been injured; whereas we conciliate the affections of those we gain by persuasion; while they consider it as a kindness to be applied to in such a manner. Therefore it is only for those to employ force, who possess strength without judgment; but the well-advised will have recourse to other means. Besides, he who pretends to carry his point by force, hath need of many associates; but the man who can persuade, knows that he is himself sufficient for the purpose; neither can such a one be supposed forward to shed blood; for, who is there would choose to destroy a fellow-citizen, rather than make a friend of him by mildness and persuasion?—*Zenophon*.

#### THE KEY OF CONSCIENCE.

That the eye of conscience may be always quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open, and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let in those heavenly beams which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them. And to this purpose let a man fly from everything which may leave either a foulness or a bias upon it; let him dread every gross act of sin; for one great stab may as certainly and speedily destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; let him keep aloof from all commerce and fellowship with any vicious and base affection, especially from all sensuality; let him keep himself untouched with the bellicious, unhallowed heats of lust, and the noisome steams and exhalations of intemperance; let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind—covetousness; let him disengage himself from the pelf of the world, from that 'wicked love of acquisition.' Lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honours, the pomp, and greatness of the world, as to look through them. Fools indeed are apt to be blown up by them, and to sacrifice all for them; sometimes venturing their heads only to get a feather in their caps.—*South's Sermons*.

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

This public opinion of the civilised world may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary power. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre, that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilised age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.—*Daniel Webster*

### NOTES OF A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.\*

THE discovery of the long-conjectured Terra Australia, like many other important discoveries, is a subject of contention among writers of different nations. Our Australian historians—Wentworth, Lang, Braim, and others—unanimously award the honour to the Spanish navigator, De Quiros, who, they inform us, landed there in 1609. This, however, is only an example of the facility with which errors, once adopted, may become stereotyped through the want of industry in subsequent writers. De Quiros reached his Terra Australia, not in 1609, but in 1606; and the place of his landing was not in the islands of New Holland or Australia, but in the largest of the group, called the Great Cyclades by Bengainville, and by Cook the New Hebrides. There can be no doubt, however, that De Torres, who accompanied De Quiros during part of his voyage, and who was the first to pass the straits now called by his name, saw some part of the Australian coast during that passage. Different portions of the coast were soon after this visited by a succession of Dutch navigators, who gave the island the name of New Holland, which it has since borne, but which is now gradually giving place to the more euphonious and appropriate name of Australia.

The first Englishman who is known to have landed in Australia was William Dampier, who has left us a graphic description of the western coast, which he visited in 1688, and was afterwards commissioned by King William III. to undertake a more accurate examination of it, which he effected accordingly. The eastern coast was discovered by Cook in 1770, and was visited by a series of French and English navigators from that date till 1788, the era of the foundation of the British colony.

Australia, it is well known, has no antiquities. The aboriginal tribes found on its shores have no history, and but very few traditions on which any dependence can be placed. They roam their wilds in a state of perfect nudity, and have no dwellings more substantial than those constructed of the branches and bark of trees. In their natural state each tribe has a well-defined limit of territory, beyond which its members may not hunt or fish with impunity. They have also a variety of laws for the government of their internal and external relations, the infraction of which leads to numerous wars and arbitrary punishments; but it cannot be said that they are marked by great cruelty or vindictiveness. They are not generally cannibals, although undoubted instances have been discovered amongst them. In form and feature they approach nearest to the Malay race, but with distinctive differences. The whole race from Cape York to Spencer's Gulf speak a language the same in some of the more common words, and similar throughout in its construction, but divided into numberless dialects, many of which differ so far as to make one tribe quite unintelligible to another. There is a similar degree of coincidence as well as difference in their manners and customs. Their weapons are universally the spear, the club, and the well-known semicircular wea-

pon called, on the south-eastern coast, the *boomerang*. They have undoubtedly some kind of religious mysteries, but these are only known to the initiated, and are performed with the most guarded secrecy. The great bulk of the tribes seem to have no idea of their signification. All, however, believe in a superior Power of some sort; in the immortality of the soul, and in the appearance of ghosts and other supernatural objects; and they all practise certain superstitions. In the extreme northern and southern parts of the island they practise circumcision; in other places they amputate the little finger of the women, and extract a front tooth of the men; but if any superstition was originally connected with these ceremonies, no trace of it now appears to exist.

Several attempts have been made by missionaries of various denominations to civilise them, but without the least success, although several have shown great aptitude at learning to read and write, and have for a time adopted the habits of civilisation, the luxuries of which they exhibit as incapacity of enjoying. From the failure of all past efforts, and the rapid decrease of their numbers, some are inclined to suppose that there is now but little probability that the Australian race will ever take its rank among civilised men. At the same time, it must be remembered that the means applied, by the well-meaning and zealous missionaries alluded to, for their improvement, were in all cases inadequate to the end; and the prevailing idea, that the natives are deficient in intellectual capacity, remains yet to be proved. There is no means of ascertaining their number with any approach to accuracy; it must still amount to many thousands, but they are rapidly disappearing before the march of civilisation.

Such is a brief description of the race of men who alone held dominion on that large island, when, in consequence of the defection of the American colonies and the favourable account given by Sir Joseph Banks of the eastern coast, which he had visited with Captain Cook in 1770, the British Government, in 1788, came to the determination of founding thereon a penal colony. The command of the expedition, which sailed in the following year, and the government of the colony, were conferred on Captain Arthur Phillip of the Royal Navy, who, after a tedious passage of upwards of eight months, landed with his colony of bondsmen in January, 1788, at Botany Bay; but having, a few days after, discovered, a few miles to the northward, the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson (undoubtedly one of the finest in the world), he at once removed thither, and laid the foundation of the fair city of Sydney, which I believe is yet destined to rival the great seats of commerce in ancient and modern times. The entire population of the settlement when first landed amounted to 1030; and the live stock of this future pastoral colony amounted to 1 bull, 4 cows, 1 bull calf, 1 stallion, 3 mares, and 3 colts. Yet, in little more than sixty years from the period when nothing but a barren shore, peopled by a savage race, presented itself to the small band of exiles from the shores of their native land, and at a distance of many thousands of miles, has arisen, as by magic, a city numbering 50,000 inhabitants, where every luxury may be procured at as reasonable a rate as in any part of the globe, its harbour whitened with the sails of commerce, and its inhabitants partaking all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Courts of civil and criminal judicature were immediately appointed. The latter was speedily called into requisition, for, besides the civil and military establishments, there were no free persons to appoint over the convicts; who, many of them, were no sooner landed than they abandoned themselves to drunkenness, thieving, and every sort of crime. To such an extent did they give themselves to their habitual vices, that a criminal court was summoned twice within the second month (February), and, besides various minor punishments, six individuals were sentenced to be hanged, one of whom suffered. Collisions also took place between the convicts and the natives, which the governor used every means to repress, but with little effect.

\* At the present time, when so many are turning their attention to emigration, and as comparatively little is yet known of this remote but highly interesting portion of our colonial empire, we are happy to have it in our power to give, in a concise form, a correct outline of the past history and present state, together with an estimate of the resources and future prospects, of the colony of New South Wales. When we find writers in this country placing the city of Sydney in South Australia or in Van Diemen's Land, and others gravely proposing the establishment of a penal settlement at Goat Island, which is about the size of a moderate-sized garden, it may well be taken for granted that there is still abundant room for information respecting this centre of southern civilisation. For the accompanying historical sketch of New South Wales, we are indebted to a gentleman who resided for more than ten years in the colony. The statistical facts here given have been compiled from the most authentic sources, and in a succeeding article the present state of the colony will be fully exhibited. The opinions given may be relied on as the unbiased convictions of an intelligent observer, who has had ample opportunities of arriving at correct conclusions.—Ea.

The greatest evil with which Governor Phillip had to contend was the want of proper persons to appoint as overseers. These were selected from among the convicts themselves, and not only failed in consequence to command their respect, but were very often deeply implicated in the crimes they were appointed to repress. Nor was the conduct of the military much better than that of the convicts; a conspiracy existed amongst them to rob the provision store, and which was carried on for eight months before it was discovered. With such materials only at his command, the prospects of the founder of New South Wales must have been very discouraging. To these evils were soon added a scarcity of provisions, which, owing to the irregularity of the arrivals from England, recurred at intervals during several of the early years of the colony. Yet Governor Phillip was superior to all difficulties. He held out offers of reward to the well-behaved; inflicted severe and prompt punishment on the incorrigible; he despatched vessels to the Cape of Good Hope and India for supplies of provisions; founded the then agricultural settlement of Parramatta to aid the supply from abroad; and wrote despatches to the home government urging on them the necessity of sending out a body of free colonists to undertake the charge, and profit by the labours, of the convicts—a scheme which was afterwards developed in the assignment system with but indifferent success. Small grants of land were made to retired marines, and to convicts as soon as the period of their sentences expired; a few of these were cultivated with industry, while others were neglected, and afterwards bartered away for rum and other luxuries. A similar result followed a distribution of ewes and goats for breeding, which the governor made among the settlers, most of which were sold by them to the officers of the settlement.

Governor Phillip resigned his charge in the end of 1792; and the administration devolved on Lieutenant-Governor Major Francis Grose, of the New South Wales corps, a regiment that had been recently embodied for the service of the colony. This gentleman immediately abolished the civil courts, and placed the colony under martial law. In the following year a number of free emigrants were sent to the colony at the expense of government, to whom grants of land were made, convicts assigned, and provisions allowed for two years from the public store. A scarcity in the latter again occurred, which was increased by the continued depredations of the convicts and the military. Several attempts were made by parties of the former to escape from the colony with various success. By this time considerable progress had been made in public buildings at Sydney, and a temporary church was opened for divine service in August, 1798, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr Johnson, Episcopalian clergyman. Rum was at this time the circulating medium of the colony, contracts being made for so many gallons of that article. The price of building a boat, for example, was six gallons. The demand for spirits appears to have been unlimited; drunkenness, gambling, and violence, were universal; some even of the civil and military officers (according to the statement of the late honoured Rev. Samuel Marsden, and coadjutor with the Rev. Mr Johnson) vied with the convicts themselves in vice and licentiousness.

Lieutenant-Governor Grose was succeeded, in 1794, by Captain William Paterson, of the New South Wales corps; who, in September in the following year, gave place to the second governor-chief, Captain Hunter. A few more free settlers arrived about the same time, and a small printing press was now for the first time called into operation in printing the general standing orders for the public information. A theatre was opened in 1796, and the price of admission to the gallery was frequently paid, like all other demands, in spirits—to supply the universal demand for which several stills were now at work, as the supply from without was limited by the regulations of government. By this time the population had increased to 3949 souls, exclusive of 889 that had been sent to Norfolk Island, a penal settlement dependent on the colony of New South

Wales. It was during the year 1797 that the first sheep of the merino breed were introduced into the colony by Captain Kent of the Royal Navy, on the suggestion of Captain John Macarthur, of the New South Wales corps, who became a sharer in the speculation, and was the only one that persevered in continuing the breed, with immense advantage in the end both to himself and the colony. Considerable additions were made to the stock of cattle in 1798.

The state of crime increased in a double ratio in spite of the many efforts made by the governor to repress it. Indeed the history of Governor Hunter's sway (which continued till October, 1800) is little else but a catalogue of murders, arsons, robberies, and executions. The church at Sydney and the jail at Parramatta were burnt to the ground, robberies were of daily occurrence, and collisions between the convicts and the aboriginal population incessant. The exertions of the governor to put a stop to these crimes were often paralysed by the civil and military officers of the colony, who at this period seem to have been for the most part extremely ill-chosen and disqualified for such a service.

Captain Hunter was succeeded in the government of the colony by Captain Philip Groyer King, a gentleman who had accompanied Governor Phillip in 1788. Governor King entered upon his duties by issuing a great number of minute regulations for the repression of crime and the removal of abuses; but corruption pervaded every rank from the captain to the convict, and some of the governor's well-meant efforts seemed rather to augment than diminish the evil.

The work of colonisation in other respects advanced. Coal mines were discovered; we now find the whale fishery commenced on the coast; blankets were beginning to be manufactured of colonial wool; and linen was made of Norfolk Island flax. The species of cedar now in universal use in the colony was discovered in 1801, and also the mimosa, so valuable for its bark. The first regular newspaper was established in 1803.

In the year 1804 the valuable sister colony of Van Diemen's Land was founded by Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, who had been previously Judge-Advocate of New South Wales, and its first and best historian. In the same year an insurrection took place among the convicts, which led to an engagement between them and the military near Parramatta, in which sixteen of the former were killed, twelve wounded, and thirty were made prisoners. The leaders were afterwards tried and executed. In 1807 Captain King resigned his government, leaving the moral and social state of the colony (after the most unwearied, but often ill-judged, exertions to improve it) in a somewhat worse state, if it were possible, than that in which he found it.

His successor was Captain William Bligh, celebrated for his wonderful adventures after the mutiny of the crew of the *Bounty*, and for his survey of Torres Straits. His first efforts were directed to the encouragement of agriculture and the suppression of distillation. A conspiracy was soon set on foot by some Irish convicts to murder him, which was discovered through the remorse of two of the conspirators before it had arrived at maturity. He was less successful in defeating the opposition of the free colonists. Attempts made by the governor to resume certain allotments held illegally by certain influential persons in Sydney—to protect the country settlers from extortions practised on them by the dealers in Sydney—and to eradicate the practice of private distillation, in which persons of rank were beginning to engage—gave rise to a faction conspiracy, the leader of which was Mr John Macarthur, now retired from the army; and this faction being supported by the New South Wales corps (of which Mr Macarthur had been paymaster), proceeded to depose the governor and to install the major of the regiment (Johnston) in his place; Mr Macarthur acting as colonial secretary, and Captain Abbott (the importer of one of the illicit stills) as judge-advocate.

Major Johnston was superseded by Colonel Ffrench,

who arrived on the 20th July, 1808, on his way to Norfolk Island, of which he had the appointment of lieutenant-governor; and he, in his turn, gave place to Colonel Paterson, in January, 1809, Governor Bligh being still kept in arrest.

In December, Colonel Macquarie arrived with the appointment of governor-in-chief, and his first act, before entering upon office, was to declare null and void all the acts of the usurped government. Major Johnston was sent to England, tried, and cashiered; and the New South Wales corps was relieved by the 78d regiment.

Governor Macquarie commenced his career by abolishing the maximum prices, and other restrictions upon trade, that had been persevered in by his predecessors, and by prohibiting the unimilitary and low occupations hitherto practised by the military officers. His rule was distinguished by an encouragement of every species of industry, and by the most indefatigable exertions to improve the public and domestic architecture of the colony. But he soon fell into errors as great as any he had been sent to remedy, having, within a few months after landing, granted a monopoly in the importation of spirits to three gentlemen, on condition of their engaging to build a public hospital. He also wrote a despatch to the secretary of state, recommending that as many male, and as few female, convicts as possible, should be sent to the colony; an error from which the colony even yet partially suffers. He likewise adopted a principle which was a new one to the colony, viz., that persevering good conduct on the part of convicts would restore them to the rank which they had forfeited, after a sufficient trial. This principle, undoubtedly just, if fairly carried out, became somewhat questionable in the mode of its operation, when one of the first persons raised to the magistracy reached that dignity through the grades of a labourer in an ironed gang, a farmer, an illicit distiller, and a constable, and whose character in other respects was far from being unquestionable. Nor were many of his other appointments free from such objections. It was the avowed opinion of the governor, that every man in New South Wales either had been or ought to have been transported thither; but whatever ground may have existed for such an opinion in the character of the free colonists of that day, it was certainly an unwise one to proclaim or set upon, as the governor was soon made to feel by the determined opposition which speedily arose on the part of the free population, and which embittered the whole of his otherwise active and most useful administration.

The opposition broke into open hostility about the year 1817, when the governor attempted to introduce Mr Redfern, one of the emancipist magistrates, into private society, at Government House; and the matter at length reached such a height that the home government deemed it necessary to despatch a commissioner to inquire into the state of the administration of the colony. The person entrusted with this duty was J. T. Bigge, Esq., who arrived in the colony in 1819, and remained therein about eighteen months. On his return to England, he presented to Lord Bathurst a series of reports, in which he expressed his total disapproval of Governor Macquarie's conduct with respect to the emancipists. He condemned the practice of employing the convicts in the construction of roads and public buildings, and proposed that large grants of land should be made to immigrant settlers, and that the convicts hitherto employed on public works should be assigned to them: recommendations which were but too readily adopted, and the results of which were most mischievous in every point of view. He also proposed a series of changes in the administration of justice, which, if they placed the legal institutions on a more respectable footing than they had hitherto been, added also greatly to the expense of justice in the colony. The population of the colony in 1820 amounted to 23,989, of whom only 1807 had come free, and 1495 had been born in the colony.

In December, 1821, Governor Macquarie resigned his charge into the hands of Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, who ruled during four years, endeavouring to hold the balance fairly and equally between the hostile

parties who had divided the colony during the government of his predecessor, without, however, fully satisfying the absurd pretensions of either. About this time a considerable number of free immigrant settlers arrived, who received grants of land, varying from 2000 to 500 acres, and to whom were assigned convict servants in proportion.

One of Sir Thomas Brisbane's most popular acts was the establishment of freedom of the press. A legislative council was also, during his administration, established by royal authority, consisting of persons not more than seven, nor less than five years resident in the colony, with power to make laws for its government, the members being appointed by the crown. Some of the finest districts in the interior were discovered by means of public and private enterprise about the same time, among which may be mentioned the fine district of the Morumbidgee to the southwards, and the still more important district watered by the river Brisbane, at Moreton Bay, to the northwards. Trial by jury was established in the court of quarter sessions; a second newspaper was established, altogether unconnected with the government; and the Australian Agricultural Company was instituted by royal charter.

Governor Brisbane was succeeded, in December, 1825, by Lieutenant-General Ralph Darling—a name long held in honour by one portion of the colonists, and in dislike by the rest, on account of his lavish alienation of the public lands on the one hand, and of his harshness to the prison population on the other.

The success which had attended the breeding of sheep and cattle by Mr Macarthur and a few others, and the recent establishment of the Australian Agricultural Company, gave rise about this time to a mania for purchasing stock, which in the first instance enriched the sellers, but, having been succeeded by one of those periodical droughts to which the colony is subject, ruined nearly all the purchasers.

The latter period of Governor Darling's administration was embittered by newspaper libels and prosecutions, arising out of his alleged harshness to the convicts and emancipists, and his open patronage of the class who wished to exclude the latter from all participation in public affairs. These proceedings have, however, ceased to possess any interest, even in the colony itself, a new state of society having thrown both the old contending factions into the shade. It is sufficient to say, that if Governor Macquarie erred in his patronage of the emancipists, there can be no doubt in any impartial mind that the opposite proceedings of General Darling were as unjust, and quite as impolitic. In 1828, the legislative council was extended from seven to fifteen members.

Governor Darling was succeeded, in 1831, by Major-General Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B. With the commencement of his administration, a better era of colonial history begins to dawn. The system of granting immense tracts of waste lands to private individuals, which had generated a system of patronage, jobbery, and corruption, was now put an end to. All crown lands were directed to be sold by auction at an upset minimum price. The governor renounced all connection with the colonial press, one portion of which had been hitherto the paid organ of the governor for the time being. The punishments, often very cruel, awarded to assigned servants by the benches of magistrates, were inquired into and regulated; free immigration was encouraged; and the passages of immigrants of the labouring class paid from the proceeds of the land sales. An attempt was made to improve the means of public education, then in the lowest possible state in the colony; a church building and endowment act was passed, in which all Christian sects were placed on a footing of equality, as respects the distribution of the public funds; a more equitable system of assigning convict servants was introduced (without success, indeed, because the assignment system itself was radically bad); and emancipists, who had hitherto been excluded from serving on criminal juries, were declared eligible, if possessed of a certain property qualification. The governor endeavoured, by these

and by other measures (among which an unsuccessful endeavour to create municipal institutions may be mentioned), to pave the way for a representative government, which the rapid increase of the free population, and the not less remarkable increase in the commerce of the colony, rendered necessary to its wellbeing.

Some of Sir Richard Bourke's measures, like those of his predecessors, were thwarted by the factions that divided the population. The leaders of each of these formed themselves into a sort of club, which were called respectively Rowell's Club and the Patriotic Association. At the head of the former, whose great object was to have a constitution in which the emancipists and lower classes should have no voice, was Mr James Macarthur, one of the sons of the gentleman already mentioned as having been at the head of the proceedings against Governor Bligh, and as having been so successful in directing attention to the capacity of the colony for sheep-farming. The leader of the Patriotic Association was Mr Wentworth, a barrister, who has since been twice elected by large majorities as member for Sydney, and who had already distinguished himself in his opposition to Governor Darling. These two institutions vied with each other in the absurdity and extravagance of their proceedings, and in a very short time fell into oblivion, although the antagonistic principles which called them into existence still continued to distract the colony during this and a portion of the succeeding administration.

A most important change took place about this time in the system of occupying land in the colony. A number of persons, for the most part of disreputable character, began to occupy, with their sheep and cattle, portions of crown lands beyond the boundaries of the proclaimed counties. Many of these were cattle-stealers, and adopted this means of concealing their prey, and evading the justice of the law. Some were persons of honest and industrious habits, but the majority were doubtless the reverse; at any rate, their rapid advancement in wealth excited the attention of the leading colonists, who petitioned unanimously for the suppression of the squatting system, as it was called, and proposed instead that licenses should be granted to respectable persons, only to occupy the crown lands with their stock, and that an assessment should be levied on such stock for the purpose of providing a police, to prevent the collisions between the stock-men and the aborigines. To this prayer Sir Richard Bourke acceded; and this scheme, fostered by the measures of his immediate successor, was the origin of the present squatting system, which may be said now to have almost superseded every other branch of colonial industry.

Sir George Gipps succeeded Sir Richard Bourke as governor of the colony in 1838, and pursued during eight years the line of policy which had been begun by his predecessor. Free immigration was pursued with such vigour during the first three years of his administration, that the entire face of colonial society became at once changed, and those who had been for some time established in the colony were amazed to find themselves suddenly surrounded by a population totally different in manners and habits from that to which they had been accustomed. It seemed almost as if they had gone to bed in Botany Bay, and awakened in England! With this influx of population arrived a considerable amount of British capital, and speculation in land and stock arrived at an unprecedented height. Credit was universal. Almost any man could obtain property to whatever amount he wished; and as these wishes were seldom regulated with prudence, and often without honesty, the ultimate result could not be doubtful. Early in 1840, thinking men began to foresee a crisis, and to give warning of it; but there was neither the inclination nor the power then to stop the evil, which went on increasing, until in 1843 it ended in a general bankruptcy. It may give some idea of the extent of the depression existing at this time, when I state that sheep bought at 68s. a-head in 1838, were sold in 1843 at 1s. 6d.; that land which in 1838 would have brought £1000 an acre, could not be sold at any price in 1843; and that in the latter year a gig,

horse, and harness, were sold by auction in Sydney for £8:10s. The amount of individual misery resulting from this fearful crisis is incalculable. It may be doubted, however, whether the colony generally was not, upon the whole, the gainer by it, as the debts owing by the principal merchants and landowners were chiefly due to persons in England. It had also an effect equally advantageous and vastly more creditable, in stimulating colonial industry, compelling those to put their hands to the plough and spade who had up to this period lived by their wits upon the industry and credulity of others. It induced, moreover, habits of economy, arising, indeed, from temporary necessity, but the effects of which, it is to be hoped, will in many instances be permanent. A parliamentary inquiry which took place in 1837-8, having demonstrated the demoralising tendency of the transportation system, and every successive effort of government to ameliorate its working appearing rather to increase its abuses than to reform them, a final stop was put to the transportation of convicts to New South Wales in 1839—the wisest step that had ever been taken during the government of the colony. This measure, accompanied by a vast influx of free immigrants, still further changed the face of society, and the covert origin of the colony would have been almost forgotten, but for the unwise, and at this period most senseless, efforts of the old free colonists to exclude the emancipists from all political rights. These efforts, being accompanied by an almost ludicrous degree of exclusiveness towards newly arrived persons of their own rank, and harshness towards the working immigrants, the latter joined with the emancipists, and ultimately caused their rights to be recognised, and were almost immediately rewarded by the wealthy emancipists using their newly acquired influence to establish so high a qualification for the political franchise as would have excluded their benefactors from all power. A £100, or, at the lowest, a £50 qualification, were the proposals of these newly emancipated slaves. With such, and a cry of 'no taxation,' they met a most enlightened and liberal scheme of the governor to create municipal institutions in the principal towns of the colony, and they would have been successful in their unworthy efforts but for the caution of one or two individuals, who had been chiefly instrumental in obtaining for them their own newly acquired rights.

In 1842, an act of the British parliament established a legislative council for the colony, two-thirds of the members of which are elective, and the other third named by the governor. The first election took place in June, 1843, and a majority of the members returned were hostile to the measures of government, or, it might be more correctly said, to the person of the governor. The acknowledged leader of the opposition was Mr Wentworth, who had, by the governor's dexterity, been deprived of 1,000,000 acres of land, to which he claimed a right, in New Zealand; the second member in influence, Mr Windeyer, had also sustained a personal affront from his excellency. This hostility was also embittered by the monetary crisis already alluded to, which hostility continued unabated until the declining health of the governor compelled him to resign the government and leave the colony.

The new council possessed an amount of talent which would have commanded respect in any country, but, as might have been expected, from the complete inexperience in legislation of all its elective members, their early measures were crude, wild, and impracticable. Among these may be mentioned—1st, A bill to regulate the interest of money, not only in future, but to affect retrospectively all existing contracts; 2d, A bill to establish a paper currency on the security of land, upon the plan of the Prussian Pfandbriefe; 3d, A bill to make valid mortgages of moveable effects of all kinds; with other measures of a like tendency. The two first of these were thrown out, their mischievous tendency having been well exposed by the public press; the last was restricted to mortgage on wool, and was passed, but finally disallowed by the home government.

The system already alluded to, of occupying crown lands

licensees, without purchase, had now become universal among the sheep and cattle-owners of the colony, and created an interest paramount to every other. But it was now perceived that the system, if not radically bad, was at least full of abuses. All the available land within a convenient distance of the coast became occupied, by which some new comers were shut out from every eligible position. While one man claimed a run of 100,000 acres, another had only 10,000 acres, and yet the holder of the lesser quantity paid the same rent or license fee as the greater. The question of boundaries between the holders of adjoining runs was a constant subject of perplexity to the government; the right to particular runs, as it was termed, was publicly sold, often for large sums, and the government felt powerless to hinder the transfer; the distance to which new adventurers were obliged to remove their stock often became a source of evil, from the impossibility of extending the power of government so far into the interior. These, and other evils connected with the system, required, by the admission of all, some description of legislation adapted to the circumstances; and in 1844 Sir George Gipps issued a draft of regulations, which he proposed should come into force in the following year, calculated to restrain the abuses complained of. This publication was the signal for an outburst of hostility such as the colony had never before witnessed. A 'Pastoral Association' was formed, the avowed object of which was to wrest from the government the 'fee simple in perpetuity, on behalf of the squatters, of those immense tracts of land which they had hitherto held by annual lease. The association was supported by the elective majority in the legislative council, who drew up and adopted a series of resolutions for transmission to England, embodying the wishes of the squatters; they also appointed a parliamentary agent, the Hon. F. Scott, who, in conjunction with some gentlemen in London, deeply interested in the affairs of the colony, vigorously advocated their interests, and succeeded, to the extent, at least, of obtaining for the squatters the right of pre-emption and leases of fourteen years for their runs, renewable from time to time, until a purchaser offers for each respectively.

Before, however, this question was settled, the health of Sir George Gipps sunk under the incessant labours attendant on governing a colony where the admitted difficulties of his position were enhanced by the all but universal opposition even from those who admired his talents, and acknowledged his honesty, and the rancorous hate of the leaders of the opposition. He left the colony in June, 1846, and survived his arrival in England only a few weeks—thus depriving the home government of a vast amount of the most valuable information in reference to the colony, of which they would have gladly availed themselves. It is some satisfaction to add that his character begins to be better appreciated in the colony, now that calm reflection has succeeded to the heat of party warfare, and that some of his bitterest opponents on the squatting question are now declaiming against the concessions which the squatters have obtained in opposition to the governor's wishes.

The present governor, Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, arrived shortly after the departure of Sir George Gipps, and has, by the perhaps not unwise policy of doing as little as possible, managed hitherto to escape the political strife which troubled the repose of nearly all his predecessors. A severe domestic calamity, which occurred shortly after his excellency's arrival in the colony, has tended also to throw the chief onus of the government on the colonial secretary, Mr E. Deas Thompson—a gentleman who, to the firmness of character necessary for his position, adds a peculiar spavity of manner, and a more perfect acquaintance with the whole routine of colonial affairs than is possessed by, probably, any other individual. If it were possible that a free country could be governed without political factions, there are few men who would be more likely than Mr Thompson to realise such an Utopia; but the rival interests already existing in New South Wales forbid us to hope for such a consummation.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART I.—THE PAST.

#### CHAP. IV.—AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

THE smugglers began to get slowly under weigh, and were running down the coast, when, after an hour or two had elapsed, they loosed Horace and his comrade, their arms being yet bound. They were put into a boat, with a couple of stout rowers, making for a landing-place on the solitary beach that lay at a short distance. Here, still tightly pinioned, they were left, their conductors making all haste to regain the vessel. It was now almost dark. The moon was about setting; nor could they hope to make themselves heard in that desert-looking region. They could, however, walk, and determined to explore the country for shelter, as far as their entire ignorance of the locality would permit.

On leaving the shore, they soon found themselves on a wide, grassy common. Not a light, not a habitation was within view—not a sound, save the roll of the sea behind them, and the wind rustling the dry herbage, and long withered reeds that almost choked the stagnant water-courses. Nothing to intercept, to shake off the dreary desolation around them. No form of life was near; the meanest thing would have been hailed as a relief. Their path, too, was not unattended with danger, from the deep and numerous ditches intersecting it. At length, after wandering hither and thither for nearly a couple of hours, morning showed signs of approach—one long, faint streak, harbinger of day; soon the fiery east reddened, and massy, smoken bars of cloud glowed with effulgence yet below the horizon.

They now sped on with more certainty; and, after a most fatiguing journey, ludicrous enough with hands and elbows pinioned behind, they came to a narrow track, which gave signs of some termination. This desirable event occurred before the door of a low hut—mean enough, and uninviting to any but those in such urgent circumstances. Here they attempted to rouse the inmates, who seemed excessively loth to answer; when they did succeed, it was to little purpose. The churl they saw absolutely refused to allow them entrance, supposing they must have escaped from prison.

'Na, na; ye waena tied up for naught,' was a conclusive reply to every entreaty, even though Horace promised him money, if he would merely undo the cords.

They could not tell what course to pursue, but, with much ado, directions were obtained to the nearest village, which they reached soon after sunrise. Here their extraordinary appearance was the signal for congregating a number of idlers; and, much to their vexation, they had a most imposing retinue to the door of the first tavern they could reach. On entering, the good-wife was just about to decamp, and give orders for their speedy ejection, when the rather genteel appearance of Horace, and his good-looking person, attracted her notice.

'Cut our cords, good dame,' said he, 'for we have been rather scurvily entreated.'

'Ay, ay; so I see. But not without deserving it, I dare say.'

'We've been made prisoners by the smugglers.'

At the mention of 'smugglers,' she immediately rushed into an inner chamber, where a long talk and many whispers preceded her return. With a good-humoured smile, she begged pardon for keeping them so long in that plight, and began to cut the cords.

'I see—I see how it is. You've been trying belike to o'ermatch the jolly traders yonder, and in place o' catching, been caught—eh? Well, well, I reckon you're some o' the guard about the coast here. But you'd better let 'em alone. I've seen many a tussle between 'em an' the regulars. Will you have a dram this raw morning? It'll do you good after your tramp.'

This loquacious harangue lasted until they were unlod-

lowed a brimming glass of genuine cognac; no doubt the produce of their late friends' exertions in that line.

'I rather prefer breakfast,' said Horace; 'if you can give us anything to stay our stomachs, besides that stuff.'

'Breakfast! ay, fit for a lord,' said the dame, somewhat huffed at so needless an inquiry.

It was not long ere an excellent meal was served in the parlour, though, it seemed, not for themselves solely. A tall, light complexioned personage appeared, who looked earnestly at them for a moment; then, hardly saying a word, helped himself to the good things before him. There was something in his look that Horace did not relish. Like one of those reminiscences we cannot account for, and sometimes imagined to arise from another state of being, it seemed as though such a voice and manner were not quite strange to him; but never, in his remotest recollection, had he previously seen the individual before him. There was something sinister, too, and disagreeable in his whole aspect, which made Horace refrain, instinctively, from any familiar intercourse.

'Are you bound for Wareham?' said the stranger, for the first time making any direct attempt to open a conversation.

'We hardly know,' replied Horace, 'for we are complete strangers in these parts. We would gladly get to Southampton; and, if you could put us in the way, we shall be exceedingly obliged.'

'Weymouth, where perhaps you might get a passage by sea, is many miles off; but I should recommend you to walk as far as Wareham, about ten miles from this, whence you would be sure to get conveyance by land, through Ringwood.'

Horace professed himself grateful for the information, but, while he was speaking, kept his eye fixed on the other's features. He felt as though in some unknown but dangerous proximity. The small grey eyes before him, deeply set, looked as though defying all penetration; the mouth showed energy and determination when requisite, but capable of the blandest dissimulation when it might suit the owner's purpose. These were the ideas Horace formed of his character from that brief interview; though why he should take the trouble to entertain any opinion at all respecting the man's character, was strange; and one of those psychological mysteries he could not account for. That an interview of an hour's duration, and probably the only one he might ever be favoured with, should produce such an effect, was inexplicable; but there are faces we cannot help analysing, if it may be so termed. We read and speculate on them, and think it possible, almost, their history might be written from the countenance; or rather, what might be their history, or course of conduct, under any given circumstances. The man, at times too, had a gross and sensual expression, as though the animal predominated, and he was nothing loth to wallow in such gratifications.

Breakfast being concluded, Horace and his companion prepared for a fatiguing walk to Wareham. Ere they departed, Mr Godwin, for so the hostess called him, said they had better get a lad to show them at least part of the way, as it was somewhat difficult to find; there was, too, a shorter road over the downs. A lad was accordingly produced—a shrewd, active fellow, who set up a broad grin at the shilling wherewith his day's trudge was to be rewarded.

After a 'good day,' and another gaze from Horace, who could not but remark another peculiarity, viz., the utter absence of whiskers—the want of this appendage often conveying an odd and unpleasant expression—Mr Godwin set out on a beautiful horse, and the two wayfarers in another direction. The lad seemed very communicative on every subject but that on which Horace wanted information, namely, their companion at breakfast. Whenever a question was asked relative to this, he immediately relapsed into that monosyllabic style of reply which eludes those it does not wish to answer. Nothing, however, could he extract on that point, which only tended to sharpen his curiosity.

'A gentleman, I think you said, from the night-hood?'

'Ay.'

'I wonder what he could be doing here so soon, at breakfast too, if he lives so near?'

'Can't tell, sir.'

'But you can tell whether he often comes this way, not?'

'Ay,—at times.'

'Is he well known about here?'

'Missus knows him.'

'So I suppose. Anybody else?'

'Ay; there's Jim the ostler, an' Betty, an' —'

'I don't want to know all the names about the house. I want to know who he is?'

'I don't know.'

'Why, that's uncommonly strange, my lad; and comes so often as you say.'

'A great many on 'em comes to th' Bull that I set up to.'

There was something in the lad's manner that he knew much more than he chose to tell; and he determined, if possible, to find it out. Affecting a careless air, and, as though a mere casual inquiry, he said, 'You are a sharp lad—and been at school, I dare say.'

'Ees, sir. I went to old dame Partlebury afore-nation school began, an' I be fitted up wi' a gay larnin' there, I think.'

'And what have you learnt?'

'Eh dear, I've had such a deal of it, I've forgotten vast; but I've been i' the catechis', an' Testament, I read spelling-book a'most nigh through.'

'Very good; and I suppose you've learnt where th' go to who tell lies?'

'Ees, sir; sure I have, sir.'

'And where do they go to?'

'Ees, sir; I know.'

'Now I've a notion, my lad, that you've managed let out 'a gay' few, as you say, already this morning.'

The lad hung down his head, and was silent.

'I'm positive you do know you gentleman, as you say he is, and more about him than you are inclined to tell.'

The boy walked on a little, and then replied—'Well, sir, if it be business o' your'n, I'd tell what I know in a minute; but dame always says to me, when I ask abt things 'at doesn't concern one, 'Mind thy business an' be quiet.'

Horace was much diverted at this shrewd reply; and said, smiling—'But perhaps it may be some business o' mine. Suppose I give you half-a-crown, I dare say th' would help you to a good memory.'

The lad grinned at the prospect of such largess, and replied—'Well I do think; but, it's but vast little I knows—darr say—but then if gentlefolks chuse to pay, it nought to I. But don't tell as I told, sir, if you please or—shouldn't I get whopp'd!' Then coming nearer, he said, with a knowing look—'The gentleman comes down to look a'ter the smugglers. Where he lives, I don't know, some folks say in Lunnan; but hang me if I can tell. Some times when there's a bit of a bustle about, an' the ship's in, we always sees him. He may be fra' the moon for aught I care, as I just minds my own business; an' I think if you'd been adoin' the same, it would ha' saved you half-a-crown this morning.'

The lad looked mightily diverted at his own advice, and at having outwitted the gentleman by a piece of information which, he was sure, would be worthless. Horace, however, was not of that opinion, and thought the intelligence cheaply obtained, fancying that something important might be gathered from it. To his repeated inquiries, however, the lad protested that neither he nor anybody else knew where the man came from, except it was a great house, somewhere in London. This was all the information Horace could extract from that quarter.

At Wareham they found a conveyance by which they reached Southampton the same evening. Here, he understood, Lieutenant Corser had been inquiring for them.



Meeting the officer, he said the smuggler had hailed him, stating that the two 'gentlemen' had wished to be ashore, and, no doubt, would return to Southampton land. Though much mortified, they had a hearty laugh at the stratagem, which really displayed considerable dexterity; and Horace did not look on his mission as wholly fruitless, inasmuch as he had seen and recognised some of the prime agents in the fraud.

## CHAP. V.—THE GIPSY.

Horace called to mind his interview with the gipsy. On the result, it was more than probable she knew something of the movements she warned him of, inasmuch as her predictions precisely tallied with the event. She evidently been wishful to save him from the annoyance he had incurred, which probably would have been severe, had he remembered and obeyed her injunctions, resolved, if possible, to see her again. The next day, therefore, he set off for Netley Abbey. She was sitting on the roadside, opposite the entrance. She rose up on his approach, and was the first to accost him. 'Here you, master—so soon. Tired o' your voyage maybe?' 'I come now, not to inquire into the future, but the past. I've had a pleasant adventure with your friends, master.'

'Friends! nay, not mine. But what brings you here, master?' 'I was taken prisoner.'

'Told you not to trust 'em.'

'You did; and from this I'm certain you know more of their doings than I supposed.'

'What doings?' she said, rather sulkily.

'Come, come,' said he, 'let us have done with such make-believe. I want to know something about these smugglers, and if they are to be got hold of. I'm sure you can tell if you choose. We need not go much further for information, I guess.'

'To be sure I know; but not in the way you think. I know nothing but what a lucky face and a gentleman's hand will tell me.'

'Then tell me what you know, and look at this piece of gold. If you show me how to get at them, it is yours. Come, my pretty gipsy, its my turn to play the prophet now, and foretell still greater reward.'

The gipsy looked thoughtful for a moment; then coming close, almost to his ear, said—'I know something, but it's as much as our lives to tell. They'd have my heart's blood, if I durst. If I were at the farthest earth they would hunt me out.'

'Don't fear. We'll protect you.'

'Me! Nay, good master, it wouldn't be in the power of aught living to do that.'

'How? In this country every one is under the protection of the law.'

'They would laugh at your protection, and your law too,' she replied, with a look of scorn, not unmixed with terror. 'You could not hide me where these wretches wouldn't come. Why, they've ears in every bush, and eyes where you never expect 'em. You can't come here but you're watched; and even now the news that we're together may be travelling.' Here she paused; and, looking round, pointed to a peasant in a carter's frock whistling down the road, with an empty pipe in one hand, and a stout cudgel in the other. 'What do you think of a scout like that?'

He smiled at the idea; but she looked excessively grave whilst saying—'I don't exactly know how; but depend on't they'll soon hear of your being here.'

'They! who are they? And what names do they go by?'

'Many, and many! Why, you wouldn't know one of 'em again next day—or, maybe, next minute.'

'Strange!'

'Ay, indeed; and they laugh at your trying to find 'em out. It is not at all unlikely they've watchers in the very same house with you. None have ever found 'em out yet, nor likely to do, unless'—and here she lower-

ed her voice to a whisper, looking round first, as though she might be heard—'unless you can play at the same game.'

'What is that?'

'Disguise, and a cunning eye.'

'In what way?'

'Come to the gipsy-camp, on the common yonder, to-night. You ain't afraid, I hope?'

'Afraid! Certainly not. But who shall I ask for?'

'Come to the camp, and you'll be told. But shall we be sure of the money?'

'If you help us to what we want, trust me for that. We don't pay till the work's done.'

'A bargain, master. And now away; but remember there be watchers on your track; so disguise yourself when you come, and be wary.'

She left him; and he returned to his lodgings, ruminating as to the best mode of eluding the argus-eyes that were upon him. He consulted Lieutenant Corser, who advised a common seaman's dress, and glazed hat to match, with a disguised walk, when he went out to meet the gipsy. This being provided, he resolved to dress in the house of the lieutenant, inasmuch as the issuing thence of a sailor would scarcely be noticed, should any one be on the look out.

In this homely disguise he sallied forth. The clocks were chiming eight as he crossed the ferry. Less than an hour's walk brought him to the common. It was very dark, and he had some difficulty in finding the encampment, though he made minute inquiries ere he left. He did not think it prudent to run the risk as he came along, lest a spy should detect his errand.

A dark, undulating line of common, rose up before him as he approached—a sweep of brighter cloud bordering it beyond; the rest of the sky above, had that low, leaden, murky look, as though close upon one's head, and he felt almost enveloped in a chill shroud of vapour. There was hardly a breath stirring, until, as he rose above the adjacent grounds, a sharp breeze met him, after having swept over a long, bare range of hills to the south-east. He had been directed to follow a path to the left after he gained the outskirts of the common; this he did for about half a mile, when he heard a smothered bark, and a low growl, which made him stop to listen and reconnoitre. He thought a faint light was visible in the direction he was going, and again moved cautiously on. Another bark, and presently a huge dog approached. He pushed out his stick, and the animal retreated. As he crept cautiously on, a dark figure intercepted his path. He accosted the individual, and found that the man had been sent out as guide to the gipsy's tent.

'You had better say nothing,' said he, 'till you're inside. There be ears about, and tongues too, for that matter.'

Horace obeyed, and was led into a huge, low tent, where sat the brown sibyl of Netley Abbey, on a heap of bed furniture. The whole interior displayed that unmistakable aspect of squalor and finery so generally noticed, even in their dress.

'Sit down, sir, but say little; there be ears about will soon be hearkening,' said she, as Horace sat on a low stool. She continued—'Johnny Crappa, my husband there, can let you into a thing or two. But then, you know, in place o' the gowd, we might get inside a dungeon.'

'Never fear,' said Horace; 'if, through your means, we get hold of the rogues, I pledge myself to your safety.'

'You seem a fair spoken gentleman; but then we know you be one of the government men; and, maybe, you could not keep us safe if you would.'

'You will be much more likely to get into trouble by withholding than giving information. Trust me, and I will not forfeit my word.'

We must now leave him in close consultation. He received intelligence of the utmost importance, which caused him to set off the next day from Southampton, whither, our readers will know in due time, if they feel sufficient interest in his proceedings to follow him.

## HOTEL DE VILLE.

To the visitor of the French capital, who regards the momentous efforts of a people to change dynastic forms and political systems as of more importance than the recondite business of courts and the display of royal grandeur, the Hotel de Ville will probably be one of the most interesting points of observation. As a palace, it is one of the most splendid in Paris; and, as the scene of some of the most stirring and thrilling incidents in French history, it is one of the most remarkable monuments in France.

The west front of the Hotel de Ville, which is extremely rich and imposing, forms part of the Place de la Greve. The original front of the building, which can be easily distinguished in the present mass, was comprehended within the two beautiful pavilions in which are situated the large arched gateways that form the entrances into the interior courts. One of those arches served as a street at one period, but since the immense and recent additions that have been made to the structure, it is so no longer.

The Hotel de Ville is the ancient town-hall of the municipality of Paris. The first spot distinguished and authenticated as the meeting-place of the civic rulers of this city, was a place called the Valley of Misery, in which was situated the old fine hall called 'La Maison de la Marchandise.' From this the town council removed to the Parloir aux Bourgeois, in the vicinity of the Place St Michel and Rue St Jacques. As Paris increased in extent, and as her burgher rulers increased in number and importance, they found it expedient to remove once more to a more commodious hall; and in the year 1527 they purchased the old occasional residence of Philip Augustus, called the Maison de la Greve, upon the site of which they founded the present Hotel de Ville. The ancient palace was called the Maison de la Greve, or Maison aux Piliers, from the former of which names the Place de la Greve derives its name. The old hotel and several of the old houses that surrounded it were accordingly cleared away, and on the 15th day of July, 1533, Pierre de Viole, prévôt des marchands, laid the foundation-stone of the Hotel de Ville. The progress of the work was, however, interrupted by one of those fruitful causes of the intromission of French industrial enterprises, 'a fight, or fantastic fickleness,' until an Italian architect, named Dominio Boccadoro, offered a new plan of an edifice, and superintended the resumption of the works. It seems that the building was again suspended until the year 1606, when one Marinus undertook the work, and finished it in 1628, about ninety-five years after it was projected.

During those fierce and bitter contentions, which Frenchmen have designated the wars of the Fronde, the Hotel de Ville was much destroyed; and during the more destructive epoch of the revolution of 1793, it suffered again by the Vandalism that was rampant at that period. In 1801, however, it was constituted the seat of the prefecture, and has continued so until this time. In 1838, Louis Philippe, who sought to render his reign glorious by the progress of architecture, and who shall certainly be remembered with gratitude for his liberal patronage of the arts, began to enlarge the Hotel de Ville considerably, adding in three years nearly four times the amount of masonry to the building of 1628. The original style of the palace is preserved throughout even the recent additions. It is of that rich ornate and imposing architecture which prevailed in Italy during the sixteenth century—an era known in France as the 'revival of art.' Between the beautifully arched windows that surround the entire building on the ground floor, are small Corinthian columns. Between the windows of the second storey are niches with statues, above each of which is a canopy. A rich cornice and balustrade next rise above this second range of windows; and then the parts of the roof, in which are dormer windows, rise abruptly between the pavilions of the front and the corners. The roofs of the old pavilions, fronting the Place de la Greve, shoot up to a sharp point; the corner pavilion roofs are like half pyramids, being flat

at the top. There is a garden and fountains at one wing of the hotel which has a very fresh effect in the summer mornings after being watered by the gardener, but which has more dust than beauty about it when the omnibuses and milk-carts have rattled along for several hours.

One is struck as he looks at this civic palace with the immense number of statues which enrich its facade, and which display not only the wealth and idealism of its architects, but the skill and industry of French workmen. Over a small central door, between the old pavilions, is a small bronze equestrian bas-relief of Henry IV. One identical with this was pulled down during the revolution of '93, and the present one was put up at the restoration of Louis XVIII. Statues representing commerce, justice, liberty, science, industry, &c., also enrich and beautify this splendid monument of French taste and labour. In the centre of the hotel are three courts, in one of which is a bronze statue of Louis XIV. The buildings of these courts seem as rich and imposing as those which are more exposed. The interior workmanship of this princely pile even surpasses what the exterior might be expected to promise. From the courts (for there is access to them all from this point) you reach a magnificent vestibule, around the centre of which are four Doric columns, and thence are reached two magnificent staircases, the arches of which are supported by Ionic columns, and which are most elaborately and gorgeously sculptured.

In the Hotel de Ville is one apartment called the Salle de Danse, scarcely second for extent to the long gallery of the Louvre, and certainly far before it in decorative beauty. This room occupies the extent of the whole eastern facade, and is lighted by thirteen lofty arched windows, above each of which is a semi-circular one; and fluted Corinthian columns adorn its sides. At the extremities of this grand salle are the orchestras, arched beneath and supported by columns.

By the southern staircase, which is somewhat different from that on the north, the most splendid and interesting apartment in the building is reached, namely, the Salle de Trône, which occupies the whole extent of the central part of the hotel. A portrait of Louis Philippe was wont to adorn this apartment, but the revolutionists of February destroyed it. The spacious fire-places, with their sculptured ornaments of white marble, give a grand effect to this magnificent salle, and associate with it fine old Christmas idealities; but it is for more terrible incidents than these familiar and kindly ones that this room is famous. Robespierre, once an humble schoolmaster of Arras, the terrible, the iron-hearted dictator, held his councils in this apartment; and here, when he saw the uncertain tide of that revolution, on whose stormy waves he had ridden, rise to overwhelm him, he attempted to commit suicide; and from hence he was dragged to the guillotine. It was at the central window of this great room that poor Louis XVI. appeared, with the cap of liberty on his head, and trembling before the crowd that shook their clenched hands up at him, and fluttered their improvised banners in his face, and, looking at the excited crowd in the Place de la Greve, tried to mollify, if possible, the wrath of the insurgent people; and it was from the same window that Louis Philippe and Lafayette bowed and smiled to the revolutionists of 1830. It was round the Hotel de Ville that the *ouversers* of 1848 rushed in their tens of thousands, with arms in their hands; and to this throne-room it was that they brought their memorials and petitions to the Provisional Government. It was here that Lamartine dictated his proclamations, and here that he and his colleagues received the numerous deputations that poured from all parts of France during the eventful days of the spring of 1848.

The other numerous and magnificent apartments of this palace of the prefecture are richly ornamented with sculptured work, and adorned with rich hangings, paintings, stucco work, and oak carvings. From the courts and pavilions access is had to the municipal, octroi, and other public offices, numbering in all 171 apartments, in which upwards of 400 clerks and other officers are employed.

The octroi duties are somewhat equivalent to our customs duties, being levied on certain articles on their advent into the cities, and they are very disproportionate and oppressive, weighing grievously upon many of the common necessities of life. The octroi duties were abolished during the first days of the revolution; but the reaction has reimposed them, and now not a traveller can enter Paris with a carpet bag in his hand without being called upon to pay this impost.

The Hotel de Ville is the *locale* of all the public offices, and it is also the official residence of the prefect of the Seine. It contains all the apartmental splendours and conveniences of a palace. Its kitchens are very extensive, and its dining-room is princely. It was the practice of the prefect during the monarchy to give a grand ball on the Saturday of every sixth week, in this his civic home; and this practice was resumed under the republic after the fever of the revolution had passed off. The memories connected with this elegant and admirable building are generally of a very sad character; the streets immediately around it have been the scenes of sanguinary struggles between the soldiers and the citizens; and on the Place de la Greve the dark form of the guillotine has often been seen, by which the victims of passion and crime paid the penalty of the law.

The Hotel de Ville is situated in the ninth arrondissement, and stands contiguous to many of the most ancient and interesting spots and places in Paris. The church of Notre Dame de Paris, which, like Bow Church in Cheap-side, stands upon the site of an old Roman temple, rears its rich massive lanterns in its vicinity; and near to it is the celebrated Hotel de Dieu, an ancient infirmary, the Palace de Justice, with its horrible dungeons, called the Conciergerie, so memorable as the prisons of the victims of the conscription, as the prison of Marie Antoinette, of Lavalette, Ney, and many other celebrated persons. The celebrated Pont-Neuf, which is perhaps the oldest bridge across the Seine, and which Sterne refers to in his 'Sentimental Journey,' is also situated in this ward of Paris, which contains so many relics of ancient days and so many monuments of change.

### Original Poetry.

#### TO THE AUTHOR OF 'GALILEO GALILEI'

Wake, brother, wake!—the morning breaks,  
And bids thee haste away;  
The hours speed on, our life is gone—  
Can we recall a day?  
Wake, brother, wake!—the east is red,  
And we have work to do;  
Let slumber bind the listless mind,  
But not the brave and true!  
Wake, brother, wake!—old time speeds on;  
Can we recall an hour?  
Then haste away, work while ye may  
With all your youthful power.  
Wake, brother, wake!—the sun is up;  
On earth his gold rays pour:  
Dream not of rest until re-blest  
In Paradise once more.

A. R. L.

#### TO K. B.

Sweet sister, I have twined for thee  
A wreath of mystic flowers;  
I gather'd them at silent eve  
In Eden's stoles bowers.  
Earth's flowers are fair, but they must die;  
Their life's a short-lived day;  
And who would cherish blossoms  
That fade so soon away.  
But those I bring from that bright land  
Can never fade nor die:  
They shine forever as the stars  
That gem the night-vell'd sky.

Their fragrant incense, pure from heaven,  
In showers of perfumed light,  
Is scatter'd from the radiant wings  
Of seraphs in their flight.  
For when we dream of Paradise  
In visions of the night,  
'Tis angels who wave over us  
Those airy flowers of light.

A. R. L.

### DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

#### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

ENGLAND can do little without public meetings. Every object of any consequence is brought before the public thus. The platform is the herald of all great movements, the auxiliary of social progress, civilisation, and Christianity. It is pre-eminently the people's advocate, the palladium of their liberty, the champion of their rights. The chairman, the monarch *pro tem.* of a mass of voluntary subjects, with his battalion of movers and seconders right and left, is an important personage; or, more correctly, he is the president for the evening of a little republic; he is chosen by 'universal suffrage,' and by the very ancient mode of elevating the hand. The people may be trusted, although they sometimes make a mistake in this matter. The most suitable man for the occasion is generally elected. It is not necessary that he should have Demosthenic powers of oratory—talking chairmen should be eschewed—but it is necessary that he be a man of some 'weight,' either of local influence, character, or purse. I once attended a public meeting which was presided over by a man of weight in every sense of that term; for, in addition to the qualifications just named, he was six feet three inches in stature, and proportionally stout. The most efficient speaker of the evening happened to be a very little man. Those who preceded him had uttered commonplaces in *præcis* fashion, and the audience seem'd disposed to go to sleep. The subject of discussion, though exceedingly important, namely, popular education, was nearly lost sight of, and factious personages were begging the loan of a nightcap from their neighbours. The little gentleman, however, speedily banished the dullness of the evening. On introducing him to the meeting, the chairman expressed a hope that all who could conveniently do so, would remain a few minutes longer, as the speaker 'would not be long.'

'Gentlemen,' said the little orator, springing upon a form, as there was no elevated platform on this occasion, 'allow me to have recourse to this expedient to aid the deficiencies of nature. Our respected chairman, whom all will allow to be a great authority, has invoked your patience by the expression of his opinion that I will not be long. He is right. I never was long, and never will be; for though in this country boys are generally in the habit of growing up to be men, yet the physical limits are so variable, that to judge of manhood by superficial measurement would be an act of great injustice in many cases. I at least should protest. But I shall not trouble you with further introduction. Brevity is the soul of wit. Now to business!' Every man in the assembly, including the gigantic chairman, was obliged to give way to a peal of laughter. Attention was secured; an important resolution was presented, analysed, explained, and enforced in a manner which left the impression upon all present, 'that to judge of manhood by superficial measurement would be an act of great injustice.'

Of all the public meetings which are held in this country, perhaps those which relate to missionary operations are the most important. The breadth, the greatness, the grandeur of the object they contemplate, their moral significance, the spirit-stirring truth of which they are the embodiment, and the remote issues, on the strength of simple faith, which they anticipate, are all suggested to a thoughtful man when he takes his place in a missionary meeting. Their benevolence is not limited by kindred, country, or nation; it is cosmopolitan, divine, God-like.

The world is the land they would conquer; man, universal man, the being they would bless. Their ambition is great as that of Alexander, and infinitely purer. They wield the highest power at once, that of the Gospel of redemption, and thus they set in motion all subordinate agencies for the good of humanity. By seeking the universal diffusion of divine truth, they necessarily seek the universal establishment of peace, liberty, education, and civilisation. The missionary *idea* is a most brilliant one—a sun whose rays shed light in every direction. The true missionary is a hero, heaven-baptised, and winning laurels which he will wear in eternity. He throws down the gauntlet to the deities of the heathen, and encounters the age-riveted religions of nations with nothing in his hand but a little book! His is the enterprise, either of a madman, or an angel of God. There is no alternation. For sword and shield he has none, no arms, no weapons, no disciplined soldiery. He goes alone, and takes his stand calmly in the midst of a crowd of worshippers, in a gorgeous temple, enriched with the gifts of ages and the votive offerings of royalty, and, pointing to the monster image before which the crowd kneel, he says aloud, in a voice of startling earnestness, as if from the depth of the holy oracle, 'The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth shall perish from the earth and from under these heavens!' This is real greatness. Even an infidel must respect that man. There is no self-seeking here. He asks nothing but that which is absolutely *essential*—a bare maintenance; and even for that his only guarantee is the fidelity of English Christians to their avowed principles. No, I am wrong, his guarantee is the providence of his great Master. Some two or three missionaries, out of the thousands that have left Great Britain during the last sixty years, have amassed wealth; but even their case is no exception to the rule that all our missionaries, so far as official income is concerned, are poor men; for these two or three accumulated money not *as* missionaries, but as speculators. The missionary enterprise is not accountable for a departure from its central idea. I repeat, therefore, the true missionary is a great man. I would rather imitate his example than join his censurers. He may not meddle with the political peculiarities of the nations of his adoption, but he is necessarily a friend of liberty. He cannot deliver his divine message without assailing despotism. Free men, free institutions, free commerce, though he may say nothing about either in the political sense, are ideas which stream out of the good news of liberty by the gospel. That system which emancipates the human soul cannot be honestly expounded consistently with the slavery of the human body. Looking through the light of the evangelic doctrine, it is impossible to see in any class of men the goods and chattels of their fellow-men. And the Christian missionary, who is true to his commission, is also necessarily a herald of international and universal peace. The propagation of all these subordinate principles comes of the propagation of the supreme principle to which he is devoted, as the greater includes the less, when the ideas are kindred and analogous. Mercantile men, friends of peace, advocates of civilisation, and others, may not have sufficiently reflected on these points. It is probable they have not, otherwise it is fair to conclude that missionary societies would not have so frequently to complain of inadequate funds. It is quite right always to *base* the appeal for Christian liberality on Christian obligation; but as it is impossible to spread Christianity without at the same time diffusing the minor blessings which it includes, it occurs very forcibly to my mind that parties who do not recognise the grandeur of the gospel as such, but who are alive to the claims of liberty, peace, and civilisation, ought to recognise in the missionary the advocate of those claims, and might greatly multiply the number of such advocates by liberal contributions to the funds of missionary societies. The laurels which English missionaries have gathered upon the fields of heathendom encircle the brow of Britannia in a more glorious wreath than any that have been placed there by her warlike agents on field and

flood. I affect not to speak lightly of 'the wooden walls of Old England.' Doubtless, they have their place in the national economy, and if any poet is disposed to sing their achievements, I shall not strike the lyre from his hands; although I think the very best use they could be put to at the present moment would be comfortably to carry to our fertile colonies the starving myriads of our countrymen, who are panting with earnest desire to emigrate from penury to plenty. But the man who should seriously institute a comparison between the wooden walls and the Christian churches of this kingdom, either as national honours or the world's benefactors, would not obtain a patient hearing in any respectable assembly. It is true that those churches have not done much yet, compared with the claims of humanity, but they have done enough to show what may be done, and more than enough to exhibit the earnest of what will be done. Hercules was at one time a child, but he was the child Hercules; and when the churches shall 'put away the childish things' of their sectarianism, and reach the love-power of their manhood, it is impossible to say what victories they may gain on the broad theatre of a world.

## THE SOCIETY OF FOUR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

SOMEWHERE in ——— state, and in a school that shall be nameless, were my young ideas taught to shoot. I will say, in justice to my teachers, all of whom are exemplary and respectable ladies, that if at this present time, and in the dim future, said ideas do not take right aim, or in any way fail to hit the mark, the fault lies at my own door. Our seminary was in 'a perfect love' of a situation; in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds, near a silvery stream, and overlooked by towering hills.

We were very happy there, we girls; for Providence blessed us with teachers almost wholly exempt from the too common faults of persons in their exalted station. I, of course, mean severity; principles sternly upright; and those mistaken and unreasonable ideas, that the freeborn spirits of young ladies in their teens must be curbed by the sober hum-drum rules of propriety. We had pretty much our own way, until our parents or guardians found it out, and then, adieu to the classic shades of ——— seminary! By the way, it is my private opinion, that the system of subduing the wills, and making mental machines of the intellects of *fares mayidons*, in our pattern seminaries, is the great, lamentable cause of their being such spiritless, submissive wives in after years. I am convinced that there is an alarming conspiracy formed by fathers and guardians, to patronise only such institutions of female learning as are calculated to keep damsels in subordination, in order to prevent them from fulfilling their natural, lofty destiny—from aspiring to equal power and influence in church and state. . . . I now only think to amuse you, reader mine, by giving a little history of a novel kind of society which at one time existed in our school. Its very name proclaimed its exclusiveness, for it was entitled 'The Society of Four.' Let me see; there was Bessie Stevens, a regular out-and-out beauty, presidentess; Kate Richmond, the liveliest and most charming of brunettes, secretary; Mag Melton, a rich southron's daughter, treasurer; and Grace Greenwood, private member; for, being of a modest turn myself, I felt a blushing unwillingness to be honoured with any office.

We had a constitution, which stated that the objects of the society should be *fun* first, *fun* last, *fun* always. We bound ourselves to keep nothing in the least degree laughable from one another; and that, in order to have every joke, or amusing occurrence, *new*, we would be close to all the world, but open as day to the society. A heavy fine was the penalty for a stale piece of pleasantry. The funds of the society were to be appropriated to buying presents to bribe monitresses, to connive at egresses and ingresses, and to purchase nice things of the cook (a most obliging woman), for refreshment, after our arduous labours. The times of meeting were to be as often as we had opportu-

nity; and last, we pledged ourselves over a glass of lemonade never to betray one another, but to assist in any piece of practical witchcraft where assistance was required; and to avenge, singly or collectively, any affront offered to any one of us. Immense capabilities for all sorts of fun and nonsense we found this secret society to possess. As just the right spirits were first engaged in it, those who were impressed with its value and devoted to its interests, it succeeded admirably for one entire term; but a vote having been passed to admit some three or four others to its honours and privileges, it happened mysteriously that soon after they were let in, the important sayings and doings of the society were let out—and it fell; and 'what a fall was there, my country'-women!

Our principal was a widow with one fair son, a promising youth of nineteen or twenty. Well, in the palmiest days of our society, young Hal came to spend a college vacation with his 'ma.' He showed himself to be, from the first, that sad creature, that pitiable piece of unfinished manhood, *a dandy!* But the partial mother evidently doted on the lad. She made a grand party for him, and introduced him to all her pupils who were beauties or heiresses. When he had honoured our seminary with his ethereal presence some three weeks, one of our number being mistress, the society met in my room. While Secretary Richmond was reading her report, I, who had just commenced Euclid, was puzzling over my lesson for the morning, the never-to-be-forgotten 'fifth proposition.' The report ceased, and still I kept at my book, stumbling along over the 'dunce bridge,' when I was roused by hearing the silver voice of Mag Melton, addressing the presidentess thus—'I beg leave to state, in the way of fun and business, that I have received a *bona fide* offer of marriage.' Love before mathematics, for ever! Away to one of the right angles of the room sped Euclid, cutting the air in a horizontal line, and springing up with a you-don't-say-so sort of expression of face, I drew my chair into the semicircle by the window. Mag then made known that Master Hal had proposed, in form, professing the warmest admiration for her, but, oddly enough, not mentioning her fortune. As the young gentleman was what Kate Richmond called 'a little softy,' we 'guessed his declaration was something quite laughable,' but were sadly disappointed when Mag averred that he really wooed in such elegant and poetical language, that, had he not been guilty of burlesquing the tender delicacy of our sex, by dandyism, she could never have pierced his heart with a cruel 'no!' which flew from her lips like 'a bullet from a rose-bud!'

In less than a week the learned society again met, and we were electrified to receive a similar announcement from our presidentess! Ay, from the Honourable Bessie Stevens herself! The indomitable Hal had made her a declaration, which, as well as she was able to judge, was the same, *verbatim et literatim*, which he had before made to our little treasurer. Alas! bullet the second had whizzed through his devoted heart! A few evenings from this, I was sitting rather late, in my little dove-cote of a room, penning an examination composition on 'the sublime and beautiful,' ever and anon threading my fingers through my curls, and gently irritating the organ of ideality, when my door opened softly, and the officers of the society entered, in pursuance of a call for a special meeting.

'Monsieur Tonson come again!' Kate Richmond reported, that the declaration of love which the presidentess stated she had received, sounding to her, Kate Richmond, rather familiar, she, on reaching her room, drew Bulwer's last novel from under her pillow, and found said declaration in a certain love-speech of the gallant hero. Kate has presentiments sometimes, and put the book, which was in pamphlet form, in her pocket. On the fourth day, while walking in the seminary grounds, she was joined by the great rejected, who had then and there made her an offer of his hand, and what heart he had left. He went on with his set speech, smoothly and glibly for awhile, but getting slightly embarrassed towards the end, by the fixed gaze of the lady's round black eyes, Kate leisurely drew forth the novel, and opening at the declaration scene, with a half-

arch, half-innocent smile playing around her lips, said demurely, 'Suffer me to prompt you, sir!'

He bowed and vanished! No, I am not sure he stayed to bow, but I am sure he vanished; for the first things we saw on our way down to breakfast the next morning were his travelling trunks in the hall, and the stage rumbled away from the door soon after.

Ah, Hylas! sweet youth! He had been borne down the tide of love by the mischievous nymphs, and then left to float alone! The last was evidently 'the unkindest *shot* of all;' his poor little heart was quite riddled. The thanks of the society were voted to Kate Richmond, for furnishing the best joke on its annals. I, of course, did not refuse my vote, though, to tell the truth, slightly provoked at Kate, for exposing the fellow so soon, and thus preventing me from sharing in the triumph of my roguish friends—a triumph seldom exactly displeasing to the heart feminine—and thereby capping the climax to the discomfiture of a vain and assuming coxcomb.

## BIRDS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—APRIL

BY H. G. ADAMS.

'April has come, with her silver dew,  
And the about in the woods of the lone Cuckoo;  
Heard by us all, as we look on a star,  
Ever in fondness, but ever afar;  
Luring the boy, as he loiters from school,  
Through the long fields, like an April-day foot;  
Willing the lover, as though it were Love,  
O'er the green meadows and through the dim grove;  
Shouting, like Hope, till we follow its strain,  
Then hiding, like Joy, in the forest again;  
Heard in each tree, though in none of them seen,  
Making us sad amid sunlight and green!  
But the morals of April are taught us too soon—  
The heart and the Cuckoo as yet are in tune;  
For the sadness is sweet in the spring of the year,  
And we find not the grief till the forest be bare.  
Lover and boy will not pay what they should,  
But practise through life what they learnt in the wood:  
All that eludes them still vain to pursue,  
And hunt through the woods for the flying Cuckoo.'

T. K. Hervey.

THUS, reader, is a choice piece of morality to begin with—a real emerald of purest lustre from the mines of poetic thought; and what a setting it has—a verdant wreath wet with the crystal showers, and bright with the golden sunshine of April—fresh and glistening as Chaucer's

'Chaplets, just gather'd from the old oak-trees,  
'And smelling of the woods and the morning breeze.'

The Cuckoo! who loves not to hear the Cuckoo, sending its mysterious voice from out the woodland depths, as though it were the spirit of the leafy solitude calling all nature to rejoice at the advent of the spring. We become young again as we listen to this bird; we forget that we are men—hard-headed, and it may be hard-hearted, sort of beings, with a world of common sense knocked into us—politicians, and sectarians, and shopkeepers, and housekeepers, and heads of families, with engagements to meet, and butchers, and bakers, and tax-gatherers, and a whole host of unpleasanties to think about and to provide for. But now we are away into the fields and woodlands to bathe our aching, fevered brows with the cool fresh breezes,

'To hear the harping Cuckoo mock at care,'

and to leap and gambol like very children, as we are once more—to chase the flying cloud-shadows as they flit athwart the green bosom of our mother earth, fancying the while that we hear a chorus of aerial voices singing, as Shelley has told us he once heard them—

'We bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
We bear light shade for the leaves, when laid  
In their noonday dreams;  
From our wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.'

Is there any amongst us who cannot fully enter into the feelings which prompted Thomas Miller, in his 'Day in

the Woods,' to exclaim—"Cuckoo, Cuckoo!" what! so early, with the sunshine gilding thy wings! Many a happy dream of childhood is recalled by that note, when we sat upon some cowslip-covered hilltop, watching thee wander from tree to tree, and mocking thy dear voice, or, mad with joy, ready to leap into the clear river, over which thou didst soar, to grasp thy lovely shadow. Many a sweet bird's song is more harmonious than thine, but none dearer. The lover's joke and the maiden's blush, the bright eyes riveted on thee as thou didst glide beneath the deep blue sky, are again recalled. I have heard thee sing in the grave-like silence of midnight, when the long shadows lingered upon the wood path, and the Nightingale warbled from the foliage-darkened covert, to tell thee that thou wert not all alone. Thou hast sung and cheered me when I wandered over the balmy hay-fields to school, until I have sat upon the new-made cock, watching thee sit from copse to copse, forgetful of the long dry task—a sure penance for those gliding hours which were passed at thy banquet of wild music. Dear bird, I love thee!" And who does not call to mind a thousand pleasant and endearing memories and associations of early days and of friends—many of them, alas! long since departed—as he listens to the note of the blithe Cuckoo? who is not ready to say with Wiffin, whose 'Aonian Hours' are so full of fine thought and agreeable fancies—

'Hail to thee, shouting Cuckoo! In my youth  
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,  
The marvel of a summer! It did soothe  
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,  
Where the high oaks forbade an squalid copse  
Than of the blue skies upward, and to sit,  
Canopied, in the gladdening horseshoe  
Which thou, my planet, sung—a pleasant fit  
Long time my hours endear'd, my kindling fancy suit.  
And thus I love thee still—thy monotone,  
The selfsame transport flashes through my frame,  
And when thy voice, sweet shyl, all is flown,  
My eager ear I cannot choose but blame.  
O may the world these feelings never tame!  
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,  
I still would call thee by a lover's name,  
And tender the spirit of delight unfied,  
Nor bear, though green without, a heart to Nature dead!'

As we call to mind the many beautiful things that Wordsworth and Logan, and others of the poets, have said about this shy bird, we are half-inclined to look upon it as indeed 'a celestial visitant,' and to ask, with the former poet,

'Oh, Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?'

With Wordsworth, too, as with Wiffin, and, indeed, most of the modern poets—for Chaucer calls it the '*wile* Cuckoo,' and Shakespeare makes its name synonymous with a term of reproach—it is a bird of delightful associations, telling a tale of spring-time and of youth:—

'Though babbling only of the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

... ..

And I can listen to thee yet,  
Can lie upon the plain,  
And listen till I do begot  
That golden time again.

Oh, blessed bird! the earth we pass  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee.'

With the Welsh bards, also, the Cuckoo appears to have been a great favourite, and especially with the more ancient of them. Llywarch Hen addressed a longish poem to 'the Cuckoo of the Vale of Conway,' and in the translation of the 'Pennillion' are these allusions to the bird, the latter of them, it is true, not over complimentary:—

'Blessings to that hour belong,  
When, erst a youth, my merry strain  
Join'd the Cuckoo's jocund song,  
Near to the grove on yonder plain.'

'Thy singing with the Cuckoo's vies,  
When on a rock, grown hoarse, he tries  
Some endless ditty to commence—  
Thy silence best would show thy sense.'

And, in truth, apart from its pleasing associations, the note of this bird is somewhat harsh and monotonous, although Lisle Bowles claims for it the character of being more strictly musical than that of almost any other feathered songster, the two notes which it utters being in exact accordance with those of the diatonic scale. Coming to our ear, as they generally do, mellowed by distance, and according so well with the character of the scenery and the subdued nature of the sounds with which they mingle—striking, too, a key-note in the memory which gives out a responsive echo full of the sweetest music, we ever listen to them with pleasure, and are ready to exclaim with Empeon—

'Bravo, Cuckoo! call again,  
Loud and louder still,  
From the hedge-partition'd plain,  
And the wood-top hill  
With thine unmistakable shout  
Make the valley ring!  
All the world is looking out,  
But 'tis vain, for spring.  
I have search'd in every place,  
Garden, grove, and glen:  
Of her footsteps not a trace  
Is there to be seen.  
Yet her servants, without fail,  
Have observed their day;  
Swallow, Bat, and Nightingale,  
And herself away!  
Shout again! she knows thy call,  
'Tis her muster-drum;  
An she be on earth at all,  
She will hear and come.'

In the 'Athenaeum' for 1848, at pp. 868, 932, 1186, there are some interesting facts recorded with regard to the part which the Cuckoo plays in popular mythology; and a correspondent of the same journal, at a later date, says—"I understand that in the present day the colliers in Shropshire, when they first hear the Cuckoo, immediately leave off work, and have a holiday." And well may these swarthy sons of toil rejoice to hear that welcome sound, for it is a proclamation of good tidings, and, although not uttered exactly in the words of Solomon the wise, its meaning is understood to be similar—

'Lo! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone,  
The flowers appear in the earth.  
The time of singing of the birds is come,  
And the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land.'

In the oldest English stanzas extant, too, the song of this bird is mentioned as one of the indications of a genial time, a coming season of sunshine and flowers—

'Summer is yecumen in,  
Loud sing Cuckoo;  
Groweth seed,  
And bloweth mead,  
And springeth the weed anew—  
Sing Cuckoo!'

Brand, in his 'Popular Antiquities,' tells us that the term *gowk*, used in Scotland to signify a fool, means properly a Cuckoo; and Ash states that the term is derived from the Saxon *geac*, hence *geck*, hence *gowk*. Shakespeare makes Malvolio, when fooled to the top of his bent, say to Olivia—

'Why have you suffer'd me to be  
Made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on?'

In the 'Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham,' this character of foolishness, which is certainly not deserved by the bird, as we shall presently show, is transferred to those sapient individuals who thought they could secure an everlasting spring by retaining the herald of the sweet season amongst them, and to this end they enclosed it within a high hedge circle, forgetting that, like all earthly pleasures, it had wings. In reference to this sage attempt to interfere with the laws of nature, an old poet has said—

'Fools only hedge the Cuckoo in!'

and this has become in some sort a proverbial expression of obvious meaning.

In the county of Sussex, the 14th of April is or was

called 'first Cuckoo day,' because on that day the voice of the harbinger of spring is *sometimes* heard, although not commonly until the 21st. In some situations, however, its welcome shout comes to the ear borne upon the whistling gales of March.

'What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?'

says Logan, addressing the bird. No star, but an unerring monitor within, which prompts the creature when to leave its southern home for our more temperate latitudes, and to return there when it has fulfilled the object of its visit. This it generally does at an earlier period than most of our summer visitants, seldom remaining far into the month of August. Gilbert White calls it the 'vagrant Cuckoo,' because, 'being tied down by no incubation or attendance about the nutrition of its young, it wanders without control.' And this has reference to a very remarkable fact—if such it be, for it is a matter of considerable dispute, Blythe and some other naturalists inclining to a contrary opinion—viz., that it builds no nest of its own, but deposits its eggs singly in those of other birds, on which devolve the task of bringing up the young Cuckoos, those monsters of ingratitude which, according to Aristotle and Pliny, after having, with their broad, hollow-shaped backs, *shovelled* their fellow-broodlings over the sides of the nest to perish by the fall, or by cold and hunger, finish by eating up the unfortunate Hedge-sparrow or Titling, to whose care they have been consigned. Shakspeare seems to have been well aware of this superstition, for so we may well call it, as in 'King Lear' he makes the fool say, in allusion to the conduct of the unnatural daughters, Regan and Goneril—

'The Hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young;'

and again, in the play of 'Henry VI.,' Worcester reproaches the king thus—

'And, being fed by us, you used us so,  
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the Sparrow—did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,  
We were enforced for safety's sake to fly.'

Charles Knight, in his 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' has some good observations upon this passage; he opines that the term 'gull' there used refers to the Cuckoo's extreme voracity, which, however, he does not believe—nor, as he asserts, did Shakspeare—goes so far as the eating up of either the young nestlings among which it is hatched, or the old bird which feeds it, although this was distinctly asserted by Pliny, to whose writings the commentator considers our bard might have had access.

The Grey Cuckoo (*Coccyzus Americanus*) is the only bird of the Cuculine family that is at all commonly known in this country. Three or four individuals of another species, variously called the Yellow-billed or Carolina Cowcow or Cuckoo, the Cowbird, or the Raincrow (*Coccyzus Americanus*), have, according to Macgillivray, been shot here; but this can scarcely be called a British bird, like the shy visitant which Graham thus describes—

'See where the stranger flies close to the ground,  
With hawk-like pinions of a leaden blue,  
Poor wanderer! from hedge to hedge she flies,  
And trusts her offspring to another's care;  
The sooty-plumed Hedge-sparrow frequent acts  
The foster-mother, warming into life  
The youngling destined to supplant her own.  
Meanwhile the Cuckoo sings her idle song,  
Monotonous yet sweet, now here, now there,  
Herself but rarely seen; nor does she cease  
Her changeless note, until the broom, fall-blown,  
Gives warning that her time for flight has come.  
Thus ever journeying on from land to land,  
She sole, of all the innumerable feather'd tribes,  
Passes a stranger's life, without a home.'

The term 'changeless,' here applied to the note of this bird, appears to be hardly correct, for, according to credible authorities, it is somewhat variable in its sound and pitch.

to which remarkable circumstance an epigrammatist of the sixteenth century thus alludes—

'In April the Kneecoo can sing her song by rote,  
In June of tune she cannot sing a note;  
At first too-coo, too-coo, sing still she can do,  
At last kooke, kooke, kooke, six kooke to one too.'

Much more that is curious and interesting we could say about this remarkable bird, and many more choice passages from the poets we might quote in reference to it, but our readers for the nonce will perhaps be content with the following remarks, gleaned from an author whose name we do not happen to know: 'The fact of the Cuckoo laying in a season at least six eggs has been proved by various observers. As this bird has, of course, six different nests to seek of other birds, all of which must be suited to her purpose, and fit to receive the egg, that Being whose unerring wisdom directs everything for the benefit of his creatures has endowed the Cuckoo with the extraordinary property of retarding the necessity of laying the egg after it has arrived at maturity—a qualification not possessed by other birds. This property must tend materially to ensure a continuation of its species, and to obviate the difficulties it otherwise would have to encounter. When we consider that the weight of a Cuckoo exceeds five ounces, and that the little fragile nest in which its eggs are deposited are those of birds which weigh only a few drachms, it is supposed that the Cuckoo never gets into these nests for the purpose of depositing her egg, but conveys it there by means of her claws or mouth. This is the more probable, as the egg has been found in a nest built in a small hole in a wall, under the eaves of a house, and in the nests of Wrens, into none of which could the Cuckoo, whose length is fourteen inches, and its breadth from wing to wing twenty-five inches, by any possibility enter. This is the opinion of many eminent German naturalists; and some facts to prove it were mentioned in Weidmann's 'Feierabende.' The feet of the Cuckoo are well adapted to enable it to take up its egg and deposit it in the nest, having its toes, like those of the Woodpecker, disposed two backwards and two forwards. Now, we know that the Cuckoo never runs up the sides of trees like the Woodpecker; and as we may be quite sure that this peculiar formation is given the bird for some wise and good purpose, we may fairly infer that it is to enable it to place its eggs in the nests of the smaller birds. This disposition must give it a very powerful grasp. The eggs, also, being very small in proportion to the size of the bird, are thus more readily taken up. It is also remarkable that the eggs, though larger than those of the selected foster-parent, do not stand in need of a longer period of incubation.'

Here we see another instance of that beautiful adaptation of means to certain ends, of which so many instances are constantly observable to the student of nature, impressing him with a sense of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator of all things, and inclining his heart to such praise and adoration as prompted Bishop Horne to say—'The note of the Cuckoo, though uniform, always gives pleasure, because we feel that summer is coming; but this pleasure is mixed with melancholy, because we reflect that it will so soon be going again. This is the consideration which embitters all sublimity enjoyments. Let the delight of my heart, then, be in thee, O Lord and Creator of all things, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of changing!'

A beautiful little bird, somewhere about seven inches long, which has a queer way of every now and then giving its head a sudden twist, and is hence called the Wryneck, generally precedes the Cuckoo by a week or two. Gisborne thus describes it—

'In sober brown  
Drest, but with nature's tenderest pencil touch'd,  
The Wryneck her monotonous complaint  
Continues; harbinger of her who, doom'd  
Never the sympathetic joy to know  
That warms the mother covering o'er her young,  
A stranger robe, and to that stranger's love  
Her eggs commits unnatural.'

This bird, which is called by Macgillivray 'Wryneck,' is a common visitor to our shores.



and which is commonly known by the various names of Emmet-hunter, Long-tongue, Cuckoo's Maid or Mate, Snake, Turkey, and Barley-bird, is sometimes seen in company with the Cuckoo, of which bird it is considered, in Sweden, as well as in Wales and some parts of England, as the harbinger or forerunner. It is an elegantly shaped bird, and its silky plumage is delicately streaked and mottled. The undulating motion which it sometimes gives to its neck, and the loud hissing noise it makes when alarmed or surprised in its favourite retreat, the hollow of a tree, have obtained for it one of the above names. The Wryneck makes scarcely any nest, but lays its eggs on fragments of decayed wood, and on spots where its favourite food, such as ants and other insects, are abundant. Its time of departure is about September, when it is usually very plump, and is esteemed a great delicacy, being frequently mistaken for the Octolan, which it somewhat resembles. We will dismiss it with a line or two by Richard Howitt—

'The Quicken is tufted with blossoms of snow,  
And is throwing its perfume around it;  
The Wryneck replies to the Cuckoo's halloo  
With joy that again she has found it,'—

and a few of Bishop Mant's fine moral and descriptive lines upon this bird, which thus begin and conclude—

'First of the migratory swarm,  
His lodgings in our woods to form,  
The Wryneck comes. A lonely bird,  
Nor oft his gentle voice is heard,  
Nor oft are spread, retired and shy,  
His pinions in the open sky.

...  
The pliant tongue, horn-pointed frame,  
The adhesive glue, the unerring aim:  
What proofs are here of wise design,  
Of nice adjustment, power divine,  
Disclosing what the will intends,  
By means adapted to the ends,  
Nor falling by those means to teach  
His works the intended ends to reach.'

Long before the woods have begun to assume their summer drapery, or have even decked their boughs with the green buds of spring, there may be heard at times a sound which may well be mistaken for a peal of hearty laughter, bursting forth again and again, as though the utterer of it could not possibly restrain his merriment; at other times there comes upon the ear a sad plaintive kind of note, like an expression of pain or grief; and both proceed from the same bird, viz., the Woodpecker, which has also another way of giving notice of his whereabouts, the nature of which we may learn from the lines of Moore's beautiful and familiar ballad—

'Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.'

It has a singular effect this *tap-tap-tap* when heard amid the silence and solitude of nature, far away from the homes and haunts of men—a very singular effect, and the fancy once came into our head, as we heard it coming from various quarters at once, that these were invisible coffin-makers, preparing for a general funeral. It was but an idle fancy, dispelled as quickly as called up; for, as though in very mockery of the notion, there burst forth one of those ringing peals of laughter which are so startling because unexpected, and then the woods echoed again with the piercing cry, '*tiu-ca-can! tiu-ca-can!*' and we knew well enough that it was the *Picus Viridis*, the Green Woodpecker, variously called the Hewhole, Woodwall or Whit-wall, Woodsprite, Yaffler, Yapping-bird, Popinjay, and Rain-bird—the latter term being applied to it because it is said to give notice of the approach of rain by the plaintive wailing sound above alluded to.

'Hast thou e'er when alone, amid woodlands remote,  
In the forest far distant from dwellings of men—  
In the grove's gloomy umbrage, the mountain's deep glen,  
Where solemnity, solitude, silence, excite  
A feeling of awe that no pen may indite,  
Been startled by some bird's appalling loud note?  
That note is the Woodpecker's; there thou may'st see  
The harsh-screaming *Scansor* on many a tree,

sings Jennings, in his 'Ornithologia.' But we much question whether he, or any one else, at the same place and

time, ever saw the Woodpecker on many a tree, for it is a very shy bird, and one cannot often get a good view of it knocking at the decayed walls of the insects' dwelling to call them forth to be eaten—for that, in fact, appears to be the object of its oft-repeated *tap-tap-tap*, which is often a run-away knock, for the bird will dart round to the opposite side of the tree, as some have wisely supposed, to see whether its beak has gone right through, but, in reality, that the alarmed insects, seeing no enemy present, might come forth out of the holes and crevices in the bark, and fall an easy prey when he presents himself again at their front-door, which he is not long in doing. Gilbert White says that 'Woodpeckers fly *volata unclosa*, opening and closing the wings at every stroke, and so are always rising or falling in curves'—a circumstance which has not escaped the observation of that close copier of nature, Gishborne, who thus describes the bird—

'With shrill and oft-repeated cry,  
Her angular course, *alternate rise and fall*,  
The Woodpecker prolongs; then, to the trunk  
Close-clinging, with unwearied beak assails  
The hollow bark; through every call the strokes  
Roll the dire echoes that from wintry sleep  
Awake her insect prey; the alarmed tribes  
Start from each chink that bores the mould'ring stem:  
Their scatter'd flight, with lengthen'd tongues, the foe  
Pursues; Joy glisters on her verdant plumes,  
And brighter scarlet sparkles on her crest.'

Here we have a complete picture of the bird, beautifully drawn, and to the life. By means of a few masterly touches, the characteristic traits are all placed before us. In Chaucer's tale of 'The Sumner and the Devil,' an allusion is made to our active, noisy, and inquisitive friend, as thus—

'The Sumner then, which was so full of stir,  
And prate, and prying, as a Woodpecker,  
And ever inquiring upon every thing.'

Jennings, it will be seen above, has made use of the term *Scansor* when speaking of this bird. That is because it belongs to the order *Scandrices*, or Climbers, in which order the Wryneck is also included. Of the family *Picine*, *Picine* birds, or Woodpeckers, there are said to be above ninety species, although not above four or five are known in this country, and only three at all commonly. These are the Crimson-headed Green Woodpecker just described, which Macgillivray places in a genus by itself, designating it *Gecinus*, and which is found in most wooded districts of England, but not in Scotland; the Pied Woodpecker (*Picus Pipra*), sometimes called the Great Spotted Woodpecker, the Whitwall, Woodpie or Frenchpie, extensively distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and the Striated Woodpecker (*Picus Striolatus*), which is found only in the southern, and eastern, and mid-land counties of the first-named of these countries. This latter is sometimes called the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker, Hickwall, Crankbird, or Pumpbore. The habits of all of them are pretty nearly alike. They frequent woods and plantations—feed principally upon insects, which the peculiar structure of their long, narrow, horny-pointed, and bristle-fringed tongues enable them to extract from holes, chinks, and crevices; and they lay their eggs in deep cavities, which they bore with their strong, wedge-like bills, in the boles of trees, making in the process, it has been asserted, a bushel of chips or more in a couple of hours, for the truth of which we cannot vouch.

Closely resembling in many respects the Woodpeckers, are the Certhine birds, or Tree-Creepers, of which family we are familiar with but one individual species, viz., the *Certhia Familiaris*, the Brown Tree-Creeper, or, as it is sometimes called, the Brown Woodpecker. It is a permanent resident in the wooded parts of this country, but nowhere numerous. Then we have, as an occasional visitant, the *Upupa Epops*, or European Hoopoe, a very beautiful bird, belonging also to the order and family of *Reptatrices*, or Creeper, with the habits of which we are not much acquainted. In the same order are likewise included the Nuthatches, which, however, belong to a different family, that of *Sittine*, or Sittin birds; and of this family we have but one representative, the *Sitta Europæa*,

or European Nuthatch, which is rarely seen except in the southern parts of England. It is a lively bird, about six inches in length, with plumage of a fine blue grey and orange colour, barred with black. It lives upon insects and the kernels of nuts, which it perforates with its strong-pointed bill. It is often seen clinging to the trunk or branch of a tree with its head downwards, and is even said to sleep in that position. In the 'Magazine of Natural History' for November, 1828, it is related that a gentleman, having slightly wounded a Nuthatch, succeeded in capturing and taking it home. But the poor bird could ill brook its captivity, and at the end of two days died, having till the time of its death kept up an incessant tapping at the woodwork of its cage, which gave rise to the observation that it was nailing its own coffin. This anecdote has been turned to good account by an anonymous poet, whose lines are quoted in the 'Ornithologist,' a very pleasant companion for a woodland ramble:

Unceasing the toll of that captive one,  
From the dawn of the day to the set of sun;  
When the shadows of night around him fell,  
There was silence and peace in his lowly cell;  
For the prisoner's weary toll was o'er,  
And the requiem-strain was heard no more.  
Dost weep for the captive? Weep freely, then;  
But knowest thou not there are captive men?  
Oh! canst thou not hear how their plaintive wail  
Is borne from afar on the ocean gale?  
Weep, weep, for the captive on land and sea,  
And pray for that hour when the slave shall be free.'

## THE WINES OF CHAMPAGNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is an old proverb which says, 'He who has travelled through Peru without visiting Potosi knows nothing of Peru.' In like manner one may predicate of la Champagne: He who has not visited the cellars of Chalons and of Epernay knows nothing of la Champagne. This reproach applies not to us. We have seen the cellars of Madame Moët, at Epernay, and those of Monsieur Jaquesson, at Chalons; and, as it is necessary that a historian be impartial, we aver that the most marvellous of these subterranean palaces is not that of Madame Moët, celebrated throughout Europe as having been visited in turns by Napoleon, by the Emperor Alexander, and by nearly all the European sovereigns. The finest and most curious cellars are certainly those of Monsieur Jaquesson. It is affirmed, in the narrative of the President of the Republic's journey to Epernay, that the wine vaults of Madame Moët contain three millions of bottles, representing a capital of ten millions of francs; those of the house of Jaquesson, at Chalons, are not less important. Every one ought to behold these myriads of bottles, majestically piled under magnificent arches, stretching on, in long perspective, farther than the eye can reach.

Six vaults, of nearly five hundred metres each, are symmetrically reared side by side. These six vaults are divided by seven other vaults, of two hundred and thirty metres each; and these thirteen vaults are again intersected by twelve vaults, varying in length from twenty-five to forty metres. Quitting these vaults, we find ourselves in very beautiful arched passages, where three chariots might run abreast as on the walls of Babylon. These passages conduct the visitor by gentle declivities into the interior of the cellars. There carriages wheel and pass each other with more facility than in many of the streets of Paris. Twelve lamps with reflectors, suspended from the arches, and two hundred tapers, illumine with their fantastic light this subterranean village, which is animated by a population of masons, labourers, carmen, coopers, women and children, constantly employed either in the making of wine or in the cellars, the magazines, or the courts above. To speak of vaults with us is to awaken the idea of a place more or less humid, with dripping walls, and doors the hinges and ironwork of which are more or less eaten by rust; but in these cellars there is nothing of the kind—no humidity either in the ground or upon the walls. The fresh masonry preserves the whiteness of chalk; the doors

are of elegant glazing, which might vie with the show-windows of the ordinary shops in the large provincial cities in France. These glass doors are constructed with rollers, by the aid of which they are moved and pushed out of the way into the openings contrived in the sides of the wall, where they disappear like the scenes of the opera.

Above these cellars are two tiers of store-rooms, where there is an incessant circulation of waggons drawn by horses. They have constructed for these conveyances a covered way in the hill under which extend the cellars. The laborious quadrupeds offer a singular picture to the passer-by, as they occasionally suspend their sober gait to thrust their noses into the windows of their apartments on the second or third storey.

In each store-room are established four presses, which are capable of pressing the grapes for several hundred hectolitres of wine at one time. Under these are immense vessels that contain not less than 25,000 litres each, and in which six persons might sit at table quite at their ease. In viewing all the enormous divisions of this vast establishment one might well imagine that it was destined for the industry of giants. Five or six hours scarcely suffice rapidly to traverse this marvellous oenological library; which does not deceive the eye like many others, rich only in luxurious bindings, and poor in spirit. These numerous dependencies, magazines, laboratory, glazing, form a multitude of appendices to the cellars and store-rooms, where they accomplish the mingling and pressing of grapes from the mountain of Rheims and the valley of Epernay.

In ordinary times the vaults of the house of Jaquesson employ no fewer than six hundred workmen; and when October comes—the 'vinous month,' as Brillat Savarin calls it—you elbow at each step, under the arches, in the store-rooms, through the passages, a crowd of vine-dressers, coopers, bottlers, carmen, the population of an entire village—fifteen hundred labourers, joyful sons of the vine, performing their various functions with order and precision under the watchful eye of the master, and according to the directions of the chief of the cellars.

In traversing the establishment, we had remarked a vast reservoir. This reservoir was full of water. In spite of ourselves, and notwithstanding the well-known and respectable name of the industrious owner, the presence of this abundant provision of water in the cellars caused us some inquietude. We thought of the numerous amateurs in champagne, of the credulous consumers and simple-hearted drinkers, who believe that the wines sold to them are the pure produce of the vine. Then we remembered the industrious Parisians, who make their Burgundy at Bercy; the honest wine-merchants of Cette, who inscribe upon the walls of their vaults, in big Patagonian letters, 'Here is fabricated Madeira wine;' and the celebrated restaurants, who constantly sell clove-vougeot without ever buying it. These remembrances recalled to our minds the words of La Bruyère, who was of opinion, even in his time, that a thing rarer in the world than diamonds and pearls and a spirit of discernment, was a real and natural glass of wine, which positively possessed the qualities guaranteed by its name and supposed origin. Doubtless our dicerone divined the object of our sudden pre-occupation, for he took some pains in explaining to us the minutest details concerning the reservoir, intended merely, he assured us, to convey water wherever it was necessary for the salubrity and neat appearance of the vast workshops which we had traversed. This explanation perfectly re-assured us, for we could not doubt its sincerity.

We further remarked the existence of a railway in the vaults, like that in the mines of the Loire, for the transport of wines from one cellar to another, and of the conduits into which runs the precious liquid escaping from the bottles broken in forming the piles, very artistically raised notwithstanding. This limpid river, with its charming gluck, gluck, empties itself into a vast basin, and fulfils at a later period its destiny and the bottles of the merchant. It is perhaps necessary to inform our readers, that at a certain epoch of the year, or of the fabrication of the foaming wine, there are very considerable breakages.

In the cellars of the house of Jacquesson, for instance, there are sometimes as many as a thousand and twelve hundred bottles smashed in one day.

When we have visited Chalons and its wine-vaults, there still remain to be seen the hills that furnish these vast cellars with their sparkling nectar. We arranged so as not to re-enter Epernay without saluting *Ai, Mareuil, Avenay, Sillery*, and all the fertile country which bears the name of *la Champagne* in all parts of the world, and even so far off as with Queen Pomaré, tutored in this respect by Dr Pritchard.

Upon arriving at Mareuil, a little town situated in the midst of enchanting scenery, a good man offered to conduct us to a magazine of a different species from that which we had already visited; less rich, less marvellous, but not less useful with respect to the wine of *la Champagne*, since it furnishes the corks. This is a kind of manufacture that is not widely known. The cork is made by the hand, with an extremely well-sharpened knife, which they pass over it without ceasing. In one day a good workman can cut a thousand to twelve hundred corks; and by a recent calculation ten millions of corks are required in France within the same period.

Throughout the whole extent of this rich vineyard-land, the visitor is perpetually invited to quench his thirst in their delicious vines. 'Monsieur, a glass of *Ai*?'—'Monsieur, a glass of *Mareuil*?' They are the pride, the glory of the country; they are the hospitality of *la Champagne*. But at Mareuil they slander *Ai*, and *Ai* revenges herself upon Avenay. 'Monsieur,' said an erudite vine-dresser of Mareuil, 'I will give you some friendly counsel—buy your champagne at Mareuil. It is not for my interest that I bestow upon you this advice, it is for your own. It is an ancient aphorism, and a very true one—*Ai le nom, Mareuil le bon*.' During our trip, we became acquainted with a curious circumstance: that the little village of Sillery, the name of which is proudly placed upon the *cartes* of the first restaurants of Paris, and attached to champagne of extra-superfine quality, is a place where there grows not a single vine.

#### THE POWER OF WORDS.

Leaving the lofty notions of words, and coming down to the every-day world of books and men, we observe many queer developments of the coarseness of language. The most fluent men seem the most ineffectual. All classes seem to depend upon words. Principles are nothing in comparison with speech. A politician is accused of corruption, inconsistency, and losing number one more than number ten thousand. Straightway he floods the country with words, and is honourably acquitted. A gentleman of far-reaching and purse-reaching intelligence conceals twenty millions of pills, and 'works' them off to agents, and, in the end, transfers the whole from his laboratory to the stomachs of an injured and oppressed people by means of—words. Miss A. stabs the spotless name of Mrs P. with a word-stiletto. The poisonous breath of a venomous fanatic moulds itself into syllables, and, lo! a sect of Christians is struck with leprosy. An author wishes to be sublime, but has no fire in him to give sparkle and heat to his compositions. His ideas are milk and water-logged—feeble, commonplace, nerveless, witless, and soulless; or his thoughts are ballasted with lead instead of being winged with inspiration. 'What shall I do?' he cries in the most plaintive terms of aspiring stupidity. Poor poetaster! do not despair! take to thy dictionary—drench thy thin blood with gin—learn the power of words. Pile the ome of rant on the pelion of hyperbole, and thy small fraction of the trite shall be exalted to the heights of the sublime, and the admiring gaze of many people shall be fixed upon it, and the coin shall jingle in thy pocket, and thou shalt be denominated great! But if thy poor pate be incapable of the daring, even in expression, then grope dubiously in the dismal swamps of verbiage, and let thy mind's fingers feel after spongy and dropical words, out of which little sense can be squeezed, and arrange the easy epithets and unsub-

stantial substantives into lines, and out of the very depths of bathos thou shalt arise a sort of mud-Venus, and men shall mistake thee for her that rose from the sea, and the coin shall clink in thy fob, and thou shalt be called beautiful! Such is the omnipotence of words! They can exalt the little; they can depress the high; a ponderous polysyllable will break the chain of an argument, or crack the pate of a thought, as a mace or a battle-axe could split the crown of a soldier in the olden time.—*E. P. Whipple*.

#### LOVE AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF RELIGION.

Without love, religion is a task, and a toil, and a drudgery—an irksome work that the slave performs, goaded by conscience or impelled by self-righteousness; but when we love Him, then we serve Him not because we must, as because we will—not of constraint, but of choice. Every duty is endeared, every yoke is lightened, every burden is relieved, when God fills the heart. Look at this in earthly things. When the child that delights in an aged father, watches him by day, and takes no rest in her care by night—smooths his pillow, bears with his complaining, anticipates every wish, watches every glance of his eye—does she deem it a toilsome task? Does she wish it were at an end? Her heart trembles at the thought. 'To the hireling it would be a task; but doing it from love, it is the source to her of sweetest delight. So will it be in the service of God; the commandments which are grievous to the sinner, are not grievous to the saint—the requirements which men naturally recoil from, the child of God counts his greatest privilege and enjoyment. To serve God is his heaven begun; to serve him as his angels do will be his heaven complete. Sorrow, too, loses its bitterness, when it is received from the hand of love; when we see that the hand which smites us is the hand that was wounded for us, and when we hear amid the storm and darkness a voice which says, 'It is I, be not afraid,' we can kiss the hand that wields the rod, and welcome the storm and the darkness that brings the Saviour nearer to us. With us in the lion's den, as with Daniel, it becomes 'the house of God and the gate of heaven;' with us in the fiery furnace, as with the children in captivity, we can sing praises in the flames, and rejoice even in the torture; even as the martyr who said when burning at the stake—'You want a miracle; behold one. These flames are to me as a bed of roses.' So did the love of his Saviour fill his soul, that the Spirit of God lifted him up above the pains of his body; heaven began, and the flames were to him but as the prophet's chariot of fire that bore him triumphantly to his God.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell*.

#### SPIRIT OF BENEVOLENCE.

If we hope to instruct others we should familiarise our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few indeed stand motionless, and not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren, yet with little reason; for more greedily than the most bewildered wanderer does he err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the end of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the means, which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not habitually interested himself in the welfare of others. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy which affects to insultate philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart, and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence.—*S. T. Coleridge*.





*Yours very truly*  
*Thomas Brick*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

In no age of the world's history has there been so general an ability to comprehend written language, or simply to read, as in this; and at no time has there been a louder cry for the general diffusion of good thoughts. When, however, the unlearned student lifts the book in which the history of the exact sciences are written, and questions its pages concerning the things of this earth, and the nature and motions of the spheres of heaven, &c., he finds that the book contains only a few of the worlds which he has acquired; that it is full of a mixed language peculiar to and understood by the initiated, but confusing to him. In such a condition of general ability to understand, and of general desire to know, and with the present abstruse forms in which the laws of nature are presented to the masses of mankind, he who translates the language of the discoverer in science into a language sufficient to reach the general understanding, and to instruct those whom the profundity and obscurity of scientific diction exclude from the higher paths of science, is almost as great a benefactor to mankind as the discoverer. He multiplies and magnifies the original discoverer's ideas, as he simplifies them in illustration; and he renders to the many the thoughts of God which had beamed from the chambers of his glory upon the wrapt Vates, the deep-eyed prophet, and which would have lain in silent mystery but for the exegetis who came to expound what he had revealed.

We know of no man in the character of an expounder who has so high a claim upon the respect and gratitude of the Anglo-Saxon race as the venerable Christian philosopher, Dr Dick. We do not know any man who has done so much to universalise a knowledge of the works of the great Creator, to rend from before the glorious architecture of the universe the mystic veil that had been woven by the philosophic schools, and to present to the many the boundless presence of a world full of majesty, beauty, and perfection, where the soft winds sigh that God is great and good, and from everlasting to everlasting, and where the unnumbered stars in the vault of immensity catch up and repeat the diapason of their thrilling amen. All science and all art, legitimately directed, are lines that radiate towards the great God Almighty. The sciences are the media by which we are led to contemplate the goodness, and greatness, and wisdom, and power of our Heavenly Father in the highest degrees allowed to us as mere intellectual beings; and the arts are the modes that we have developed of expressing our sense and admiration of the wondrous glories of God that are scattered around us. The arts and sciences are the highest attainments in the secondary condition of man; and, rightly appreciated and correctly taught, are fingers that point towards Him, the Spirit Infinite and Almighty, who in the fulness of his love came down from the throne of his glory, and redeemed us, who were lost, to our highest condition of divine adoption. It is not half a century since science and philosophy were deemed the spheres in which scepticism exclusively drove its triumphal car, and from which the Christian often shrunk with fear and dismay. The fanatics of the first French revolution impiously asserted that philosophy was the logical antithesis of religion, and reason the converse of revelation; and to this day the syllogisms of those daring mythists have some influence upon the weak and ignorant; but thanks be to God all the revelations that we have received of his attributes tend more and more to show us the harmony of the divine nature, and to confirm our faith in the most sublime of all the works of the Father. The world of external evidence groaned as the sceptics lorded over it in their pride, and made it captive to the building up of the false, while the Christian seemed afraid to approach it. When, however, the Christian philosopher had passed the doors at which he had parleyed with the enemy, and entered the arcana of nature, he found it alive and vocal with praises to the great I Am.

Dr Dick has been peculiarly styled the Christian Philosopher, from his efforts to demonstrate the compatibility and harmony of all true philosophy with the Christian plan of redemption and the truth of the life to come, and from the success with which he has explained the philosophy of religion. The inquiries relative to these subjects are so varied and so extensive, that they have led this patient and laborious philosopher over the whole fields of physical and moral science, and have brought him ever back to the footstool of the God of his salvation. As an expounder of the physical laws of the universe, and as an interpreter of the moral language of science, Dr Dick has acquired a most deservedly extensive celebrity, and has won for himself a high place in the veneration of good men. The lives of celebrated men seem in all their early circumstances to be modelled after one plan, and to impose upon the biographer something like a literary formula.

Thomas Dick was born on the 24th of November, 1774, in the Hilton of Dundee, where his father, Mungo Dick, a most respectable linen-manufacturer, and an exemplary and worthy member and treasurer of the Secession Church, conducted his business, and held a small property. In those early days, when Secession was denounced as schism by kirkmen, and defended with polemical vehemence as the very true form of faith by our seceding fathers, it was difficult to find either liberality or the savour of much charity amongst the brethren. Mungo Dick, however, had more benevolent views of God's grace than were general in his times, and he possessed a more than common erudition. He was well acquainted with the best authors on divinity and ecclesiastical history; he had read extensively in books of travel and geography, and felt a great interest in the political events that agitated Europe and America about the close of the eighteenth century, as well as those missionary movements which had for their object the enlightening of the heathen with the light of the Gospel. By this pious father, and an equally serious and pious mother, Dr Dick was instructed in religion and in letters, his mother having taught him to read the New Testament before he entered any school.

The principles that have maintained the supreme ascendancy over all the speculations and labours of this eminent astronomer, were grounded in his nature by those best of teachers, consistent parents, and in that best of all the schools of religion, a truly Christian home; but the tendency which in his early youth he exhibited towards astronomical studies, seems to have been fortuitously developed.

On the 18th of August, 1783, Thomas Dick, then only a boy about nine years of age, was in his father's garden about nine o'clock in the evening with a maidservant who was folding linen, when, looking towards the north, she suddenly exclaimed, 'You have never seen lightning before; see, there's lightning.' The whole body of the celebrated meteor, which caused so much wonder and alarm at that period, and which had until this moment been obscured by a cloud, now burst upon the view; and so sudden and powerful was the terror which the extraordinary phenomenon inspired, that both Thomas and the girl fell prostrate to the ground, imagining that the last day had arrived, and that the earth was to be consumed by fire. This circumstance made a powerful impression upon the mind of the future astronomer, and led him eagerly to inquire for those books that might reveal to him some of the mysteries of astronomy and meteorology.

A severe attack of small-pox, succeeded by measles, rendered the constitution of Dr Dick very feeble; and his father's intention of making him a linen-manufacturer, precluded the idea of his receiving a more than ordinary education; yet, despite of the fragility of his health, the mechanical nature of his employments, and the defectiveness of his early education, he adventured, at the age of thirteen years, upon the study of one of the most sublime and abstruse of the physical sciences. By dint of much carefulness, and after several disappointments, he saved as much money as purchased Martin's 'Gentlemen and Ladies' Philosophy,' and with this guide he began to explore the

paths of the planets, and to note the positions of the stars. He constructed a little wooden desk, which he placed with an open book upon his loom, and while his feet and hands set the treddles in motion, and drove the clattering shuttle across the loom, his eyes followed the lines of his favourite page. He also contrived a machine, and ground for himself lenses  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{8}$ , and even  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch focus, for simple and compound microscopes; and, in order that he might construct telescopes, he purchased from the old dames in his neighbourhood all their supernumerary spectacle-glasses, and, fixing these in pasteboard tubes, began to make observations upon the heavenly bodies. Unable to determine the position of Saturn, which he was anxious to behold, and having no earlier cosmography than an old one of date 1701, which he had purchased, Thomas Dick calculated all the revolutions that the planet had made from that period, and determined its locality. Springing from bed one morning before sunrise, all anxiety and hope, he directed his pasteboard telescope with its magnifying power of 30 towards the point in the heavens which he had fixed, and applied his eye to it. There, sure enough, shone Saturn in all his glory, and round him beamed the luminous belt. The young astronomer was in raptures; and in order to drink deeper draughts of joy by the aid of his machine, he turned it towards the stars, when lo! luminous belts on belts encircled the ethereal hosts. The disappointment and chagrin of the young star-gazer may be imagined, when he discovered those zones to be illusions produced by his telescope.

While Thomas Dick progressed in his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, he assuredly did not advance in excellence as a weaver; and he was not allowed to neglect his ostensible duties without parental criticism and reprobation. As he laboured to construct his telescopes, his mother would exclaim, 'O, Tam, Tam! ye remind me o' the folk o' whilk the prophet speaks, 'who weary themselves in the fire for very vanity;' while his father would shake his head and say, 'I ken nae what t' dae wi' that laddie Tam, for he seems t' care for naething but books and glasses. I saw him the ither day lying on the green trying to turn the steeple o' St Andrew's Kirk upside down wi' his telescopes.' The good man had sense enough, however, not to fight with the bent of the boy's mind, and at sixteen years of age Thomas Dick became assistant teacher in a school, and began the study of Latin, with the view of entering the university. In this tutorial situation he was allowed by his father to indulge, as far as he was able, his passion for books, and amongst others he acquired the third edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'—an expensive and rare purchase for one so young, and in his position.

In 1794 he became a student in the university of Edinburgh, and in the spring of 1795 was nominated teacher to the Orphans' Hospital, Edinburgh. He continued two years in this situation, and then resigned it, in order to pursue his academical studies. About this period the mind of Dr Dick began to be impressed with serious religious views, and the study of the Scriptures, and works upon divinity and theological criticism, engrossed much of his thought and attention.

In the November of 1797 he was invited to teach the school of Dubbieside, near Leven, in Fife. From Dubbieside he removed to a school at the Path of Condie, in Perthshire, where he began to write, and publish essays upon those particular subjects which had engrossed his most particular attention during all the leisure hours that he could find from his regular studies. In November, 1800, he was again invited to resume his situation in the Orphans' Hospital; and in 1801, having gone through the regular curriculum of a student of divinity for the Secession Church, he obtained his license and began to preach. For several years he officiated in the capacity of preacher in different parts of Scotland; but on being warmly invited, by the Rev. J. Jamieson and his session, to superintend a school connected with the Secession Church at Methven, he accepted the call. In this provincial situa-

sciences to the people. He formed a library, now numbering about 2000 volumes, and established what may be termed the model Mechanics' Institute of Great Britain. Indeed, Dr Dick proposed, in the 'London Monthly Magazine,' the foundation of those institutions, six years before any one was established in this country. After ten years of gratifying labour in Methven, he removed to Perth to an educational establishment there; and during ten other years, taught, studied, and wrote, finally building his little cottage on the high grounds of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, and retiring in 1827 to his prophethamber there, to hold communion with the stars. The little plot of ground around his lofty dwelling was a barren, irregular spot, where nothing would grow, until eight thousand wheelbarrow loads of soil had been laid upon its surface by the indefatigable avant himself. The situation of the doctor's house was isolated and elevated, and his motives for building it there produced a great deal of wonder and speculation amongst the country people around. Finally, however, it was agreed amongst them that he wished to be 'near the stars.' The first work published at Broughty Ferry was the 'Philosophy of a Future State,' which appeared in 1828, and has reached to its fifth edition. Previously, however, the 'Christian Philosopher' had appeared, and ten editions, at least, of that work have been issued. On the top of the doctor's house, a room, with openings to the four cardinal points, was fitted up as an observatory, and in this was placed his numerous and valuable assortment of philosophical instruments; and here did he make those numerous observations that are described in his voluminous writings.

In 1837 Dr Dick visited London, where he published his 'Celestial Scenery,' about the same period visiting Boulogne, Paris, Versailles, and other celebrated French cities. In Paris he had an opportunity of inspecting the observatories and colleges; and at Cambridge he was accorded the same distinguished privilege. Dr Dick, although almost totally a man of science, has often exercised his functions as a preacher of the Gospel, and he has never allowed sectarianism to prevent him from doing so to any denomination of evangelical Christians that might invite him. His labours, however, have been more scientific than religious—more illustrative of the goodness and greatness of God in the economy of nature than in the economy of salvation—but at the same time all tending to demonstrate the harmony of a plan of immortality and redemption with the attributes of God which are displayed in his physical works.

The degree of LL.D. was voluntarily and unanimously conferred on Dr Dick by the senatus academicus of Union College, Schenectady, state of New York, and the diploma was sent to this country without the least expense, through the medium of the Rev. Dr Sprague of Albany.

In 1849, a severe illness reduced the venerable doctor to the verge of the grave, but by the goodness of God's providence he has recovered, and still remains upon the earth to hear the echoes of the grateful praises that come back to him from hearts that he has elevated, and intellects that he has conduced to sanctify. Tens of thousands of volumes of this venerable philosopher's prelections have been distributed amongst the people, opening up to them the mighty beauties of the microscopic world, and raising them up to contemplate the majesty of the starry firmament. He has traced the history and character of all the varied tribes of men in the world, in order to show the inherent wickedness of man in nature, and the necessity for that moral, as well as spiritual regeneration, which are produced by an acceptance of the Gospel. He has deduced from the flower-pollen grove, in which the animalcules sport their ephemeral lives, arguments in favour of that harmony and love which impelled Jehovah to develop the whole scheme of the Christian religion. From the most minute articulations in the great world of creation, he has ascended logically to the most sublime altitudes of Jehovah's character, tracing at every step an incomprehensible but visible intelligence, and elevating the views of God, and deepening the admiration of



the pious believer. The labours of Dr Dick have been principally exegetical, but he has not the less on that account been an original observer. Many of the observations in his astronomical works were original, and all were verified by actual personal survey. Eleven goodly-sized works, besides numerous essays and pamphlets, have proceeded from the prolific pen of this venerable man; and they have conduced more to benefit society than to enrich their author. Yet Dr Dick, although called upon to exercise the virtue of self-sacrifice in his declining years to an extent seldom demanded of the benevolent and kind, and although he must be conscious that he has deserved from society the provision of ease and comfort in his old age, has never complained of the niggardliness of fortune, nor of the hardness of his fate. He has shrunk, with all the delicacy of an exalted and refined mind, from any expression that might imply dissatisfaction with the estate Providence has assigned to him, and has seen with pain, yet not without gratitude, the efforts made by those whom he has morally and intellectually benefited to ameliorate his temporal condition. The worldly position of Dr Dick, according to the conversation of the world, has been an humble one. His whole life has been spent in instructing mankind with his tongue and pen, and consequently the reward of senates or the applause of courts has not been his. The teacher pines while the warrior triumphs. Truly, however—and this truth is strengthened, if possible, by association—the position of men like Sir David Brewster and Dr Dick transcends all other worldly conditions. Poor teachers were Plato and Homer of old, and now the brightness of their names endures, while the names of Achilles and Hector are remembered only as the children of the poet's fancy. The honour and glory of the warrior are not such as will pass with him beyond the bourne of life; they are compatible with none of the moral attributes of the Deity; but he who has been devotedly, in all humbleness of heart, a blessing to mankind, will have the reward of the blessed in the fulness of God's presence. He who labours much for the weal of man, passes necessarily the greater amount of his days in personal obscurity. He has no time to indulge in the ostensible triumphs which are accorded to the worldly and the proud. He enjoys, however, the communion of those who can appreciate his labours; and this communion with the most gifted men in Europe and America has been enjoyed by the venerable philosopher Dr Dick, who, in his little rock-based cottage, has scanned the starry firmament and the mysteries of the microcosm, and has revealed to an admiring people the beauty of the ways of God.

#### NOTES OF A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

IN the outline already given of the origin and early history of New South Wales, that territory has been presented to us as successively occupied by naked savages; by a mixed population of emigrants and emancipated felons; and latterly, by a fast increasing free population, differing in hardly any respect from that of the mother country, except in as far as it is acted upon by exterior circumstances. A brief detail of these circumstances will now be given, with the view of conveying a correct impression of what New South Wales is at present, and what its apparent prospects are.

The population of the colony, by the last census, taken in 1846, was 189,609; having doubled itself by natural increase and by emigration within eight years. Of this number 114,769 were males, and 74,840 females, a disproportion which has hitherto proved one of the greatest of existing evils, but which is happily rapidly diminishing. The number of convicts, which, in 1836, were as one to two of the free population, were less, in 1846, than one to ten, and it is believed are not at present more than one to twenty; from which it will be perceived that New South Wales retains, in its present population, but little or nothing of its original penal character. About 20,000 of this population are engaged in the management of sheep

and cattle; about 13,000 in agriculture; 9,000 in commerce and trade; and 10,000 in mechanical occupations. The population of the city of Sydney, the capital of the colony, in 1846, was 38,358.

The political organisation of the colony consists of a governor appointed by the crown, and assisted by an executive council composed of the colonial secretary, the colonial treasurer, the attorney-general, and the commander of the forces; a legislative council consisting of thirty-six members, one-third of whom are nominated by the governor, and the other two-thirds elected by the people. The elective franchise is held by all possessed of freeholds of the value of £200, and by householders paying an annual rental of £20. Persons eligible to be elected must possess a freehold estate of the annual value of £100, or of the value of £2000. One-half of the crown nominees are holders of public offices, and the other half are selected from the colonists at large. The governor has power to propose laws and amendments, and to give or withhold his assent to bills on behalf of the sovereign. He may also reserve bills for her majesty's assent or disallowance. The legislative council has power to appropriate all taxes and duties levied within the colony, with the exception of £81,600, reserved for the expense of the governor, £53,000 of which is devoted to the administration of justice, £18,600 to the public department, and £30,000 to public worship. The act of parliament which establishes this system of supreme government also contains a plan for dividing the colony into district corporations, for the management of local affairs, and the levying and appropriating of local rates. These latter institutions have been duly constituted according to the act; but, with one or two exceptions, they have been hitherto quite inoperative, the colonists being everywhere decidedly opposed to them.

Justice is administered by a chief-justice and three puisne judges, and an attorney and solicitor-general. There are also courts of requests, courts of quarter-sessions, courts of petty-sessions, and police courts.

There is no established church in the colony, all bodies receiving support from the state in proportion to their respective contributions to the same; £30,000 per annum, as already stated, being devoted to this purpose. It may here be noted that the Congregationalist, and also some of the Presbyterian churches, though fully entitled to the pay of the state, decline that aid.

The cities of Sydney and Melbourne are incorporated, and each is governed by a municipal corporation, consisting of a mayor, aldermen, and councillors—the mayor being *ex officio* a justice of the peace; and the aldermen are usually appointed to the commission by the governor, in compliment to the choice of the citizens.

Political parties have scarcely yet formed a decided or permanent character. The cessation of transportation, and the vast influx of immigration, together with the introduction of wise measures by the legislature, have long since extinguished the emancipist agitation. This was about to be succeeded by a violent strife between the elements of aristocracy and democracy, when the monetary crash of 1842-4 interfered, and went far to heal all political distinctions. The squatting question then arose, and continued to agitate the colony till it was settled by an act of the imperial parliament giving leases and the right of pre-emption to the occupier of crown lands. This question is, however, far from being permanently disposed of. If the terms obtained by the squatters are so much more favourable than they expected, the necessary reservations in favour of the crown and the public have given rise to such a voluminous mass of regulations of so complicated a nature that it will be utterly impossible ever to bring them into practical operation. These regulations are already nearly the bulk of the Code Napoleon, and every Government Gazette almost adds a page to their extent. In the meantime the arguments against such vast concessions of territory to one class of colonial producers (how important soever)—arguments which were thrown away in the heat of the first discussion of the question—are beginning to weigh with the thinking portion of the mercantile and

other interests. Some of the most violent members of the Pastoral Association of 1844 are now ranged on the opposite side; and, if I am not mistaken in my own anticipations, the day is not far distant when the agitation to recover the crown lands from the present holders will be as great as was that by which they obtained their present boon.

At present the growth of wool is undoubtedly the chief productive interest of the colony; wool and tallow are its principal exports. While this continues to be the case the old and natural feeling of 'encouraging our staple export' will doubtless secure for the pastoral occupiers of crown lands many advantages. On the other hand, the propagation of live stock cannot be profitably carried much beyond its present extent, and the vast increase in production has already tended greatly to depreciate the price of that article, which will have a tendency to check its production. Other sources of wealth are constantly opening up; mines are now frequently discovered; thus other interests will be created, which will balance, and in the end far outweigh, those at present existing.

In agriculture but little progress has hitherto been made. This arises partly from the uncertainty caused by the occasional severe droughts which sweep every green thing from the face of the country; but principally from the fact that wool-growing is at present supposed to be much more profitable. The opinion that in some quarters prevails, that the colony is not adapted for agriculture, is, however, quite erroneous; or, at the most, it is only applicable to the immediate neighbourhood of Sydney, and some other portions of the territory. During a visit I paid myself to the Port Phillip district, in 1848, I ascertained, both from inquiry and observation, that there are almost boundless tracts of land as well adapted for agriculture as any part of the world. The same remarks apply to the fine district of Moreton Bay, as also to the districts of the River Hunter, Bathurst, Woolongong, St Vincent, &c. The average quantity of land in cultivation is about 140,000 acres, producing about two millions of bushels of grain per annum. In horticulture and vine-growing considerable progress has been made; enough to prove that Australia is destined to be one of the principal wine and fruit countries in the world.

In mining operations South Australia has taken the lead of New South Wales; yet the mineral treasures of the latter are immense, though as yet, arising chiefly from the scarcity of labour, only partially developed. Iron, copper, and even gold, have been recently discovered. In every part of the colony coal is to be had in abundance; so that every facility for smelting and preparing metals, and for all steam operations, is within the reach of its enterprising inhabitants.

The commerce of the colony, according to the extent of its population, may be pronounced to be unprecedentedly great. The exports for five years from 1841-5 amounted to the average value of £1,189,446 annually; and the average annual value of the imports, during the same period, to £1,539,741. More than half of the total exports consisted of wool. The number of sheep in the colony amounts to about nine millions, and the number of cattle and horses to about a million and a half. The average annual revenue for the ten years preceding 1845 was £403,618; of this amount £279,381, on the average, was derived from the ordinary sources of indirect taxation, and an average of £124,206 from sales of crown lands.

Crown lands are sold by auction, at a minimum upset price of £1 per acre. We have seen that, in the earlier stages of the colony, land was granted to retired soldiers and emancipated convicts in small quantities. This plan, which appears to have worked well in the case of industrious persons, was continued till the end of the administration of Governor Macquarie; when, with the laudable view of encouraging free immigration, at the recommendation of Commissioner Bigge, the system was entirely changed, and free grants of thousands of acres were lavished on all who, with any claim to respectability, chose to make themselves agreeable to the governor for the time

being. Such a scheme could not fail, in any human hands, to generate corruption; and, accordingly, in one year of General Darling's government more land was alienated from the crown in favour of his friends, relatives, and political supporters, than had been granted by all the previous governors since the foundation of the colony. This system, with all its abuses, continued till the arrival of Sir Richard Bourke, when a stop was put to all free grants except for public purposes, and land was directed to be sold by auction to the highest bidder, at an upset price of five shillings per acre. This was afterwards raised to twelve shillings, and at length to twenty shillings, at which it now remains. The proceeds of all land sales were originally devoted exclusively to the promotion of emigration from the mother country; but, by a recent act of parliament, only one-half is directed to be spent in immigration, and the other half in local improvements.

This upset minimum price of twenty shillings per acre has long been considered a grievance by the leading politicians of the colony. Indeed, with the exception of the late governor, Sir George Gipps, and the Bishop of Sydney, I have never heard any colonist of influence defend it. The colonial secretary and all the officers of government are understood to be supporters of a reduction of the minimum price; and indeed it would be difficult to say why no land in the Australian colonies should be sold under twenty shillings, when, not only in the United States, but in Canada, and at the Cape of Good Hope, it may be had for less than one-half that price. The greater distance of Australia from the mother country might suggest a reason why land should be sold cheaper than in less distant colonies; but it would seem no encouragement, but rather a bar to colonisation, to inform the British capitalist that he has to sail half round the globe to reach his destination, and, after all, to pay twice as much for his land as he could obtain it for in Canada or the Cape. There are, I am well aware, arguments in favour of a high minimum price, which it requires no ordinary powers of abstract reasoning to refute; and, if Great Britain were the sole coloniser, and if all the British colonies could be placed on the same footing as respects the acquisition of land, then Australia would have nothing to fear from competition, and, at any rate, could not complain of the practical operation of a theory founded on philosophical principles; but it is in vain to establish principles of political economy, and unjust to enforce them, in the face of facts such as I have alluded to. The consequence of the high minimum price has been to put a stop to purchases; to drive small capitalists beyond the boundaries as squatters—beyond the reach of the blessings of religion, the protection of the police, and all the benefits arising from education and civilisation; from the success of this wild species of enterprise, to give existence to a powerful interest which has at length obtained what to many appears a confiscation in its favour of the whole available lands of the territory. If the government continue to grant leases of the crown lands, public opinion and necessity will compel it to reduce the upset price, in order to create a 'purchasing and settling interest,' in opposition to the squattering interest; which would, under the present system, in a short time swallow up every other. Some of the squatters already begin to see this; and, in consequence, from violent opposers, have tacitly become supporters of the high minimum price. The reason of this will easily be seen. While the upset price remains twenty shillings, they well know that the public cannot enter the lists as purchasers of the lands now rented by them; but were the upset price reduced to five shillings per acre, they would be compelled either to purchase or resign their leases, the lease only holding good till a purchaser appears. It may seem unjust to former purchasers to reduce now the upset price of land; but it is the only power, since the granting of these leases, left to the government whereby it can move the phalanx which it has created; and it would be surely better that a few existing interests should suffer for a time, than that the whole territory should be alienated from the public in perpetuity.

So much has been already said and written of Australia

as an emigration field, that it may be considered superfluous to add anything further on that subject. It may suffice to say, then, that for the small capitalist, possessed of moderate caution and prudence, and for the man of persevering industry without capital, New South Wales and the Australian colonies generally offer a certain means of future comfort. The climate is, without exception and beyond dispute, the finest and healthiest on the face of the globe, and there, while health endures, absolute poverty is unknown. It will probably be contended that the state of society and the tone of moral feeling is comparatively low, and the penal origin of the colony may even yet raise, in virtuous minds, a feeling against it. It would be vain, indeed, to deny that there still exists a great amount of private vice and wickedness in New South Wales, and that a stranger will still observe some faint traces of its convict origin. I fear, too, that there are evidences existing in the country, which may not bear dispute, of an unhealthy tone of moral feeling, even in the circles of its commerce. On the other hand, I am in a position to assert that little of this appears on the surface of society; that the decencies of life are as well observed there as in our own highly favoured land; and that amid these drawbacks there does exist in the colony society which would do honour to any country in the universe. There exists at the head of each of the Christian bodies a zealous and exemplary clergy, whose exertions in behalf of the rising generation are incessant. It is true that the state of education has been hitherto very low, and that the scattered nature of the population renders it impossible to place schools of any kind within the reach of all. This difficulty has been considerably enhanced by the circumstance, that all the schools are of a denominational character—that is, they are placed under the clergy of the various denominations. From this circumstance it results that a locality which would easily support one school, requires, under the present system, three or four—that is, one for each denomination—but, being unable to obtain this, it has no school at all. In other places where schools do exist, the emoluments are so small that they are from necessity placed in the hands of lame and ignorant persons, who are unfit for any other employment. The legislature has for years been making efforts to ameliorate this state of things, and various attempts have been made to introduce a comprehensive system of general education, in the advantages of which all sects of Christians might partake. This scheme has hitherto met with great opposition, chiefly from the clergy; but as public opinion is now rapidly tending in favour of the unconditional extension of the blessings of education, and as a general system is supported by the government and a majority of the legislative council, it will probably ere long come into operation, at least in the country districts, where, from the smallness and scattered condition of the population, denominational schools are impracticable. In the meantime, it is deeply to be lamented that great numbers of children, either from the want of schools in country districts, or from the carelessness of parents in towns, are growing up without any education at all. By the census taken in 1846, it appears that only 27 in every 100 persons under 21 years of age can read and write, while upwards of 55 in every 100 cannot even read. This state of things, even after making allowance for those in infancy, is sufficiently deplorable, but there is every reason speedily to hope for an amelioration, as the government and legislature have earnestly taken the matter up, and two boards, one for the denominational and one for the comprehensive system, each composed of efficient persons, have been appointed to superintend and direct the public education of the colony. The only insurmountable difficulty is in respect of those living in the remoter districts, where the population is so scattered as to render it impossible to place schools of any kind within their reach.

The climate of New South Wales is mild and salubrious in a degree inferior to no country in the world. As far northward as the 26th parallel of latitude, the extent of its present occupation, it is perfectly adapted to the Euro-

pean constitution. With the exception of one or two visitations of scarletina, disease may be said to be unknown in it up to the present time; and were it not for the extraordinary partiality of its inhabitants for spirituous liquors, there would be more reason to fear for the lives of the numerous medical men who practise there than for those of their patients. Anything like lingering illnesses, such as are common in this country, seem almost unknown there. The human machine goes on steadily until the spring of life is exhausted, and then stops all at once, without warning, and almost without pain. The rates of mortality hitherto are less in New South Wales than in any other country. The soil contains almost every known variety, and according to its respective peculiarities and latitudes is fitted for every sort of production. Wheat and other staple productions of Britain grow in perfection in the southern and middle districts; maize throughout the colony; the vine, the orange, the olive, and other fruits of southern Europe, arrive at perfection in the middle or Sydney district; and in the northern or Moreton Bay district, the pine-apple, sugar, coffee, cotton, and other tropical productions grow in luxuriance. This part of the country is free from the occasional droughts that from time to time desolate the middle portion of the territory. The mulberry-tree grows freely in all the districts, and the rearing of the silk-worm has been commenced with every prospect of success. Among the productions for which the Moreton Bay district is well adapted, I have mentioned cotton; and as some interest has, chiefly by the means of that indefatigable colonist, Dr Lang, been excited among the manufacturers of this country upon that subject, previous to my leaving the colony, I was at some trouble to inquire at an intelligent correspondent in that part of the country as to the reality of the statements that had been put forth on the subject; the result is, that I have satisfied myself beyond all doubt of the entire capability of that district for the growth of cotton to any imaginable extent. There are two kinds of the cotton-plant now cultivated there in the gardens of private individuals, one of them having a long and the other a short staple. The fibre of the latter is exquisitely fine, and has been pronounced by persons who have visited America to be quite equal to the finest grown on that continent. With regard to the plant itself, it grows with hardly any culture, and shoots up and spreads with such luxuriance as to become a very troublesome weed in the limited gardens to which it has been hitherto confined. No attempt has yet been made to cultivate it for exportation,—the great barrier to the carrying out this and many other most important objects being the scarcity of that labour, with the plethora of which this country is afflicted, and to remedy which is one of the most important and interesting subjects of modern legislation. It is hoped that as this fact forces itself upon this country, its capitalists will follow on a large scale the tide of emigration now finding its way to new fields of enterprise. It may be proper to add, that a large proportion of the soil in the Moreton Bay district, and indeed the whole of that on the banks of the river Brisbane, for fifty miles from its mouth, is decidedly good. The Brisbane runs in latitude 27 deg. 30 min., and the heat, as a matter of course, is somewhat oppressive during the summer months, but that is compensated by eight or nine months of the most delightful weather. Winter is unknown there.

From what has been said of the great variety of the capability of the soil and climate of that territory, it may be fairly concluded that its productions and commerce—great, comparatively, as they are acknowledged to be—are still in their infancy. But the undeveloped resources of Australia are not confined to its vegetable and animal productions. Its mineral wealth appears to be unbounded. In this last department of industry, the neighbouring colony of South Australia has taken the lead of her elder sister, and the results are already far greater than the founders of that colony could have anticipated. But the metallic ores are not confined to the south-western coast; they have been found in abundance at intervals through-

out the entire occupied country as far northward as Wide Bay. Copper, lead, and iron have been found in several parts of the Moreton Bay district, and coal is abundant there, as well as in the more southern districts.

One of the greatest of the physical disadvantages of New South Wales is the remarkable scarcity of navigable rivers within its boundary, and the consequent difficulty and expense of interior communication. To remedy this, something will doubtless be effected in future ages, in the construction of canals; and much may yet be effected in our own time, by means of railroads. There has been considerable agitation in Sydney for some time past upon this subject; the first effort being directed to the establishment of a railway on a portion of the great southern road leading from Sydney to Port Phillip. The government and legislative council have promised every facility depending upon them, and have consented to guarantee to the shareholders for a number of years an interest of 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital, to forward this most desirable enterprise.

From these statements, in which I have scrupulously refrained from anything like exaggeration, it is, I think, fair to conclude that the colony of New South Wales—even in its still infant state, and while its energies are almost engrossed in pastoral occupations—is one of the most valuable divisions of the British empire, and that its capability for agricultural and horticultural industry—its adaptation for wine-growing, and for the culture of silk and cotton—its vast and, for the most part, unexplored mineral treasures—its excellent harbours, the unrivalled harbour of Port Jackson in particular—its position as the oldest, wealthiest, most populous, and furthest advanced of the Australian colonies, and as the centre of civilisation in the southern hemisphere—the mildness and salubrity of its climate—all point to the great destiny that awaits it in the history of mankind. It is not for us to attempt to remove the veil which hides futurity from the deepest penetration; but it is impossible to contemplate the origin of that colony—its wondrous progress amidst unprecedented disadvantages, arising from the preposterous attempt so long persevered in to people it with felons—its present state, which, whether morally or politically, scarcely exhibits a trace of its first origin—the vast extent of its wealth, compared with its population—the early and successful introduction of representative government—the extent of its provision for religious instruction—the concurrence of its government and legislature in a desire to ameliorate its educational institutions—the great extent of its undeveloped resources—and the happy mixture of the Gothic and Celtic races, which compose its population—it is impossible to reflect upon these facts without forming a conclusion that Australia is destined to be the theatre of important events in future ages; and there is some consolation in the reflection, that if the old governments of Europe, and their time-venerated institutions, are waning in the natural decay of all human things, there are new societies and new institutions arising in other parts of the globe in all the vigour of youth—countries in which the peaceful lovers of commerce may, far from the noise of war and the concussion of revolutionary movements, pursue their humanising avocations, and aid in erecting the social fabric, where but yesterday there was nought to be gazed upon but a vast and unproductive wilderness.

### THE ONE-HANDED SERJEANT AND THE STUBBORN CAPTAIN.

SERJEANT MANCHOT took his quid from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his right hand—the only one that remained to him—and commenced thus:—

‘In those times, my children, Frenchmen did not fight as they do now, in the streets and against their brethren—they fought outside, for the honour and against the enemies of France. A man was neither *aristo* nor *réa*, neither red republican nor communist. He was a French-

man, that was all; was it not much clearer and more simple?

Well, then, on the 6th of November, a little after the battle of Viasma, it was colder, I verily believe, than it had ever been in any country in the world. We beat a retreat, not before the Russians, who always kept at a prudent distance from our encampments, but before a frost more terrible, in that terrible country, than Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians all encountered together. For several days we had been assured that we approached Smolenska, where we should find fire, victuals, *can-de-vie*, and shoes. At each step our march was impeded by swarms of Cossacks; and we had to fight with empty stomachs against inaccessible enemies, who had but to touch their horses with the whip attached to their bridles, and our best riders were distanced. But you know the French soldier, my children; he has but to scent gunpowder, and he feels no more hunger.

We had marched since six o'clock without pausing to take breath, for we knew that those who rested would never rise again. A north wind drove the huge flakes of snow against our faces, and we stumbled every instant over little hillocks formed by the crystallised bodies of our comrades. No songs that day; the jokers held their tongue; the grumblers grumbled not. A bad sign!

My captain marched before me. He was a little man, strongly built; passionate, severe, but just and brave as his trusty blade. The men called him Captain Tétu; because when he had once said ‘yes,’ or ‘no,’ like a spiked cannon, he swerved no more. Captain Tétu was indefatigable; but he had been wounded at Viasma, and since then he had gone with but one wing, as the saying is. That day his face, usually rubeund, was very pale; and the old white handkerchiefs in which he had enveloped his feet were dyed with crimson. At each step he stumbled like a drunken man, stopped, recovered himself, then with a great effort rejoined the column. It was a silent but terrible wrestling with weakness and inanition. All at once he reeled, turned his head feebly towards the column, the last men of which were disappearing, and then fell, like a log, without uttering a word. But I had not lost sight of him.

‘Captain,’ exclaimed I, ‘you cannot remain there.’

‘You see that I can, since I am here,’ replied he, in a peevish tone of voice, showing me his feet, mutilated and covered with blood.

‘Captain,’ rejoined I, ‘while the tongue wags there are resources for the legs. A veteran like you cannot resign himself to die thus.’

He did not reply, but made an effort to rise. I took him in my arms and placed him on his legs. He leaned upon me, and we endeavoured to regain lost time. But in vain; all strength left him, he fell again, dragging me with him.

‘Manchot,’ said he—I was not then a cripple with one arm, but the men gave me the name, by way of antithesis—‘Manchot, I can go no farther. The farce is ended: the column gains ground: put me out of the way as speedily as possible. One word more. At Voreppe, near Grenoble, département de l’Isère, there dwells a good old woman, eighty-two years of age. She is called la Mère Merlin; she is my mother. Go and see her: kiss her upon both cheeks, and say to her that—that—tell her what you like; but give her this purse and my cross. I have done.’

‘You have done, captain!’

‘Well, good evening, and file off.’

I was much moved, my children; and two large tears had congealed upon my moustache.

‘No, captain,’ cried I, striking the hard earth with my foot, ‘I shall not quit you. Either you come with me or I remain with you.’

‘I forbid it. Do you hear?’

‘Excuse me, captain, but it is so much empty breath.’

‘I will punish thee: everely, if I survive this day, upon the faith of Captain Tétu.’

‘You may put me under arrest, or in a dungeon, if you

like it better; but, for a quarter of an hour, you will allow me to do as I please.'

'You are an insolent rascal!'

'Possibly; but I shall carry you away.'

'Manchot, you take advantage of my feebleness. It is a base action.'

'Perhaps so. But I do not go without you.'

'The fiend take you!'

'And you also. He would render us a service if he would carry us as far as Smolenska.'

The captain bit his lip with rage, but did not reply. I took him by the middle and flung him like a sack across my shoulders. You may imagine that, with this increase of baggage, I could not march so lightly as my comrades, and I soon lost sight of the column altogether. Around me stretched the silent plain—indefinite, white, and empty. I deceived myself; at its extremity I discerned, moving about hither and thither, some little black specks, which at first I took for the fog, but which, ever increasing and approaching, at length resolved themselves into a cloud of Cossacks. They were coming upon me at full gallop, with lances couched, and lean and firm as true Don Quixotes, uttering the while their abominable 'hurra!' Captain Tétu suffered so much that he no longer either saw or heard; but I was resolved not to abandon him, cost what it would. I laid him upon the ground, covered him with snow, and crept to one side under a dozen dead comrades, leaving only my eyes free to see around me.

The Cossacks soon arrived at the place where we were, striking at random with their lances, and mutilating the corpses with the hoofs of their horses. One of the horses trod quietly upon my left arm, and broke it clean off. I uttered no sound, but I felt my moustache rise upon my lip, and I was obliged to thrust my clenched fist into my mouth to stifle an agonised cry of pain. The main body of the Cossacks had spread itself in all directions; and there remained none near me but one big rascal, who, having dismounted, was very coolly beginning to strip the body of an officer. Notwithstanding my sufferings, this roused my indignation. So I stretched out my arm—the right one, understand—seized my musket, and quietly loaded it. The slight noise which I made in doing this must have struck the ears of the plunderer; for he turned quickly round, rose from the ground, made a circuit three or four paces from where I lay; and then, apparently reassured, re-seated himself and continued his employment.

During this inspection I had not stirred; but scarcely had the Cossack recommenced his labour, than I quietly roused myself from my immobility, made a space between the bodies of my slain comrades, knelt down, and, as it was impossible to shoulder my weapon with an arm which shook to and fro in the most inconvenient manner, I leaned the barrel of my musket upon the forehead of a corpse, levelled it, and—crack! The farce was over, as said the Captain Tétu. The Cossack uttered a cry, rose to his full height, opened his arms, and fell; he was dead. This sight gave me fresh courage; I left my hiding-place, and ran to disinter the captain. He showed scarcely any sign of life. I spoke to him several times without obtaining an answer. At length he opened a startled eye, looked angrily at me, and muttered, 'Go away.' This infatuation displeased me. Nevertheless, with the hand which remained to me, I dragged him as well as I was able to a rising ground, where I laid him on the snow by my side, enveloping him in my cloak.

Night came on, and the snow fell continuously. The stragglers of the rearguard had entirely disappeared. The only sounds that reached my ears were the whistling of bullets in the distance, and nearer at hand the joyous howling of the wolves over the dead bodies. I fully believed that I was upon duty for the last time. Reason recoiled; but I recalled the fragment of a prayer which the curé of my native place had taught me when I was a little boy. I threw myself upon my knees and recited it. This did me good, and renewed my spirits; in a like situation, my children, your great reviver is prayer. Upon rising from my knees I was quite calm. I resumed my place

near the captain, and waited. This suspense lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and I was beginning to freeze in earnest, when I saw, advancing in our direction, a group of officers, whom, by their costume, I recognised for Frenchmen. Before I had time to address a single word to them, one of the party, a little man enveloped in a green Brandenburg pelisse, trimmed with fur, approached me, and said in a severe tone of voice—'What do you here? Why are you not with the main body of the army?'

'Confound it!' replied I, showing him the captain, and lifting up my mutilated arm, 'with this more and this less, what was I to do?'

'The man speaks the truth, sire,' said one of his companions. 'I saw him at the rear of the column, carrying his officer upon his shoulders.'

'It was the emperor!' exclaimed a conscript, interrupting the narrator.

Serjeant Manchot replaced in his mouth the quid which he had continued to hold between the thumb and the index finger of his right hand.

'Yes, young hope of thy country and of the fair sex, it was the emperor—a little man, scarcely so high as this,' pointing to his own shoulder, 'who seldom spoke, who never made much noise, who snuffed, but did not smoke, who listened to nobody, but who was so great, so great,' repeated the veteran, in a species of ecstasy, 'by his extended intellect and his indomitable bravery, that his name has served as ballast to all his family.'

The emperor cast upon me one of those looks which in the regiment they called eagle-glances. 'It is well,' he said; 'it is very well;' and, opening his pelisse a little way, he took the cross that decorated his green coat, and gave it me. At this moment I experienced neither cold nor hunger, and I felt no more pain in my left arm than if that ill-reared beast had not placed his hoof upon it. 'Davoust,' added the emperor, addressing one who came to speak to him, 'let this man and his captain be placed upon my waggon. Adieu!' And he made me a friendly gesture with his right hand.

Here the manchot stopped and threw around the company a scrutinising glance.

'And the cross?' 'And Captain Tétu?' asked several of his auditors.

'My captain in Russia? Well, he is now a retired general. But the best part of my tale is, that when scarcely re-established in health, his first thought was to put me under arrest for fifteen days, upon the pretext that I had failed in discipline. The matter came to the ears of Napoleon, who laughed much at the absurdity of the affair, and from a corporal that I was, made me a serjeant. As to my decoration, here is the ribbon, my children. This I display openly upon my coat; but the cross—the cross is carried upon my heart!'

As he ended, the manchot unbuttoned his vest, and showed us his relic, carefully enveloped in a little black silk bag suspended round his neck.

### Original Poetry.

#### S P R I N G.

Green are the hills, and beautiful,

And fresh the breath of Spring;

The fish are leaping in the pool,

The flowers are opening.

The sun-kiss'd cloud floats slowly by,

And passes to the north;

And the sun looks out so lovingly,

And calls the primrose forth.

The slumbering beetle feels his rays,

And leaves his citadel;

The bee, rejoicing in his gaze,

Begins to build his cell.

Sweet warblers flit from bough to bough,

And sing, and plume their breasts;

Or fetch, from furrows of the plough,

Materials for their nests.

The spider from the rocky caves  
Suspends his silken coil;  
Among the moss the sorrel leaves  
Are bursting from the soil.  
The violet by the hedgerow blooms,  
The star-flower by the stream,  
The hyacinth in the forest glooms,  
But waits a brighter gleam.  
I see them all, I dry my tears;  
My heart is once more whole.  
I hear the music of the spheres,  
It singeth to my soul—  
Singeth, in accents sweet and low,  
Of love, and hope, and faith;  
And bids me, in the hour of wo,  
‘Hear what the Spirit saith.’

K B.

## EUROPEAN LIFE.—No. II.

### ORIGINAL ELEMENTS.

AN account of all the elements in European life, down the stretch of fourteen centuries, would be a rather formidable undertaking. There are elements of locality, of time, of religion, of politics, which branch out in endless detail, *e. g.* our insular situation, and religious wars, in the formation of our own national character. Into elements such as these, affecting particular developments, even although these ultimately affect the whole, it is not intended to enter. A few of them will demand notice as we proceed. For the present, our study is limited to those main elements which, between the fifth and seventh centuries, conjoined to give birth to European life.

We have, to begin with, what the Roman empire bequeathed to us; next, what we have inherited from the Barbarians; last of all, Christianity. We shall go over these, in the order named, and describe as simply as we can what the general life received from each.

### THE ROMAN ELEMENT.

We begin with the Roman element. It lies at the basis of European life, although it is not itself the basis. In the languages, literature, and laws of Europe, with very little digging, we ever strike upon Rome. The languages of Spain, Italy, and France, which began to be formed while strong influences of the empire were at work, are almost simply modernised Latin. And even after these influences had decayed, there remained vitality enough in the Latin to give a very large proportion of words to the German nations, among which our own is included. Along with words came those things which words represent—Roman thought, Roman ways of life; but that one thing which came most palpably from that quarter, which Rome pre-eminently contributed to European life, was municipal institutions—town life. It would be no exaggeration to say that Rome existed to prepare town life for Europe, and then, its task being ended, it passed from the earth. Indeed, its entire history has been characterised as nothing more than an account of the taking and the building of towns. The vast empire was simply an aggregate of towns. Its roads, stretching, in our own country, from Clyde to the Land's End—on the Continent, from the coasts of France and Spain to the walls of Jerusalem, merely connected towns. They were divided by mile-stones, they were travelled daily by posts; but they existed for no other purpose than to convey soldiers and state messages from town to town. No roads led, like our parish roads, through country districts for the sake of these districts. Rome had no country life, or rather, for the statement is only different in form, its country work was managed by slaves. But by this very preference, it was enabled to perfect town life. Everything municipal—the government, adornment, and amusement of towns—came to a state of great finish under its domination. Baths for the citizens, aqueducts for the city, theatres, courts of law, lawyers, municipal law—everything, in short, that related to the rights and duties of citizens—the whole framework and management of municipal society were prepared and de-

livered over, we might say, ‘in working order’ to European life. Assuredly a great bequest! Great by all the excess of difference which there is between the raw savage stalking through the woods, with his club in his hand, in search of food, and the rich burgher going unarmed along crowded streets to his house or his office—the representative of rights and duties, knit by interests, by inclination, by habits, to the purveying, building, self-governing organisation of society, familiar to us by the name of ‘town.’

### THE BARBARIAN ELEMENT.

‘Town life,’ then, we name as the bequest of Rome. What did the Barbarian contribute? HIMSELF, we answer; above all other things this. He contributed laws, language, even institutions, as well as the Roman; but this over and above, this which the Roman could not contribute, manhood, humanity, fresh, new blood, for the Europe that was about to be.

It is sometimes attempted, by examining the primitive customs of the Barbarians, to state the precise institutions we owe to them. The war chief, for example, sharing the lands he has conquered among his followers, and by these lands binding them ever after to his service, is the germ of the more modern ‘baron’ and the feudal system. Another deduction which is commonly made is—as from the Romans we inherit the feelings proper to a citizen, the feelings, namely, of submission to enacted laws, of respect for the rights of our fellow-citizens, so, from the Barbarian, accustomed to roam through the forest, and swim the river, and fight for his future home, we derive the peculiar energies to which we give the names of ‘self-help’ and ‘independence.’ And, more palpable than either of these, is our debt of language. The northern languages of Western Europe, the Norwegian, Danish, German, and English, are principally derived from this source. But when we wish to know precisely what we have which we would not have had if the Barbarian Element had not been drawn up into European life, the answer is not, laws, feelings, or language, but that which we have already given. Before European history could begin, a European man was wanted—a man fresh from the presence of nature—and the Barbarian of the north was that man. Roman life was corrupt—could be the beginning of nothing good. A race was needed which would redeem from its unworthy possessors whatever was worth preserving in Roman civilisation, and absorb it into the general life of humanity; the Barbarians were that race. And for that mighty element which we have placed in our list—for that mustard-seed, which to the eye of man was then of all seeds the smallest—a soil was needed; fresh, deep, expansive; wide enough for its spreading roots, strong enough to bear the burden of branches which were to cover the whole earth; and that soil came to us in the Barbarians.

Who, then, were the Barbarians? In books of history one is apt to be perplexed by the various names they receive. They appear now as Gauls, now as Celts, as Gimbri, Tuetones, Saxons, Goths, Burgundians, Franks, Normans. One name comprehends all. These different names distinguish merely different tribes or incursions of the great Germanic race. In relation to our subject four members of this family of nations may be specially named, and this in the order of their appearance in history: 1. The Gauls or Celts, whom the Romans found in Spain, France, and Britain. 2. The Goths, who came down upon the empire from the north-east. 3. The Franks (literally, the *free-men*, from whose own designation of their way of life we derive our modern word ‘franchise’), who lived in modern Germany and France. 4. The Normans (North-men), who came into Normandy from Norway. And, for the sake of the history of our own country, might be included, as appearing between the Celts and the Normans, the Anglo-Saxons; the people, say the etymologists, who used the *sax* or *sax*, a short sword, and came to Britain from the angle formed by the jutting out of Holstein and Jutland from the German seaboard. Hence the Angles, Angle-land, England.

Gibbon, and many others with him, have been at pains

to trace the origin of these Germans to the east. In reading 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' one is never allowed to see the waves of the Barbarian invasion dashing against Rome without having his eye directed far east to the wall of China, where these waves receive their impulse. The ethnologists, comparing the European and Asiatic languages, have placed this eastern origin beyond a doubt. But it is not as easterns the Barbarians take their place in history. They come direct from the north, the north claims them for its own. 'The snows of winter are as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring,' said an orator of them once; and in Rome's earlier struggles with them, when they were the weaker side, they were seen by Roman soldiers 'sporting almost naked in the midst of glaciers, and sliding on their shields from the summit of the Alps over precipices.'

Let us look at one of these northern savages. We stand in the presence of our common ancestor, the Adam of European life. He is blue-eyed, his cheeks are ruddy, his hair blond, his bones are the bones of a giant. In the depths of forests lies his home; it is a hut built of a few branches, thatched with reeds. Town life is foreign to his habits. He would scorn to be confined by walls as townsmen are; he must have room to breathe, to roam. He builds his rude dwelling on the banks of a river, on the slope of a hill, in the hollow of a marshy vale; wherever his fancy prompts, if only it be under the shadow of trees. It is his genius to spread, to take possession of the earth, to rely upon the strength of his own right arm.

Let us enter his home. The giant reclines upon skins of the reindeer, perhaps upon the bare ground, sluggish, inert, a man waiting his true vocation; consuming the interval, it may be, in gambling and intemperance. But mark that big-boned partner of his life; that mother from whose breasts our milk of life has flowed. No sluggishness here! She prepares the land for the seed; she cares for the cattle; she reaps the harvest; and, in the dead of winter, she breaks the ice of the river for fish. In return for her labours she is mistress in her sphere. The Roman's wife was a slave. The mother of German children is a wife. When a Roman bride went to her future home she was lifted over the threshold and allowed to drop into the arms of her husband, to signify that she was falling, literally falling into the hands of the man (*in manum viri*) as goods and chattels into the hands of a master. When a German savage went for his bride he gave presents of oxen, arms, and war-horses, to her friends; indicating, by gifts of those things he most loved himself, the value and the place he counted due to her; and, from that time forward, in the rude household of the forest she held a high place. The wife was the counsellor; the healer of wounds. If need were, she fought in the battle. If the battle turned against her husband she knew how to preserve the purity of the family blood; beside the corpse of their father, she spilled the blood of her children and her own, counting it an everlasting reproach to await the humiliation of foreign slavery.

The child of such a mother could not long be idle and worthless. Already, in war, he was swift, terrible, irresistible. It was his glory to die in battle. 'Lift me up,' said Siward the Strong, when he was attacked by disease, 'lift me up, that I may die standing like a soldier, and not grovelling like a cow. Put on my coat of mail, cover my head with my helmet, put my buckler on my left arm, and my gilded axe in my right hand, that I may expire in arms.' Even difficulties were yoked to their service. 'The force of the storm,' sang their poets, 'is a help to the arms of our rowers; the hurricane carries us the way we would go.' There has been preserved to us from the ninth century the death-song of a Danish Viking, the famous Regnar Lodbrog. He invaded Britain about the middle of that century, and fell alive into the hands of the Anglo-Saxons, whose king, Ælla, shut him into a dungeon with vipers and serpents. Probably the song was not his own composition, although those old sea-kings did often cultivate the art of poetry; but it is an expression of the mind of his people, was sung at a funeral ceremony in his honour, and passed

from mouth to mouth across his native land, as an appeal for vengeance. The chorus is, 'We hewed with our swords;' and each stanza places some action of his daring life before the mind. As the narrative proceeds the dying Viking pauses ever and again to tell how the vipers were gnawing his flesh. Here are two stanzas, in such turgid, Ossianic, translation as we can procure:—

'We hewed with our swords!

'The warriors drop their bucklers. Brands, the riders of life, flew wrathful from their scabbards against the bosoms of the brave. At Scarpa Skeria cruelly hacked the trenchant battle-axe. Red were the borders of our moony shields, until King Rafn died. The tepid blood, spurting from the temples of the valiant, was drifted on their harness.

'We hewed with our swords!

'In fifty and one battles! Methinks no king has truer cause of glory. But now I find that men are the slaves of fate. A viper is tearing upon my breast and piercing to my heart. I am vanquished. Let the javelins of my sons transpire the ribs of Ælla. I sing no more. Celestial virgins, sent from the hall of Odin, invite me home. I am going to drink beer with the gods in the highest seats. The hours of my life are ebbing. The viper has reached my heart. I am smiling under the hand of death.'

Some writers, including such masters in history as Robertson and Guizot, have fallen into the egregious blunder of depicting these grim Norlanders, who 'hewed with their swords, and 'smiled under the hand of death,' as mere copies of the modern savages of North America. In one chapter of the latter's 'History of Civilisation in France,' he places in parallel columns quotations from Tacitus, who has left us a Roman's view of the ancient Germans, and descriptions of the American tribes by modern travellers. Thus,—the Germans disliked the confinement of towns: so did the Americans. The Germans left the work of the field to their women: so did the Americans. The Germans gave dowries for their brides: so did the Americans. And thus a specious picture is got up—a resemblance is proved. But a resemblance of what? Of savage life with savage life! An incidental matter—a matter very much aside from the actual knowledge of the Germans which we require. Why, the entire conclusion is removed when we point to the fact, that the American races are passing out of the earth. Carry the Iriquois, the Blackfeet, the Snakes, the Mohicans, back into the German forests, when Rome is crumbling to the ground, will they put new blood into Europe? No, we venture to say, they would melt away as the salted snail does, beneath the influence even of degenerate Rome. What is that perpetual sighing of theirs after the graves of their fathers—that vague groping towards the far away, after the great white spirit—that ferocity and low cunning which come out in all their actions, even before the white man spoiled their haunts? Evidence, we think, of a development already superannuated and incapable of revival. There are no sighs for the far away or the past, no ferocity for its own sake, no vile treachery in the savage of the north. The present is his, and he rejoices in it. He walks to his purpose right on. If he fail, he can 'smile under the hand of death.' He is fresh, young-hearted, ready, although he knows it not, for new developments, when the hour shall come.

Schlegel has noticed that the Germans are acquainted with the use of iron, and money, and an alphabet, when we first meet with them, while the Americans are not. Whatever force may be in this fact, between the two races there is this constitutional, enormous difference, which the physiologists point out, that the German has a brain of Caucasian mould, the American not. In this German brain there is growth, manhood, refinement. It will become Dantean, Shaksperian, Newtonian. It is the brain of Luther, and Bacon, and Goethe undeveloped; whereas, the highest reach of the American brain is a development terminating in sentimental, puling girlishood.

The Germans are strong from the very first. They have all the buoyancy and freshness of growing youth about them. A frank openness, a broad boyish humour, come out in their whole deportment. Take these two glimpses of them, illustrative of this: It is the close of the ninth century. A German race has long dwelt in France. A band of Norwegians (Germans also, of course), driven from their own land, seek a home in this territory of their for-



tunate predecessors. News of their ravages having reached the court, ambassadors are sent to them. The Norwegians are encamped by the brink of a river. With wise precaution, the ambassadors keep on the other side. 'Hillo, brave warriors,' they shouted across, 'what is the name of your lord?' 'We have no lord,' replied the warriors. 'And wherefore have ye come here?' 'To make this our country.' 'But our king will give you lands and honours if you settle peaceably, and be subject to him.' 'Go back and tell your king,' was the answer, 'that we will be subject to no one, and that all we can conquer shall belong to ourselves, without reserve.'

Twelve years after, the influence of the higher civilisation which they found in France having softened their manners, these same soldiers agreed to settle down and become feudal men to the king. At the ceremony of agreement, they were ordered, in token of submission, to kiss the king's foot. 'Never!' said their principal man, Rollo. The French lords insisted. The Norwegian beckoned one of his followers forward, and gave him, by a peculiar sign, the necessary instructions for the offensive service. The man stooped, but, without bending his knee, took the offered foot of the monarch in his hands, and lifted it up towards his lips—higher! higher! still higher! The Norwegians burst into open laughter at the issue—the king was fallen backwards to the ground. Such were the men, frank, daring, young-hearted, and full of rough humour, who were the growing bones in the womb of destiny, of the European man. We should rather have said, 'Such was the outside of the men,' for we have yet to speak of that in them out of which their peculiar freshness flowed.

#### THE OUTWARD MAIL PACKET.\*

EVERY month nine large steam-packets leave the Southampton docks for different parts of the world, viz. one to Alexandria, two to the West Indies, one to New York, one to Constantinople, one to Italy, and three to the Peninsula. The departure of each of these is an event of no small importance, for the shipping of mails, passengers, cargo, and stores on board of her gives employment to an immense number of persons, and the dock is a scene of great excitement for days before its departure.

When a steamer is selected to convey an outward foreign mail—say, for instance, the Indian mail to Egypt on the 20th of the month—the first thing is to thoroughly overhaul her to see that her machinery and internal arrangements are in perfect order; carpenters, painters, shipwrights, machinists, are busily employed for days discovering and repairing every defect, and doing everything that will contribute to the comfort of passengers and the safety of the cargo and mails. While this is going on, others are engaged in shipping hundreds of tons of coals on board of her, sufficient to last till she reaches the first coaling station in the Mediterranean.

The stores necessary for provisioning a ship's crew of nearly one hundred persons, and furnishing a splendid table daily with every delicacy and luxury for a hundred passengers, for five weeks, are enormous. Although fresh provisions for the crew and passengers are taken on board at every foreign port at which the steamer touches, the principal portion of the stores are shipped at Southampton. For some days before the departure of the outward packet, grocers, butchers, bakers, wine and spirit merchants, confectioners, poulterers, cheesemongers, and provision merchants, are busy putting the contents of their shops, cellars, and warehouses on board. About 3000 lbs. weight of bread, flour, hops, and malt; 2000 lbs. of butcher meat, consisting of prime beef, mutton, pork, calves' heads, and ox-tails; 200 head of live stock, viz. sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and a cow in milk; 100 head of dead stock, consisting of turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and rabbits; supplies of provender for the live stock; 3000 bottles of champagne, claret, Madeira, port, and sherry; 6000 bottles of pale ale, porter, soda water, and lemonade;

200 gallons of brandy, gin, rum, and whisky; 3000 lbs. of tea, coffee, and sugar; 2000 lbs. of various groceries and spices; an immense quantity of oilmen and confectioners' stores, comprehending every imaginable thing, such as anchovies, blacking, bottled fruits, candles, cod-sounds, Curry powder, celery seed, groats, herrings, jams, jellies, marmalade, macaroni, mustard, salad oil, olives, pear barley, pickles, capers, salt, sauces, salt fish, catsup, soy, soap, soda, salted tripe, vermicelli, whiting, vinegar; and 1000 eggs and 1000 lbs. of bacon, butter, and cheese, are shipped on board every Alexandrian packet at Southampton for one outward and homeward voyage.

The shipping of the cargo occupies several days, and consists principally of several hundred tons of linen, silk, and cotton manufactured goods, packed in bales, from the north of England, consigned to merchants in the Mediterranean ports, and which, after passing through their hands, are conveyed in boats and on the backs of camels to distant parts of Asia and Africa. In a few weeks the beautiful fabrics from Manchester and other places, which have been shipped at Southampton for Alexandria, are ascending rivers or traversing in eastern caravans the countries which surround the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and are perhaps adorning the Circassian beauties of Egyptian harems, turbaning the heads of pilgrims going to Mecca, and bartered for ivory and gold in Abyssinia.

At length the 20th of the month, the day for the departure of the outward packet to Alexandria, has arrived; carpenters, shipwrights, and others, have completed their tasks, the cargo has been shipped, the vessel has been coaled, and the cabin furniture and most of the victualling stores are on board. The crew and officers have been mustered, and the ship has been examined by the Admiralty officers to see if everything is in harmony with the mail contract. Early on the morning of the 20th, the docks present an animated scene; vehicles of every description are racing in and out; butchers, poulterers, and greengrocers are putting on board perishable stores and completing their orders. Unruly sheep and obstinate pigs are being shipped for the support of the crew and passengers, and are showing their repugnance to a sea voyage, much to the amusement of laughing bystanders and to the annoyance of perspiring butcher boys. Passengers on foot, in cabs, flies, and carriages, accompanied by troops of friends and innumerable trunks and boxes, are directing their course to the packet, and are soon engaged in selecting berths and stowing baggage. As the forenoon advances, the cabins and deck are crowded with the passengers and their anxious relatives and friends.

Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon the deck of the packet becomes a crowded promenade, a band of music is playing on board, and the steam of the engine is escaping with a terrific noise; shipping agents and others are rushing to and from the steamer with bills of lading, custom-house papers, or something forgotten by the crew or passengers; a crowd of persons is collected also by the side of the vessel. Preparations are evidently making for the departure of the ship, when the attention of everyone is arrested by the cry of 'Here comes the mail.' The mail being the last thing put on board, and the packet being bound to start immediately after it has been shipped, the time for her departure can now be calculated to a minute, and passengers and their friends know that the period to be with each other is limited.

Emerging from the dock gate are seen three immense railway vans, drawn by powerful horses, escorted by a mail-guard dressed in the scarlet livery of the Postmaster-General, and preceded by policemen, who force back the crowd from the side of the vessel.

These vans contain the Indian and Mediterranean mail. It is received at the gangway of the steamer by the local Post-office authorities, and by naval officers in uniform, who take charge of it during the voyage. The mail consists of about 200 boxes, and sacks of letters and newspapers. The sacks are for places in the Mediterranean, and the boxes are for parts beyond Egypt. Boxes are used because of the convenience and safety with which

\* From the 'Hampshire Advertiser.'

they can be transported on the backs of camels across the desert of Suez, previous to their being embarked again on board ship in the Red Sea. Letter-bags cannot be so conveniently packed on camels' backs as boxes, and they would be liable to be cut open, and their contents extracted by the Copt and Arab camel guides across the desert. The boxes and sacks weigh between four and five tons, and they contain about 100,000 letters and 20,000 newspapers. The wood of the boxes is about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; each box is about two feet long, and a foot and a half in height and breadth. The covers of them are securely nailed down, and sealed in such a manner that they cannot be broken open without the seal being destroyed. About fifty of the boxes are for Bombay, forty for Calcutta, twenty for Madras, thirty for Ceylon, and twenty for Hong Kong. Those for Bombay are painted white; for Calcutta, blue; Madras, yellow; Ceylon, black; and Hong Kong, red. The object of painting them different colours is for the convenience of selecting them for any particular part from the mail-room on board, where they are all stored away together.

The mail that is now seen approaching the packet is the largest and most important that leaves England. It contains correspondence for Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, Eastern and Southern Africa, Persia, Arabia, India, China, Australia, and the Eastern Archipelago. Tens of thousands of our kindred in remote regions will be anticipating its arrival to learn the news from Old England. It contains the social intercourse and the extensive commercial transactions between this country and the Eastern world. In those boxes will be found letters for the solitary traveller exploring the sources of the Nile, or measuring the height of the Himalaya Mountains; and the decrees of that potent company of English traders in Leadenhall Street, who govern a hundred millions of human beings in Hindostan—the East India Company.

As soon as the mail arrives alongside the packet, about twenty men are busily employed putting it on board, and the Admiralty and Post-office authorities are checking off printed lists of its contents. While this is going on, time appears to be on the wing by the passengers and their friends on board, who are now taking leave of each other.

As soon as the mail is shipped, the Admiralty agent steps on board, and the gangways are drawn on shore. The commander and the pilot are on the paddle-box, the steersmen are at the wheel, and every officer and seaman are at their post, and amidst the sound of music and the belching of the engines, a stentorian order issues from the paddle-box to 'Let go the bow rope—let go astern.' At the same time a signal is passed to the engine-room, and the paddle-wheels begin to move; and, in a moment, that which had seemed an immense castle-built up against the dock wall, appears like a thing of life floating buoyantly on the tranquil water. In six days she will be passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, and in sixteen days she will be anchored alongside the fertile shores of the land of Egypt.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART I.—THE PAST.

#### CHAP. VI.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

WE must now beg the reader to follow us once more to Morton Grange, where, it may be remembered, the dark-whiskered, moustached, Charles Turnbull Hanbury was received and acknowledged as a suitor. Gertrude was mightily taken up with his company, or rather with the display he made in riding, driving, and hunting; during which occupations the haughty beauty often accompanied him. Marian, too, was occasionally one of the party.

One day they rode past an old dilapidated mansion, called Crawley Hall. It lay far remote from intercourse with its neighbours, on the verge of a bleak wild common—a solitary, ill-conditioned road, merely, leading to the en-

trance. The place had formerly been one of some note, though now a large unsightly erection, full of long heavy windows, huge casements, cornices, and the usual appendages to that style of architecture in use at the beginning of last century. Formerly a moat, now filled up, surrounded three sides of the mansion. Immense outbuildings, capable of accommodating a numerous retinue, attested the former munificence of its owner. It was now, and had been for many years, untenanted, and stood a melancholy epitome of decay. It was encompassed by a high brick wall, crumbling down into wide gaps, partially stopped up by temporary expedients. Above this unprotective fence, a few old trees looked as though participating in the general ruin. The grounds were rank with overgrown vegetation, the woods scraggy and scattered, from want of care.

'How dreary old Crawley looks, even this fine, bright morning!' said Gertrude, with an air of sadness, that arose partly from the object noticed, partly from some depression that morning, for which she could hardly account.

'Even so,' said Marian; 'yet, the old hall has seen days that would not have dimmed the brightest about it—mirth and revelry that few hereabouts could boast. I've heard old folks tell of such gay doings that would put to shame our meagre entertainments; nay, even royalty itself did not disdain the hospitalities of Crawley. I suppose, Hanbury, you know it is haunted?'

'So I've understood; and, not long ago, I was told that strange noises were heard, and lights seen there. Not a soul in the neighbourhood, I believe, would dare walk past after sunset.'

'I believe there are few, even the strongest hearted,' said Gertrude, 'who would care to be alone, for a night, in a house of such reputation.'

'I would not care two straws,' said Marian, 'if I had a good bed and a fire;—nay, I'd do it anytime, for a frolic, even without.'

'No, no; better not,' said Hanbury, gravely. 'We don't know what might happen. You might get frightened. I've heard of persons being so terrified in such circumstances, they've hardly got the better of it for months.'

'Old Margery says lights have been seen moving about through the windows, not many weeks ago,' said Gertrude, 'and that few will cross the common now, after dark. They say, too, that a rumbling of carriages has been heard at dead of night, in that direction, a long way off; and the neighbours are sure the old squire and his gay companions are doomed to act over again their former drunken revelries, though in far different company.'

'It is but right and natural,' said Hanbury, 'for folks to keep out of the way, else they might get a fright that would last them their natural lives.'

'I've long thought I should like to sleep in a haunted chamber,' replied Marian.

'What a horrid inclination!' said her sister; 'I would not pass a night yonder for all the world.'

'You know I am not much of a believer in supernatural visitations,' replied Marian. 'Not long ago I heard Dr Simms relate a very odd adventure in an apartment of reputed ghostly exploits. He, like myself, professed not to believe in such appearances; and once, when on a visit to some outlandish place, he found the only unoccupied chamber for that night was one that had a very bad reputation. He inquired—which, by the way, I think, showed weakness—what shape the ghostly visitant assumed. He was told, in that of a female head and neck issuing from a flame. When he got into bed, he could not divest himself of this idea; the horrid apparition continually haunted him. He began to feel nervous and excited, but resolved, come what might, he would keep his eyes shut. He did so, until he fancied a light penetrated the eyelids. In a moment of desperation he opened them, and, sure enough, beheld the very object present to his imagination. Frightened almost out of his wits, he cried out—'Who's that; and what do you want here?' 'It's only me,' said

a female voice, 'come to light your fire this morning. I knocked, but you were asleep.' And who should it be but the housemaid, with her head over a shovel-full of burning coals, that had so perfectly realised his night's apprehensions.

'A capital good tale, if true,' said Hanbury, 'though, perhaps, all ghostly visits may not terminate in so palpable a discovery.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Marian; 'but I could generally account for most that I have heard and seen. As respects the old house yonder, what objections could any one have to spend a night there with a friend, a good fire, and a comfortable arm-chair?'

'You had, perhaps, better not try,' replied he, drily, and apparently unwilling to pursue the subject.

They were soon galloping away over the sunny downs, the fresh, buoyant breeze on their cheeks, exhilarating the animal spirits, until they forgot all previous depressing influence.

The wedding-day was now fixed, and ample preparations were making for this important event. Packages from town, bales from Paris, kept the house in a continual bustle. What an air of mystery and importance infect the womankind on these mighty occasions! what a continual contriving, arranging, keep all hands on the alert! Day by day brought new occupations; and what with P.P.C. visits, and all the usual routine of preparatory measures, time seemed to slip away unperceived. The happy couple were to set off for the continent immediately, and not expected to return for some months. Constance was to leave school for the great event, nor would she return: being now supposed equal to the duties Marian had hitherto fulfilled.

Little more than a fortnight intervened, when one evening, as the ladies were sipping coffee, a knock announced Horace. Had the Great Mogul, or Grand Mufti, made his appearance, they could not have been more astonished. Gertrude reddened to the eyes; and Marian, whether from surprise or pleasure, did exactly the same thing, though a keen observer might have detected a latent something else than the former emotion. Mr and Mrs Morton welcomed Horace most cordially.

After the first inquiries were over, a rather chilling restraint ensued; the conversation had not that careless, easy flow, so requisite to social, or even pleasant intercourse. The two sisters felt as though anything but the subjects talked about were uppermost.

Marian was the first to enliven this chill atmosphere.

'And to what lucky adventure do we owe your arrival?' said she, with evident effort.

'Simply to having business in the neighbourhood—and I did not like to be so 'uncousinly' as to pass near, without calling, where—where I was once so welcome.'

'And are now, I protest,' said Marian, with great sincerity.

'I hope we shall none of us feel otherwise,' replied Mrs Morton, gravely.

'And, like mamma,' continued Marian, 'we know no just cause or impediment why our runaway, but now repentant cousin, should not be received with his wonted welcome.'

'Though, mayhap, too prone with advice, eh, my pleasant maidens?' said Horace, in a somewhat sharp tone; and a pang shot to his heart, as he glanced at Gertrude, and almost repented him of his temerity. All his former wretchedness seemed to concentrate in that one look he hazarded, and shrunk from another. The past rushed upon him, and he began to wish he had not braved such danger. He dared not ask about the marriage, though rumours had reached him on the subject. All he knew was, that Gertrude was engaged, and, no doubt, the union would ere long take place. She spoke little, but looked excessively shy and uneasy. Marian was too glad to see him, to appear in any other than a pleasant temper.

Horace remarked that his time at the present interview must be short—a few hours only, as he had official business to transact. Marian looked gloomy at this in-

formation, and inquired what could have brought him there on such an expedition.

'It's not a subject for every ear, good Marian; we have our secrets, and so no more inquiries.'

'Buttoned up to the chin with importance; and, if I may repeat so vulgar an expression, a regular 'Jack in office.' But you will not leave us before to-morrow?'

'To-night—I fear. But I'll stay to the last possible moment.'

'Of course you know the wedding-day is fixed.'

She looked at Gertrude and Horace alternately. He shuddered at this abrupt announcement, and replied with some difficulty—'I did not know before.'

'To-morrow fortnight, I believe, should nothing hinder.'

'I was not aware the match would come off so early; and he tried a jocular tone; but, alas! his look sadly belied the words. Gertrude seemed disconcerted, but made no remark. She sat looking at the coffee grounds, or anything else that might happen to be at the bottom of her cup.

'Is there lucky or unlucky fortune there?' said the teasing Marian; 'can I help to unriddle them? Could we but get a gipsy now!'

'Perhaps that would be easier than you imagine; there is one in the neighbourhood, I believe,' said Horace.

'Many, I dare say,' replied Gertrude, somewhat curtly; 'but I've no need of their services, thank ye; and she tossed the cup from her with an air of offended dignity.

Horace did not make any further remark, but turned his discourse to Marian, who really looked mightily becoming that evening. Her sprightly manner, and, at times, intellectual conversation, impressed him more than ever in her favour. Previously, he felt so engrossed with the more showy, and superior outward attractions of her sister, that he had neither eye, ear, nor understanding for any one else. A few glances at Gertrude, too, in her present temper, contrasted very favourably for Marian, and made the latter really look well-favoured in his eyes. Besides, her demcanour, as well as conversation, was excessively agreeable. What an amazing difference between one, trying to please, and another, where all is listlessness and discontent! What an immense advantage on the side even of the most ordinary and ill-favoured! In addition to this air of dissatisfaction on the part of Gertrude, there was a somewhat worn out and *passé* look about her, which, as formerly there had been little else than good looks to recommend her, was now rendered doubly striking. Marian, on the other hand, was decidedly improved, and he could not help contrasting her with his former idol. Whether or not Marian was conscious of her powers, she certainly exerted herself to appear more than usually engaging. Gertrude looked vexed and disturbed, and not at all delighted to see Horace, whilst her sister received him with such manifest pleasure, that his heart warmed towards her imperceptibly. Like wax, ere the feelings get cold, they soonest receive another impression. We do not at all charge him with fickleness, for had Gertrude, even then, spoken kindly to him, how his old pent up affection would have welled forth towards her, and the full tide again rolled on to its flood! But he had so checked and chastened his feelings at their source, that a slight interruption, a casual pebble, might turn their current in another direction. He had not, however, the remotest idea that the rill was at all divided, nor that any other course was possible. Though yearning for a heart to sympathise, and in unison with his own, he looked upon his fate as already sealed, himself isolated, and without a chance of real communion with another.

To some remark about Hanbury, he was given to understand that gentleman was at present in town, but expected back in a day or two.

'I must now leave you,' said Horace; 'but, if I may be allowed, shall be glad to renew my visits whilst in the neighbourhood. My movements are, at present, so uncertain, that when, or at what hour, or for how long, it is impossible to say.'

Marian made him promise to spend all possible time with them ere he departed.

It was quite dark when he left, and he took the road towards the haunted house. On the deserted common he joined the gipsy, Johnny Crappa, and they both proceeded towards the old, dark, dilapidated mansion. Its dismal aspect—mournful, solitary, forsaken appearance—the deep sigh of the wind amongst the broken branches, that seemed to participate in all the wreck and ruin they enhanced, imparted the same sense of dreariness to his own spirit.

'It has an ugly look with it,' said Horace, 'and I hardly think it can contain aught belonging to our errand. No living thing has, apparently, entered it for the last half century.'

'Don't be too sure of that, master,' said the gipsy; 'I've tracked 'em so far, and no further yet. If they ben't here, they're nowhere—that's all; and with this very logical and undeniable conclusion, they went forward to reconnoitre. Nought living was visible—not a sound but from themselves, and what the gusty night called forth, with the exception of a few stray inquiries from the elder branches of a community of daws, that held undisputed possession of the chimney-stacks, and found themselves prodigiously aggravated by such impertinent proximity.'

'Here be wheel-tracks, and not long since, either,' said the gipsy, who had for some time been feeling cautiously along the ground with the usual cunning of his race.

'Very likely,' said Horace; 'I suppose roads were made to be travelled.'

'Ay, ay, master; but they stops just here—opposite this great gap in the wall. Eh, master; what do that mean?'

Horace examined as well as he was able, but not with the same unerring instinct, which long, and in part hereditary, habits had made so vigorous in his companion. He could just ascertain a slight indentation of the road; but had it not been pointed out, he would hardly have noticed it.

'There be a some't' gone through here last night. Hands and feet too ha' been busy; and here he leaped over the broken down wall. 'I have 'em again, master; I know were'n right on 'em now; we'll soon get to th' end o' their tether.'

Horace followed. They traced footsteps, but not towards the entrance. They ceased suddenly, before a face of bare wall, enclosing one of the numerous outhouses; and here no inlet was apparent. The gipsy examined it with the most careful scrutiny, but could not detect either opening or trace of footsteps beyond.

'I've sworn to unkenneel thee, an' I will,' said the gipsy, revenge giving additional energy, and, like that of the untutored savage, never to be assuaged but by the immolation of his victim.

'Hush!' said he; and they both stood in the attitude to listen. There was a hollow sound, which they could not attribute to outward causes, like a low rumble beneath their feet, but so indistinct it could scarcely be construed into anything definite. Now and then it ceased for a short period, then recommenced, but did not seem either to approach or recede.

'I'm sure we be watched,' said the gipsy, in a low husky whisper; 'I can feel it.'

This expression betrayed the reliance these sons and daughters of that mysterious race have on what they believe supernatural endowments; though, in all likelihood, intuitive sagacity only, sharpened by long training, and akin to what, for want of a better name, is usually called instinct—a faculty that seems more powerful as man approaches to what is commonly termed a normal state, and almost disappears before the march of civilisation.

The gipsy listened with cat-like watchfulness—eye and ear aiding each other in the attempt. He was just pointing to something, and Horace could see his upraised finger, when he thought a figure was gliding between them and a lighter part of the building beyond.

'You be now satisfied, I guess,' said his companion; 'but we had best go back. It mayn't be just safe to seem loitering here. If it be them, as I suspect, they'll not stick at trifles. We've track'd 'em though, and soon we'll drive the varmin out o' their hole.'

Horace was satisfied as to the propriety of this retreat, and felt glad when they were out of the precincts.

It was now late, and he judged best to seek for lodgings in the nearest village. He secured one for himself and his companion at a small tavern, where they were soon comfortably disposed of.

#### CHAP. VII.—A SURPRISE.

From information given by the gipsy and his wife, Horace had procured a warrant for the apprehension of one Edward Fitzosborne, with several aliases, a ringleader and abetter in the daring contraband trade in this quarter, and supposed to be owner of more than one vessel engaged in the traffic. It was imagined he had amassed great wealth by these means; and hence, lavishly administered, contrived to attach a large number of individuals to his interests. He was thus enabled, not only to arrange his plans, almost with impunity, but to gain the most accurate and early intelligence of all that was going on, thereby frustrating every attempt hitherto for his detection. From description, he felt assured the individual who breakfasted with him, the morning when the smugglers so unceremoniously set him ashore, was the very person. He and the gipsy sat up late, revolving plans for the future. In the present posture of affairs, they did not shape out anything very definite, and could only wait and watch the course of events. They expected the smuggler would soon be seen about the neighbourhood, feeling pretty sure they had traced out one of his main deposits of booty, if not the head-quarters of the gang.

They were not disappointed. There was a goodly looking house in the neighbourhood called the Red House, said to be inhabited by a quiet, orderly stranger, one Mr Wilder, who kept one servant only, and came and went without exciting either notice or suspicion. He had occupied the place about two years, and neither sought, nor even noticed, his neighbours. At times he was absent for a considerable period, at others he kept in the house, but never interfered in any business but his own.

Horace had again commenced his visits at the Grange; and one forenoon, two or three days afterwards, when on his way thither, passed the Red House. He was not a little surprised to see, slowly passing towards it on horseback, the very person of whom he was in search. He could not be mistaken—the features and appearance were too well impressed on his memory for him to be deceived. He was within a short distance, and Horace felt sure he saw and recognised him. He, however, passed on, up the avenue, and towards the stables. Horace watched his proceedings, until he saw him enter the house. He loitered about for some time, expecting the individual might issue forth, but in vain. At length he resolved, even at some risk, to make an attempt for his capture. He had no lack either of courage or determination; and, as he could not summon any one to his aid, without losing sight of the prize, resolved, without more ado, to effect an entrance. He marched right up to the door—entered, and threw it wide open. He then looked cautiously into the rooms on either hand, but found them unoccupied. He then advanced carefully to a back chamber, through a passage to the right, and here, to his astonishment, saw the dark, black-moustached visage of Charles Turnbull Hanbury. He was sitting, dressed in the most approved fashion, hat in hand, as though waiting to be joined by some one. With a stiff bow he saluted Horace.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the latter, 'but I came to see the owner. I was not aware of your presence here.'

'Most likely; for, to tell you the truth, I did not expect to be kept so long, and am on the same errand as yourself. I came here by appointment; just as him as

turning, when he said he would go up stairs, change his dress, and come down. I have been waiting impatiently, for this half hour nearly, but he does not make his appearance. I am almost tired; what can he be doing?' Hanbury looked quite perplexed; 'I shall ring the bell and inquire.'

A good-looking damsel answered, saying that her master left the house some time ago, but she did not know which way—most likely by a side door.

'Exceedingly odd!' said he, with a disappointed look at Horace; 'what can be the matter?'

Horace knew pretty well what was the matter, and felt much inclined to search the house, but thought it hardly prudent without assistance. He resolved, therefore, to set a watch, and consult the gipsy. He did not think proper to acquaint Hanbury with his errand, though he left at the same time.

Horace was excessively annoyed at being foiled a second time; but still hoped, now they were on the scent, that another opportunity would shortly occur.

The gipsy was as much, if not more, vexed than himself, and hardly knew what course to recommend. He, however, determined to watch, if possible, day and night. The old house, too, at Crawley, was subjected to a vigilant supervision by parties from a distance, occasionally in the service of the coast-guard establishment.

During these proceedings, active preparations were going on for the wedding; and Horace met Hanbury several times at the Grange. His dislike to the bridegroom elect suffered no diminution by these interviews, but rather seemed to increase.

The unaccountable disappearance of Mr Wilder was freely talked over; but Horace did not let one word slip as to the cause.

Gertrude was beginning to look somewhat haggard and out of spirits. Horace had more reasons than one for fancying that, notwithstanding she was so entirely set upon the match, her mind was ill at ease on the subject. He never dropped the least hint of this to Marian, though they were thrown continually together.

Only a few days intervened between and the wedding; and Hanbury's spirits seemed to increase, as those of his intended bride became every day more visibly depressed.

## SCENES FROM 'LIFE IN THE WOODS.'

### A DEER CHASE.

After breakfast, our little fleet of three skiffs was launched, and we paddled slowly up the lake. In the meantime, the east wind, which always poisons me, died away, and this beautiful sheet of water lay like a mirror in which the blue heavens were quietly gazing on their own beauty. After rowing two or three miles, Mitchell remarked it was a good time to start a deer. I hailed the boats, and in a few minutes we were in close consultation as to the best mountain on which to put out the dogs. 'Anywhere,' said P—, 'will fetch one; but that mountain (pointing to the left) is the best, for the echo of the cry of the hounds comes down from it in grand style. I want H— to hear the echo of the chase along its sides once; it is more blood-stirring than the sound of a trumpet.' Sending one boat on a mile and a half ahead, and one back, Mitchell and myself landed the hunter and dogs and took a middle station. They had scarcely reached the shore before the dogs opened. Pushing back into the lake, I saw the white hound appear on the beach at a little distance, shoot backward and forward a few moments with his nose to the ground, then utter a loud deep cry. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'that has started at least one noble stag' from his couch of leaves, and he stands this moment with dilated nostril and extended neck, while a pang of terror shoots through his wild heart as the yell, again ringing through the forest, tells him that the voice is on his track.

The west wind had now risen, and we sat and rocked on the waves, listening to the furious outcry that the

mountain sent down to the water. The green forest shut in both hounds and deer, but you could follow the chase by the rapidly flying sound along the steep acclivities. How earnest and eager is the bay of a bloodhound on a fresh track! Ah, it was exciting, cruel as it may seem to some. Suddenly the boat, a mile and a half above us, shot out like an arrow, from behind a rock, and flew over the water. The quick eye of the Indian caught it, and exclaiming, 'The deer has took to the water there,' sprang to his oars. 'It is not possible,' I replied; 'it is scarcely half an hour since the dogs started.' He stopped, rose to his full length in the boat, stood for a moment like a statue, then, dropping on his seat, he exclaimed, 'It is,' and seized the oars. I did not deem it possible he could discover it at that distance with his naked eye, but he had been trained from infancy in the forest. In that short time such a change had passed over the man that I scarcely knew him. Taciturn, slow, and indolent in his movements, I had not thought him capable of sudden excitement. But now the energy and fire of ten men seemed concentrated in him. His strokes fell with a rapidity and power I had never before witnessed. I have seen men row for wagers and for dear life; but never saw blows tell on a boat as did those of his. It is true the skiff was light, for it was made to be carried on one man's shoulders across the country from lake to lake; it is true also that I threw myself on the paddle with which I steered, with all the strength I was master of; but the strokes of Mitchell seemed each time to lift the cockle-shell from the lake. As he fell back on the oars, so rapid was the passage of the boat, that the water, as it parted before it, rose up on each side as high as his shoulders, and foamed like a torrent past me. On, on we sped like a winged creature, when a rifle shot rang dull and heavy in the distance, and the wind lifting the smoke bore it down towards us. 'Did he hit him?' exclaimed Mitchell. I dropped my paddle, and, lifting my glass to my eye, replied, 'No, and it is a buck. I see his antlers, and he is bearing right down on us. Pull, pull away, my brave fellow.' He did pull, and so did I, and we flew over the surface. The other boat had been compelled to lay-to a moment to mend an oar, which had given us the advantage, but it was now again sent with no stinted strokes down the lake. At length I could see the head and antlers of the noble buck, as, with dilated nostrils and terror-stricken glance, he swam and doubled on his pursuers. 'Hold!' I exclaimed, as he glanced away towards the shore. The boat fell into the trough of the waves just as I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and the little cockle-shell rocked so like mad on the water, and my frame was quivering so with the exhausting effort of the last few minutes, that the muzzle of my piece described all sorts of mathematical diagrams around the head of the deer, as I endeavoured to make it bear for a single second upon it. I could not shoot—but 'Fire! fire!' shouted Mitchell, and 'fire' it was. The bullet struck just under his throat, throwing the water over his head, while he made a desperate spring and pulled for the shore. Shame on me, but I might as well have shot on horseback under a full gallop. At that moment the other boat flew like a spirit past, and crack went the rifle of W—d. He missed, and again our boat was dividing the waves before her, while, in scarcely more time than I have been relating it, another ball was in my gun, and I exclaimed, 'Now, Mitchell, as we approach him, throw the head of the boat on the waves, so the motion shall be steady, and if I miss him I will fling my rifle into the lake.' As we came up, a single stroke of the oar sent her round, and, as she rose and fell short on the sea, I 'watched my time' and pulled. A desperate plunge and a bloody streak upon the water, told that the bullet had found the life-blood. Struggle on, bold fellow, but your life is reached, and never again shall your foot press the mountain-side! Just then another shot struck the water close by our boat, glanced, and also entered the deer. He bowed his antlered head in the waves, and turned over on his side, while the short, convulsive efforts told of his death agony. A few strokes of the oar, and

our boat lay alongside—the knife of the Indian entered his throat, and the deed was done. I raised him by the horns, and towed him slowly along toward the shore. The excitement of the chase was over, and as I gazed on the wild, yet mild and gentle eye of the noble creature, now glazing in death, a feeling of remorse arose in my heart. I could have moralised an hour over the beautiful form as it floated on the water. The velvet antlers (they are now in their velvet) gave a more harmless aspect to the head than the stubborn horn, and I almost wished to recall him to life. It seemed impossible that, a few minutes before, that delicate limbed creature was treading in all the joy of freedom his forest home. How wild had been his terror, as the fierce cry of the hound first opened on his tract! How swift the race down the mountain-side, and how free and daring his plunge from the rock into the wave! How noble his struggles for life! But the bold swimmer had been envired by foes too strong for him, and he fell at last, where he could not even turn at bay. The delicate nostril was relaxed in death, and the slender limbs stiff and cold.

I was awakened from my moralising by Mitchell, who that moment ceased rowing and gave a call. The gallant white hound had followed the track of the deer to the water, where he stood perplexed and anxious till the first rifle shot fell over the lake. He then plunged in, and had ever since been swimming after us in the chase. We lay-to, and took the noble fellow in, and then pulled for shore.

#### FOREST MUSIC.

How often we speak of the solitude of the forest, meaning by that the contrast its stillness presents to the hum and motion of busy life. When you first step from the crowded city into the centre of a vast wilderness, the absence of all the bustle and activity you have been accustomed to makes you at first believe there is no sound, no motion there. So a man accustomed for a long time to the surges of the ocean cannot at first hear the murmur of the rill. Yet these solitudes are full of sound, ay, of rare music too. I do not mean the notes of birds, for they rarely sing in the darker, deeper portions of the forest. Even the robin, which in the fields cannot chirp and carol enough, and is so tame that a tyro can shoot him, ceases his song the moment he enters the forest, and flits silently from one lofty branch to another, as if in constant fear of a secret enemy. If you want to listen to the music of birds, go to some field that borders on the woods, and there, before sunrise of a summer morning, you will hear such an orchestra as never before greeted your ears. There are no dying cadences, and rapturous bursts, and prolonged swells, but one continuous strain of joy. Yet there is every variety of tone, from the clear, round note of the robin to the shrill piping of the sparrow. No time is kept, and no scale is followed; each is striving to outwarble the other, and yet there seems the most perfect accord. No jar is made by all the conflicting instruments—the whole heavens are full of voices tuned to a different key—each pausing or breaking in as it suits its mood—and yet the harmony remains the same. It is unwritten music such as nature furnishes, filling the soul with a delight and joy it never before experienced. But this is found only in the fields—our great forests are too sombre and shadowy for such glees. Still you find music there. There is a certain kind occurring only at intervals, which chills the heart like a dead-march, and is fearful as the echo of bursting billows along the arches of a cavern. The shrill scream of a panther in the midst of an impenetrable swamp, rising in the intervals of thunder claps—the long, discordant howl of a herd of wolves at midnight, slowly travelling along the slope of a high mountain, you may call strange music; yet there are certain chords in the heart of man that quiver to it, especially when he feels there is no cause of alarm. The howling of a moose, echoing miles away in the gorges—the solitary cry of the loon in some deep bay—the solemn hoot of the owl, the only lullaby that cradles you to sleep, all have their charms, and stir you at times like the blast of

a bugle. So the scream of the eagle, and cry of the fish-hawk, as they sweep in measured circles over the still bosom of a lake after their prey, or the low, half-suppressed croak of the raven—his black form, like some messenger of death, slowly swinging from one mountain to another—are sights and sounds that arrest and chain you. Yet these are not all—the ear grows sensitive when you feel that everything about you treads stealthily; and the slightest noise will sometimes startle you like the unexpected crack of a rifle.

After watching for a long time for deer on the banks of some still stream, almost motionless myself, the unexpected spring of a trout to the surface has sent the blood to my temples as suddenly as though it had been the leap of a panther. By living in the woods, your sense of hearing becomes so acute that the wilderness never seems silent. It is said that a nice and practised ear can hear at night, in the full vigour of spring, the low sound of growing, bursting vegetation, and in the winter, the shooting of crystals, 'like moonbeams splintering along the ground.' So in the forest, there is a faint and indistinct hum about you, as if the spreading and bursting of the buds and barks of trees, the stretching out of the roots into the earth, and the slow and affectionate interlacing of branches and kies of leaves, were all perceptible to the ear. The passage of the scarcely moving air over the unseen tree-tops, the motion it gives to the trunk—too slight to be detected by the eye—the dropping of an imperfect leaf; all combine to produce a monotonous sound, which lulls you into a feeling half melancholy and half pleasing. You may, on a still summer afternoon, recline for hours on some gentle slope, and listen without weariness to this low, perpetual chant of nature. Sometimes the hollow tap of the woodpecker, or the loud, babbling voice of the streamlet, rushing under arches of evergreens, gives animation to the song. If you are on the borders of a lake, the clear and limpid sound of the ripples, as they hasten to lay their lips on the smooth pebbles, blend in with the anthem, till the soul sinks into reveries it dare not speak aloud. But there is one kind of forest music I love best of all—it is the sound of wind among the trees. I have lain here by the hour, on some fresh afternoon, when the brisk west wind swept by in gusts, and listened to it. All is comparatively still, when, far away, you catch a faint murmur, like the dying tone of an organ with its stops closed, gradually swelling into clearer distinctness and fuller volume, as if gathering strength for some fearful exhibition of its power, until, at length, it rushes like a sudden sea overhead, and everything aways and tosses about you. For a moment an invisible spirit seems to be near—the fresh leaves rustle and talk to each other—the pines and cedars whisper ominous tidings, and then the retiring swell subsides in the distance, and silence again slowly settles on the forest. A short interval only elapses when the murmur, the swell, the rush, and the retreat, are repeated. If you abandon yourself entirely to the influence, you soon are lost in strange illusions. I have lain and listened to the wind moving thus among the branches, until I fancied every gust a troop of spirits, whose tread over the bending tops I caught afar, and whose rapid approach I could distinctly measure. My heart would throb and pulses bound, as the invisible squadrons drew near, till, as their sounding chariots of air swept swiftly overhead, I ceased listening, and turned to look. Thus, troop after troop, they came and went on their mysterious mission—waking the solitude into sudden life as they passed, and filling it with glorious melody.

#### A STRANGE FIGHT.

I have often been struck with the singular attachment hunters sometimes have for some bird or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility. About five hundred yards from Beach's hut, stands a lofty pine-tree, on which a grey eagle has built its nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of the Raquette. The Indian who dwelt there before him, says that the same pair of birds made their nest on that

tree for ten years previous—making in all nineteen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch. It is possible, however, that the young may have taken the place of their parents. At all events, Beach believes them to be the same old dwellers, and hence regards them as squatters like himself, and entitled to equal privileges. From his cabin-door he can see them in sunshine and storm—quietly perched on the tall pine, or wildly cradled as the mighty fabric bends and sways to the blast. He has become attached to them, and hence requests every one who visits him not to touch them. I verily believe he would like to shoot the man who should harm one of their foathers. They are his companions in that solitude—proud occupants of the same wild home, and hence bound together by a link it would be hard to define, and yet which is strong as steel. If that pine-tree should fall, and those eagles move away to some other lake, he would feel as if he had lost a friend, and the solitude become doubly lonely. Thus it is—you cannot by any education or experience drive all the poetry out of a man—it lingers there still, and blazes up unexpectedly—revealing the human heart with all the sympathies, attachments, and tenderness that belong to it. He, however, one day came near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favourite bird high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more, he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment, with an excited gesture—then rapid as a flash of light, and with a rush of his broad pinions, like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake. He had seen a huge salmon trout swimming near the surface, and, plunging from his high watch-tower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop that he buried himself out of sight when he struck, but the next moment he emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavoured to rise with his prey. But this time he had miscalculated his strength—in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad, dripping pinions, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sunk again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down. This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up—and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report. At last, the bird thinking, as they say west, that he had 'waked up the wrong passenger,' gave it up; and, loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine-tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky—the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded and baffled lion lie down in his lair and brood over his defeat. Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out. When, however, they both staid under a half minute or more, he concluded he should never see his eagle again. Whether the latter in his rage was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold though at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had struck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate himself, the hunter

said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth, and he would have been glad to have let go long before he did. The old fellow probably spent the afternoon in studying avoidupois weight, and ever after tried his tackle on smaller fish. As for the poor salmon, if he survived the severe laceration, he doubtless never fully understood the operation he had gone through.

### PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS.

THE following method of drying specimens of flowers, is given by Mr W. S. Coleman, in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal':—'As the season for collecting plants is approaching, may I be permitted to give the particulars of the process I have adopted in drying specimens for the Hortus Siccus, especially the more delicate and succulent ones, for which I have found it peculiarly adapted, as it combines the greatest equality of pressure with despatch in drying. My method is as follows:—The apparatus required is very simple, consisting of a few canvass or linen bags, of such size that, when laid flat, they will rather more than cover a sheet of demy paper, a quantity of clean sand, an old saucapan, or other convenient vessel, to heat it in, and a few quires of blotting-paper. Having provided these, first put a sufficient quantity of sand in the saucapan, over the fire, and, while this is heating, take a quire of blotting-paper, on which arrange the plants, covering them with two or three sheets of blotting-paper. When the sand is sufficiently heated, and uniformly so (which may be promoted by stirring it with a stick), pour into one of the bags enough to fill it to one-third. The mouth of the bag being closed, by tying or folding back, it is then to be laid carefully over the plants arranged between the paper, and the sand contained in it to be spread out by the hand, and pressed with a board, so as to form a flat uniform surface. This process may be repeated—several layers of paper, plants, and sand-bags being laid on one another. If this is done, no extra weight will be required—the smallest and most delicate plants being placed in the uppermost layers; but if the subject be large and thick, a board and weight will be generally necessary. Unless they are very thick and succulent, in which case they may require a second application of hot sand, the plants will generally be found quite dry within twenty-four hours, and often much sooner. This is one advantage; as, by this rapid desiccation, the colour is preserved in the greatest perfection—i. e., if the temperature be well regulated. The second, and perhaps of more importance as regards the botanical value of the specimen, is, that the sand, by adapting itself to the inequalities of the object under pressure, prevents any crushing of the stems, receptacles, &c.: while the parts of the leaves in juxtaposition with a hard, thick stem, which, by the ordinary method, escape any pressure, and consequently shrivel up, are all equally flattened. I am not aware that this method has been adopted at all generally, never having seen it made use of elsewhere, nor mentioned among the numerous published instructions for preserving plants, which is my motive for this communication.'

### THE END OF PRUDENCE.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—Johnson.



## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

ON a delightful summer morning, we sallied forth to revel in the beauties which nature had distributed over one of the most lovely scenes which it has been our happiness to visit. The first warm flush of spring had been consummated in the maturity of summer, and all was tranquillity and peace. The air was balmy and refreshing, the sky as cloudless and serene as Italy can boast, while the river swept through the verdant fields and woods with more than queenly grace. The feathered songsters on every hand charmed us with their tuneful notes; the lark mounted aloft and made the blue arc of heaven vocal with his melodies; and

'The ringdove's plaint

Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove.

The copse which overhung the hill-side displayed its varied foliage; the maple leaves danced in the sunlight; the

'Shadowy trees that lean

So elegantly o'er the water's brink,'

rusted to the breeze; while the aged holly, and yet older yew—the anchorites of the scene—stood with their accustomed solemnity of aspect by the roadside. We entered the glen, where hung the tendrils of the briony and the bells of the sweet-scented convolvulus, and the buoyancy of the heart responded to the elasticity of the turf beneath the footstep, while the soft, green moss around the trunk of the aged elm did not ask admiration in vain. We had just crossed the rippling brook-stream by the simple stepping-stones, thinking of the words of Cowper—

'Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,  
How laughs the land, with various plenty crowned;'

and, thankful for the enjoyment of the beauties around, were preparing to wend our way elsewhere, when our attention was arrested by the approach of a form with which we had been once acquainted, though

'Twenty years had wrought strange alteration.

Bowed, as though with age, and attired in a garb which strongly reminded us of half a century ago, he approached with slow and shuffling gait and downcast eye, and would have passed had we not accosted him. A glance enabled us to read, in the angular furrows which marked his harsh features, the characteristics displayed by those whom it is no lack either of truth or charity to designate by the appellation of *grumblers*. Having fulfilled the requirements of civility, we would gladly have escaped further communication with him; but he detained us, while he gave vent to a narration of his defective health, his numerous troubles, and to a denunciation of the degeneracy of the age in which his lot was cast. He wished to persuade us that the nineteenth century was far behind some unmentioned era that has passed away—that men are not what they were—that the sun of England's glory is eclipsed, if it has not set for ever—and that 'the good old times' were a golden season of freedom, enlightenment, and happiness. To this tirade we listened with as much deference as we could muster, for some respect was at least due to his years, but we soon found that to attempt to reason him from his convictions was utterly hopeless.

On escaping from our unwelcome acquaintance, we felt that a temporary gloom had stolen over our soul—that the sight and conversation of an embodiment of so much mental and moral deformity in the midst of so much natural beauty seemed to stagnate every warm and glowing impulse of our heart; and were it not for warning others to shun him, or any of his class, if they should ever cross their path, and for gathering from his history the lessons which it teaches, we should never have honoured him by an introduction to our readers. The follies of some men are indeed more instructive than the wisdom of others; for though we repudiate them as guides, we accept them as beacons to warn us from the shoals and quicksands on which they have been cast away. So in the case before us. Liberated, by a competency, from the cares of worldly

toil, possessing the blessing of good health, and freed from a thousand embarrassments which are the lot of others, he had so indulged a peevishness and querulousness of mind, that he had severed himself from all the kind and gentle influences which might have modified his prejudices, and had become an inveterate and irreclaimable grumbler.

On the way homewards, we resolved to re-examine the history of our country, to see if there was anything to give a colouring of truth to the assertions of those who indulge in similar prejudices, though, it is hoped, to a diminished extent—who declare that there were numerous and important elements of prosperity and happiness in a former period which belong not to 'this evil day;' and we invite our readers to accompany us in this research, which may, at least, tend to impart a spirit of cheerful contentment in the sphere in which we live, and move, and have our being, and show the responsibilities under which we are placed as the possessors of privileges which our forefathers never enjoyed.

Are these happy days, we would inquire, to be found in the early portions of the present century, when Europe was one great battlefield on which hostile thousands met for mutual slaughter—when patriots wept over the vassalage of their country—when the bivouac was pitched by the light of the flaming and sacked city—when the rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, the provision of nations, and the reward of industry, were desolated—when the peaceful town was awakened at the midnight hour by the cannon of an approaching foe, and the inhabitants became miserable fugitives on the land which gave them birth, to escape the rapine and slaughter which inevitably awaited those who remained—when the best blood of nations was shed, sacrificed, on the altar of their liberties—and when, with aching eyes and death-like pallor, myriads awaited the intelligence from the scene of conflict, announcing either that defeat had been sustained, or the scarcely less appalling calamity, that victory had been won? Surely if one spark of humanity glows in our bosoms, we cannot wish that any such times as these should ever recur.

But perhaps allusion is made to an earlier period. Is, then, the happy era to be found under the dynasty of Hanover, when, indeed, great advances were made over the faithlessness and tyranny of preceding monarchs, but when many a glaring injustice was sanctioned by law, and persecution trampled down the first rights of man? Is it to be discovered when the Stuarts ruled—when law was so administered that deeds of violence were incessantly committed with impunity, and children were frequently kidnapped and sent to the plantations as slaves—when, after the civil wars, many a cavalier strove as a highwayman to retrieve on the road what he had lost as a soldier on the fields of Marston Moor or Naseby, and ended his days at Tyburn—and when a large part of London consisted of hovels rather than houses, when kites and ravens were kept to devour the accumulated filth of the streets, and bonfires were kindled to avert the plague? Was it a happier period for England under the despotism of the Tudors than under the mild and beneficent reign of Victoria, when royalty employed as its common instruments faggots, branding-irons, racks, and death?—when 'good queen Bess' did not hesitate to visit the mansions of her nobles, and to carry on, even in their absence, for her womanly amusement, a merciless slaughter of their deer, while, if dissatisfaction were exhibited by the owner, he received an intimation (as in the case of the Earl of Berkeley) that her majesty had an eye to his estates and his head—a period when a chancellorship was conferred as a reward for good dancing—when 'the virgin queen' was an enthusiastic admirer of bull and bear-bating—when coarse language and profane swearing were common with the sovereign and the court—and when a man was reckoned a coward who did not put two oaths in one sentence? Is the reign of Henry VIII. regarded as the halcyon era—a king who has been truly characterised by Sir James Macintosh as approaching 'as nearly to the ideal standard

of perfect wickedness, as the infirmity of human nature would admit"—when Protestant and Papist burnt together at the same funeral pile?

Shall we go back in pursuit of this paradisaical age to the iron rule of Edward I., who, though styled 'the English Justinian,' did not hesitate barbarously to persecute the Jews—to disregard the rights of nations when they interfered with his ambitious projects—who behaved with relentless cruelty towards his enemies, and whose treatment of the Scots attached an indelible stigma to his character? Are 'the good old times' discoverable when the throne was occupied by the perfidious John, whose sign-manual was waste paper, if there were not force to compel his adherence to it? Or to pass to a yet remoter period, are they to be found at a time when no man might lodge during the night beyond the precincts of the walled city unless some one were answerable for his behaviour—when any stranger who approached a town was treated as a suspected person, and, unless some one would be security for his conduct, was thrust into prison—when every one was ordered to be provided with arms to assist in capturing powerful offenders—and when highway robbery had become a national crime? Shall we find this happy epoch when the injunctions of a sovereign were replied to by a shout of defiance from the walls of the baronial castle—when royal mandates were obeyed or disregarded according to the strength of a portcullis, the solidity of embattlements, or the courage of retainers—and when a mail-clad chieftain started forth with a thousand followers to assert the superiority of their power to all the mandates of a king, and all the supplications of an oppressed and suffering people?

Or, was this elysian period in the times of Anglo-Saxon rule—when woman was the slave of man—when domestic and social relations were utterly disregarded by the masses of the people—and when political anarchy prevailed? Or will preference be given to the ages of Roman domination, when civilisation shed but a faint and glimmering light on the midnight darkness of the barbaric age which preceded, and when knowledge was carefully concealed amidst the groves and sanctuaries of the Druids; or shall we desire the return of the time when our forefathers were nought but painted savages, seeking a precarious subsistence from the produce of the chase or the river—varying the monotony of their wretched lives by the excitements of deadly conflict—living in huts or holes in the ground, with scarce a characteristic to distinguish their habits from those of the brutes that perish—worshipping the idols which their hands had made—sacrificing their children amidst the yells of ferocious crowds—and seeking, in the palpitating vitals of many a human victim, the secrets of a hidden and inexorable fate? Assuredly these were good times for none; and the period to which allusion is made by some, exists only in the chaotic forms of an uncultivated mind, or the figments of an over-wrought imagination.

Let the student of history pursue his investigations with diligence, deliberation, and candour—let him trace from the earliest times the domestic and social condition of the people, and the political and religious institutions under which they lived—and he will find, that though he can detect the ebb and flow of the tide of civilisation as circumstances retarded or favoured its course, yet that a flood of knowledge and of truth has now poured over the face of the moral world that has dismantled many an ancient stronghold of prejudice and ignorance, and has opened new and unexpected channels for the diffusion of its beneficent waters. We say not that the progress of man has been comparable with his privileges, but we would encourage him to press forward. We hail the present as an era in which advancement is more rapid and complete than at any former period. Science is placing new discoveries before the world, and casting a flood of fresh light over them, with which we thought we were familiar. Literature is dispensing the accumulated treasures of six thousand years. Art is rending asunder the barriers of an arbitrary geography, and bringing peoples, who had long regarded one another as hereditary foes, into the

brotherhood of nations. Genius is sending her light into the cottages of the poor. Education has flung aside the trammels with which the ignorant and bigoted long bound her, and is spreading her benign influence over the length and breadth of the land; while religion, aided by them all, is exploring new regions, extending to new tribes her priceless blessings, and announcing to all, in accents the most distinct and emphatic, the terms on which they may be reconciled to an ever-merciful but offended God. Say not, then, that this is a degenerate age; censure what is wrong, and amend it; but indulge not in criminal and futile complaints. Impressed by the importance of individual and persevering advancement, let it be our high and holy aspiration, by the cultivation of religious principle, the fulfilment of religious duty, and the eradication of remaining corruption, to further the advancement of truth in our own hearts; and by our personal influence—which will be neither transient nor limited—to allure others to follow in the same exalted course, and to anticipate the same glorious destiny.

### THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### PART I.—THE PAST.

##### CHAP. VIII.—THE SIGNAL.

ON the afternoon of a bright autumnal day, as Horace was loitering past the Red House, he saw one of his scouts point to a distant hill. A square clump of trees rendered it one of the most conspicuous objects in the neighbourhood; and, in fact, it might be termed a landmark in that bleak, unsheltered region. This spot had for ages been noted as the site of a British encampment—one of the many similar positions with which that part of England abounds.

Without appearing to notice the man who gave the signal, Horace looked towards the hill, and saw a grey curl of smoke above the trees. This did not seem anything very extraordinary, but he resolved to obtain a nearer inspection. For this end, not wishing to attract observation, he slowly sauntered towards the base, then took a circuit on the other side, ascending by a path out of sight of the village. On gaining the summit, he saw a fire just lit, for what purpose he was at a loss to conjecture, until he observed an old decrepit woman gathering some half-dried leaves, at a distance, and afterwards throwing them on the fire to increase the smoke. This old hag bore a very indifferent reputation in the neighbourhood; and many strange tales were afloat respecting her. He accosted her, and thought she looked rather vexed at his appearance. She was a little hunchbacked thing, with an immense head, long face, hooked nose, and the usual accomplishments of such characters—in fact, she was a reputed witch.

'What need,' cried Horace—'what need of this?'

'For my own,' she replied, with a spiteful leer.

'No doubt; but why cannot you warm your knuckles at home?'

'Cause there be no fire to warm un.'

'A proper reason enough, good dame, as far as it goes. But you might have taken all this stuff down—couldn't you?—in place of bringing a light, at the risk of setting the whole plantation on fire.'

'My back ha'n't bone for such a bus'n' now. Look at it, youngster;' and here she showed how fearfully it was bent. He still thought her conduct very strange, and anything but the right solution to such a proceeding. He was just then ready to catch at the slightest incident which gave ground for suspicion; but how this old crone could in the slightest possible way be connected with the affair, was more than he could imagine.

'Well, Madge, I'm not much of a judge; but I should say it is an uncommon odd proceeding, and may get you into trouble with the squire.'

'I care not. He never did me a ha'p'orth o' good. I

owe him nought. Let him come an' take these poor old bones to jail, if it'll do him any good. They'll not be worth house-room, I'm a thinkin'.

The beldame continued heaping up stuff, until a huge column of smoke rose high above the trees, then slowly uncoiled, and lay a long trail of dark vapour in the sky. Horace could not help thinking now, it was very like a signal; but, as nothing more could be made out of old Margery, he determined on redoubled vigilance below.

That night the gipsy and himself concluded to walk down towards Crawley. It was not quite dark, but sufficiently so, with a little caution, to prevent their being seen. They kept themselves concealed near the large gap, judging it not at all unlikely, if this place was a rendezvous for desperate characters, free-traders, and the like, the smoke Madge had sent up was a signal for some purpose they might here ascertain. He learnt that she had a son in the seafaring line. He, too, bore a very disreputable character. Now and then he came home, and had plenty of money at command, which he spent after a most reckless and vicious fashion.

The moon—at least what remained of it—shone out, after about an hour's watching. Shortly after, they heard footsteps approaching cautiously towards the place of their concealment. They passed; and at the same time Horace emerged from his hiding-place, despite sundry tuggings and other silent admonitions from his companion. He was too eager; and though he crept forth as carefully as possible, he was observed; and a low whistle summoned several individuals near at hand, who immediately surrounded Horace, while, at the same time, another party dragged out the gipsy.

'Oh, oh, my friend,' said one of the crew; 'you be here again—eh? You'll not be quiet, maybe, till you get a bullet-hole into you. Come bear a hand here with the lubbers.'

It was Margery's son who spoke; he seemed to be the leader of this gang of desperadoes.

'Splice 'em here to this tree, while we get to work. You'll soon see rare sport, gentlemen.'

Helpless for resistance, they were obliged to submit. In an incredibly short time, boxes of merchandise, kegs, hampers, barrels, and a vast array of goods, were lifted into the courtyard. They seemed to be brought from every available nook; but, from his position, Horace could not ascertain the precise situation of their storehouses. He was silent, but the gipsy did not bear his fate with the same resignation; he vowed, or rather muttered, vengeance on his captors, unheard, of course, by those for whose benefit these maledictions were chiefly intended.

In a while, they heard a low rumble at a distance. As the noise approached, Horace distinguished that of wagons, and of no small size. They stopped opposite the broken fence, and were quickly loaded with commodities that might have sufficed for a prince's dowry. When this business was concluded, under Horace's inspection, the rogues bade our two captives 'Good-by,' and hoped they had had a pleasant interview, recommending that, to whomsoever they might be indebted for release, they would not fail to entertain them with an account of the very clever way in which they had been outwitted. They swallowed this bitter advice in the best way they were able, and had soon the mortification of hearing the party decamp safely with their booty, and themselves prisoners, with but little prospect of a speedy release—at any rate, until day, and probably not then; the road being little travelled, few people passing that way, as it did not lead into any main thoroughfare.

Horace had to bear his own disappointment, and likewise the complaints of his companion, who attributed the whole failure of the scheme to his imprudence.

The gipsy did not endure his misfortune with any show of equanimity; but, after chafing like a wild bull in a net, began to grow tired of his exertions, and employed himself in forming plans for revenge. After remaining silent for a while, he broke out into a sudden exclamation—'I have it, master.'

'Where?' said Horace, with a sudden start.

'Why, if I'dna been a most extraordinary ass, I'd ha' brought Bess with us—my wife, I mean. She's of high gipsy blood, an' can tell things, when the fit is on her, would surprise anybody. I'm sure, gipsy as I am, many a time she's made me feel woundy queer. If she been here, she'd ha' ferritted out this mouse-nest long since. If I do get loose from these ropes—I varly think they been twisted o' purpose—I'll fetch her, or my name's not Johnny Crapps;' and, with this comfortable determination, at length he resigned himself to what he felt was inevitable. How comparatively happy does it make a man, when, after long fighting with his destiny, at last he settles down to a calm acquiescence with his lot!

Long and wearisome was that bitter night, their limbs almost stiffened with cold. Even Horace was beginning to wax quarrelsome at the prospect of a still more lengthened captivity, when about sunrise there came a herdsman whistling past. They shouted lustily for help; and, providentially, the frightened hind, about betaking himself to flight, thought he would have a peep first. With the most unfeigned astonishment he discovered and knew Horace; testifying, by uncouth exclamations, his wonder at seeing him in that scurvy plight. A knife soon put an end to their captivity; and on a short survey of the premises, they immediately found how the whole had been made a regular deposit for contraband goods, and the mode by which the concealment was managed. No doubt the appearance of Horace in that neighbourhood had been the signal for breaking up the establishment, lest he might find out their haunt, and the valuables it contained.

The gipsy set out forthwith; and on the third day it was not at all unlikely but his wife would arrive. The same forenoon Horace visited Morton Grange, and had to endure not a few sharp sallies from Marian. Hanbury joked him on being so cleverly 'done,' and was quite shocked to hear they had been in such dangerous proximity. The lights and noises were now accounted for, and the country rid of such a nuisance. The presence, too, of the party at the Red House was now explained; and, as he had disappeared, it was not likely anything would be heard of him. Horace was afraid this was too true, and, in consequence, that he had lost all chance of attaining his object. As may be supposed, he was much chagrined at the result. All hope of preferment from this source, he apprehended, was out of the question.

There was, apparently, little need of the female gipsy's interference, now the whole party was gone; but he determined to wait her arrival. The family, too, were very wishful he should stay over the wedding, which he could now witness with much less excitement than, at one time, he could possibly have anticipated. Love had fast ebbed from his heart—the flame was nigh gone out for want of fuel. He had ceased to look on Gertrude almost with feelings of respect. Her selfish, worldly-minded disposition had nigh cicatrised the wound, and he now felt little else than that common measure of curiosity with which such an event is usually contemplated.

On the night but one previous to the wedding, Bess came without her husband. He was obliged to attend domestic duties in her absence. The poor creature looked sadly tired when Horace first saw her at his lodgings. He felt sorry she had come on what he now considered a fruitless mission. He told her so, but she looked confidently at him whilst saying—'I've a notion vastly different; I've not been sent here for nothing, depend on it; so, if you please, sir, to-morrow, I'll try. There's many a thing comes o' nothing, as it were. My mother taught me how to work, but in a way you've no notion of. When it comes here,' and she pointed to her head, 'nobody but a gipsy can tell how to interpret.'

The woman evidently believed in a power above, or rather extraneous to, her own unaided capacity. Horace, however, did not believe in anything of the kind, but attributed all to instinctive sagacity, and, no doubt, hereditary aptitude for such pursuits.

After rest and refreshment, he called her to him in the little parlour where he usually sat;—with the utmost minuteness he related every particular. He judged it best to do this, in order to put her on the right scent, and enable her to go the readiest way to work. She was silent, and exceedingly attentive during the recital. When he had concluded, she sat for a short space rocking to and fro, as though in deep and unusual perplexity. From the fixed, inward expression of the eye, if we may use the term, it was evident she was tasking all her powers, to look through the veil which overhung the mystery. At length she said—'There's some connivance between him and this Hanbury.'

Horace laughed at the idea. 'It was only a call, on matters of business between neighbours, most likely. Nothing extraordinary in that.'

She raised her finger, pointing emphatically as she spoke—'It's there, however, I be to begin. Don't you see, the very minute, I may say, the smuggler comes home, and he had been away sometime I take it, Hanbury is there to meet him. Now he must have known either where the rogue was, or he had such dealings with him as to know exactly when he would come back.'

This thought had never occurred to Horace, and a new light seemed to break in upon him. He studied awhile, but could make out nothing further, save that Hanbury's being there to receive him did seem as though some connection existed between them; how, or what could induce him to consort with such a character, was beyond comprehension.

'Was he making a bargain for silks and finery for his intended?' said Horace, hazarding a guess.

'I'll know to-morrow,' replied she; 'but you may depend on it, Osborne would never let a body like Hanbury know who he was, if there isn't something more than we can just now find out. You don't know the villain you want to catch; he's the most crafty, watchful fellow I ever see in that line of business, and we've known most of 'em at time and times. He's got a power o' money, too, and, I dare say, won't be long i' the trade; but he, maybe, gets nabbed at last. The gipsy that he trod on so cruelly, may yet turn and sting him, safe as he thinks he is.' And here she threw her dark revengeful eye on some invisible object, as though pursuing it with unmitigated hatred.

It would have made a picture for a Cenci, or a Borgias. Horace shrunk from such a display, impressed with the awful conviction that man, corrupt, depraved as he is, ought not to be intrusted with such a power; and hence the injunction, 'Vengeance is mine.' In the present case, he was using her as an instrument for the fulfilment of duty; and in that path he felt justified in employing every lawful means for its accomplishment.

#### CHAP. IX.—A DISCOVERY.

The next morning, betimes, Bess put on a complete gipsy dress she had brought with her, and betook herself to the Red House. A knock at the door brought the housekeeper—a buxom-looking personage, who had evidently no mean pretensions to beauty, though perhaps approaching that equivocal age so prejudicial to all claims on the score of good looks.

'Bless your lucky face,' said Bess, with a low curtsy; 'but I can see a smile o' good fortune there. Isn't there a fine gentleman will be glad of a kind word from ye?'

'What do you want? We have nothing here for beggars.'

'I'm not a beggar. But cross my hand with silver, and I'll tell you who your husband will be, and the first letter of his name. It's the like o' you that's born to a purse o' gowd, and a grand husband.'

The woman was evidently interested, and her curiosity excited by this flattering intelligence. Her reluctance was giving way, and Bess adroitly whispered—'But if you don't, and directly, your good luck will never come. Ay, dear, that's right.'

The housekeeper had put sixpence on her hand.

'For another, I'll tell you what to do to win a husband,

and his pockets lined wi' gowd guineas,' said the cunning fortune-teller, true to her calling.

The dupe felt for another, and the coin was placed in his fellow.

'There's a light man, without whiskers; small grey eyes; tall, and proper-looking; he's borne love to ye many a day; but there's a dark, well-favoured lady in the way.'

The sibyl kept a wary eye on her victim, and found her guesses not far from the truth. She felt sure the arrow had sped.

The wily temptress continued—'But I must have sight on him, an' then I'll show you how to catch him, my handsome dear. The gentleman's yours; and then wout you walk the house in silks, and ride in a beautiful carriage, so that never a fine lady i' Lunun shall be the like?'

'What is it you want?' said the unsuspecting listener, her eyes glistening at the prospect.

'That light gentleman you must wed. Tell me but where he is, and trust to gipsy Bess for the rest. Let me but see him, my love, an' wout I fling the charm over him?'

'Oh, dear, I dare not.'

'Daren't? Dare not get a grand husband, that will make a grand lady of you! What a soft-hearted chicken! Why not? It's all for the goodwill I bear your bonny face; an' the pity such a nice, beautiful creature as yourself shouldn't be made into a grand lady. Come, come, what harm? Let me but get sight of him, and your fortune's made, my lucky princess. But then I must throw the spell on him.'

Flattered by the prospect, she gave way—visions of grandeur floating on her imagination. In the full anticipation of that fortune she looked forward to, she bent forward, and, in a whisper, the secret was confided.

Bess put her finger to her lips in token of secrecy, and set off with a quick step and glowing eye to Horace. He was just getting ready to call at the Grange, and he was surprised to see her back so soon.

'Well, my dark-eyed sibyl, you've made little speed, I fear.'

'Keep your fears for your own speeding, master. What'll you give for a look at the gentleman before to-morrow at this time?'

'Give! Why, you don't mean to say you know where he is, you cunning gipsy?'

'But I do though.'

'Where?'

'Softly, softly, friend—the gowd'—

'Is yours, if we get hold of him.'

'I wonder what the men are fit for. Here have you been, I don't know what time, and all you got was to be laughed at for a couple of simpletons. But down comes a woman, and the job's done.'

'Done! How?'

'Nay, nay; I promised not to tell; but I will see you soon to-morrow; and let your men be ready to lay hold on him. He'll be sure to slip you else.'

'At what hour?'

'Nine, without fail.'

'Let me see, I promised to be at the church, punctually at that hour, with the wedding-party.'

'Never mind; do as I tell you, or else be off to your writing again, and put down simpleton opposite your name.'

'Very complimentary. But I must let them know at the Grange; some apology will be requisite for my non-attendance.'

'Not one word to a soul breathing, unless you would throw away your last chance. Bless you, he'd be sure to hear from some quarter or another you had changed your plans, and guess a some'at i' the wind. You don't know him. He's as cunning and hard to catch as an old fox when he's just robb'd a henroost. So to the Grange if you will; but mind, not a word, not a whisper about it. Now I think on't, you'd better go with 'em to church, lest there be some inquiry.'

Horace was mightily perplexed, but felt there was much good sense in this caution; he, therefore, resolved to follow her directions to the letter. She had not failed hitherto, and he would trust implicitly to her sagacity.

He just called at the Grange, but the young ladies were too busy, except to send a pressing remembrance that the breakfast hour was eight, preparatory to the ceremony at nine.

He strolled out amongst the now almost leafless hedges, the open downs, and by the little nooks and homesteads, where the cultivator of the soil had fixed his abode. He ascended the hill we have before described. The day was bright, clear, and frosty. Towards the south, the view extended through many a retiring vista to the verge of the coast; wreaths of thin smoke showing the various towns and villages, even to where Southampton, the famous city of Sir Bevis and Isobar (whose grim effigies may be seen by the curious, at any hour of the day, portrayed on the gate) lay behind a low, grey outline of hill—the extreme horizon. Horace was in the humour for dreaming. He threw himself on the short, shorn grass; the tinkling of the sheep-bell, in place of disturbing, only gave an air of truth and repose, quite in character with the scenery about him. And how busy was the inward artist—the inner sense acting on the outward, of which it is the type and interpreter; what a far-off glance, too, into the ideal future passed by; what a gorgeous spectacle—a self-acting drama, with all its wondrous pageantry, enacted in that mysterious microcosm, reflecting, reproducing, recombining all those elements, the brain had been made the recipient, through every moment of his existence; what a host of vast conceptions, one short minute could unfold!

The precise nature of these reflections it would have puzzled him to say, or rather describe; we must, therefore, leave our readers to guess, at least those who, on some fine inspiring, health-breathing, autumn day, have found themselves lying on the summit of an eminence, and, as they gazed on the wide expanse, have felt the present almost obliterated; visions of the future and the past crowding on—crushing the soul, until it has been nigh overwhelmed by a feeling of the infinite, the immortality to which we are hastening, as though it were a glimpse—a shadowy glimpse only—a faint realisation of that state of being where will is action, thought volition, and the spirit is for ever free; though now that infinite appears to oppress, overpower us with apprehensions too mighty for this finite to sustain.

He was so engrossed with the ideal, that realities hardly made an impression, else had he heard or seen the gipsy approaching, and now close to him. She spoke, ere he was aware of her being near.

‘Mr Horace.’

He started, and looked suddenly round. It was the first time she had called him by his name. ‘What brings you hither?’ he said; ‘has anything been heard of?’

‘I know nothing more than I did. I but came to tell you not to forget that bit o’ paper—the warrant, I reckon, you call it—when you go out to-morrow. You be goin’ to the bride’s breakfast early—go with ‘em to church. Him you want may perhaps be loitering about, in some disguise or other. I’ll meet you at the door, and let me have a word with you beforehand. So good-day—till to-morrow. What a pretty view! I declare we can a’most see where our camp lies, a long way over the hill yonder.’

‘Let me have a word with you,’ said Horace, with some earnestness. He could not look on that poor benighted being without commiseration, and thought, if possible, he would arouse her to a sense of responsibility to the Creator of all she saw. He did so, and she left him, with a promise she would ask for light and guidance.

After a wakeful and restless night, he awoke. Strange sights of smugglers and phantom-ships, combats and marriage ceremonies, had haunted him. Towards morning, for the first time, he fell into a comfortable doze, when a maid aroused him with ‘Past six o’clock, sir.’ After a little more careful toilet than usual, he set off to the Grange. Here he found Hanbury and some others

assembled. The bride’s attendants were preparing matters for the journey. Marian was over head and ears in business, so that he could scarcely get a word with her, until the paraphernalia was all ready; and the bride, with her merry train, sat down to a sumptuous *déjeuner*. For the first time, he saw the youngest sister, Constance.

Gertrude looked better than he had latterly seen her—a flush of excitement was on her cheek, which gave more than ordinary interest to her appearance. Her dress, too, was very becoming. Hanbury’s keen grey eyes sparkled with delight, as he looked on the treasure he had won. The travelling carriage was all ready for the tour they contemplated. All was bustle and expectation. What a change, about to come over the secluded home she had so long enjoyed, and the prospects of the ambitious Gertrude!

The breakfast was begun, and finished; and the whole party departed for church. The clergyman, being one of the guests, had proposed the health, and given a blessing on the future pair. A few minutes brought them to the church-door. Horace saw nothing of the gipsy, until, as he entered, one of the crowd of watchers pulled him by the coat. As soon as possible he turned aside; it was Bess, completely disguised in a rustic habit.

‘Be quick,’ said he, ‘I must be at my post.’

‘So you shall, but to a different one from what you expect. What will you say, suppose you should see him in the church?’

‘Say? why, seize him instantly!’

‘Let your men—I see they are here—keep watch at every door, and one of ‘em go with you inside.’

‘But surely he will never be so foolish as to present himself where he can be so easily recognised?’

‘Say nothing; but in with you, master, and do your duty. I’ll follow.’

He entered, just before the service began. She followed close to him, much to the anger of a round, red-faced beadle, who would have hindered her approach towards the altar.

‘This way, missus,’ said he; ‘that’s not the place for such unkieds as you be. Come my lady—budge.’

She darted a fierce look at the official, but kept steadily on, every now and then turning to see that old Rumbold, the beadle, was not proceeding to lay hands on her.

When they got close to the marriage group, and the clergyman was just commencing, Bess marched past Horace, and, pointing to Hanbury, said in a hoarse, husky voice—‘Arrest that man, in the king’s name.’

Horace was positively bewildered. He thought her senses must be wandering, and could not tell how to act. He was just about declining the office she pointed out, when he saw the bridegroom wax deadly pale. Hanbury looked at the gipsy, absolutely appalled, and as though he had seen some spectral visitant. Horace now began to suspect all was not right in this quarter, but then his warrant only empowered him to seize the body of Edward Fitzosborne. He had, nevertheless, promised to follow the gipsy’s directions, and accordingly said—‘I am sorry to interrupt so agreeable a ceremony, but I have here a warrant for the apprehension of one Edward Fitzosborne, —a notorious smuggler.’

‘And here he is,’ said Bess, in a voice that made him quake.

A moment of almost terrific silence ensued; and Horace yet hesitated, until she sprung upon her victim, got hold of him by the hair, and, in a moment, the veritable smuggler, Fitzosborne, was divested of hair, whiskers, moustache, and every appurtenance that had converted him into Charles Turnbull Hanbury, Esq.

Such a scene has not often been enacted in a country church. It was a complete stage-effect. The horror-struck, unhappy bridegroom, looking for, and almost frantically attempting, some way of escape; the fainting bride elect; the screaming maidens; the gipsy watching, like a tiger preparing to repeat her spring; the astonishment of the bystanders, who in groups gave most extraordinary versions of the catastrophe; the perplexed clergyman,

completely at fault, amidst the uproar;—all combined to furnish a scene that few incidents could parallel.

Such was the group—the *tableaux-vivants*, which closed on the first and last marriage ceremony of the miserable Gertrude—Horace Orford's Past!

## WIT AND HUMOUR.\*

### PART I.

It has been justly objected to New England society, that it is too serious and prosaic. It cannot take a joke. It demands the reason of all things, or their value in the current coin of the land. It is nervous, fidgety, unrepining, full of trouble. Striving hard to make even religion a torment, it clothes in purple and fine linen its apostles of despair. Business is followed with such a devouring intensity of purpose, that it results as often in dyspepsia as in wealth. We are so overcome with the serious side of things, that our souls rarely come out in irrepressible streams of merriment. The venerable King Cole would find few subjects here to acknowledge his monarchy of mirth. In the foppery of our utilitarianism, we would frown down all recreations which have not a logical connection with mental improvement or purse improvement. For those necessary accompaniments of all life out of the Insane Asylum,—qualities which the most serious and sublime of Christian poets has described with the utmost witchery of his fancy,—

'Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides,'—

for these we have the suspicious glance, the icy speech, the self-involved and mysterious look. We are gulled by all those pretences which require a vivid sense of the ludicrous to be detected; and with all our boasted intelligence, there is hardly a form of quackery and fanaticism which does not thrive better by the side of our schools and colleges than anywhere else. And the reason is, we lack generally the faculty or feeling of ridicule,—the counterfeit-detector all over the world. We have, perhaps, sufficient respect for the great, the majestic, and the benevolent; but we are deficient in the humorous insight to detect roguery and pretence under their external garbs. As we cannot laugh at our own follies, so we cannot endure being laughed at. A Grub Street scribbler, tossing at us from a London garret a few lightning-bugs of jocularly, can set our whole population in a flame. Public indignation is the cheapest article of domestic manufacture. There is no need of a tariff to protect that. We thus give altogether too much importance to unimportant things,—breaking butterflies on the wheel, and cannonading grasshoppers; and our dignity continually exhales in our spasmodic efforts to preserve it.

Now it is an undoubted fact that the principle of mirth is as innate in the mind as any other original faculty. The absence of it, in individuals or communities, is a defect; for there are various forms of error and imposture which wit, and wit alone, can expose and punish. Without a well-trained capacity to perceive the ludicrous, the health suffers, both of the body and the mind; seriousness dwindles into asceticism, sobriety degenerates into bigotry, and the natural order of things gives way to the vagaries of distempered imaginations. 'He who laughs,' said the mother of Goethe, 'can commit no deadly sin.' The Emperor Titus thought he had lost a day if he passed it without laughing. Sterne contends that every laugh lengthens the term of our lives. Wisdom, which represents the marriage of truth and virtue, is by no means synonymous with gravity. She is L'Allegro as well as Il Penseroso, and jests as well as preaches. The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apophthegm or epigram; and the proverbs of nations, which embody the common-sense of nations, have the brisk con-

cussion of the most sparkling wit. Almost every sensible remark on a folly is a witty remark. Wit is thus often but the natural language of wisdom, viewing life with a piercing and passionless eye. Indeed, nature and society are so replete with startling contrasts, that wit often consists in the mere statement and comparison of facts; as when Hume says, that the ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a ring; as when Voltaire remarks, that Penn's treaty with the Indians was the only one ever made between civilised men and savages not sanctioned by an oath, and the only one ever was kept. In the same vein of wise sarcasm is the observation that France under the ancient regime was an absolute monarchy moderated by songs, and that Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination; or the old English proverb, that he who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

In view of this ludicrous side of things, perceived by wit and humour, I propose in this lecture to discourse of mirth,—its philosophy, its literature, its influence. The breadth of the theme forbids a complete treatment of it, for to wit and humour belong much that is important in history and most agreeable in letters. The mere mention of a few of the great wits and humorists of the world will show the extent of the subject, viewed simply in its literary aspect; for to mirth belong the exhaustless fancy and sky-piercing buffooneries of Aristophanes; the matchless irony of Lucian; the stern and terrible satire of Juvenal; the fun-drunken extravagances of Rabelais; the self-pleased chuckle of Montaigne; the farcical caricature of Scarron; the glowing and sparkling verse of Dryden; the genial fun of Addison; the scoffing subtleties of Butler; the aerial merriment of Sterne; the hard brilliancy and stinging emphasis of Pope; the patient glitter of Congreve; the teasing mockery of Voltaire; the polished sharpness of Sheridan; the wise drolleries of Sydney Smith; the sly, shy, elusive, ethereal humour of Lamb; the short, sharp, flashing scorn of Macaulay; the careless gaiety of Bo-ranger; the humorous sadness of Hood; and the comic creations, various almost as human nature, which have peopled the imaginations of Europe with everlasting forms of the ludicrous, from the time of Shakspeare and Cervantes to that of Scott and Dickens. Now all these writers either represented or influenced their age. Their works are as valuable to the historian as to the lover of the comic; for they show us what people in different ages laughed at, and thus indicate the periods at which forms of faith and government, and social follies and vices, passed from objects of reverence or respect into subjects of ridicule and contempt. And only in Dr Barrow's celebrated description of facetiousness, 'the greatest proof of mastery over language,' says Mackintosh, 'ever given by an English writer,' can be represented the manifold forms and almost infinite range of their mirth: 'Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scencal representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one hardly knows what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language.'

To this description, at once so subtle and so comprehensive, little can be added. It remains, however, to indicate some characteristics which separate wit from humour.

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neither seems a distinct faculty of the mind, but rather a sportive exercise of intellect and fancy, directed by the sentiment of mirth, and changing its character with the variations of individual passions and peculiarities. The essence of the ludicrous consists in *surprise*,—in unexpected turns of feeling and explosions of thought,—often by bringing dissimilar things together with a shock;—as when some wit called Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, the father of chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork; or as when the witty editor of a penny paper took for the motto of his journal, 'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, the price of the Star is only one cent.' When Northcote, the sculptor, was asked what he thought of George the Fourth, he answered that he did not know him. 'But,' persisted his querist, 'his majesty says he knows you.' 'Know me,' said Northcote, 'pooh! pooh! that's all his brag!' Again, Phillips, while travelling in this country, said that he once met a republican so furious against monarchs that he would not even wear a crown to his hat. The expression of uncontrolled self-will is often witty as well as wicked, from this element of unexpectedness. Peter the Great, observing the number of lawyers in Westminster Hall, remarked that he had but two lawyers in his whole dominions, and that he intended to hang one of them as soon as he got home.

Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which *knows*, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humour originally meant moisture—a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilising wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; humour by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humour laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; humour glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humour is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humour is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humour has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; humour, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; humour implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr Fuller's remark that a negro is 'the image of God cut in ebony,' is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is 'the image of the devil cut in ivory,' is witty. Wit can coexist with fierce and malignant passions; but humour demands good feeling and fellow-feeling—feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When wit and humour are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its object somewhat as old Isaac Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait—running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing 'using him as though he loved him.' Sydney Smith and Shakspeare's Touchstone are examples.

Wit, then, being strictly an assailing and destructive faculty, remorselessly shooting at things from an antagonist point of view, it not unfrequently blends with great

passions; and you ever find it gleaming in the van of all radical and revolutionary movements against established opinions and institutions. In this practical, executive form, it is commonly called satire; and in this form it has exercised vast influence on human affairs. Its character has varied with the character of individual satirists; in some taking the beak and talons of the eagle or the hawk, in others putting on the wasp and the dragon-fly. Too often it has but given a brighter and sharper edge to hatred and malignity. In a classification of satirical compositions, they may be included in two great divisions, namely, satire on human nature, and satire on the perversions and corruptions of human nature. The first and most terrible of these, satire on human nature, dipping its pen in 'scorn's fiery poison,' represents man as a bundle of vices and weakness, considers his aspirations merely as provocatives of malignant scoffing, and debases whatever is most beautiful and majestic in life, by associating it with whatever is vilest and most detestable. This is not satire on men, but on man. The laughter which it creates is impish and devilish, the very mirth of fiends, and its wit the gleam and glare of infernal light. Two great dramatists, Shakspeare and Goethe, have represented this phase of satire artistically, in the characters of Iago and Mephistopheles; and Dean Swift and Lord Byron have done it personally, in Gulliver and Don Juan;—Swift, from following the instincts of a diseased heart, and the analogies of an impure fancy; Byron, from recklessness and capricious misanthropy. Only, however, in Iago and Mephistopheles do we find the perfection of this kind of wit,—keen, nimble, quick-sighted, feelingless, undermining all virtue and all beauty with foul suspicions and fiendish mockeries. The subtle mind of Iago glides to its object with the soft celerity of a panther's tread; that of Mephistopheles darts with the velocity of a tiger's spring. Both are malignant intelligences, infinitely ingenious in evil, infinitely merciless in purpose; and wherever their scorching sarcasm falls, it blights and blackens all the humanities of life.

Now for this indiscriminate jibing and scoffing at human nature there can be no excuse. There is no surer sign of a bad heart than for a writer to find delight in degrading his species. But still there are legitimate objects for the most terrible and destructive weapons of satire; and these are the corruptions and crimes of the world, whether embodied in persons or institutions. Here wit has achieved great victories—victories for humanity and truth. Brazen impudence and guilt have been disowned and blasted by its bolts. It has overthrown establishments where selfishness, profligacy, and meanness, had hived for ages. It has felt its way in flame along every nerve and artery of social oppressors, whose hearts had proved invulnerable to wail and malediction. It has scourged the bigot and the hypocrite, and held up to 'grinning infamy' the knaveries and villanies of corrupt governments. It has made many a pretension of despotism, once unquestioned, a hissing and a by-word all over the earth. Tyrannies, whose iron pressure had nearly crushed out the light of a people,—tyrannies which have feared neither man nor God, and withstood prayers and curses which might almost have brought down Heaven's answering lightnings,—these, in the very bravery of their guilt, in the full haloo of their whole pack of unbridled passions, have been smitten by the shaft of the satirist, and passed from objects of hatred and terror into targets of ridicule and scorn. As men neither fear nor respect what has been made contemptible, all honour to him who makes oppression laughable as well as detestable. Armies cannot protect it then; and walls which have remained impenetrable to cannon have fallen before a roar of laughter or a hiss of contempt.

Satirists generally appear in the dotage of opinions and institutions, when the state has become an embodied falsehood, and the church a name; when society has dwindled into a smooth lie, and routine has become religion; when appearance has taken the place of reality, and wickedness has settled down into weakness. If we take the great comic writers who represent their age, we shall find that satire, with them, is the expression of their con-



tempt for the dead forms of a once living faith. Faith in Paganism at the time of Homer as contrasted with the time of Aristophanes,—faith in Catholicism in Dante's age as contrasted with the age of Voltaire,—faith in the creations of the imagination at the time of Spenser as contrasted with the age of Pope,—in some degree measure the difference between these writers, and explain why the ridicule of the one should be pitched at what awakened the reverence of the other. Great satirists, appearing in the decay of an old order of civilisation, descend on their time as ministers of vengeance, intellectual Alarics, 'planetary plagues,'

'When Jove  
Shall o'er some high-iced city hang his poison,  
In the sick air.'

They prepare the way for better things by denouncing what has become worn, and wasted, and corrupt,—that from the terrible wreck of old falsehoods may spring 'truths that wake to perish never.' With invincible courage they do their work, and wherever they see accredited hypocrisy or shameless guilt, they *will* speak to it,

'Though hell itself should gape,  
And bid them hold their peace.'

Thus we shall find that many satirists have been radical legislators, and that many jests have become history. The annals of the eighteenth century would be very imperfect that did not give a large space to Voltaire, who was as much a monarch as Charles the Twelfth or Louis the Fourteenth. Satirical compositions, floating about among a people, have more than once produced revolutions. They are sown as dragon's teeth; they spring up armed men. The author of the ballad of 'Lilliburero' boasted that he had rhymed King James the Second out of his dominions. England, under Charles II., was governed pretty equally by rouds and wit-snappers. A joke hazarded by royal lips on a regal object has sometimes plunged kingdoms into war; for dull monarchs generally make their repartees through the cannon's mouth. The biting jests of Frederick the Great on the Empress Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were instrumental in bringing down upon his dominions the armies of Russia and France. The downfall of the French monarchy was occasioned primarily by its becoming contemptible through its vices. No government, whether evil or good, can long exist after it has ceased to excite respect and begun to excite hilarity. Ministers of state have been repeatedly laughed out of office. Where scorn points its scoffing finger, servility itself may well be ashamed to fawn. In this connection, I trust no one will consider me capable of making a political allusion, or to be wanting in respect for the dead, if I refer in illustration to a late administration of our American government,—I mean that which retired on 4th March, 1845. Now, during that administration measures of the utmost importance were commenced or consummated; the country was more generally prosperous than it had been for years; there were no spectacles of gentlemen taking passage for France or Texas, with bags of the public gold in their valises; the executive power was felt in every part of the land; and yet the whole thing was hailed with a shout of laughter, ringing to the remotest villages of the east and west. Everybody laughed, and the only difference between its nominal supporters and its adversaries was, that whereas one party laughed outright, the other laughed in their sleeves. Nothing could have saved such an administration from downfall, for, whatever may have been its intrinsic merits, it was still considered not so much a government as a gigantic joke.

And now, in further illustration of the political importance of satirists, and their appearance in periods of national degradation, allow me to present a few leaves from literary history. The great satirical age of English literature, as you are all aware, dates from the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, and runs to the reign of George II., a period of about seventy years. During this period flourished Dryden, Pope, Swift, Young, Gay, and Arbuthnot, and during this period the national morality was at its

lowest ebb. It was an age peculiarly calculated to develop an assailing spirit in men of talent, for there were numberless vices which deserved to be assailed. Authors moved in, or very near, the circle of high life and political life, in the full view of the follies and crimes of both. They were accustomed to see man in his artificial state,—busy in intrigue, pursuing selfish ends by unscrupulous means, counting virtue and honour as ornamental non-existences, looking on religion as a very good thing for the poor, conceiving of poetry as lying far back in tradition or out somewhere in the country, hiding his hate in a smile, pocketing his infamy with a bow. They saw that the star of the earl, the ermine of the judge, and the surplice of the prelate, instead of representing nobility, justice, and piety, were often but the mere badge of apostacy, the mere livery of libicide. They saw that every person seemed to have his price, and that if a man ascertained that he himself was not worth buying, he was perfectly willing to sell his sister or his wife, and strutted about, after the sale, bedizened with infamy, as happy and as pleasant a gentleman as one would wish to meet on a summer's day. It was from the depth of such infamy as this last that the Duke of Marlborough emerged, the first general of his time. In such a mass of dissimulation, effrontery, speculation, fraud,—in such a dearth of high thoughts and great passions,—in such a spectacle of moral nonchalance, dignified imbecility, and elegant shamelessness,—the satirical poet could find numberless targets for the scorn-winged arrows of his ridicule; could sometimes feel that he, too, had his part in the government of the country; and with honest delight could often exclaim, with Pope,—

'I own I'm proud—I must be proud, to see  
Men not afraid of God afraid of me.'

Among these satirists, Pope, of the age of Queen Anne, was by far the most independent, unflinching, and merciless. Inferior to Dryden, perhaps, in genius, he was still placed in a position which rendered him more independent of courts and parties; and his invective, unlike that of Dryden, was shot directly at crime and folly, without respect to persons. Although he was terribly bitter when galled and goaded by personal opponents, and, in his satire, too often spent his strength against mere imbecility and wretchedness; yet, take him as he is, the great representative writer of his time; the uncompromising smiter of powerful guilt, the sturdy defender of humble virtue; the satirist of dukes, but the eulogist of the Man of Ross; his works the most perfect specimens of brilliant good sense, his life free from the servility which hitherto had disgraced authorship; and though charity may find much in him that needs to be forgiven, though justice may even sometimes class him with those moral assassins who wear, like Cloten, their daggers in their mouths, yet still great merit cannot be denied to the poet and the man who scourged hypocrisy and baseness, at a time when baseness paved the way to power, and hypocrisy distributed the spoils of fraud. The courage exercised by such a satirist was by no means insignificant. The enmities which Pope provoked were almost as numerous as knaves and fools. After the publication of the 'Dunciad,' he was generally accompanied in the street by a huge Irishman, armed with a club, so that if any lean-witted rhymers or fat-fisted members of Parliament, whom he had gibbeted with his sarcasm, desired to be revenged on his person, the brawny Hibernian had full commission to conduct that controversy, according to the most approved logic of the shillelah.

### Original Poetry.

#### ODE TO THE STARS.

All hail, ye wondrous lights!  
Glow-worms of heaven!  
Sparkling in the ether far  
Of the deep sky,  
Adorning the swart brow of silent night  
Like pearly stars, the Ethiop.

Whether ye look down  
From your far-off towers  
Through the weirded realm  
Of night, unchequer'd  
By the gaunt, grim shadows  
Of fugitive clouds,  
Into the depth of the slumbering ocean,  
There to contemplate your own bright images  
Twinkling, as ye do  
In the blue serene,  
Gazing with rapture mutually,  
As if ye did envy each other's sphere!

Or, whether through the rents  
By the light'ning made,  
In the dark-woven robe  
Of storm-clad skies,  
Your venturesome radiance at intervals streameth,  
And anon is quench'd by the closing strife  
Of cloud with cloud,  
As if the spirit of storms had rush'd  
To extinguish in his drear realm,  
All light but the light of death—  
The torch that reveals the grave!

Or whether ye circle with mazy step  
Around the fair form  
Of your silver-girt queen,  
Gilding harmonious, through your mystic dance,  
To the music drawn  
From your own visionless wings—  
Still we hail ye, beauteous stars!  
In tempest or calm, we hail ye!

What time the darkling world  
From its dead sleep woke  
On the breast of old night,  
And had not parted yet  
Those phantasies which clung to it  
As it up-rose from that profound;  
When young philosophy with dusky eye  
Look'd forth, unpractised, over heaven and earth,  
Like uninitiated on the mysteries  
Of dread Eleusia.  
What were ye then, O Stars?  
To wondering sage and hind alike,  
Gods, gods were ye!

How fallen your empire now!  
Your power how dead!  
What time from their lone towers  
Chaldean sages conn'd your mystic lore,  
Traced on the glittering page of heaven,  
Ye were a wondrous book of type and doom—  
A volume where were read by symbol mute  
The destinies of man,  
His laughter and his tears—  
An oracle ye were on high,  
And worshippers innumerable ye had  
Prostrate before your shrine.

Your nod hath sent the god of war  
To yoke his chargers for the fray,  
And shook from out his great right hand  
Jove's flaming thunder;  
And ye have made the madden'd despot pause,  
And quail in his career of blood,  
As midway to a throne he stood,  
Bedew'd with murderous sweat,  
Trembling beneath the omen given  
From your imperial shrine,  
Where ye did circle in your mightiness,  
Crossing and recrossing each other's path,  
As ye wound through your mazy dance,  
Evolving destiny.

How many a high emprise  
Was thwarted by your power  
We wot not now!  
When ye have summon'd from your dusky caves  
Some filmy vapour, overshadowing  
Your light benign,  
Thus telling your weak votaries

How ye would frown their schemes  
Into Lethæan night;  
Till burnish'd spear and helm alike  
Were hopeless cast away,  
And monarch, frustrated,  
Forsook the camp  
To lull his troubled mind to rest  
By memory-drowning wine;  
Or fret away his hours luxurious  
'Mid blandishments of love and song,  
Mingling euphoniously  
Their all-subduing power,  
Till, on their shadowy pinions borne  
Athwart the realm of dreams,  
There pass before him crowns and triumphs new,  
And sceptres never grasp'd by mortal hand,  
And all the gilded pageantry and pomp  
Of unasserted royalty,  
Reckoning him upward to their shadowy throne  
With fascination wild,  
Till, snatching at the sceptre fugitive,  
Which, in its mockery, eludes his grasp,  
He starts impatient from his slumbering,  
And with bewilder'd gaze  
Uplifts his eyes to you, O Stars!  
And asks despairingly  
If this be all a dream!

And many a wondrous thing beside,  
Now cradled in oblivion's wakeless lap,  
Ye doubtless have achieved.  
These were your triumphs then,  
When, in your spheres,  
Ye moved as gods of underived power,  
High arbiters of fate—  
To none responsible for your decrees,  
Though utter'd oft in marvellous caprice.

But now 'tis past—  
No more do ye look down  
Upon a goodly train of worshippers,  
With eyes uplifted to your sanctuary,  
Dimm'd with unholy awe;  
A wondrous glory burst from th' inner skies,  
And roll'd its golden tide athwart your path,  
And ye shrunk back before its light  
As from a mid-day sun;  
Not now to own again  
The power usurped,  
But with more truthful ray  
Did homage to your Lord  
Who gave you being,  
And sent from out your shining brotherhood  
A messenger to do his high behests,  
And herald sages to his cot  
In Bethlehem.

And beauteous have ye shone since then,  
A happy band of nightly revellers  
In halls cerulean:  
And ye have sent your silken threads of light  
To guide the mariner along,  
His perilous path,  
As warily he led his bark,  
With treasure laden, from some choral strand,  
Bogirding India's plains:  
And ye have flutter'd with a trembling ray  
Over the bower of love,  
Intruding noiselessly your tiny feet,  
Between the parting leaflets silver-tipt  
With gentle light:  
And ye have communed with the great of earth,  
Him who on wings of thought  
Was borne aloft  
To your domain, and there,  
Like sages in the grove of Acadèmi,  
Have walk'd together, holding deep discourse,  
Till, having won from you the mysteries  
Of life so strange, so strong, so beautiful,  
He stoop'd to earth again,  
And scatter'd far the secrets of your realm.

But not for these alone, O Stars!  
 Nor chiefly these, do we now hail your light;  
 But that in all your course  
 Ye loudly speak the praise of Him  
 Who out of chaos fathomless  
 Raised you as living gems  
 To stud the firmament;  
 And that you ever smile  
 Benignly on our path,  
 As if in solace of our misery,  
 Till we, with hope elate,  
 Deem almost that we hear,  
 Amid the minstrelsy of your revolving,  
 A whisper faint, but ah! how passing sweet,  
 That not for aye is man  
 To cling to this sad earth,  
 But shall some favouring morn  
 Rise to a region of immortal day,  
 And move in light and love ineffable,  
 As ye do now!

Forre.

A. L. S.

### MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

#### M A Y.

AMONGST all the nations of the north temperate zone, the advent of May was hailed with acclamations and rejoicing. We cannot say whether this general spirit of hilarity arose from the feeling of joy that winter was completely past, or from an anticipation of abundance in the harvest to come, but on or about May the sunny-fancied mythologists of Italy and Greece, and even the more gloomy idealists of Scandinavia, abundantly rejoiced in nature's joy. We know that in the physical economy of nature no phenomena are more general than those of mental and outward sympathies. The man habituated to dwell amongst lofty mountains and lonely valleys, obtains a grandeur of ideality and a pride of sentiment that he who vegetates upon a flat sterile plain can never know; and he who dwells in shadow and mist can never possess the same radiance of spirit that characterises him who sitteth in sunlight. In May the sunbeams are so bright and radiant, that the old mythologists feigned that they danced for joy on the first morning of this favoured flower-lapped month's coming; and even amongst us the notion lingers, like the fragment of a dream, that he who rises early on May morning will see Phœbus dancing in the heavens. May, like several of her brothers and sisters, has lost the certificate of the origin of her name, and many learned etymologists have disputed the identity of her name-mother. We have this learned derivation, and that learned derivation, adduced with every circumstance of probability, and applied with all the exactitude and precision of scholastic learning; but generally it has been conceded that to *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, the honour of the name belongs. The ancient Romans, at this period, performed certain rites in honour of the ghosts of the departed; and they considered it to be extremely unlucky at this time of funeral obsequies to be united in the bands of wedlock. This superstition prevails, we know, in a great many parts of Scotland to this day, and the following fragment of a vulgar rhyme we have often heard repeated—"Marry in May rue aye," which, being translated into understandable English, signifieth, 'If you marry in May, you will always regret having done so.'

The youth amongst the Romans and Italians, during the calends of May, went forth into the greenwoods, and, taking branches from the trees, they returned to the cities, singing and dancing, and bearing aloft with frantic demonstrations of delight the insignia of Flora, which they placed before their doors. In that part of the records of the Celtic Academy, descriptive of the usages and beliefs of Lorraine, particularly of the city of Commercy, it is stated that during the night preceding May-day the natives of that province plant under the windows of persons whom they love young trees covered with leaves and ornamented with flowers and ribbons, which tree they call May. May is generally planted by a lover under the chamber window of his mistress, and by scholars at the doors of their

schoolmasters. The mischievous or ill-disposed sometime substitute for May a dead dog, or some such abomination but these acts of mischief or hatred cannot be considered as a usage. During the whole of the month of May the gay young folks of France, of both sexes, play a gam which they call *Sans-Vert*. The players must always display about their persons some leaves of the young horn beam-tree, and if these are discovered to be in the least withered, those who display them pay a forfeit. Great care is taken to preserve these little twigs fresh and green, the young women often carrying bottles full of water in order to sprinkle their leaves.

Amongst the Gauls and Celts, the worship of Baal, or Saturn, or the Sun, prevailed to a great extent. That or to which the Incas of Peru did especial honour, to which the Persians fell down in adoration, to which the Germans offered human sacrifices, and which the Ghebars of Hindostan still adore, was regarded with much veneration by our Celtic fathers, and in Scotland several vulgar ideas still exist in relation to that sun worship.

On May-day, in many districts in the Highlands of Scotland, there are customs still perpetuated called *Beltane*. They were of a most mystical character about fifty or sixty years ago, but they have been considerably modified now. A square trench was dug in the ground, a turf being left in the centre thereof. A fire made of yew was then lighted on this turf, over which was cooked a large liquid compost of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk. Ale and whisky were also plentifully provided. A portion of the cauldle is first strewn upon the ground as a libation to Beal, and then each person raises an oatmeal cake, on which there are nine square knobs, every one of which was dedicated to some supposed preserver of flocks and herds, or to some destroyer of them. Each person, looking at the fire, broke off a knob from the cake, and, flinging it over his shoulder, said, 'This I present to thee,' naming the supposed divinity; 'preserve thou my sheep, or oxen, or horses;' and then repeating the same action and formula to the eagle, or fox, or hooded-crow, he bade them spare his lambs or poultry. After these superstitious rites, feasting and drinking began. Motherwell, in his beautiful poem of 'Jeanie Morrison,' alludes to the lighting of the *Beltane* fires on May-day eve:—

'The fire that's blawn on Beltane eve  
 May woe be black gin Yule;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 When first fond love grows cule.'

The modern Germans, amongst their mystic traditions, say that on the night before the 1st of May all the witches in Väterland meet on the top of a high mountain, where, in company with the devils, they dance, and feast, and make merry. In no country in the world, however, did the glad hearts of the people so joyfully dance on May-day as in England, where to this day 'Jack in the Green,' and 'Maid Marian' appear in all their robes of flowery phantasy, and where merry revellers keep up the mirth that hails them. Milton, personifying the lovely month, saluted her advent in the following splendid strain:—

'Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, beauteous May! that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth, and fond desire;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.'

Christmas and May-day, we apprehend, are now the two sympathetic poll-points of English merry-making. The former is the feast of winter, the great home festival that celebrates the advent of the sun of true morality, and love, and kindness; the latter is the welcome dance of the natural sun. The one is the feast of concentration; the other of diffusion. We are brought together round one hearth in winter, and we feel the warmth of one another's hearts; we are called abroad to hail the time of flowers in May, and to listen to the music of the sweet of birds among the

owers, and, the sympathies of our hearts getting out to be sunbeams, dance with them.

In days gone past, everybody in England went a-Maying. Young and old rose a little after midnight, and, repairing to the woods, perambulated through their noble arches with bands of music playing, until Phœbus rose from his bed of night, and, drawing asunder his curtains of clouds, peeped down on new-born May; then, with the flower-clad branches which they had plucked from the opulent trees, the people returned to decorate their doors and windows with summer's robes of green. May-poles, all hung with garlands of flowers, were brought from these forests on the eve of May-day, and planted in the village greens, or in the main streets, with much ceremony, and round these did the youths and maidens dance to the sounds of the pipe and tabor.

In London the chimney-sweepers still perambulate the streets with 'Jack in the Green,' dancing, rattling their shovels, and shaking aloft their brushes, and begging, that they may have a revel at night; but these are sorry dancings and rejoicings compared to those a hundred years ago, when the milkmaids went skipping through the city levying contributions on all who were willing to bestow them. On this day the king and his nobles went forth to the green fields, and feats of archery were exhibited before them; while, throughout the length and breadth of the land, all the other sports known to Englishmen were practised with great spirit. Here were men dressed like Robin Hood, Little John, Scarlet, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and all the greenwood train, shooting with bows and arrows at a mark. There were maidens dancing round the flower-wreathed May-pole, and doing homage to Maid Marian, queen of May, who sat gaily attired in a greenwood bower, which had been decked with cunning hands for her forest majesty. The sturdy runners tried their speed; the light vaulters competed with each other in agility; the morrice-dancers, with bells upon their leggings, capered lightly over the greens; and we must confess, to the disgrace of this sweet anniversary of summer, that bull and bear baitings sometimes marked its advent. The stern-hearted, determined Puritans included in their anathemas and reprehensions the sports of the people. The May-poles they denounced as centres of diabolical sin, and the representatives of the old English celebrities of May-day as chosen children of Satan. By their means many of the sports that characterised this season were abolished, and others totally modified.

A singular custom on May-day was practised by the boys of Stroud and Frindsbury at one period. They met on the bridge of Rochester, and there skirmished till one or other of the parties was beaten off. Somewhat parallel to this custom, but certainly one of a much more fanciful and extraordinary character, was that practised in the Isle of Man upon May-day. A queen of summer and a queen of winter were dressed up, one in the gayest, the other in the heaviest attire; and then, having maids of honour, bands, and captains to attend them, they went forth to some convenient place, where, amidst the clashing of pokers, tongs, and other sonorous instruments and weapons, they joined in combat. The queen of winter, with her captain and her train, encumbered with piles of clothing, were generally beaten by their less heavily clad antagonists. If, however, the queen of summer was taken prisoner, her subjects purchased her restoration by a forfeit, which defrayed the day's expenses, when both parties repaired to the feast and dance.

One old custom, which is still preserved amongst us, is that of repairing to the green on the first day of May, and bathing the face in the virgin dew, from an idea that by so doing the freshness and beauty of youth would always be preserved. The Reformation in Scotland completely swept away all our holiday sports and all our holidays, but this custom would not go away.

Illustrative of the continuance of May morning dew-gathering excursions, a curious anecdote is related of the late Professor Duncan of Edinburgh university:—'The practice of visiting Arthur's Seat early on the morning of

the 1st of May, is, or rather was, observed with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Edinburgh. Dr Duncan was one of the most regular in his devotion to the queen of May during the long period of nearly fifty years; and to the very last he performed his wonted pilgrimage with all the spirit, if not agility, of his younger years. These visits he not unfrequently celebrated by some poetic production, which he transmitted to his friends. On the 1st of May, 1826, two years before his death, although aged eighty-two, he paid his annual visit, and, on the summit of the hill, read a few lines of an address to Alexander, duke of Gordon, then the oldest peer alive. To this the duke furnished a reply, and, as a memorial of the transaction, Dr Duncan had both effusions lithographed and circulated among his friends, with this inscription:—'Lithographic fac-simile of the handwriting of two octogenarians.' One page is the production of the doctor, the other of the duke:—

1st.

'Once more, good duke, my duty to fulfil,  
I've reach'd the summit of this lofty hill,  
To thank my God for all his blessings given,  
And, by my prayers, to aid my way to heaven.  
Long may your grace enjoy the same delight,  
Till to a better world we take our flight.'

2d.

'I'm eighty-two as well as you,  
And sound in limb and limb;  
But delli a bit I am not fit  
Up Arthur's Seat to climb.

In such a fete I'll not compete—  
I yield in ambulation;  
But mount us balth on Highland shielts,  
Try first who gains the station.

If such a race should e'er take place,  
None like it in the nation;  
Nor sands of Leith, nor Ascot Heath,  
Could show more population.\*

It is questionable whether the observance of May-day is from the Roman Floralia, the Celtic La Beltiue, or our Gothic ancestors. It is certain that the northern nations, after their long winter, had a custom of welcoming the returning influence of the sun by feasting and dancing, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting had approached. The Goths and southern Swedes celebrated May-day by a mock battle between summer and winter, which, as we have already shown, is still retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians long held sway.

In Italy the calends of May are still observed in a manner somewhat similar to the manner anciently practised in England. The custom is with them a relic of the fete which, in ancient times, used to be celebrated in honour of the goddess Flora. But nowhere, perhaps, is the 1st of May celebrated with greater éclat than in Russia. 'The promenades at this season (Easter),' says Dr Clarke, 'are, amongst the many sights in Moscow, interesting to a stranger. The principal is on the 1st of May, Russian style, in a forest near the city. It affords a very interesting spectacle to strangers, because it is frequented by the bourgeoisie, as well as by the nobles; and the national costume may then be observed in its greatest splendour. The procession of carriages and persons on horseback is immense. Beneath the trees and upon the green sward, Russian peasants are seen seated, in their gayest dresses, expressing their joy by shouting and tumultuous songs. The music of the Balalaika, the shrill notes of rustic pipes, clapping of hands, and the wild dances of the gipsies, all mingle in one revelry.'

#### ROGATION WEEK.

It was a custom, scarcely yet exploded in some places, to make a procession round the boundaries of the parish on one of the three days before Ascension-day, or Holy Thursday. The procession generally consisted of the minister, churchwardens, and parishioners. This practice was derived from the heathen feast called Terminalia,

\* Kay's Portraits, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes.

which was dedicated to the god Terminus, the keeper of fields and landmarks, as well as of peace and friendship among men. The primitive custom used by Christians on this occasion was, for the people to accompany the bishop or some of the clergy into the fields, where litanies were repeated, and the mercy of God implored, that he would avert the evils of plague and pestilence, that he would send them good and seasonable weather, and give them in due season the fruits of the earth. It was from these litanies, demands or supplications, that the season was called Rogation week, the Latin word for a demand being *rogatus*. The design of these processions, when plans and topographical records were not in existence, was not only to supplicate the propitious countenance of the Deity on the produce of the fields, but to impress upon the remembrance of young and old the precise boundary of the parish or holding, so as to prevent disputes, which repeatedly occurred where the ancient landmarks were not carefully remembered.

'That every man might keep his own possessions,  
Our fathers used, in reverent processions  
(With zealous prayers, and with pious cheer),  
To walk their parish limits once a year;  
And well-known marks (which scurrilous hands  
Now cut or break) so border'd out their lands,  
That every one distinctly knew his own;  
And many brawls, now rife, were then unknown.'

Shaw, in his 'History of Staffordshire,' says of Wolverhampton, that 'among the local customs which have prevailed here, may be noticed that which was popularly called "processioning." Many of the older inhabitants can well remember when the sacrist, resident prebendaries, and members of the choir, assembled at morning prayers on Monday and Tuesday in Rogation week, with the charity children bearing long poles clothed with all kinds of flowers then in season, and which were afterwards carried through the streets of the town with much solemnity, the clergy, singing men, and boys, dressed in their sacred vestments, closing the procession, and chanting, in a grave and appropriate melody, the Canticle, Benedicite, Omnia Opera, &c. The boundaries of the township and parish of Wolverhampton are in many points marked out by what are called *Gospel trees*, from the custom of having the Gospel read under or near them by the clergyman attending the parochial perambulations. Those near the town were visited for the same purpose by the *processioners* before mentioned, and are still preserved with the strictest care and attention.'

In Scotland these processions were termed the 'riding of the marches,' and were generally headed by the authorities of the parish or burgh. There are various notices of these 'ridings' in the burgh records, but they show no trace of the religious character with which they were originally invested in England. It was entirely a civil affair. If we recollect aright, the practice was kept up at Linlithgow with great éclat, till within a very late period; and was only very recently suppressed at Lanark.

#### WHITSUNTIDE.

Whitsuntide used to be celebrated with much hilarity in England. Two young men of the parish were yearly chosen by their predecessors in office to be wardens, whose duty it was to go through the district, each taking his assigned division, and collect what money or estates the inhabitants chose to bestow for the festival of 'Whitsun-ale,' as it was called. The feast was prepared at the church-house, where the necessary culinary implements were always retained, and at the appointed time the parishioners congregated there to enjoy a share of the good things they had themselves provided. Games, music, and dancing were also indulged in. The overplus of the means collected on these occasions was applied in repairs of the church, or towards the liquidation of the local taxes.

#### ROYAL OAK DAY.

On the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II. (29th May), it was customary for the people to wear leaves of

the oak, which were sometimes covered with leaf-gold, in their hats. In the north of England the boys had a rhyme—

'Royal Oak,  
The whigs to provoke.'

While the Whig youths wore plane-tree leaves, with the rhyme—

'Plane-tree leaves;  
The church-folk are thieves.'

Collisions between the parties were, of course, of frequent occurrence.

#### THE HOLLY TREE.\*

THE 'Holly Tree,' says old tradition—old and fanciful too, we must allow—was the tree from which the Saviour's crown of pain and mockery was made, before he was led forth to finish his sad yet sublime pilgrimage here below; and now men deck their homes with it at Christmas time, to renew the memory of the pain He bore, and the blood He shed for our sinful race. Again and again, as Christmas, with its snows and storms, visits this northern island, again and again does the evergreen holly, with its blood-red berries, sparkle in the cheerful light of the Pascal tapers of England's homes, and the dancing flames of England's ruddy hearths. The holly was green and beautiful in summer, and in winter its beauty has not decayed, and so we bring it from the wood into the family circle, that it may revive summer thoughts, and cause a renewing of summer's smiles. 'The Holly Tree,' is the very appropriate title of a little manual, by George E. Sargent and his sister Myra, intended to compensate in some respects for the deprivation of communion with flowers and nature, which the young must feel in the cold, biting, frosty season; and which is also intended to convey more lively moral lessons than even Flora's children of beauty can impart to young people. With a portion of the contents of this handsome little volume, the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are already familiar; but in order more fully to illustrate its character, and to commend it to all who are anxious to present to their young friends a pretty book, done up in bright green and gold, embellished with first-rate woodcuts, and thoroughly excellent in style and purpose, we extract the following truthful and touching sketch:

#### JOY AFTER SORROW.

About two miles from the shore of that part of Africa which is called the slave-coast, and on the banks of one of the twenty-two channels through which the waters of the great river Niger, or Quorra, find their way to the broad Atlantic Ocean, stood, about eighty years ago, a pleasant village. Yes, pleasant it was, although its dwellings were only mud huts—for it was embosomed in a grove of beautiful palms, which spread their broad foliage high above the mean dwellings of the dark-skinned natives, whom they furnished with both shade and food. Pleasant it was, for near it grew a thick wood of magnificent tamarind trees, yielding at almost every season of the year delicious fruit, and sheltering in its deep recesses thousands on thousands of bright-winged parrots, and nimble-handed monkeys, springing from branch to branch of the trees, and filling the air by day with their noisy chattering; while at night the whole forest was lighted up by myriads of fireflies, innumerable nightingales the while pouring forth their luscious music in glorious rivalry with each other. Pleasant was that village, for from the hill which overhung it, descended a clear sparkling stream, straggling hither and thither in its course—affording moisture and nourishment, as it hurried on, to myriads of brilliant flowers, such as no eye has ever beheld in our colder clime, and enriching the poor inhabitants of the village with its pure sweet waters, before it was lost in the broader, but not more useful, Niger stream, which, in its turn, was soon to be lost also in the mighty sea.

Pleasant did the inhabitants of that village deem it to

le, although poverty, toil, and danger in many forms, were their heritage; and fond were they of their native land, although its tropical sun was fierce above them, and although savage beasts and venomous reptiles lurked in the forest glades for human victims. Alas! there were—and too surely did the swarthy villagers know it—enemies to their repose more to be dreaded than beast or reptile.

Ignorant were the indwellers of those mud huts, for who had they to teach them? Depraved and superstitious were they, for never had a ray of gospel light penetrated the moral darkness which covered them. Cruel were they, for 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' Happy they were not; for happiness and vice cannot dwell together. Yet pleasant was it, when, at times, the evil passions which governed these rude Africans were lulled into temporary repose, to witness their diversions—to see them darting across the swift river, in their swifter canoes—to watch the foot-race to the outermost tree of the tamarind forest—to hear their merry shouts—or to follow the elders of that village to their nightly gathering around the council-tree, which formed its central point. And pleasant was it to observe that, whether the skin be black or white, whether the mind be cultivated or uninformed, whether the manner be polished or rough, nature exercises its power, and enforces parental love. Pleasant, I say, it was to see how fondly, even there, the mother nursed her suckling, and how tenderly she sheltered it from sun and harm.

Such was the scene which this African village presented on the calm evening of a glowing summer day. The sun was approaching the horizon—the day's work was ended. Women had returned from their laborious occupations in the field, and were now loudly conversing together in groups, some leading their curly-headed, dark-skinned, and naked youngsters by the hand, or carrying their younger infants, according to African custom, on their projecting hips. Men had drawn up their canoes upon the shore of the river, and were slowly gathering to the council-tree, to hold their accustomed *palaver* under its shade. Youths of both sexes were sporting apart from their elders, and gave license to their tongues in shrill exclamations of derision, admiration, or emulation, as either feeling was excited by success or failure, in wrestling, shooting with the bow, or swimming in the deep water—for on the banks of the river were their favourite pastimes practised.

The noise and hubbub of the village at such a time would, may be, have deafened a stranger—so loud and shrill were the voices of the assembled inhabitants. But in a moment every voice is hushed, every movement is stayed, and every face is filled with terror. Another moment, and into the thickest of the crowd rushes a swift-footed messenger: his limbs tremble, his full dark eyes are bloodshot with excitement and fear. From him had proceeded the piercing shriek of alarm which had been heard above the din of glee and merriment; and now, as for an instant he stops to take breath, he utters a few terrible words: points with one hand in the direction of the shore, and with the other to the friendly tamarind wood, whither he at once hurries on. He flees not alone, however. His words and his gestures are understood; and close behind him follow the young and the old. Mothers snatch up their infants, or hug them closer to their sides; fathers catch by the hand their older children; young men and women hurry on to the same refuge; all are in tumultuous flight: and before another minute has expired, the village is deserted, and portentous silence hangs over it. Away—away, hurry the fugitives, until, one by one, or group by group, they reach the friendly shelter of the tamarind forest. Nor do they tarry long at its verge. Fear still urges them onward; they separate amid its recesses, thoughtless of danger from its savage tenants, for well they know more remorseless foes are behind them.

And now, the silence of that pleasant village is again broken. A band of armed men hastily enter it. They are white men: and when they discover that their antici-

pated victims have fled, loud curses and savage threats are heard, and the men who utter them are *Englishmen*. More loud and fierce are their exclamations as they run from one deserted hut to another, and find not a solitary lingerer to carry away, and thrust into the hold of their hateful *slave-ship*. Not one? alas, yes, there was one. In the confusion of the flight, one little African girl had been left behind, and had sought unavailingly to hide herself from the fierce and strange-looking men in her mother's hut. She was young. Perhaps seven years had not passed away since she was an infant at her mother's breast: but her childish tears, and impotent struggles, when seized, availed nothing with the cruel captors. She was hastily strapped to the back of one of the slave-hunters, and in little more than an hour, was confined between the decks of an English vessel, already crowded with wretched captives from other villages of the coast.

What agonies the little slave-girl's mother endured when she discovered that her child was missing, who can tell? Those agonies were never fully known, it may be, to any but God. But *He* saw them; and *He* recorded them. Much reason, however, besides the loss of this child, had the inhabitants of that village to mourn; for when they ventured to return, all was desolation. Disappointed of their hoped-for gain, the cruel hunters had set fire to every hut, and the tall, blackened stems of the palm grove alone remained standing.

Poor little African! She had human feelings, though her skin was dark; and loudly did she wail when she found herself thrust into that vile slave-ship, with none to pity her. She cried loudly for her mother; but no one answered. African women were there; but, overcome with their own sorrows, they noticed not the little stranger. Years and years, and scores of years afterwards, she had not forgotten the terrors and miseries of that dreadful night. 'I wept much,' she used to say; 'I cried till my heart was near to break, for my mother, my kind and loving mother; for dear she was to me, and I to her, though we were black. I thought, too, that the cruel white men would eat me; for what use could I be to them if not for food.'

Tears and cries did not soften the hearts of those hardened slave-hunters, and, at length, tired to exhaustion, the little captive, shrinking into a corner of that dark and filthy prison-hold, sunk into a fitful slumber, broken only by frequent convulsive sobs.

For many days that terrible ship hung about the coast; and fresh excursions were daily made by the depraved seamen, in search of more captives, until they were compelled to deist and set sail, for the ship could contain no more of the human cargo.

And now the miseries of the poor black captives were horrible indeed. Cramped almost to suffocation, and so that they could scarcely move a limb, between the decks of the vessel, and under a burning sun, scantily supplied, too, with food, and more scantily still with water, many became almost mad; others soon sunk into strange apathy; many died. Day after day, the dead were removed, and thrown without ceremony into the sea, to be devoured by the shoal of sharks which followed the fatal ship. And day by day, the living were dragged—a few only at a time—to the upper deck, not that their sufferings might be relieved, but that they might be kept in life, and be in a fit condition to *sell* when the voyage was over. Sometimes, when thus released from the cruel bondage below deck, a poor despairing captive would burst from the group of fellow-sufferers, and, escaping the vigilance of his keepers, cast himself overboard, with a certain knowledge that instant death awaited him there, but choosing rather to die than to live. Fearful, indeed, were the scenes witnessed on board that hateful slave ship; but the white men witnessed those scenes unmoved. They were used to them; and all they thought about was *gain—gain*. Yes, it was a gainful traffic this, to deal in the bodies and souls of their fellow-creatures; and to justify themselves in the dreadful trade, they said that Africans have no more feeling than cattle: no minds, no thoughts, no affections, no

souls! No feeling! Had not that poor little black girl, who pined from day to day in the loathsome crowd, among the living, the dying, and the dead—who wept and moaned, uncared for, unnoticed—whose dreams, when she sunk into a broken daze, conveyed her back to her pleasant village home in the palm-tree grove, and to the embraces of her fond mother's arms; and whose first cry, when awaking, was '*Mother, mother!*'—had she no feeling, no memory, no affection? Indeed she had. Oh, it was cruel, cruel to mock her sufferings, to laugh at her despairing cries, and then to say that, though she had a human form, she had no human feelings, because her skin was black.

At length the slave-ship came to port. Then, when the anchor was dropped, grave-looking merchantmen, in broad straw hats, and loose comfortable garments, came on board to examine the cargo; and then, a few hours later, were the remaining captives, stupefied in mind, and half-dead, conveyed to shore, and stowed away in sheds to be got ready for the market. Then came the auction, and one miserable and melancholy African after another was sold to the highest bidder. Husbands there were, who were then separated from the wives who had been the sharers in their captivity. Mothers, who then took a last farewell of the children they had contrived to keep near them in the foul hold of the slave-ship. There, too, was our little captive girl. She had none to care for her, for all the black faces around her were the faces of strangers; but she, too, felt renewed distress at being parted from her fellow-sufferers, whom in complexion and features she resembled. But she was sold; and the man who bought her gave her in charge to his slave-driver, to carry away to his estate. And still the terrified child ceased not to wonder, as at first, what was to become of her. 'Why,' she thought, 'have I been taken away by these white men from my happy home, and my own dear mother? Surely they mean at last to kill and eat me.'

.....  
Somewhere about the year 1780, there was much talk in Jamaica about a man of colour, who lived at Kingston, one of the chief towns in Jamaica, and often preached to the poor slaves and free blacks, in a large shed about a mile from the town. This man's name was Lisle. He had once been a slave, but, at his owner's death, his freedom had been given to him, and he now obtained his living by trade.

While a slave, this man had been taught the blessed truths of the Gospel, and had believed and loved them. While a slave, too (though not in Jamaica, but America, where he had once lived with his master), he had preached the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, to others like himself, who, though the slaves of men, had souls to be lost or saved. And now that he was free, and could do more as he pleased, he determined to tell to poor coloured sinners how good and gracious a Saviour is Jesus.

Much was this teaching needed, for, at the time I am writing about, few indeed seemed to care for the souls of poor dark-skinned sinners: and ignorant as the beasts that perish, and almost as wicked as the white people who held them in slavery, did these poor Africans live and die.

Blessings on the memory of George Lisle, who made known to hundreds and thousands of his fellow-countrymen in Jamaica what they had never before heard, that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' repeating to them that 'faithful saying,' which is 'worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

Yes, blessings on the memory of George Lisle, though he was charged with teaching rebellion, and thrown into prison, and loaded with irons, with his feet made fast in the stocks! Blessings on his memory, though some will now tell you that he was a foolish and ignorant man, who needed to be taught before he presumed to teach others! If this were true, whose fault was it that he was ignorant? And if he was not fit to be the teacher of others, why did not wiser Christians at that time have pity on poor black slaves? But he was not altogether ignorant, for he feared

God, and 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' And despised though he was, he was honoured by God, by being made the means of saving many souls, and of almost beginning a good work in Jamaica, which is still going on.

As I have told you, hundreds of slaves, both male and female, gathered together at the shed near Kingston, to hear George Lisle preach; and among them was a young woman whose name was Mary. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, as was supposed, at least, for she had been in Jamaica more than ten years, and when she was first brought to that island, in a slave-ship, she was but a mere child. She herself well remembered being taken away from her dear village home in Africa, and the horrible voyage across the ocean. She remembered her mother, also, and often sighed to think she should never, never see her more. But her own native language she had long almost forgotten, and many of her past recollections seemed to her like pleasant or mournful dreams. Her name Mary, of course, was not her African name, the sound of which she had lost, but one that had been given to her by her owner.

Our little African captive (for she and Mary are the same person) had been more kindly treated than many slaves in Jamaica were. She had been brought up in the house of her master and mistress as a domestic slave; thus she had escaped being driven into the fields and plantation to toil under the fierce sun and the cruel lash of the slave-driver's whip. But she had grown up to be very ignorant and sinful: for no one had ever taken the smallest pains to teach her. Thus when her first sharp grief wore away, and she found that the white men did not mean to eat her, but only just to make her work for their profit; and when she found that she could do what was required of her, she became somewhat reconciled to her lot, and was sometimes even merry. But much that was evil sprung up in her heart, and much also she learned from her fellow-slaves. She was deceitful and passionate; fond of pleasure-taking and merry-making; very profane in her language, for though she had no examples of piety set before her, she had many of impiety, and quickly had she learned to blaspheme against the God who made her; she was also disobedient and revengeful. These were bad traits in poor Mary's character, but she was not worse, I suppose, than most of the slaves around her, who all seemed to be, as the Bible says, 'drawn unto death, and ready to be slain.'

I have kept my readers some time from George Lisle: let us now return to him. Among his hearers in the shed near Kingston, was poor Mary. Perhaps it was curiosity which first drew her there on her weekly half-day's holiday (which was Sunday afternoon), instead of going to her usual resort for sinful pleasure. But whatever induced her to go, she heard enough to make her wish to go again, and again, and again. At first she understood but little that was told her, for her mind was very dark. But as that mind became more enlightened, she saw how great a sinner she was in the sight of God; but with this knowledge came also the glad news of the love of God, in sending His dear Son to die for great sinners. By the grace of God she was saved from her sins, her load of guilt was removed from her soul, the love of Jesus Christ was shed abroad in her heart—'old things had passed away, and behold! all things were new.'

No longer did poor Mary look back with regret upon her pleasant African home. She had found 'the Pearl of great price,' and she rejoiced with all her heart, and gave thanks to God that He had permitted wicked men to drag her away from her native land. Still, however, she remembered her mother—her dear, though black mother; and much she longed, though scarcely dared she hope, that she also might know the Gospel's joyful sound. Need I tell my readers that after Mary became religious, she was a much more useful slave than she ever had been be-

\* Only the Moravian brethren had a mission in Jamaica at this time. George Lisle was the first Baptist preacher there.



re, that she left off to deceive, to disobey, to lie, to steal, she had before done? True, she felt, and she was quite ght in feeling—and you and I, dear friend, under the me circumstances, would feel so too—yes, she felt that e was kept in unjust bondage, that men had never had right to steal her, to sell, to buy her; but the Gospel she ved taught her to be faithful even to an unjust master nd mistress: and she was faithful.

There are no *slaves* in Jamaica now, nor have there been r many years. And at the time I am writing about, *all* e black people were not slaves. Some had been born of ee parents, others had been made free by their masters, nd some few had got together money enough to purchase heir own freedom, by buying themselves of their owners. A few years after Mary first heard George Lisle preach, er mistress died, and, in compliance with her dying wish, he slave Mary had her freedom given to her, and a sum f money. With this she bought a small house, and en-tered into business as a laundress, and in a few months as married to a pious free man of colour, who had a business of his own to attend to. Thus, her lot, after all er sufferings in being taken from her African home, and old to strangers, was at last better than that of most of er fellow-countrymen and women in Jamaica. I dare ay she often felt, that 'the lines had fallen' to her 'in leasant places,' that she had 'a goodly heritage.'

Many years passed away, and Mary Franks, the poor ittle African captive of our story, was the mother of four r five little dark-skinned, woolly-headed children, or pickaninnies, as she called them. Her husband was a steady and thriving man; and among all the free black people of Jamaica, perhaps there was not a happier family than theirs. But still, Mary had not quite forgotten her African home, and her mother.

One day she was passing by the place in Kingston where the poor wretches taken out of the slave-ships were often put up to auction; and as she passed, a sale happened to be going on. At once, she quickened her pace, to be out of sight and hearing of misery which she could not relieve, and which she could not bear to witness. But as she hurried by, a face and form caught her glance, and kept her fixed upon the spot. It was that of a poor African woman, past middle age, who seemed borne down with the weight of her calamity, and bewildered with the strange scenes around her. Again and again did Mary turn from that worn and haggard countenance; but again were her eyes drawn to it with a kind of fascination she could not withstand. 'It cannot be—it surely cannot be *her*,' muttered poor Mary to herself; 'and yet—oh, that I could hear her speak!' She drew nearer. The woman looked up; their eyes met, but no sign of awakened recognition was manifested. 'It is not her,' said Mary to herself, breathing more freely; 'but I cannot go till I have heard her speak.' In a low, musical, but trembling voice, she uttered a few words of her native dialect, which she had never forgotten. They were words that her mother had taught her in her infancy, and entwined among them was her mother's name. The effect was most marvellous. Wild excitement flashed from the eyes of the wretched African, taking the place of stupid despondency. She sprang upon her feet, uttered a shrill shriek of agony, pronounced a name which Mary at once knew to have been the name of herself in childhood, and then fell senseless at her daughter's feet.

Need I write any more? Cannot you guess, reader, how soon poor Mary's mother was redeemed from slavery by her long-lost child, how she was taken to her daughter's home, how carefully and lovingly she was cherished there, how soon they learned to make known to each other the history of the past, and how, above all things, Mary prayed and strove, until her labours and prayers were crowned with success, to show her benighted parent the way of life. Then could both mother and daughter rejoice together; then did they say, 'His hath done all things well;' and then did they know what that promise means, 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.'

## SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

'I recollect he (Burns) once told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks to Braid Hills, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, *which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained*.'—*Druidal Stewart to Dr Currie.*

WE are disposed to think, that of the voluminous productions which have emanated from the pen of Stewart, that from which the above is quoted is the most valuable, and destined to be read with avidity, when others more elaborate will lie on the shelf cob-webbed and neglected. The epistle is, indeed, a golden one throughout. Schools and colleges had not wrought on Stewart their customary effect; the *man* was not swamped in the *academician*. But, certainly, the gem of the letter is the passage quoted, because it enshrines a characteristic observation of that mighty original mind that delivered its own authentic impressions so truthfully, which else had been lost. In like manner, because, from personal knowledge, we can speak to the worth of that class of our countrymen whose vocation is to plough the deep, and supply our boards with wholesome viands reaped from that prolific field, it is that we venture to advance a few words in their behalf, as a natural corollary to our notices of Flamboro', and as extorted by some recent appalling disclosures. There never throbbed beneath tabernacle of clay kindlier and honester hearts than lodge under the rough coat and rugged exterior of our hardy fishermen. When they have been caught, too, by 'the fishers of men,' and their minds are impressed with religious convictions, we have never met with men more thoroughly sincere and exemplarily devout. Nathaniels they are 'without guile.' We have sat in their lowly, surf-beaten cabins, and shared in their homely hospitality. We have had 'a shivering piece' from their barley bap, a *slave* from their *kekbook*, and a *quack* from their well-kained greybeard. We have accompanied them in their nocturnal expeditions to bivouack on the deep. And now the nets are shot; and, as the westerling sun, on the eve of stooping behind the lofty Ben Wyvis, deluges universal nature, from yonder distant mountain summits to ocean's verge and plain, in one glorious amethystine flood, hush! the voice of praise is heard surging on the breeze, and at times lifting its solemn strains above the hoarse lullaby of sea and shore. It is the boat's crew at worship. Anon, kneeling down in attitude of adoration, heaven's spacious vault for their temple-roof, the thwarts for their pews, and for their floor the clinkered boards of their craft, tilting like another ark to every undulation, that simple but spiritual service is closed by the patriarchal skipper's invoking the protection of Him 'whom even the winds and the sea obey,' and who taught the Galilean pilots to *listen* to him in their extremity, and 'to be of good cheer.' With these impressions, all fresh as those of yesterday, we were inexcusable to lie lubberly on our oars, and not lend a hand, when there is a prospect of bettering the condition of these hardy nurslings of Neptune.

We have looked inquisitively into Polydore Vergil\* for the philanthropist who first erected a *lighthouse*, but in vain. Neither among the '*inventores rerum*'—those who by hap-hazard stumbled on some fortunate discovery; nor yet among the '*excoigators*'—those rare geniuses who, with throes and agony of thought and continuous exercise of mind, elicited and elaborated the arts that refine and embellish life, is his name recorded. Whoever he was, 'tis probable the idea was conceived from such volcanoes as *Ætna* and *Stromboli*, those grand natural *phuri* of the Mediterranean,

\* When not one star is kindled in the sky,  
Nor can the moon her borrow'd light supply.'

We have already indicated the remote causes and original of our *beacons*. What a contrast do their rude elements

and apparatus exhibit, when compared with the present disciplined state of the art, reduced to form and to system, and administered with a punctuality and precision approaching to those of the celestial luminaries, and free from that obscuration to which these are at times obnoxious!

The number and nature of their *phari* is no unfair criterion of the humanity and opulence of commercial nations. Tried by this test, England is a pattern to the world. Down goes the sun, and straight, as if by magic, the whole tract and offing of her long circuitous coast are cheerily illuminated. The warning lights dance on every insidious shoal, and stream from each ship-shattering promontory; the guiding ray is refracted from every estuary's mouth, and flashes clear and coruscant from every pier-head. Her narrow seas are lighted up like so many metropolitan streets. No doubt an ignorant and reckless seaman may err from his course, and be cast away in the midst of this flood of light illustrating his path, just as a sot on shore, reeling half-seas over from the tavern, and losing his reckoning, may carry his bowsprit away by running foul of the rails and lamp-posts; but by the sober and circumspect mariner who cons his chart, the great thoroughfares of trade are now well-nigh as safely navigable by night as by day. What a trophy of the conquests of mechanical science, and what a splendid monument of the spirit of British commerce! Scotland, ahead of England in some points, has here been long lagging astern, though, mainly indebted to the Northern Commissioners, she is rapidly shortening her leeway. We do not despair to see her yet, as Jack Tar says, when the chaser gets as far into the wind as the chased, bearing right down on the wake of her gallant consort. Meanwhile, let us be scanning our deficiencies, which is indeed the scope of these remarks. We notice with satisfaction that a pharos has been erected on the 'Ship of Sanda.' The fearful destitution till lately on this iron-bound coast, proverbial for its perilous navigation, is indirectly brought out by Boswell.† 'The night was now grown very dark. Simpson (the skipper) said he would willingly go for Col, if young Col or his servant would undertake to pilot us to a harbour; but it was dangerous to run upon it in the dark. At last it became so rough, and threatened to be so much worse, that Col and his servant took more courage, and said they would undertake to hit one of the harbours in Col. 'Then let us run for it, in God's name,' said the skipper, and instantly we turned towards it. The little wherry, which had fallen behind us, had hard work. The master begged that, if we made for Col, we should put out a light for him. Accordingly, one of the sailors waved a glowing peat for some time.' It would seem there was not a single light on shore, nor lantern on board. There is a Lowland phrase which says, when anything is tolerably well done, 'Noo, that's nae sae Heeland ava; and there is a racy Lowland smile, 'As Heeland as a peat.' Certainly, the idea of hanging out a burning peat is something novel in the annals of signaling; but we will see something anon that will take the shine out of Donald's peat. The fact is, that refinement and civilisation are relative terms, having very different meanings in different latitudes. For instance, a Highlander, to express his contempt of anything as barbarous, says that it is *low-country*; if it be a degree worse, or, as he pithily words it, with comparative forms piled on one another like peats on a 'rickle,' 'more worserer,' he calls it *Gallowack*, i. e. *Caitness*; and his superlative bathos is *Erinnach*, i. e. *Irish*. Now, to judge if Donald has not some foundation for his degrees of comparison, let the reader peruse this extract from Washington's recent report on the disasters at Wick Harbour during the gale of 19th August, 1848: 'I have to report that it was proved—1. That although the clause of the act of 1844, relative to 'building' a stone light-tower, and exhibiting a light, is explicit and imperative, no such lighthouse has been built. 2. That no proper light was exhibited on the night in question. The lamp on the post

on the pier-head had, it appears, been lighted; but, owing to the door of the case having no latch, and being only fastened by a crooked nail, the light was blown out by midnight. Thus are acts of the legislature and the lives of men sported with! The facts are so grave, and the circumstances so ludicrous, that one hesitates to say whether Parliament or Punch should deal with the delinquency. Credit is due to the men of Wick for their spirited memorial, and to Captain Washington for the manly style in which he has discharged his invidious duty. To both the maritime population owes a profound debt of gratitude.

## YE FISHERMEN OF BRITAIN.

### A PISCATORY ODE.\*

Ye fishermen of Britain,  
That scour our native shores,  
And work the brave and busy boat  
With rudder, sail, and oar,  
When winds and waves, careering,  
Light waft the craft along,  
Let 'Harbours deep, and Beacons clear!'  
Be the burden of your song;  
Through the swelling breeze, and the buxom seas,  
The burden of your song.

Safe farmer tills his manor,  
And hoards the golden grain;  
In peril fishers plough the deep,  
Their harvest reap in pain!  
Still as you furrow head-sea wave  
With measured spell, and strong,  
Let 'Harbours deep, and Beacons clear!'  
Be the burden of your song;†  
Still as you rough it, and the wild surge buffet,  
The burden of your song.

When boats are launch'd at gloaming  
The meshy snare to set;  
When morn emerges from the wave  
You hawl the freighted net;  
Ashore repairing sail, or leak,  
Your wives at baiting throng,  
Let 'Harbours deep, and Beacons clear!'  
Be the burden of your song;  
Eident o'er-hauling, like true tarpaulins,  
The burden of your song.

Ye pilots of Britannia,  
That sway our sea-girt realm,  
Where freedom spreads her sacred flag,  
And justice holds the helm;  
Regard your brethern of the brine,  
Redress their grievous wrong!  
Be 'Harbours deep, and Beacons clear!'  
The burden of your song;  
Still as you ride, triumphant o'er the tide,  
The burden of your song.

PÆDEUTES.

\* In connection with the subject which our friend Pædeutes has so much at heart, we are happy to observe from the 'John o' Great Journal,' that 'the British Fishery Society have resolved on doing something worth the name, in the matter of harbour accommodation at Pulteneytown.'—Ed.

† While straining at the oar, the Greek mariners had their *collembes* to give them heart (as the word imports), and enable them to keep time with their stroke. So it is with our modern crews. One of the rude rhyming couplets, used by the 'Bucklemen,' which we have heard in our boyish days, we still remember:

'It's you the day, and me the morn;  
Johnnie Hunter, blow your horn.'

### MUSIC OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

The Nightingale, another of the airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music, out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'—Isaac Walton.

## A MAY WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

'The spring is here, the delicate-footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;  
And with it comes a thirst to be away,  
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—  
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,  
Restless to soar above these perishing things.'

READER! art thou a naturalist, or (what is a very different thing) a lover of nature? If thou art either, then up and away with us—away o'er sunny field and through shady forest, to enjoy with us the jubilee of nature—the merry, merry morn of May!

See yonder ruddy ray stealing up behind that eastern cloudlet—already has its soft beam of glory drawn forth the first notes of the lark's delicious melody; another ray, and another, and another still gently shoot up from the heaving bosom of the ocean, in their ascent plucking with their ruby fingers the brightly twinkling stars of heaven's blue vault; already the buoyant eastern clouds are basking in the soft effulgence of the as yet unborn sun; already are their ruddy outlines mirrored in the dimpled waters; and already has the sky-lark (light and joyous as the brightest insect of sunny noontide) soared up through the ethereal blue to welcome in the auspicious morn, the while awakening the world's echoes with its powerful, pauseless melody! The gloom of the mountains brightens into glory; their craggy tops shake off their encircling clouds of mist, and their flowery mantle of purple beather becomes radiant with the gently increasing effulgence. But, behold! forth comes in stately majesty the glorious source of our world's light, life, and loveliness—up, up, and out she bursts from her watery lair. Her splendour illumines everything on sea and shore: the rippling wave on the pebbly beach, and the rolling surf on the rocky coast, dance with very joy in her dawning light; every feathered tenant of the woodland pours forth his loudest song of love; and the flowers—ah! dost thy eye glisten, gentle reader?—tha flowers are scattered fresh and lovely over hill and vale in the lavish abundance that characterises alone the first offering of Flora! Let us gather as we go a WREATH of those bonnie gems.

And there at our feet, and all around us on every hand, are these sunny and sunless sloping banks bedecked with thousand upon thousand of Yellow Primroses. They are wet with the morning dew, that adds freshness to their green leaves, but fills their bright yellow eye with a crystal tear. Let us gather a hundred of those weeping blossoms for our wreath; but you, botanist, touch them not: the first Primroses of May-morn are designed for higher and holier purposes than those of the *herbarium*! The poet claims them as his own. They are too tender for the stern eye of the philosopher. Philosopher, did we say?—

'Philosopher! a lingering slave—  
One that would peep and botanise  
Upon his mother's grave.'

No; these pale blossoms were not scattered there for him.

Next arrests our attention a gaudy array of dancing Daffodils joining in the general joy, and reminding us of the real but fairy-like scene so beautifully depicted by the Laureate:—

'I wander'd lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd—  
A host of golden Daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine,  
And twinkle in the milky way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant, or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.'

Let us turn aside for a moment from this gay scene of blithesome Daffodils, for we feel the delicate odour of the Sweet Violet in the pleasant morning breeze: then

'Go to the forest shade—  
Seek thou the well-known glade,  
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie  
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,  
Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,  
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.'

The Sweet May, or Hawthorn, is, by universal consent, the flower of the month, as its name implies, although we seldom find its radiant blossoms expanded to the May-morn sun. In the south of England, under a sunnier sky than we have in Scotland, the Hawthorn boughs might indeed in favourable seasons be covered with their fragrant pearly blossoms on the morn of May; but our northern hedges boast not of its beauty till the flowery month has far advanced, or her successor, sunny June, has robbed our byways in their summer loveliness. It is well known, and right pleasant to think upon, that the Hawthorn bough, decked in its snowy unopened buds or expanded blossoms, used in times gone by (happy times!) to deck every doorway in merry England on the May morning. 'Still in Athens, on that day, it graces every doorway of the classic city;' and although our *Modern Athens* now-a-days knows of no such custom, it still exists in some of its forms and features among a few of the secluded villages of our native land.

In a district of country, as in many parts of Scotland, where Hawthorn hedges and Hawthorn trees abound by the waysides, there is quite a charm spread over all our rural walks in May and June when that favourite flower is in its beauty. The whole country round seems covered with a fall of snow; every tree and every bush seems to bend beneath its load of purest white, while here a cowslip, there a kingcup—all around us in the green meadows, an array of gay flowers basking in the bright beams, remind us that we are in the midst of joyous summer time, and that the snow-like mantle is one of alpine blossoms. In the evening, when still and breathless, and the air is moist with dew, the effect is greatly heightened. The white masses of hawthorn flowers present a gorgeous appearance in the dim twilight, which lasts long after every other flower is hid from view, while the delicious fragrance (ah, delicious indeed!) has completely perfumed every breath of the still air, and seems to breathe from every green leaf and every blade of grass. 'Truly, indeed,' says Sir William Hooker, 'few of our native plants present a more beautiful appearance than a well-grown tree of 'Hawthorn hoar,' with its massy foliage, and innumerable white and fragrant blossoms.'

'From the *White Thorn* the May-flower shed  
Its dewy fragrance round his head.'

The Dusky Crane's-bill (*Geranium phaeum*) begins to open its dingy purple flowers in May, often found in those dull secluded places in the woodland where we seldom think of seeking for flowers, and where its dusky blossoms are in peculiar keeping with the lifeless character of the surrounding scene. Although frequently found in such places, it is more common by the margins of woods, shady waysides, and the vicinage of human dwellings. Botanists do not consider it truly native in this country, and although Sir J. E. Smith thinks it to be most truly wild in the mountainous parts of Yorkshire and Lancaster, it is nevertheless only admitted into our British Flora as a dubious species. Hooker states the occurrence of a variety with blossoms of a more lively white hue at the 'Sands of Barry, near Dundee;' but we have ourselves over and over again searched these sands for this fair beauty at sunrise and sunset, at noonday and by moonlight, and starlight too, but in vain. No, not indeed in vain: no botanist will wander long o'er these arid sands, barren in aspect, but fertile in botanical

treasures, without soon filling his *vasculum* with rare forms that are to be found in few other parts of our flowery kingdom. As for the *white Dusky Crane's-bill*, however, we fear it will long be even a greater rarity than the *white Blackbird*, at least if looked for at the Sands of Barry alone.

A near relation of the *Dusky Crane's-bill*—a member of the same family, as botanists tell us—will be found in the *Herb-Robert*, called in the anti-poetic lore of some popular writers, the *Stinking Crane's-bill*, and well they may call it so, for our good old friend, John Lightfoot, A.M., tells us that it *smells like a goat, and the bruised herb will drive away bugs!*

From our remarks anent these two species of *Geraniums* or *Crane's-bills*, the reader may not imagine that they are of the same family with the gay-flowered, and sweetly-scented *Geraniums* that are so carefully and so tenderly nursed in our hothouses, and not with less interest in our parlour windows, and even the humble casement of the cottage kitchen. Such, however, is the case; they are all of one brotherhood, although those tropical species we cultivate excel the humble wildlings we have named in the richness of their colouring and the fragrance of their downy leaves. But it is not alone to the sunny 'Indian sky' that the *Geranium* unfolds her gay flowers. In our own country, with a sky less bright and clear, we have a few very showy kinds, such as the *Bloody Crane's-bill*, the *Wood Crane's-bill*, and the *Meadow Crane's-bill*; but these do not come into flower till the May blossoms have been all scattered by the summer wind, and therefore they come not within our province at the present time.

The *Dame's Violet* sends up its long spike of light lilac flowers in May. It is found most often growing beside some aged ruin—a remnant of the flower-garden that existed there in days of yore. The wild *Wallflower*, too—what May-wreath could be perfect without its showy yellow flowers, so gratefully odiferous? This, also, is one of the ruin-adorning tribe, and, like nearly all the rest of them, is said to have been originally introduced to this country by the early monks. Be that as it may, the *Wallflower* now adorns with the greatest profusion many of the old buildings and ruins in all parts of the country, and likewise occasionally occurs in dry rocky places, more especially near the sea, and where old buildings have at one time existed. The ancient city of *St Andrews*, on the east coast of *Fife*, is richly adorned with this flower; the craggy rocks that bound the shore—the venerable ruins for which the city is so famous—the old lofty walls, and the roofs and other parts of many houses even in the streets, afford dwelling-places for many a hundred bush of fragrant *Wallflower*. There is a variety grown in our gardens which has larger flowers and of a higher colour than those of the wild plant; and one, more esteemed than this by the florist, has rich double flowers. For the benefit of those domestic amateur gardeners who find a pleasure in cultivating a few flowers in the window-sill, we may mention that all the different varieties of *Wallflower* form convenient subjects for their care, as well from the nature of their native habitats as the beauty and fragrance of their flowers.

The *Red Campion* discloses its ruddy flowers in the half-shady openings in the woods, and upon the moist banks of lowland streams, and even sometimes by the wayside banks where these are protected from the sun by the umbrage of the leafy trees. The *Pearl-worts*, of which there are three species, also appear on the sea-shore, and dry waste places, the tops of walls, &c. They are very tiny, slender plants, of but a few inches in stature, with inconspicuous flowers, although botanists rank them in the same natural order with the lovely *Pink*, the *Scarlet Lychnis*, the *Corn Cockle*, and even the gay *Carnation*, that 'still with thirst of praise and glory burns.'

A variety of species of our native *Leguminosæ* begin to blossom in May, and arrest our attention by their beautiful butterfly-like flowers. First in importance, as covering every hill-side with its gorgeous golden blossoms, comes the *Furze* or *Whin*, with its spiny armoury; and its gay rival, 'the lang yellow Broom,' likewise begins to

show its bright flowers, although it waits for the June sun to exhibit its glory. The *Black Medick* or *Nonsuch*, known to agriculturists by the name of *Yellow Clover*, adorns the meadows and hedge-banks with its yellow heads of flowers. It is an annual plant, and although a very troublesome weed in many districts, it is still sown in considerable quantities by our farmers along with *Ryegrass* and *Red Clover*; but we believe it is almost useless for every purpose excepting for sheep pastures, where the ground is of a somewhat sterile character. The *White Trefoil*, supposed to be the *Shamrock* of Ireland, and known in the agricultural world as the *Dutch Clover*, joins with its yellow flower in adorning the meadows and pastures; and many a wild bee is lured to gather the honey of its white flowers. This is the plant which forms all our rich pastures, and for sheep-pastures especially is it peculiarly valuable. Sometimes we have observed a curious monstrosity of this plant, wherein the white flowers were converted into young shoots of green leaves, of course rendering the blossoms abortive: this occurs most frequently in wet seasons, and seems to be an effort of nature to perpetuate the species in a viviparous manner when meteorological influences prevent the perfection of seeds. The showy *Vetches* that ornament the hedges with their festoons of gay flowers have not yet made their appearance; but the little spring *Vetch*, with its small purple blossoms, may be frequently found by the waysides, and in dry sandy pastures. The *Crimson Vetchling*, or *Grass Vetch*, a more showy species, is likewise to be found in bushy places growing amongst the long grass. Although not unfrequently found in such situations in England, it has remained for a rising *Forfarshire* botanist to add this beauty to our *Scottish Flora*; but we fear the character of the station where the plant has been found (Main's 'flowery den,' in the neighbourhood of *Dundee*) will not allow us to rank it as a genuine indigenous production, for the place is profusely adorned with many species that must have been introduced by human agency. In the rocky mountainous woods of the north, we also find the *Wood Bitter-vetch*, with its showy racemes of purplish-white flowers.

In woods and copses, more especially by the margins of placid streams, the *Bird-Cherry* is scattering its pure white blossoms to the silent breeze, and bestrewn the footpath with the whitening shower. The wild *Bullae-tree*, and the wild *Cherry*, the origin of the garden fruit-tree of that name, are likewise gay with their lovely blossoms; and the *Sloe* or *Blackthorn*, most frequently seen in neglected hedges and in the coppices by the sea-shore, is now exchanging its snowy blossoms for a covering of green leaves, for its scraggy thorny stems only begin to send forth their verdant garniture when the flowers have begun to fade—a curious anomaly in the development of vegetation, but one which is by no means singular.

In some favoured spots where *Flora's* vernal offerings have been more freely strewed than elsewhere, the little *Spring Cinque-foil* (*Potentilla verna*) will be seen glittering in its golden glory; but so soon as a passing cloud obscures the warm rays of the bright sun, it closes its little petals, and the 'gay and glittering throng' disappears in the green grass. The white-flowered *Strawberry-leaved Cinque-foil* is by this time nearly out of blossom, for it is one of our earliest gems; and the *Three-toothed Cinque-foil* (*Potentilla tridentata*)—it will be found in every published book on British plants; but, alas, we seek for it in vain in our native volumes of the book of nature! *Werron-hill Clova* is the favoured ground where many a year ago it was detected by the incomprehensible lucidity of *Donian* eyes; but many a bright eye has scanned that hill since *Donian* days, without once beaming upon a flower of the *Potentilla*: seek it not, therefore, gentle reader, for year May wreath.

The *Rowan-tree*, *Quicken-tree*, or *Mountain Ash* (by which various names it has been called), although not hanging heavily with its load of red berries, is now covered with their precursor, its blossoms; and, as *Hooker* tells us that 'the tree is often planted near houses and villages in the Highlands to protect them from evil spirits,' what blue-

om could be more auspicious for a May wreath? It is particularly abundant in the Highlands, growing naturally in the woods and hedges of mountainous districts—

'Where clings the Rowan to the rock  
And through the foliage shows his head,  
With narrow leaves and berries red.'

by the hedges, the Crab Apple is in flower; and often in similar places, as well as in the woods, the wild Pear-tree will be readily seen in flower on the morn of May in its full splendour.

We can scarcely hope for many wild roses to place in our wreath: summer has not yet breathed kindly enough to open their crimson buds; but the rare *Rosa rubella* may be found by the botanic wanderer who knows where to find it on the banks of Dee, or the sandy sea-coast of Northumberland. The *Rosa spinosissima*, or Burnet-leaved rose, notwithstanding its spiny appearance, and the spinous cognomen which Linnaeus has assigned to it, is one of the most beautiful to be found at any season, and will be readily seen in flower on heaths and hilly places by those who go a-Maying. We have already, however, gathered a goodly array of May flowers sufficient to form a handsome May wreath, and will joyously retrace our steps homewards, twining around it as we go the long pliant shoots of the lesser Periwinkle, which, clothed with their bright green glossy leaves and large blue flowers, adorn the mossy carpet of almost every woodland.

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

### PART II.

THE other great satirist of the age of Queen Anne, was Dean Swift, a 'darker and a fiercer spirit' than Pope, and one who has been stigmatised as 'the apostate politician, the perjured lover, and the ribald priest, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly laden with images from the gutter and the lazar-house.' Swift has been justly called the greatest of libellers—a libeller of persons, a libeller of human nature, and we may add, a libeller of himself. He delighted to drag all the graces and sanctities of life through the pools and paddles of his own mind, and after such a baptism of mud, to hold them up as specimens of what dreamers called the unborn beauty of the human soul. He was a bad man, depraved in the very centre of his nature; but he was still one of the greatest wits, and, after a fashion, one of the greatest humorists, that ever existed. His most effective weapon was irony, a kind of saturnine, sardonic wit, having the self-possession, complexity, and continuity of humour, without its geniality; and, in the case of Swift, steeped rather in the vitriol of human bitterness than the milk of human kindness. Irony is an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment; insinuating the most galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric; placing its victim naked on a bed of briars and thistles, thinly covered with rose leaves; adorning his brow with a crown of gold, which burns into his brain; teasing, and fretting, and ridiculing him through and through, with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind, and then blandly touching them with ice, or smilingly pricking them with needles. Wit, in this form, cannot be withstood, even by the hardest of heart, and the emptiest of head. It eats and rusts into its victim. Swift used it with incomparable skill—sometimes against better men than himself, sometimes against the public plunderer and the tithed knave, the frauds of quackery, and the abuses of government. His morose, mocking, and cynical spirit, combined with his sharp insight into practical life, enabled him to preserve an inimitable coolness of manner, while he stated the most nonsensical or atrocious paradoxes as if they were self-evident truisms. He generally destroyed his antagonists by ironically twisting their opinions into a form of hideous caricature, and then setting forth grave mockeries of argument in their defence; imposing, by inference, the most diabolical doctrines to his opponents; and then soberly attempting to show that they

were the purest offspring of justice and benevolence. Nothing can be more perfect of its kind, nothing more vividly suggests the shallowness of moral and religious principle which characterised his age, nothing subjects practical infidelity to an ordeal of more tormenting and wasting ridicule, than his ironical tract, giving a statement of reasons why, on the whole, it would be impolitic to abolish the Christian religion in England. This is considered by Mackintosh the finest piece of irony in the English language.

Swift's most laughable specimen of 'acute nonsense' was his prophecy that a certain quack almanac-maker, by the name of Partridge, would die on a certain day. Partridge, who was but little disposed to die in order to give validity to the prediction of a rival astrologer, came out exultingly denying the truth of the prophecy, after the period fixed for his decease, and not he, had expired. Swift, nothing daunted, retorted in another tract, in which he set forth a large array of quirkish reasons to prove that Partridge was dead, and ingeniously argued that the quack's own testimony to the contrary could not be received, as he was too notorious a liar to be entitled to belief on so important a point.

But perhaps the most exquisite piece of irony in modern literature, and, at the same time, the most terrible satire on the misgovernment of Ireland, is Swift's pamphlet entitled, 'A Modest Proposal to the Public, for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Public'—which modest proposal consisted in advising that the said children be used for food. He commences with stating that the immense number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels, of their starving mothers, has become a public grievance, and that he would be a public benefactor who should contrive some method of making them useful to the commonwealth. After showing that it is impossible to expect that they should be able to pick up a livelihood by stealing much before they are six years old, and saying that he had been assured by merchants that a child under twelve years was no saleable commodity, that it would not bring on 'change more than three pounds, while its rags and nutriment would cost four times that amount, he proceeds to advise their use as food for their more fortunate fellow-creatures; and as this food, from its delicacy, would be somewhat dear, he considers it all the more proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured the parents, seem to have the best right to the children. He answers all objections to his proposal by mock arguments, and closes with solemnly protesting his own disinterestedness in making it; and proves that he has no personal interest in the matter, as he has not himself a child by whom he can expect to get a penny, the youngest being nine years old! So admirably was the irony sustained, that the pamphlet was quoted by a French writer of the time, as evidencing the hopeless barbarity of the English nation.

It would be easy to trace the influence of satirical compositions further down the course of English history; but enough has already been said to indicate the check which social and political criminals have received, from the presence of men capable of holding them up to the world's laughter and contempt. This satire, in all free commonwealths, has a share in the legislation and policy of the government; and bad institutions and pernicious opinions rarely fall until they have been pierced by its keen-edged mockeries, or smitten by its scathing invectives.

The lighter follies and infirmities of human nature, as seen in every-day life, have afforded numberless objects for light-hearted or vinegar-hearted railery, gibe, satire, banter, and caricature. Among the foibles of men, Wit plays and glances, a tricky Ariel of the intellect, full of mirth and mischief, laughing at all, and inspiring all to laugh at each other. Egotism and vanity are prominent provocations of this dunce-demolishing fun; for a man, it has been truly said, is ridiculous, 'not so much for what he is, as for pretending to be what he is not.' It is very rare to see a frank knave, or a blockhead who knows him-

self. The life of most men is passed in an attempt to misrepresent themselves, everybody being bitten by an ambition to *appear* instead of to *be*. Thus few can visit sublime scenery without preparing beforehand the emotions of wonder and awe they ought to feel, and contriving the raptures into which they intend to fall. We mourn, make love, console, sentimentalise, in cant phrases. We guard with religious scrupulousness against the temptation of being betrayed into a natural expression of ourselves. A perception of the ludicrous would make us ashamed of this self-exaggerating foible, and save us from the cuffs and pats by which Wit occasionally reminds us of it. 'Dr Parr,' said a young student once to the old linguist, 'let's you and I write a book.' 'Very well,' replied the doctor, 'put in all that I know, and all that you don't know, and we'd make a big one.' The doctor himself was not free from the conceit he delighted to punish in others; for satire is apt to be a glass, 'in which we see every face but our own.' He once said, in a miscellaneous company, 'England has produced three great classical scholars; the first was Bentley, the second was Porson, and the third modesty forbids me to mention.' Occasionally egotists will strike rather hard against each other, as in the case of the strutting captain of a militia company, who once, in a fit of temporary condescension, invited a ragged negro to drink negus with him. 'Oh! certainly,' rejoined the negro; 'I'm not proud; I'd just as leaves drink with a militia captain as anybody else.' Dr Johnson was famous for smashing the thin egg-shells of conceit which partly concealed the mental impotence of some of his auditors. One of them once shook his head gravely, and said he could not see the force and application of one of the doctor's remarks. He was crushed instantly by the gruff retort, 'It is my business, sir, to give you arguments, not to give you brains.'

Sometimes the ridiculousness of a remark springs from the intense superficiality of its conventional conceit, as in the case of the young lady, who, on being once asked what she thought of Niagara, answered, that she never had beheld the falls, but had always heard them highly spoken of. Ignorance which deems itself profoundly wise, is also exquisitely ludicrous. A German prince once gave his subjects a free constitution; at which they murmured continually, saying that heretofore they had paid taxes and been saved the trouble of government, but that now they were not only taxed but had to govern themselves. Wit easily unmasks the hypocrisy and selfishness which underlie loyal and patriotic catchwords. Parr said that the toast 'Church and King' usually meant a 'church without a gospel and a king above the law'; and Sydney Smith, while lashing some Tory placemen, ebullient with loyalty, observed that 'God save the King' meant too often, 'God save my pension and my place: God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy-purse; make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings; let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public.'

Again, all snivelling hypocrisy in speculation, such as that which, when discoursing of the world's evils, delights to call Man's sin God's providence; all boisterous noodleism in reform, whose champions would take society on their knee, as a Yankee takes a stick, and whittle it into shape; to these satire gravitates by a natural law. The story told by Horace Smith of the city miss is a good instance of a shock given to affected and mincing elegance. She had read much of pastoral life, and once made a visit into the country for the purpose of communing with a real shepherd. She at last discovered one, with the crook in his hand, the dog by his side, and the sheep disposed romantically around him; but he was without the indispensable musical accompaniment of all poetic shepherds, the pastoral reed. 'Ah! gentle shepherd,' softly inquired she, 'tell me where's your pipe?' 'The bumpkin scratched his head, and murmured brokenly, 'I left it at home, miss, 'cause I haint got no bacey!'

Wit is infinitely ingenious in what Barrow calls 'the quirkish reason,' and often pinches hard when it seems

most seriously urbane. Thus a gentleman once warmly eulogised the constancy of an absent husband in the presence of his loving wife. 'Yes! yes!' assented she; 'he writes me letters full of the agony of affection, but he never remits me any money.' 'I can conceive of that,' replied the other, 'for I know his love to be unremitting.' Byron's defence of the selfish member of Parliament is another pertinent instance:

'Has no heart, you say, but I deny it;  
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it.'

Satire is famous for these quiet side-onsets and sympathetic impertinences. An officer of Louis XIV. was continually pestered him for promotion, and at last drew from him the peevish exclamation, 'You are the most troublesome man in my army.' 'That, please your majesty, is what your enemies are continually saying,' was the reply. When George Withers, the Puritan poet, was taken prisoner by the Cavaliers, there was a general disposition displayed to hang him at once; but Sir John Denham saved his life by saying to Charles I., 'I hope your majesty will not hang poor George Withers, for as long as he lives it can't be said that I am the worst poet in England.' Sheridan, it is well known, was never free from pecuniary embarrassments. As he was one day backing his face with a dull razor, he turned to his eldest son, and said, 'Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor, I'll cut you off with a shilling.' 'Very well, father,' retorted Tom, 'but where will the shilling come from?'

Thus into every avenue of life and character, Wit darts its porcupine quills, pinching the pompous, abasing the proud, branding the shameless, knocking out the teeth of pretension. The foibles and crimes of men, indeed, afford perpetual occasions for wit. As soon as the human being becomes a moral agent, as soon as he has put off the vesture of infancy and been fairly deposited in trousers, his life becomes a kind of tragi-comical caricature of himself. Tetchy, capricious, wayward, inconsistent; his ideas sparks of gunpowder which explode at the first touch of fire; running the gauntlet of experience, and getting concerned at every step; making love to a Fanny Squeers, thinking her an Imogen, and finding her a Mrs Caudle; buffeting and battling his way through countless disappointments, and ludicrous surprises, it is well for him if his misfortunes of one year can constitute his mirth of the next. One thing is certain, that if he cannot laugh as well as rail—if he cannot grow occasionally jubilant over his own venudity—if he persists pragmatically in referring his failures to the world's injustice instead of his own folly—he will end in moroseness and egotism, in cant that snivels and misanthropy that mouths. Even genius and philanthropy are incomplete, without they are accompanied by some sense of the ludicrous; for an extreme sensitiveness to the evil and misery of society becomes a maddening torture if not modified by a feeling of the humorous, and urges its subjects into morbid exaggerations of life's dark side. Thus many who, in our day, leap headlong into benevolent reforms, merely caricature philanthropy. Blinded by one idea, they miss their mark, dash themselves insanely against immovable rocks, and break up the whole stream of their life into mere sputter and foam. A man of genius, intolerant of the world's prose, or incompetent to perceive the humour which underlies it, cannot represent life without distortion and exaggeration. Had Shelley possessed humour, his might have been the third name in English poetry. The everlasting delight we take in Shakespeare and Scott comes from the vivid perception they had of both aspects of life, and their felicitous presentation of them, as they jog against each other in the world.

As Wit in its practical executive form usually runs into some of the modifications of satire, so humour, which includes wit, generally blends with sympathetic feeling. Humour takes no delight in the mere infliction of pain; it has no connection with the aggressive or destructive passions. In the creation and delineation of comic character it is most delightfully employed, and here Jonathan Wild is not too low for it, nor Lord Shaftsbury too high; it deals with the nicest refinements of the ludicrous, and

also with what Sterling calls the 'trivial and the bombastic, the drivelling, equating, sprawling clowneries of nature, with her worn-out stage-properties and rag-fair emblems.' The man of humour, seeing, at one glance, the majestic and the mean, the serious and the laughable—indeed, interpreting what is little or ridiculous by light derived from its opposite idea—delineates character as he finds it in life, without any impertinent intrusion of his own indignation or approval. He sees deeply into human nature; lays open the hidden structure and most complex machinery of the mind, and understands not merely the motives which guide actions, but the processes by which they are concealed from the actors. For instance, life is filled with what is called hypocrisy—with the assignment of false motives to actions. This is a constant source of the laughable in conduct. Wit, judging simply from the act, treats it as a vice, and holds it up to derision or execration; but humour commonly considers it as a weakness, detesting none so much as the actor, and in that self-delusion finds food for its mirth. The character of old John Willett, in 'Barnaby Rudge,' so delicious as a piece of humour, would be but a barren butt in the hands of wit. Wit cannot create character. It might, for instance, cluster innumerable satirical associations around the abstract idea of gluttony, but it could not picture to the eye such a person as Don Quixote's squire. It cannot create even a purely witty character, such as Theristes, Benedict, or Beatrice. In Congreve's plays, the characters are not so much men and women as epigrammatic machines, whose wit, incessant as a shower of fiery rain, still throws no light into their heads or hearts. Now humour will have nothing to do with abstractions. It dwells snugly in concrete personal substances, having no toleration either for the unnaturally low or the factiously sublime. It remorselessly brings down Britannia to John Bull, Caldonia to Sawney, Hibernia to Paddy, Columbia to Jonathan. It hates all generalities. A benevolent lady, in a work written to carry on a benevolent enterprise, commended the project to the humanity, the enlightened liberality, the enlarged Christian feeling, of the British nation. The roguish and twinkling eye of Sydney Smith lighted on this paragraph, and he cried out to her to leave all that, and support her cause with ascertained facts. 'The English,' said he, with inimitable humour, 'are a calm, reflecting nation; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull inquires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances have been given, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature, puffs, blabbers, and subscribes!'

There is probably no literature equal to the English in the number and variety of its humorous characters, as we find them in Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Fielding, Goldsmith, Addison, Scott, and Dickens. There is nothing so well calculated to make us cheerful and charitable, nothing which sinks so liquidly into the mind, and floods it with such a rich sense of mirth and delight, as these comic creations. How they flash upon our inward world of thought, peopling it with forms and faces whose beautiful facetiousness sheds light and warmth over our whole being! How their eyes twinkle and wink with the very motion of mirth! How they roll and tumble about in a sea of delicious fun, unwearied in rogueries, and drolleries, and gaudy absurdities, and wheedling gibes, and loud-ripping extravagant laughter, revelling and rioting in hilarity, with countless jests and waggeries running and raining from them in a sun-lit stream of jubilant merriment! How they flood life with mirth! How they roll up pomposity and pretence into great balls of caricature, and set them snugly in motion before our eyes, to tear the laughter from our lungs! How Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Ancient Pistol, and Captain Bobadil, and old Toby Weller, tumble into our sympathies! What a sneaking kindness we have for Richard Swiveller, and how

deeply we speculate on the potential existence of Mrs Gamp's Mrs Harris! How we stow away, in some nook or cranny of our brain, some Master Silence, or Starveling the tailor, or Autolychus the rogue, whom it would not be genteel to exhibit to our reason or conscience! How we take some Dogberry, or Verges, or Snug the joiner, tattooed and carnanadoed by the world's wit, and lay him on the soft couch of our esteem! How we cuff that imp of mischief, Mr Bailey, as though we loved him! How Peter Peebles, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and Dominie Sampson, and old Andrew Fairservice, push themselves into our imaginations, and impertinently abide there, whether we will or no! How Beatrice and Benedict shoot wit at us from their eyes, as the sun darts beams! There is Touchstone, 'swift and sententious,' bragging that he has 'undone three tailors, had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.' There is Sancho Panza, with his shrewd folly and selfish chivalry,—his passion for food an argument against the dogma of the soul's residing in the head,—a pestilent fine knave and unrighteous good fellow,—tossed about from generation to generation, an object of perpetual merriment. 'That man,' said King Philip, pointing to one of his courtiers, rolling on the floor in convulsions of laughter,—'that man must either be mad, or reading Don Quixote.'

But what shall we say of Falstaff?—filling up the whole sense of mirth,—his fat body 'larding the lean earth,' as he walks along,—coward, bully, thief, glutton, all fused and molten in good humour,—his talk one incessant storm of 'fiery and delectable shapes,' from his forgetive brain! There, too, is Mercutio, the perfection of intellectual spirits, the very soul of gaiety,—whose wit seems to go on runners,—the threads of his brain light as gossamer and subtle as steel,—his mirthful sallies tingling and glancing and eriaking, like heat-lightning, on all around him! How his flashing badinage plays with Romeo's love forlornness! 'Romeo is dead! stabbed, with a white wench's black eye! Shot through the ear with a love-song! The very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft!' Look, too, at Theristes;—his lithe jests piercing, sharper than Trojan javelins, the brawny Ajax and Agamemnon, and his hard 'hits' battering their thick skulls worse than Trojan battle-axes!

If ye like not the sardonic Grecian, then cross from Shakspeare to Scott, and shake hands with that bundle of amiable weaknesses, Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Who can resist the elegant logic by which he defends his freebooter kinsmen, Rob Roy, from the taunts of his brother magistrates? 'I tauld them,' said he, 'that I would vindicate nae man's faults; but set apart what Rob had done again the law, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, and he was an honesteer man than stude on ony o' their shanks!'

Look ye now, for one moment, at the deep and delicate humour of Goldsmith. How at his touch the venial infirmities and simple vanity of the good Vicar of Wakefield live lovingly before the mind's eye! How we sympathise with poor Moses in that deep trade of his for the green spectacles! How all our good wishes for aspiring rusticity thrill for the showman, who would let his bear dance only to the genteel tunes! There, too, is Fielding. Who can forget the disputes of Square and Thwackem; the raging, galvanised imbecility of old Squire Western; the good, simple Parson Adams, who thought schoolmasters the greatest of men, and himself the greatest of schoolmasters.

But why proceed in an enumeration of characters whose name is Legion—who spring up, at the slightest call, like Rhoderick Dhu's men, from every bush and brake of memory, and come thronging and crowding into the brain! There they are, nature's own capricious offspring,—with the unfading rose in their puffed cheeks, with the unfailing glee in their twinkling eyes:

'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale  
Their infinite variety!'

If 'time and the hour' would admit, it would not be out of place to refer to wit as an auxiliary power in con-



tests of the intellect; to its influence in detecting sophisms which elude serious reasoning, such as the substitution, so common among the prejudiced and the ignorant, of false causes for striking effects. In mirth, too, are often expressed thoughts of the utmost seriousness, feelings of the greatest depth. Many men are too sensitive to give voice to their most profound or enthusiastic emotions, except through the language of caricature, or the grotesque forms of drollery. Tom Hood is an instance. We often meet men whose jests convey truths plucked from the bitterest personal experience, and whose very laughter tells of the 'secret wounds which bleed beneath their cloaks.' Whenever you find humour, you find pathos close by its side.

Every student of English theological literature knows that much of its best portions gleams with wit. Five of the greatest humorists that ever made the world ring with laughter were priests—Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, Sterne, and Sydney Smith. The prose works of Milton are radiant with satire of the sharpest kind. Sydney Smith, one of the most benevolent, intelligent, and influential Englishmen of the nineteenth century, a man of the most accurate insight and extensive information, embodied the large stores of his practical wisdom in almost every form of the ludicrous. Many of the most important reforms in England are directly traceable to him. He really laughed his countrymen out of some of their most cherished stupidities of legislation.

And now let us be just to mirth. Let us be thankful that we have in wit a power before which the pride of wealth and the insolence of office are abased; which can transfix bigotry and tyranny with arrows of lightning; which can strike its object over thousands of miles of space, across thousands of years of time; and which, through its sway over an universal weakness of man, is an everlasting instrument to make the bad tremble and the foolish wince. Let us be grateful for the social and humanising influences of mirth. Amid the sorrow, disappointment, agony, and anguish of the world,—over dark thoughts and tempestuous passions, the gloomy exaggerations of self-will, the enfeebling illusions of melancholy,—wit and humour, light and lightning, shed their soft radiance, or dart their electric flash. See how life is warmed and illumined by mirth! See how the beings of the mind, with which it has peopled our imaginations, wrestle with the ills of existence—feeling their way into the harshest or saddest meditations, with looks that defy calamity; relaxing muscles made rigid with pain; hovering over the couch of sickness, with sunshine and laughter in their beneficent faces; softening the austerity of thoughts—whose awful shadows dim and darken the brain—loosening the gripe of misery as it tugs at the heart-strings! Let us court the society of these gamesome, and genial, and sportive, and sparkling beings, whom genius has left to us a priceless bequest; push them not from the daily walks of the world's life; let them scatter some humanities in the sullen marts of business; let them glide in through the open doors of the heart; let their glee lighten up the feast, and gladden the fireside of home:—

'That the night may be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
May fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.'

### THE 'COMMUNIST' SPARROW.

We have been struck with the following anecdote of the great Cuvier, which is recorded in the '*Courrier de l'Europe*' for February 1850, and trust the following translation will prove as interesting to our readers as it has been to us. It forms an amusing chapter in natural history, and forcibly illustrates that close observation which so frequently characterises eminent men.

Poverty in youth has a purifying tendency, like the 'live coal' of old which the angel passed over the lips of Isaiah. It inures the soul to struggling, and the mind to persevering labour and self-confidence: it keeps the imagination away from the temptations of luxury, and the still

more fatal one of idleness, that parent of vice. It, moreover, becomes one of the most fruitful sources of happiness to the man whom God permits to come out of the crowd, and take his place at the head of science and art. It is with ineffable delight that he looks behind, and says, in thinking of his cold and comfortless garret, 'I came out of that place, single and unknown.' George Cuvier, that pupil of poverty, loved to relate one of his first observations of natural history, which he had made while tutor to the children of Count d'Henry.

Cuvier and his scholars inhabited an old mansion in the county of Caux à Fiquanville; the teacher's room overlooked the garden, and every morning at break of day he opened the window to inhale the refreshing air, before commencing his arduous duties to his indifferently trained pupils. One morning he observed, not without pleasure, that two swallows had begun to build their nest in the very corner of his little chamber-window. The birds laboured with the ardour of two young lovers, who are in haste to start in housekeeping. The male bird brought the moistened clay in his beak, which the female kneaded, and with the addition of some chips of straw and hay, she built her little lodging with wonderful skill. As soon as the outside was finished, the betrothed gathered feathers, hair, and soft dry leaves for the inside, and then departed to hide themselves in a neighbouring wood, there to enjoy the sweets of repose after their labour, and amidst the thick foliage of the trees the mysterious joys of the honeymoon. However that may be, they did not think of returning to take possession of their nest till the end of twelve or fifteen days.

Alas! changes had taken place during their absence. While the swallows were labouring with such assiduity in building a house, Cuvier had observed two sparrows, that perched at a short distance, watching the industry of the two birds, not without interchanging between themselves some cries that appeared to Cuvier rather ironical. When the swallows departed for their country excursion, the sparrows took no pains to conceal their odious schemes: they impudently took possession of the nest, which was empty and without an owner to defend it, and established themselves there as though they had been its veritable builders. Cuvier observed that the cunning sparrows were never both out of the nest at the same time. One of the usurpers always remained as sentinel, with his head placed at the opening, which served for a door, and with his large-beak interdicted the entrance of any other bird, except his companion, or rather, to call things by their right names, his brother robber. The swallows returned in due time to their nest, the male full of joy, which showed itself in the brightness of his eye and in the nervous kind of motion in his flight; the female rather languid, and heavy with the approach of laying. You can imagine their surprise at finding the nest, on which they had bestowed so much care, occupied. The male, moved with indignation and anger, rushed upon the nest to chase away the usurpers, but he found himself face to face with the formidable beak of the sparrow who, at that moment, guarded the stolen property. What could the slim beak of the swallow do against the redoubtable pincers of the sparrow, armed with a double and sharpened point? Very soon, the poor proprietor, dispossessed and beaten back, retreated with his head covered with blood, and his neck nearly stripped of its feathers. He returned with flashing eye, and trembling with rage, to the side of his wife, with whom he appeared for some minutes to hold counsel, after which they flew away into the air, and quickly disappeared. The female sparrow came back soon after; the male recounted all that had passed—the arrival, the attack, and flight of the swallows—not without accompanying the recital with what seemed to Cuvier to be roars of laughter. Be this as it may, the housekeeper did not rest satisfied with making only a hulloah-balloo, for the female went forth again, and collected in haste a much larger quantity of provisions than usual. As soon as she returned, after having completed the supplies for a siege, two pointed beaks, instead of one, defended the entrance to the nest. — Cuvier

however, began to fill the air, and an assemblage of swallows gathered together on a neighbouring roof. Cuvier recognised distinctly the dispossessed couple, who related to each new comer the impending robbery of the sparrow. The male, with blood-stained head and bared neck, distinguished himself by the earnestness of his protestations and appeals of vengeance. In a little while two hundred swallows had arrived at the scene of conflict. Whilst the little army was forming and deliberating, all at once a cry of distress came from an adjacent window. A young swallow, doubtless inexperienced, instead of taking part in the counsels of his brethren, was chasing some flies which were buzzing about a bunch of neglected or cast-away flowers before the window. The pupils of Cuvier had stretched a net there to catch sparrows; one of the claws of the swallow was caught by the perfidious net. At the cry which this hair-brained swallow made a score of his brethren flew to the rescue; but all their efforts were in vain: the desperate struggles which the prisoner made to free himself from the fatal trap only drew the ends tighter and confined his foot more firmly. Suddenly, a detachment took wing, and, retiring about a hundred paces, returned rapidly, and, one by one, gave a peck at the snare, which each time, owing to the determined manner of the attack, received a sharp twitch. Not one of the swallows missed its aim, so that, after half an hour of this persevering and ingenious labour, the chafed string broke, and the captive, rescued from the snare, went joyously to mingle with his companions. Throughout this scene, which took place twenty feet from Cuvier, and at almost as many from the usurped nest, the observer kept perfectly still, and the sparrows made not the slightest movement with their two large beaks, which, formidable and threatening, kept its narrow entrance. The council of swallows, whilst a certain number of them were succouring their companion, had continued to deliberate gravely. As soon as all were united, the liberated prisoner included, they took flight, and Cuvier felt convinced they had given up the field, or rather the nest, to the robbers, who had so fraudulently possessed themselves of it. Judge of his surprise when, in the course of a few seconds, he beheld a cloud of two or three hundred swallows arrive, with the rapidity of thought throw themselves before the nest, discharge at it some mud which they had brought in their bills, and retire to give place to another battalion, which repeated the same manoeuvre. They fired at two or three inches from the nest, thus preventing the sparrows from giving them any blows with their beaks. Besides, the mud, shot with such perfidious precision, had so blinded the sparrows, after the first discharge, that they very soon knew not in what manner to defend themselves. Still the mud continued to thicken more and more on the nest, whose original shape was soon obliterated: the opening would have almost entirely disappeared, had not the sparrows, by their desperate efforts at defence, broken away some portions of it. But the implacable swallows, by a strategic movement, as rapidly as it was cleverly executed, rushed upon the nest, beat down with their beaks and claws the clay over the opening already half stopped up, and finished the attack by hermetically closing it. Then there arose a thousand cries of vengeance and victory. Nevertheless, the swallows ceased not the work of destruction. They continued to carry up moistened clay till they had built a second nest over the very opening of the besieged one. It was raised by a hundred beaks at once, and, an hour after the execution of the sparrows, the nest was occupied by the dispossessed swallows. The drama was complete and terrible; the vengeance inexorable and fatal. The unfortunate sparrows not only exhaled their theft in the nest they had taken possession of, whence they could not escape, and where suffocation and hunger were gradually killing them, but they heard the songs of love from the two swallows, who thus so cruelly made them wive and the crime of their theft. During the fight the female remained alone, languishing and motionless, on an angle of the roof. It was with difficulty, and with a heavy fight, that she left this spot to take up her abode in her new

house; and doubtless, whilst the agony of the sparrows was being filled up, she laid her eggs, for she did not stir out for two days; the male, during that time, taking upon himself to search for insects and hunt for flies. He brought them alive in his beak, and gave them to his companion. Entirely devoted to the duties of incubation and maternity, she was only seen now and then to put out her head to breathe the pure air. Fifteen days after, the male flew away at daybreak. He appeared more gay and joyful than usual; during the whole day he ceased not to bring to the nest a countless number of insects; and Cuvier, by standing on tiptoe at his window, could distinctly see six little yellow and hungry beaks, crying out, and swallowing with avidity all the food brought by their father. The female did not leave her family till the morrow; confinement and fatigue had made her very thin. Her plumage had lost its lustre, but in seeing her contemplate her little ones, you might conceive the maternal joy which filled her, and by what ineffable compensations she felt herself indemnified for all her privations and sufferings. After a short time the little creatures had advanced in figure; their large yellow bills were transformed into little black and charming ones; their naked bodies, covered here and there with ugly tufts, were now clothed with elegant feathers, on which the light played in brilliant flashes. They began to fly about the nest, and even to accompany their mother when she hunted for flies in the neighbourhood.

Cuvier could not refrain from feelings of admiration and was somewhat affected when he saw the mother with indefatigable patience and grace show her children how they should set about catching flies, which darted about in the air—to suck in an incautious one, or carry away a spider which had imprudently made his net between the branches of two trees. Often she would hold out to them at a distance in her beak a booty which excited their appetite; then she would go away by degrees, and gradually draw them unconsciously off to a shorter or a longer distance from the nest. The swallow taught her children to fly high when the air was calm, for then the insects kept in a more elevated part of the air; or to skim along the ground at the approach of a storm, as then the same insects would direct their course toward the earth, where they might find shelter under the stones at the fall of the first drop of rain. Then the little ones, more experienced, began, under the guidance of their father, to undertake longer flights. The mother, standing at the entrance of the nest, seemed to give her instructions before they departed; she awaited their return with anxiety, and, when that was delayed, took a flight high, very high, in the air, and there flew to and fro till she saw them. Then, full of a mother's joy, she would utter cries of emotion, scold before them, bring them back to the nest, happy and palpitating, and seemed to demand an account of the causes of their delay.

The autumn arrived. Some groups of swallows collected together on the very roof of the mansion of Fiquanville. After grave deliberation, and a vote being taken (whether by ballot or otherwise, Cuvier does not mention), the young ones of the nest, along with the other young swallows of the same age, were all placed in the middle of the troop; and one morning a living cloud rose above the chateau, and flew away swiftly due east.

The following spring, two swallows, worn down by fatigue, came to take possession of the nest. Cuvier recognised them immediately; they were the very same—those whose manners and habits he had studied the preceding year. They proceeded to restore the nest, cracked and injured in some places by the frost: they garnished anew the inside with fresh feathers and choice moss—then, as last year, made an excursion of some days. On the very morrow after their return, whilst they were darting to and fro close to Cuvier's window, to whose presence they had become accustomed, and which did not in the least incommode them, a screech-owl, that seemed to fall from above, pounced upon the male, seized him in his talons, and was already bearing him away, when Cuvier took down his gun, which was within reach, primed and cocked it, and fired at the owl; the fellow, mortally wounded, fell head over heels

into the garden, and Cuvier hastened to deliver the swallow from the claws of the dead owl, who still held him with his formidable nails. The poor swallow had received some deep wounds; the nails of the owl had penetrated deeply into his side, and one of the drops of shot had broken his leg. Cuvier dressed the wounds as well as he could, and, by the aid of a ladder, replaced the invalid in his nest, whilst the female flew sadly around it, uttering cries of despair. For three or four days she never left the nest but to go in search of food, which she offered the male. Cuvier saw his sickly head come out with difficulty, and try in vain to take the food offered by his companion; every day he appeared to get weaker. At length, one morning, Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the female, who with her wings beat against the panes of his window. He ran to the nest—alas! it contained only a dead body. From that fatal moment the female never left her nest. Overwhelmed with grief, she, five days after, died of despair, on the dead body of her companion.

Some months after this the Abbé Tessier, whom the revolutionary persecution had compelled to flee to Normandy, where he disguised himself under the dress of a military physician of the hospital of Fécamp, fell in with the obscure tutor, who recounted to him the history of the swallows. The Abbé engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils of that hospital, of which he was the head, and wrote to Jussieu and to Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, to inform them of the individual he had become acquainted with. Cuvier entered into a correspondence with these two learned men, and a short time after he was elected to the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. His subsequent career is well known.

### Original Poetry.

#### SPRING FLOWERS OF DEVON.

I gather'd these in deep lone shades,  
In mossy woods and sunny glades;  
There, soft winds watch'd their early birth,  
And hued, whose tinge is scarce of earth.  
The shadows dim of evening fell,  
The breeze bore on the curfew bell,  
And wreathing mists rose o'er the green,  
Ere I could leave that fairy scene.  
There, the sweet robin warbled on,  
With plaintive note, when day was gone;  
There, birds, with rich, deep melody,  
Spoke of love's immortality,  
To those who, with the soaring wing  
Of faith, rise o'er each earthly thing,  
And even in feather'd warblers' lays  
Can hear creation's hymn of praise,  
But chasten'd with a mournful tone,  
A sadden'd note, as though the groan  
Of earth's deep travail slumber'd not,  
But mingled even with their lot.  
Oh! for the universal song  
Of joy and praise—the countless throng  
Of creatures freed from sin, and all  
The sequent suffering of her thrall.  
Till then the sounds that breathe of heaven,  
The balmy forest bowers at even,  
The melody of waters where  
The sephyr's breath scarce stirs the air,  
The unclouded sky, the sun's bright beam,  
The stars with their celestial gleam,  
The moon whose mellow loveliness  
Robes earth in purer, holier dress,  
Shall, on our hearts as emblems worn,  
Speak of the bright millennial morn.—  
Though all too frail aught here to wear  
The semblance of that vision fair,  
Oh, that our souls, deep bathed in light,  
Made meet for that all-glorious sight,  
With rapture may press on to see  
That burst of immortality!

EMILY B—.

### EUROPEAN LIFE.—No. III. ORIGINAL ELEMENTS—CONTINUED.

#### THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

REFERENCE has already been made to a connection between these Germans and Christianity. We shall be wholly unable to understand this connection—the connection between good soil and good seed—unless we enter somewhat into the character of their religion. The savage Druidism, with which the earlier chapters of our national history have made us familiar, must be put out of view. This, with its human sacrifices and horrible incantations, was undoubtedly a natural development of the general Germanic faith; but it was a development confined to the Gael or Celt, a race comparatively exhausted, without the power and freshness of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman branches, when we first encounter them. Everywhere the Celt is conquered. He is driven into the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France. A stronger German, *i. e.*, a German with a younger faith, takes his place. The faith of the Norwegian Viking, of the German proper, was essentially Druidism, but Druidism in its elements. And at this stage, there was that in this religion which wrought together with the general healthiness of the Germanic physical constitution to beget a fitness, a receptiveness for Christianity, possessed by no other people to the same degree.

The impression first received in studying this old religion is one of something huge, dim, far-stretching, like that left upon the mind by endless depths of forest. The Greek had a beautiful temple, a beautiful statue, for his worship. So that it were beautiful, his religious craving was satisfied. German worship could not abide so much restraint. It struggled outwards, upwards, out of all confinement, as if it panted for breath. Its temples were the tops of mountains, the sky for their roof. There, or amid the sombre shadows of woods, where the everlasting twilight and the far-receding avenues of trees gave a character of illimitableness to the scene, the German chose to worship.

The same groping after the illimitable is apparent in the objects of their worship. Giants, gigantic gods, fill their universe—beings good and evil, who bulk out immeasurably before the imagination. The observation, often made, that these beings are representative of natural phenomena, carries us a good way into the character of the old Germanic faith. Their giants, their giant deities, are all realities, real existences, to these simple worshippers. Not a giant amongst them all who does not present himself to their mind in some phenomenon of the actual world in which they live. Fire, frost, light, darkness, the visible workings of all nature, assume the forms of giants, and take their place in that old mythology. Thunder is *Thor* (from whom our Thursday, *Thor's-day*, is named); Sunlight is *Balder*; Fire is *Loke*; Frost is *Thrym*, *Hrým* (or *Bism*, as it is even yet called). The head of all is *Odin*, a deified man who had been bard and warrior. Our Wednesday, *Woden's* or *Odin's-day*, owes its name to him. The whole earth is simply a giant slain and distributed over different quarters. The sea is his blood, the land his flesh, the rocks his bones, the sky his skull, the clouds his brains; and the gods themselves dwell in *Asgard*, the shadow of his eyebrows.

Very stupid all this, Carlyle exclaims, when one looks only from without! But not at all so stupid, when we perceive that we also live amid giant forces, although we name them differently. (The reader will find a translation of an Icelandic poem, in which the above cosmogony is detailed, in the appendix to Henderson's 'Visit to Iceland,' published many years ago under the superintendence of one of our Bible societies. He will enjoy the fine summary of the details, in the lecture on *Odin* in 'Hero-Worship,' better after reading it.)

The worship which daily contemplated these forces, even when so disguised, was not an unhealthy worship. It was imperfect, limited, earthy enough, but, so far as it went, healthy. It brought the mind of the worshipper into daily contact with nature, in this very thing preparing that mind

for the reception of a higher life. The Romans noticed, or at least fancied, that the Germans offered sacrifice to the earth, 'the god less *Hertha*' it was supposed to be called, and that 'they looked upon themselves as descended from *Mannus*.' From Man? Or, still more probably, from the man, Odin? Revolve these hints in your minds. Vastness—huge vagueness—giants toiling in all directions—*Hertha* the object of worship—*Mannus* the first parent! Are we not carried a step further than the theory that that old mythology was a mere embodiment of the visible forces in nature? 'It is easy to say, These giants only express the struggles and throes of nature, cultivation contending with barrenness, spring succeeding winter. But why, asks the distinguished thinker we are now quoting, Mr Maurice (in his 'Religions of the World and the Religion of Christ'), 'why are they giants? Why do they take this personal form? Why, if winter and spring were chiefly in their minds, did they not speak of winter and spring?' We believe that this thinker has here opened a new deep into that old religion. The Germans believed themselves to be the descendants of *Mannus*. They felt that Man is the appointed inhabitant and subduer of the earth. They reverence *Hertha* because it is the home of man, the scene of his life-toils. Out of *Hertha* come their corn and pasture, their bread and water. And spring warring with winter, light with darkness, heat with cold, they recognise as so many forms of the great battle which man has to wage on the bosom of the earth.

From the first there has been a strong consciousness of humanity in the German mind. (a. g. *Baron*, from *Bairn*, the war-chief retaining in his very name a testimony to his being, whatever else, a man.) Their religion is an expression of this consciousness. Odin the man has risen into *Asgard*. Man the worshipper is encompassed by giant forces, of which Odin is lord. It is the human instinct groping upward towards the primal home of our spirit—reaching outward over our dominion. Those mighty forces of visible nature, the flash of lightning, the eruption of the burning mountain, the hard grasp of winter, frost binding the flood in chains, have *their* hour. Another hour is coming when the descendant of *Mannus*, the Odin in Humanity, lays his strong hand upon them, and rises above them into *Asgard*, into *Valhalla*, the dwelling-place of the gods!

Already they are in possession of symbols, rude, vague, unshapely, but veritable symbols of that One whom the Christian missionaries were soon to proclaim in the very presences of their Odin-trees!

### THIRD ELEMENT, CHRISTIANITY.

Of this third element we proceed to speak with the conviction that a description of its essential character would be, to our readers, a very needless occupation of time. We feel that we must also shut ourselves out from speaking of the manifold conflicts into which Christianity was obliged to enter on its first appearance; the conflict, for example, with the Stoic, the man of austere dogmas, who held that he was the subject of an iron necessity, which it was wisdom to recognise and submit to: the conflict with the Platonist, the spiritual thinker of these times, who looked upon his outer form as only the symbol of an inner and more real one, the word or *logos* of the Creator, and upon his whole existence as a stream out of the fulness of the divine life, into which, at death, it would be absorbed again: the conflict with the Epicurean, the man of refined sensations, who held it to be the highest good to enjoy the present as we most wished. All this would be very interesting, but it belongs to the history of Christianity rather than to that of European Life.

We have to satisfy ourselves with stating the fact, that Christianity did encounter such men, and men in all possible conditions of thought and life. It brought to each thinker the true interpretation of his thought, it led thoughtful men in all directions towards the one rest. Biographies of such men have come down to us from that period. They were the victims of unrest. Questioning all nature and the soul within them, they received no answer. 'Whence am I? Whither do I tend? Wherefore am I here? What

is that force which binds me on every side, which brought me into being, which stirs my soul with perplexed imaginings, which dismisses me into the grave? Have I any connection with it but that of a slave? Am I brother to rocks, and trees, and insensate things? And shall I sleep with the worm? Or do these stars shine for me, beckoning my spirit upwards to a better sphere?' When men, exercised with such perplexities, turned to the religions and schools of philosophy around them, they found no relief. There, all was hollowness, wordsplitting, idolatry. When they turned to the governments, to the condition of society, signs of decay, of approaching dissolution, met their eyes. The whole world seemed to be falling to pieces, to be grasping at dead traditions, to be decrepit, ready to die. The clamminess of the grave was about it, like a Nessus shirt. But in the midst of this decrepitude, the roads which had been laid down for Roman armies, and the places of resort in towns, began to be used by the Christian missionaries. To distracted hearts were proclaimed the glad tidings of a 'rest prepared' for such: to worshippers of the Nameless, these words—'The God whom ye ignorantly worship declare we unto you.'

Of what is usually styled 'the rapid diffusion of Christianity in the early ages,' we have this to say, that it was not in Europe—the Europe of European Life—it was so diffused. Christians spread with great rapidity; so did Christian preaching: but so did not Christianity. It was the eleventh century before all Europe became Christian. (Even so late as the fourteenth century, the worship of the serpent existed in some nooks of geographical Europe.) The work of conversion was slow, difficult, like the growth of oaks and beech-trees.

Only consider. Christianity had the intellects of the thoughtful to satisfy. It had the interests of existing governments to confront. It had the Jew coming up behind its back, from its own birthplace, and saying, 'Thou art a lie.' And it had the savage hearts of Roman citizens—hearts buried in lust, finding their highest excitement in the conflicts of human beings with wild beasts—hearts impure into their deepest centre and brutal, to win over and change. We blame such men as Nero for putting hindrances in the way of Christianity. But every Roman was a Nero. They hated Christianity. It stood up against their entire life, and proclaimed it to be rottenness in the face of God. It said to the mistress of the world, that she was living in pleasure, but dead while she lived. And the worshippers of this mistress, the Roman citizens, replied by demanding the Christians for the wild beasts. Even if persecution had not arisen, there was that in the condition of the public mind, when Christianity first encountered it, which made rapid progress an impossibility. One of the very commonest challenges thrown out to the Christian preacher was an illustration of this condition. It was said to them, 'Show us your Gods; you are preaching about a Being we cannot see.' And any one who has ever tried to demonstrate a hidden fact—the fact of the earth's motion, for example, upon its axis—to a mind accustomed to believe only what the outward eye can see, will know what a mighty work had to be achieved by Christianity, and how necessarily slow its progress must have been, before the sensualised mind of Rome could look into 'the things which are not seen.'

We lately heard a very intelligent missionary, who has returned from the East Indies, stating that, on his arrival in this country, he was most of all struck by the existence of 'credit,' of trust reposed in each other, which he found amongst us. 'A man gave me a cheque,' he said, 'and it was instantly cashed at the bank. If I went into a shop for anything, it was placed before me on the counter before I even showed my purse. In India, among the natives, such things do not happen. Each man believes his neighbour to be dishonest. There is no trustfulness, no credit.' And the missionary gave this as one of the reasons why Christianity made so little progress in the district where he had been labouring. And he was right. There must be a good soil as well as good seed; and the Christian faith had to wait seven hundred years for this.

We all know how Christianity turned away from the Jew. It will be remembered how little receptivity there was in those Greeks who listened to Paul on Mar's Hill. And that apostle must have been thinking of a similar flippancy in the Roman mind, when he wrote, 'I am not ashamed to preach the Gospel to you who are at Rome also.' To us there is something very solemn in this fact. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman—the minds of highest culture in the world at the time—putting away the new faith from them. Deep calleth unto deep. The Jewish mind, with all its recollections of holy times, was not receptive; neither was the Grecian, with all its subtle appreciation of beauty; neither was the Roman, with all its sense of binding law and social order. In these minds there was not depth: there was not honesty enough. For long centuries, Christianity, the word of the new creation, had to brood over the wrecks and chaos of past culture before it found a mind fitted to receive it. Not that it waited in idleness. There were individual conversions without number; there was leavening of human thought; there was the acquirement of outward respect (from hollow Constantines and such like); above all, there was the absorbing into itself whatever was good in ancient civilisation. It abode in Judea until it had identified itself with Moses and the Prophets; it lingered in beautiful Greece, in those churches of Ephesus, and Corinth, and Philippi, until the aroma of Greek wisdom was inhaled; it hid in Roman charnel-houses until all that was worth in Roman institutions had passed into its grasp, studying all the thought of that half-eastern world, and all its ways of life; and then, with its mighty burden of life, old and new, it was led up from the wilderness towards the north, to meet those men who had been preparing to receive it, and were even now coming down. It found in these Germans a freshness, a child-like openness—'honesty of heart,' in fact. It found them in possession of a faith which did not contradict Christianity, but only sought from it its true interpretation. It found in them a nature inured to hardship, uncorrupt, and the German people 'received it gladly.' Let one illustration serve for all.

When Paulinus the Christian missionary invited our Anglo-Saxon fathers to embrace his faith, an old warrior rose up in the national assembly, and argued thus before the king: 'On some dark night, O king, when the storm was abroad, and rain and snow were falling without, when thou and thy captains were seated by the warm fire in the lighted hall, thou mayest have seen a sparrow flying in from the darkness and flitting across the hall, and passing out into the darkness again. Even so, O king, appears to me the life of men upon the earth. We come out of the darkness, we shoot across the lighted hall of life, and then go out into the darkness again. If this new doctrine can tell us aught of this darkness, and of the soul of man which passes into it, let it be received with joy.'

Thus met these two elements of European life—Christianity and the German nature.

First came the Roman element—municipal institutions—town-life. This was the laying down of European roads, of social ways of life. Then came the Barbarian element, the strong nature, the fresh humanity, which was to use these roads. And, last of all, not in time but in effect, came Christianity, with affinities for all that is worth preserving, with the power of leavening, of combining, of elevating. It seized what was Roman—it conveyed the German towards it. It gave the German a new faith, a principle of continuance. And European life arose.

It is one of the disadvantages of taking up a subject like our present, that the actual condition of society cannot always be kept before the mind. Having to deal with elements, we are apt to lose sight of what may be called the flesh and blood of history, the workings of every-day life. Before we close at present, therefore, with the view of correcting whatever of this evil may have accompanied this treatment of the subject, we shall endeavour to convey some notion of the condition of society in Western Europe from the fifth to the tenth centuries—during the period, that is, that the elements of European life were flowing together.

The description will not hold true of Eastern Europe. There, so many of the old influences were still at work as to give a distinct character to the condition of society in that direction. On that side the empire had been invaded by the Goths. These Goths entered into alliance with the Romans at a very early period. And thus, if they came sooner than the Germans of the North under the influence of Christianity, they came also sooner under the influence of Roman manners. In fact, they became very much Romanised, and had consequently only a secondary part to play in the shaping out of Europe. Their strength melted away under the eastern effeminacy of life which prevailed in the empire; and to give them still less weight, the Christianity they had was Arian.

In France, Germany, and Britain, it was different. A stranger would have been struck especially with the presence of a mixed population. He would have seen that there was no hearty blending of fortunes amongst those who lived together; that, on the contrary, there were classes living painfully separate, and cherishing the worst passions towards each other. In country districts, he would encounter a class, as the traveller in 'Ivanhoe' encounters Gurth, the swine-herd, engaged in the lowest drudgery, the born thralls of the possessors of the soil. These thralls are the original natives of the land, and, generally, Celts. If he entered the rude homestead of the possessor of the soil, the stranger would be confronted by a representative of the highest class, the descendant of the tribe which last ravaged and conquered the land. Between these two extremes (both of Germanic origin) some schoolmaster, a priest, or travelling merchant, would turn up to represent the old Romanic population. The next thing that our stranger would have noticed would be, that this tessellated pavement of human beings lived in the continual expectation and exercise of war. 'Inroads were frequent. New descents from more northerly countries, things of constant dread. Property was held by no sorer tenure than the sword. By the sword it had been bought; by the sword it might be lost. It was the same with personal freedom. The sword was king. Physical force presided over European society. Perhaps, while our stranger is completing his examination, the shouts of war may ring through the land, and homesteads which were gained a hundred years before have to be defended against a new incursion from the North.

Thus, in our own land, the Roman subdued the Celt, the Saxon put out the Roman, the Norman overcame the Saxon. It was the condition of all Europe for more than six hundred years. Roman Europe was to the men of the North what America is to us. It was their new world and future home. From the region of icebergs and perpetual snow, the confined populations pressed, band after band, during all these centuries, toward the sunnier south. Europe was in continual motion. Here, a Roman population wasting out; there, a German migration arriving to fill its place. Here, the Germans of an earlier incursion growing effeminate; there, a new band presenting their greater strength, as a title of right, to dispose of them. No man nor people was at rest. No nation knew its own limits. No nation, properly so called, existed. All was flow and reflow: tides beaten back by the wind.

Attempts to escape from this unsettled existence were made from the beginning, some of these consciously, some unconsciously. Quite consciously wrought Christianity. Its voice was lifted up for order. In many ways its influence was exerted. Even at the early period at which the foregoing picture is taken, Christianity is leavening European life, elevating it, delivering it from savageness; but its effects are hidden, and will continue so for centuries to come.

Consciously also wrought Roman civilisation. From this came the written laws which the forming nations began to adopt. From this, although German laws blended with Roman in the same code, for the Germans learned from the Empire to commit their laws to writing.

Unconsciously wrought the Barbarian element. But

the relation between the chief and his men was a germ of order, and began to exhibit fruit in the feudal system.

In the eighth century appeared a man who gathered into himself, in a wonderful manner, all these elements of order—as to race a German, by faith a Christian, by his coronation a Roman emperor—into whose mind entered the vast conception, that the tides of violence around him might be arrested, and Europe bound into a mighty whole. This man was Charlemagne. The history of his reign is the history of an endeavour to realise this conception. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, even as far as Hungary, yielded to his sway. At the head of his brave Franks he repressed disorder on all sides. The necessity of his reign was order. His reign was a protest and appeal against confusion. Victorious abroad, at home, in his beautiful Rhineland, this great king established schools, encouraged literature, committed laws to writing. He invited the learned of all countries to his court. He fostered religion and watched over the churches. He met with the bishops, exalted indolent pastors, rewarded faithful ones. His capacious soul took in at one glance the Europe which ought to be, and the minutest details of local interest. He bequeathed to European life a grand ideal of European unity.

In our own England the same attempt on a narrower scale was made by Alfred. While these men lived the strong hand of authority bound the masses into something like a whole. At their death, these masses escaped from the bond. Migratory habits prevailed once more. Europe again resounded with the wars of race and tribe. But influences were already at work by which new and surer ties were to be formed.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART II.—THE PRESENT.

#### CHAP. I.—LOVE.

HORACE conveyed his captive to one of the carriages in waiting, and, without stopping to take leave of the unhappy family at the Grange, hurried off towards Southampton, well satisfied, having at last fulfilled his errand.

We need not dwell on the sequel— suffice to say, the smuggler was imprisoned, his property seized and confiscated; thus putting a stop to the proceedings of a desperado, one of the most daring and adventurous of that period, or perhaps in subsequent years. He was a person of good family, and had received a liberal education. Love of adventure had early led him into scrapes, and, at length, into crime. His present degradation was a fit punishment to a life of reckless defiance against the laws of his country.

Horace was soon promoted, and the gipsies handsomely rewarded—two events which the gratified recipients received with becoming satisfaction. He heard nothing of the family for a long period. How his interference and their rescue from mortification and disgrace were appreciated, he remained entirely ignorant of; nor was it until from a relative he learnt any particulars of subsequent events. It seems that Gertrude did not recover this blow to her pride, and the consequent humiliation, but was then away from home, along with Marian; while the old folks at the Grange remained invisible, save to a very small circle of friends—the house almost avoided by the gay throng who had previously been the most frequent visitants. The house of mourning has no attractions for that crowd of idlers—the ephemera who brighten and dissipate the present hour, careless of that future to which they are hastening.

One evening, on returning to his lodgings—a pretty villa in the vicinity of Regent's Park—he found a note from Marian as follows:—‘Dear Horace, you will, perhaps, be surprised to hear of us; but Gertrude, I, and mamma are staying at Mivart's for the present. Being three lone women, we would most gladly have a slice of your time and com-

pany, whenever it may so happen that leisure and inclination concur in this desirable object. My sister is rather better, but still sadly shattered in constitution. She has now forgiven you. For sometime we could not persuade her that you had not adopted those cruel measures to get quit of a disagreeable rival; but she has seen and heard enough since, to convince her to the contrary, and that you delivered us from a fate the most dreadful. It was, indeed, a terrible blow to us all. She is, however, now comparatively resigned to the stroke which had high prostrated both mind and body. Come to us soon, if you wish to do a kind action to Gertrude and yours, MARIAN.’

As may be supposed, Horace was not long ere he obeyed the summons. He was distressed when he saw the ravages this shock had wrought on his once loved Gertrude—his idol now a wreck, her mind considerably weakened, her good looks almost entirely obliterated, and her spirits subdued under the stroke. She held out her hand, tried to smile, but alas! the power was gone—that buoyancy of heart, the sunshine that smiles are made of. Marian received him cordially, and with a gleam of true-hearted pleasure that seemed the record of past years—the result of long cherished recollections. Oh what terrible havoc to poor unresisting man! These are moments which make woman's influence so difficult to withstand; we become the slave to a look, a word, or a smile. Sympathy, when fresh from the heart, how sweet to man's jaded spirit—the aliment of hope, and, not seldom, the gossamer wherewith love plumes his wings!

Marian was lively, sarcastic, entertaining; and though Horace did not suppose he could ever again be in love, her conversation interested, while it amused him. She evidently exerted herself for this purpose; he felt it, and was encouraged to similar exertions. Success put him into good humour with himself, and he never felt so pleasantly disposed as in her company. This feeling attracted him towards her, so that he began to be very much at a loss, and out of sorts, when absent; and a day rarely passed that he did not make his appearance at the hotel. Their stay, too, in town was prolonged from day to day, and from week to week, Gertrude finding herself better amidst the sights and bustle which London always affords, and apparently well disposed to remain. They had friends there whose pleasant intercourse dissipated, while it relieved the dark shadow on her spirits.

One day on entering their apartments Horace found a tall, fine-looking officer of the guards, a distant relative, who had called, hearing accidentally of their stay in town. He was in the full flow of a lively gossip with Marian, who introduced him as Lieutenant Walford. Horace found him a dashing, off-hand man of the world, not afflicted with a low estimate either of his person or powers of pleasing. He seemed to pay particular attention to Marian. Her wit, her vivacity, were quite to his taste; and Walford became a pretty constant visitor during their stay. Horace felt himself rather in the background; the bold, free, gallant bearing of the young officer seemed to contrast unfavourably with his own; nor could he help viewing, with something akin to envy, the pleasant manner in which Marian received such an agreeable visitor.

Horace frequently took himself to task for these feelings. He would have despised them thoroughly, had he thought they originated from envy alone, either at the better fortune or more brilliant qualifications of another. He could admire talent wherever he found it, and did not hesitate to admit, that, as a lady's man, he could not stand in competition with the lieutenant. He began to suspect there was another feeling at the bottom of all this, and set to work, seriously, to examine his own towards Marian. His heart yearned for sympathy, and for the first time he had found it. This of itself went far towards accounting for his present state of mind. But, had sympathy ripened, or was it ripening towards its inevitable consequence—love? He could not answer this question. He felt uncomfortable when away from her; but this alone was not a sufficient test. He was determined not to marry, except for love, but in the present instance, he

could not resolve his thoughts decidedly into any such impression. Yet, this tall, handsome-looking guardsman was, nevertheless, a torment to him; and he was both vexed and uneasy at such a disagreeable state of existence. Midway between love and friendship, he neither enjoyed nor partook the privileges of either.

In this perplexing and unsatisfactory condition he felt himself, one evening, on visiting the ladies, and found the lieutenant in rather close conversation with Marian. Gertrude was doing a little embroidery at the opposite side of the room.

'Oh dear,' said Marian, 'you are just come in at a most lucky opportunity'—and she put on a mischievous smile. 'Walford here is determined to be in love with somebody, he says, and cannot find any one to try his 'prentice hand' upon. Now, who, above all stray fish of Cupid's mamma's catching, do you think this witless lieutenant says he intends to pounce upon some fine day?'

'In truth,' said Horace, and he felt the colour mounting to his cheek, 'that is beyond my power to conjecture, unless'—He could not stammer out the remainder of the sentence. She, however, saved him the trouble.

'Unless your very agreeable, humble servant—myself verily—and in my own proper, unappropriated person!'

'You!'

'This even so, Master Impertinence. And is it so passing strange as to lift those large eyebrows, while you make big eyes at me? Such a tone of surprise, too, would lead any one to suppose an event like this little less than a prodigy.'

'I beg your very lowest pardon; but I certainly did not mean to infer any such thing; it was merely surprise at such an odd mode of breaking the matter, in both parties.'

'Very adroitly turned, I must say, though I do not believe a word of that same excuse. Now ha' done making those horrible faces, and keep quiet.'

The truth was, he had felt a pang strike to his heart at this possibly looked for intelligence: which pang, he thought, could not be mistaken. He now more than suspected, and felt a long way on the approach towards assurance, that he was in love. He only wished he had made the discovery before this inopportune rival came 'betwixt the wind' and his affection. He forgot, in all probability, that that very circumstance was the cause. Marian he saw he looked rather odd and ill at ease, and forbore to torment him further.

Walford looked both vexed and surprised at this unexpected betrayal of his half-jest, half-earnest avowal, and soon afterwards took his leave.

Horace felt fearfully embarrassed when he was gone. He could not recover his wonted composure, evidently immersed in some more important subject than the topics bandied to and fro, apparently without object and without aim. He could not rally, and on taking leave, for the first time, felt glad to be alone. He had a most unquiet walk homewards, and arrived at his own door ere he was aware. During the greater part of the night he could not sleep—resolving, re-resolving—reason, feeling, in active and almost unceasing combat. He felt Marian was not the person he would at one time have chosen, and feared he ought not now. Her love of admiration, her want of that thorough sense of truth—religion, making its high and holy principles the guide, the rule of her conduct, was but too evident. Love of notoriety, though not fully developed, yet wanting circumstance only—the atmosphere of popular applause—to bring forth its painful and too general results. All these he had long observed; but, not conceiving his heart could ever be enthralled by a being like Marian, he took no precautions against such an issue. He had, however, fluttered too long round the flame, and was now doomed to the inevitable consequence. Her talents, her vivacity, her kindness, sympathy, and evident preference for his society, had all contributed to this result. He puzzled his memory in order to guess what her feelings could be with regard to himself, but was unable to come to any definite conclusion. Her am-

bition to be admired, with talents always exerted to secure it, might prompt her to a display, where no warmer feeling existed. And yet there were looks, tones of voice, words which memory now dwelt upon, that would seem to warrant an opposite conclusion. How sensible are we to a glance, even the inflection of a word from those we love; though scarcely observed, yet, like the electric shock, felt, where its presence and its course can neither be discovered nor understood. He dwelt on these ideas, until the cold, severe, prudential considerations he had previously indulged began to grow less urgent. Reason is a feeble antagonist where passion bears the sway; and how subtle the endeavour whereby reason herself is won over to our desire, and even to take its part in the still weakening struggle!

She was a good match in most respects, and, no doubt, when married, would bestow on her husband those energies and desires now finding vent in another direction. How would the duties, the pleasures, the sympathies of married life extinguish, or rather turn into a more useful channel, all those impulses which now threatened to become the bane of their possessor—the gnawing vulture that, unless fed continually with the applause, the admiration of a fickle public, would turn and devour its victim! Perhaps it was his duty—and, if he found she loved him, it would be his mission, to bend these to higher purposes connected with her station as a moral and responsible being. His heart bounded at the thought;—this heroic idea, which being the one most congenial to his wishes, no wonder it bore down all the feebler opposition which reason or prudence could inspire. There were no longer two armies in the field, but the repose, stillness, and exhaustion after the battle.

His heart fluttered audibly, at least to himself, as, the same evening, he paid his accustomed visit. Everything looked different; even that well-known, well-lighted chamber, and all the accustomed litter of a lady's workroom. His bosom was full of high hopes, resolves, and fears—his whole nature concentrated in one grand idea—love! the end, the substance, the disposition of all. He looked on Marian with another eye. She seemed abolutely handsome, now that he beheld her in the glowing light of a lover's glance.

He accosted her respectfully—tenderly. There was a change in his manner, and she saw it. A sudden 'speculation' as she raised her dark eye—and immediately it was withdrawn. Horace watched every look, caught every word, interpreting each with all the intensity, the vicissitude of a lover's feelings, in whom all things spiritual or earthly seem to unite, to take the hue of his imagination or his desire. These impressions gave a different tone to the usual run of their conversation. The quick, the ready repartee—the gentle, playful sarcasm—the glee, the hilarity, seemed at once to have given place to a deep and almost passionate expression on every subject they dwelt on—a tenderness not confined to him alone, but apparently both appreciated and participated in by both the sisters.

'I have been more than usually serious to-day,' said Horace, as the conversation turned on those occult influences, health and weather, on the spirits; 'and yet withal, so sweet the sorrow, I would not have exchanged its sadness for all that mirth could bestow—the joy of sorrow,' as the poet expresses it. I do think I shall turn just myself, some of these gloomy-looking days.'

'Oh,' said Marian, eagerly; 'and the subject?'

'Why, what subject so inspiring as—as love!' But here, very much against his wishes and endeavours, he felt excessively confused, though trying with all his ability to appear jocular.

'Love!' said Marian, suddenly looking up, and in a manner which did not tend to mitigate his embarrassment. 'And where, may I be so bold to ask, may that said spark be blown from?'

This was a most perplexing question at the present juncture. Gertrude was in the room, or he thought he should there and then have confessed. His long passed previous attachment to the latter, though now completely



subdued, made him shrink from any expression of that nature to another, at least in her presence, though, in all likelihood, she was at too great a distance to have heard, and, no doubt, too much engrossed with her own thoughts. The opportunity, therefore, passed. He started back from the avowal, merely saying, 'Oh! I cry you mercy; we lovers be mighty shy with our confessions. Even the name brings up such a tremor, we dare not breathe it to the winds, lest they babble it again.'

'Pon my word, Horace, but you are become mighty poetical all of a sudden; your prose even is 'run mad.' From that tall perch of yours at the custom-house, no doubt has been dispatched many an unfinished scrawl, commencing with 'Queen of the night,' 'Pale beam, a lover,' &c. Why, your very orders must smack of tenderness, and be redolent of 'sweetest poetry.'

Marian tried her best to be facetious, but words sadly belied her looks, and a silence ensued, more strange than pleasant to all parties.

Gertrude was the first to interrupt it by saying—'What a sudden pause! What quarrel is now a-brewing between you?'

'Oh Horace, here, has been very rude, talking about love (the noisome, mischievous creature). I don't mean you, Horace, but that urchin boy:—talking of love to a decent, well-ordered spinster like myself. I'm sure I don't know what he means by such idle humours.' She pretended to pout and look grave, but the effort ill became her, and only tended to re-assure Horace—to give him hopes that she was in no wise averse, at any rate, to converse on the subject. He determined not to let another opportunity pass by.

'And so, Miss Marian,' said he, 'you have taken your pleasant looks into winter quarters? We've long been friends, and I thought no harm to intrust you with a little secret; 'tis so delightful to talk about one's own thoughts, sometimes.'

'But you have not given me the slightest notion yet, as to where those same pleasant thoughts are tending.'

Another silence; and Horace, with half-averted eye and burning cheek, said in a low voice—'Would you really like to know, Marian?'

There was an unmistakable earnestness in the question, which, if Marian understood, was no hindrance to her answer. 'Know? To be sure I would. What woman does not like to be let into a love secret?'

His heart began to fail. There was something in her tone, whether affected or no, he could not quite understand. The opportunity was, however, too good to be lost, and he replied—'What would you say if I were to confess 'tis *Acree* my affections are hidden?'

A brief glance told where, and she replied—'You have the gift of saying nonsense. How dare you repeat such things.'

But he saw the disclosure was not displeasing; and he took her hand one moment, while saying, so as not to be heard by Gertrude—'Tis even so, and to none else, dearest Marian; but—another time, perhaps.'

'Say no more at present.'

'What is all that whispering about?' said Gertrude, raising her eyes from her work.

'Oh, nothing; only some—some more impertinence from our coz. Go and talk to her a little. I will be back presently.'

The flushed cheek and glowing eye of Marian told the excitement she could not just then subdue. As she hurried out of the room, one glance at Horace, ere she disappeared, shewed that his suit was accepted.

#### CHAP. II.—SOCIETY.

What a change had the last few days seen, in the feelings and prospects of Horace Orford. He seemed to move in a new orbit. New perceptions—almost new faculties—gave a tone and colour to all he saw: hitherto, apparently, he had been a stranger to them. The wand of the enchanter was upon him, and under its spell he lived, moved—felt as though it were the opening dawn of a

new state of being. It would be tedious to dwell on this phase of a lover's history. The most pleasant—the happiest hours of existence afford little interest for detail, little scope for that which constitutes narrative. Passion thwarted, hopes extinct, soul-harrowing endurance, the tempest, the simoom of life, are subjects which create interest, and find a response in the bosom of the reader.

The Mortons had introductions to several families, highly connected in the literary and fashionable world. Hitherto they had not availed themselves of any, not knowing but their stay might be short. Gertrude, however, still seemed to enjoy London, and appeared so much better for the change, that they determined to remain a few weeks longer. Horace, no doubt, urged this course; and Marian, nothing loth, had taken the usual steps to enlarge their acquaintance. Gertrude's medical attendant, likewise, thought a little more society would be beneficial, provided the change was not found too exciting. Through a cousin of Mrs Morton's, Lady Mansfield, they soon got initiated into fashionable life. Gertrude had not quite lost all traces of former beauty; and, with a little 'making up,' really, at times, looked not much amiss; but she had lost all that freshness and brilliancy, both of features and expression, once so captivating. Neither were her spirits equal to the wear and tear requisite for a thorough-going London season.

Marian entered into all with a relish and a zest, which novelty, in a mind like hers, could not fail to excite. Though with no pretensions to beauty, yet there seemed a charm, a fascination, about her, that never failed to attract; and Marian Morton was soon the idol, the delight, of every circle she moved in. Horace at first looked on with pride and admiration. He watched the throng gathered about her, and felt that her wit and talents deserved the homage they excited. Often would he sit apart, gazing on the ever-widening circle, charmed, dazzled, by the never-failing brilliancy of her conversation. At times, however, he began to feel this loneliness oppressive; while others were enjoying her society, he felt as though too often doomed to separation. While she was evidently delighted, exhilarated by her position, he moved through those gay saloons, lonely and deserted, in the midst of crowds. He thought her attention might have been a little more devoted to his own happiness, and a little less to those who only cared for her as an object of amusement. When he saw her alone, she was jaded and nervous from collapse. Complaints and exhaustion only for him, while she reserved her energies and her smiles for the flippant, witless things that buzzed about her. Appetite increased by what it fed on, so that ere long she seemed to live only in the glare and glitter of factitious excitement—the slave, the prey of morbid sentiment and false feelings—her brain reeling, her whole soul absorbed in the follies she despised.

It was found out, that, as a poet, she had no mean talents; and, in this enticing luxury of imagination, she often revelled when alone—a powerful auxiliary to the intoxicating draughts administered in public. Her dramatic genius, too, was discovered by these flatterers; and, of course, she must take a part in private theatricals. All her enjoyment now depended on popular notice, and popular applause. To this dangerous state of feeling, she by degrees surrendered herself, soul and body; and Horace's heart ached, as day by day he watched and lamented the change.

One night a brilliant soirée, at Lady Mansfield's, was attended by most of the literary talent in and about town. Marian was more than usually entertaining; wherever she moved, a happy, thoughtless circle gathered about her. Giddy with admiration, she stood on a tottering pinnacle, whence the least adverse breath might precipitate her. Horace was more alarmed than ever. He felt he had borne this too long without remonstrance, and determined to warn her of the inevitable danger attending her conduct. His high principles, chastened by an unflinching rectitude; his due appreciation of woman's sphere, and the danger of any departure from it; her

peril, whenever she rushes out of that wherein her true happiness and duty consist, rendered it imperative, nay criminal, not to interfere ere it might be too late.

He approached, instead of keeping aloof as heretofore. Mr Blacklock Grimm, a much belauded poet, was just then addressing her. This personage, having pushed his way into a certain coterie, on the broad principle of interchange of commodities, was sure of notice and favour from reviews belonging to the same loquacious set—the writers, in their turn, being sure of the same worthless praise. He exhibited an immense head of shaggy black hair, a huge misshapen set of features, dirty and slovenly in his habits and deportment, and was altogether as ungainly an object as one could happen to meet with on a long summer's day. He drank gin and water, like Lord Byron; chewed opium—he had heard Coleridge did this; and to such inspirations the world was indebted for the maudlin absurdities which seemed to tickle the long ears of his admirers. He boasted that he never went to church. He worshipped the God of nature, forsooth! and disdained forms and worthless ceremonies, unworthy his high and practical vocation. How this Adonis had contrived to wriggle himself into 'society,' was one of those inscrutable mysteries impenetrable to the uninitiated.

As Horace approached, this worthy, apparently in reply, was saying—'You cannot rid yourself yet, Miss Morton, of these old world notions. Those who, we trust, must regenerate society, ought to soar above such prejudices, which, as long as they be indulged, do mightily intronit, while hindering that high destiny we look forward to.'

'Oh,' said Marian, laughing, 'I am afraid that world will be too sublime, too ideal for such matter-of-fact persons as myself. You know I like a little fun and dissipation, dearly. We cannot all at once evaporate into the atmosphere of your ideal world—become ethereal, and live upon ambrosia.'

'You mistake us on this subject. The regenerate world will yet be a 'bodily, breathing, thinking thing,' as I say in my new poem entitled, 'A Medley on Mechanics' Institutes'; and this same existence only, freed from trammels, shackles, *tao-tai*, which prevent its sublimation, absorption into the spiritual essence, from which all things were originally produced, and into which we must elevate ourselves, if we are ever to be freed from the debasing superstitions, usages, habits, and forms of society, in which education and priestcraft have enwoven us.'

Horace, thoroughly disgusted with this empty jargon, ventured a reply—'I hope, sir, it will be long ere English men, and English females especially, are delivered from such forms, and given over to the tuition of such mis-called regenerators of society.'

Had a mine been sprung, the faces of Grimm, and his fellow nuisances, had hardly exhibited more unequivocal symptoms of surprise. Horace had hitherto taken little or no part in such arguments; so that, having kept in the background, nor ever shown symptoms either of inclination or ability to enter into discussion, they, the illuminati of the 'Claw-me claw-these school' (as a plain spoken looker-on used to call the male and female coteries established upon this principle), had never either suspected or considered it at all likely that he could show any dissent from, or dare to confront their opinions.

'Oh, my good friend,' said Grimm, with a spiteful sneer, 'may I inquire, if such inquisition be not too bold, in what part of these dominions you were raised? as our friends on the t'other side the Atlantic say; inasmuch as your apprehensions betray great ignorance of what is now dawning on the horizon of intellectual transcendentality.'

This choice specimen of wit was intended to act as an extingisher, and, in consequence, received with a lively burst of applause by those who resented any interference with, or opposition to, their 'grim' idol.

Horace, not at all cowed by this impertinence, mastered his contempt, so far as to say, without betraying symptoms

either of scorn or acerbity—'I believe, sir, the place of my raising is a matter of perfect indifference—the commodity, such as it is, stands before you.'

So much used to browbeat and silence not a few without, and many who dared to intrude within the circle in which they moved, the party, for a moment, was struck dumb at his audacity. Marian saw the defeat, and joined issue with him—'You see,' she said, with a smile, 'I have one true knight who comes to my rescue. It is not often, though, such favour has befallen me.'

'And whose fault is that, Marian?' replied Horace, gravely.

'Mine, of course,' said she, in a somewhat pettish tone; 'women are always in the wrong,—when man is the painter.'

'A pretty knight-errant, truly,' said one of Grimm's purveyors—a new-fledged reviewer in a periodical just emerging from chaos. Grimm was writing a review of his own volume, intended for that able and impartial journal.

'How I do hate to hear such childish nonsense about knight-errantry and the like!' he continued. 'Such allusions should be banished all well-constituted society; they belong to the age of genii and giants—things that ought long ago to have been consigned to oblivion. I would drive away all such, especially fairy tales, from the nursery. As long as our very first feelings are nurtured in the pernicious atmosphere of fiction, so long will truth, and that glorious consummation we look forward to, be thwarted, obscured by our earliest impressions.'

These almost oracular sayings were delivered by a cadaverous being in iron spectacles, whose word was law in his own sphere, though of little value beyond it. Political economy was his favourite study; and to this bed of Procrustes, all things, ends, aims, and dispositions, in his opinion, ought to be limited.

'How I do like to set you poets and philosophers by the ears,' said Marian; 'imagination and reality—philosophy and ideality. Like fire and water, how they hiss and sputter when they meet! But have done with these vain babblings, and to business, good sirs. Vamp's play has been read, and approved by the Committee of Taste. There is a piquant character entrusted to my poor abilities; and, in a few weeks, we shall, I hope, all of us be ready. The performance is to begin at the Dowager Lady Burley's; Sir Sampson takes the first in genteel comedy; but we are wanting sadly for a heroine. She is rather insipid, to be sure; and if we cannot get a real live one, we must appoint some smooth-faced, scant-browed youth, to dawdle through the part.'

'Blacklock Grimm to a nicety,' said a mischievous wag from the extreme verge. This raised a roar, at the poet's expense, that it was impossible to suppress. He began to look dangerous, and 'nasty,' as the pugilists were wont to say, at his next neighbour. Marian burst forth outright at the sarcasm; and soon the whole assembly was in a humour to laugh at the idlest word, and the most frivolous jest that floated by.

'And such,' thought Horace, 'is the stuff on which intelligent, responsible beings employ themselves—immortal, accountable, whose time and opportunity are but so many talents entrusted to their care for use and improvement. Alas! how far removed from what they profess to believe and obey!'

He looked at Marian. Was this one to whom he could entrust his happiness? He had once given advice, which now came back in a voice of thunder to his own ear—'Be not unequally yoked.' How could he be happy with one whose whole aim, object, motive, was love of notoriety? What chance of domestic bliss with a being like her? His heart sickened at the prospect. He felt he had made a false choice—he had done wrong. He had not committed his way to that guidance without which he was sure to go astray; he had wilfully followed after the idol of his heart, and against his better judgment. Conscience spoke loud, and he quailed at her voice; he was, however, pledged; he yet loved her sincerely, devotedly, nor could he go

back from his vow; but there was, he felt, a heavy responsibility upon him: he would not delay speaking to her, expostulating on the folly, impropriety of her present course, and beseeching her, as she valued his welfare and her own, to come out from amongst them.

### THE DEVELOPMENT HYPOTHESIS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.\*

EVERY individual, whatever its species or order, begins and increases until it attains to its state of fullest development, under certain fixed laws, and in *consequence* of their operation. The microscopic monad develops into a fetus, the fetus into a child, the child into a man; and, however marvellous the process, in none of its stages is there the slightest mixture of miracle;—from beginning to end, all is progressive development, according to a determinate order of things. Has *Natura*, during the vast geologic periods, been pregnant, in like manner, with the human race? and is the species, like the individual, an effect of progressive development, induced and regulated by law? The assertors of the revived hypothesis of Maillet and Lamarck reply in the affirmative. Nor, be it remarked, is there positive atheism involved in the belief. God might as certainly have *originated* the species by a law of development, as he *maintains* it by a law of development;—the existence of a First Great Cause is as perfectly compatible with the one scheme as with the other: and it may be necessary thus broadly to state the fact, not only in justice to the Lamarckians, but also fairly to warn their non-geological opponents, that in this contest the old anti-atheistic arguments, whether founded on the evidence of design or on the preliminary doctrine of final causes, cannot be brought to bear.

There are, however, beliefs, in no degree less important to the moralist or the Christian than even that in the being of a God, which seem wholly incompatible with the development hypothesis. If, during a period so vast as to be scarce expressible by figures, the creatures now human have been rising, by *almost* infinitesimals, from compound microscopic cells,—minute vital globules within globules, begot by electricity on dead gelatinous matter,—until they have at length become the men and women whom we see around us, we must hold either the monstrous belief, that all the vitalities, whether those of monads or of mites, of fishes or of reptiles, of birds or of beasts, are individually and inherently immortal and undying, or that human souls are *not* so. The difference between the dying and the undying,—between the spirit of the brute that goeth downward, and the spirit of the man that goeth upward,—is not a difference infinitesimally, or even atomically small. It possesses all the breadth of the eternity to come, and is an *infinitely great* difference. It cannot, if I may so express myself, be shaded off by infinitesimals or atoms; for it is a difference which—as there can be no class of beings intermediate in their nature between the dying and the undying—admits not of gradation at all. What mind, regulated by the ordinary principles of human belief, can possibly hold that every one of the thousand vital points which swim in a drop of stagnant water are inherently fitted to maintain their individuality throughout eternity? Or how can it be rationally held that a mere progressive step, in itself no greater or more important than that effected by the addition of a single brick to a house in the building state, or of a single atom to a body in the growing state, could ever have produced immortality? And yet, if the *spirit* of a monad or of a mollusc be not immortal, then must there either have been a point in the history of the species at which a dying brute—differing from its offspring merely by an inferiority of development, represented by a few atoms, mayhap by a single atom—produced an undying man; or man in his present state

must be a mere animal, possessed of no immortal soul, and as irresponsible for his actions to the God before whose bar he is, in consequence, never to appear, as his presumed relatives and progenitors, the beasts that perish. Nor will it do to attempt escaping from the difficulty, by alleging that God at some certain link in the chain *might* have converted a mortal creature into an immortal existence, by breathing into it a 'living soul'; seeing that a reannunciation of any such direct interference on the part of Deity in the work of creation forms the prominent and characteristic feature of the scheme,—nay, that it constitutes the very nucleus round which the scheme has originated. And thus, though the development theory be not atheistic, it is at least practically tantamount to atheism. For, if a man be a dying creature, restricted in his existence to the present scene of things, what does it really matter to him, for any one moral purpose, whether there be a God or no? If in reality on the same religious level with the dog, wolf, and fox, that are by nature *atheists*,—a nature most properly coupled with irresponsibility,—to what one practical purpose should he know or believe in a God whom he, as certainly as they, is never to meet as his Judge? or why should he square his conduct by the requirements of the moral code, farther than a low and convenient expediency may chance to demand?\*

Nor does the purely Christian objection to the development hypothesis seem less, but even more insuperable than that derived from the province of natural theology. The belief which is perhaps of all others most fundamentally essential to the revealed scheme of salvation, is the belief that 'God created man upright,' and that man, instead of proceeding onward and upward from this high and fair beginning, to a yet higher and fairer standing in the scale of creation, sank, and became morally lost and degraded. And hence the necessity for that second dispensation of recovery and restoration which forms the entire burden of God's revealed message to man. If, according to the development theory, the progress of the 'first Adam' was an upward progress; the existence of the 'second Adam'—that 'happier man,' according to Milton, whose special work it is to 'restore' and 'regain the blissful seat' of the lapsed race—is simply a meaningless anomaly. Christianity, if the development theory be true, is exactly what some of the more extreme Moderate divines of the last age used to make it—an idle and unsightly excrecence on a code of morals that would be perfect were it away.

I may be in error in taking this serious view of the matter; and, if so, would feel grateful to the man who could point out to me that special link in the chain of inference at which, with respect to the bearing of the theory on the two theologies,—natural and revealed,—the mistake has taken place. But if I be in error at all, it is an error into which I find not a few of the first men of the age, represented as a class by our Professor Sedgwick and Sir David Brewster, have also fallen; and until it be shown to be an error, and that the development theory is in no

\* The Continental assertors of the development hypothesis are greatly more frank than those of our own country regarding the 'life after death,' and what man has to expect from it. The individual, they tell us, perishes for ever; but, then, out of his remains there spring up other vitalities. The immortality of the soul is, it would seem, an idle figment for there really exist no such things as souls; but is there no comfort in being taught, instead, that we are to resolve into monads and maggots? Job solaced himself with the assurance that, even after worms had destroyed his body, he was in the flesh to see God. Had Professor Owen been one of his comforters, he would have sought to restrict his hopes to the prospect of living in the worms. 'If the organic fundamental substance consist of infusoria,' says the Professor, 'so must the whole organic world originate from infusoria. Plants and animals can only be metamorphoses of infusoria. This being granted, so almost must all organisations consist of infusoria, and, during their destruction, dissolve into the same. Every plant, every animal, is converted by maceration into a mucous mass; this putrefies, and the moisture is stocked with infusoria. Putrefaction is nothing else than a division of organisms into infusoria,—a reduction of the higher to the primary life. . . . Death is no annihilation, but only a change. One individual emerges out of another. Death is only a transition to another life,—not into death. This transition from one life to another takes place through the primary condition of the organic, or the mucous.'—*Phylo-Philosophy*, pp. 187-188.

\* From Foot-Prints of the Creator: or the Asterolepis of Stromness. By REV. MILLER, Author of 'The Old Red Sandstone,' &c. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.

degree incompatible with a belief in the immortality of the soul, in the responsibility of man to God as the final Judge, or in the Christian scheme of salvation, it is every honest man's duty to protest against any *ex parte* statement of the question, that would insidiously represent it as ethically an indifferent one, or as unimportant in its theological bearing, save to 'little religious sects and scientific coteries.' In an address on the fossil flora, made in September, 1849, by a gentleman of Edinburgh, to the St Andrew's Horticultural Society, there occurs the following passage on this subject: 'Life is governed by external conditions, and new conditions imply new races; but then, as to their creation, that is the *'mystery of mysteries.'* Are they created by an immediate fiat and direct act of the Almighty? or has He originally impressed life with an elasticity and adaptability, so that it shall take upon itself new forms and characters, according to the conditions to which it shall be subjected? Each opinion has had, and still has, its advocates and opponents; but the truth is, that *science*, so far as it knows, or rather so far as it has had the honesty and courage to avow, has yet been unable to pronounce a satisfactory decision. *Either way, it matters little, physically or morally;* either mode implies the same omnipotence, and wisdom, and foresight, and protection; and it is only your little religious sects and scientific coteries which make a pother about the matter,—sects and coteries of which it may be justly said, that they would almost exclude God from the management of his own world, if not managed and directed in the way that they would have it.' Now, this is surely a most unfair representation of the consequences, ethical and religious, involved in the development hypothesis. It is not its compatibility with belief in the existence of a First Great Cause that has to be established, in order to prove it harmless; but its compatibility with certain other all-important beliefs, without which simple Theism is of no moral value whatever,—a belief in the immortality and responsibility of man, and in the scheme of salvation by a Mediator and Redeemer. Dissociated from these beliefs, a belief in the existence of a God is of as little *ethical* value as a belief in the existence of the great sea-serpent.

Let us see whether we cannot determine what the testimony of geology on this question of creation by development really is. It is always perilous to under-estimate the strength of an enemy; and the danger from the development hypothesis to an ingenious order of minds, smitten with the novel fascinations of physical science, has been under-estimated very considerably indeed. Save by a few studious men, who to the cultivation of geology and the cognate branches add some acquaintance with metaphysical science, the general correspondence of the line of assault taken up by this new school of infidelity, with that occupied by the old, and the consequent ability of the assailants to bring, not only the recently forged, but also the previously-employed artillery into full play along its front, has not only not been marked, but even not so much as suspected. And yet, in order to show that there actually is such a correspondence, it can be but necessary to state, that the great antagonist points in the array of the opposite lines are simply the *law* of development *versus* the *miracle* of creation. The evangelistic churches cannot, in consistency with their character, or with a due regard to the interests of their people, slight or overlook a form of error at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society, that one can scarce travel by railway or in a steam-boat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided trace of its ravages.

But are the churches can be prepared competently to deal with it, or with the other objections of a similar class which the infidelity of an age so largely engaged as the present in physical pursuits will be from time to time originating, they must greatly extend their educational walks into the field of physical science. The mighty change which has taken place during the present century in the direction in which the minds of the first order are operating, though indicated on the face of the country in cha-

racters which cannot be mistaken, seems to have too much escaped the notice of our theologians. Speculative theology and the metaphysics are cognate branches of the same science; and when, as in the last and the preceding ages, the higher philosophy of the world was metaphysical, the churches took ready cognisance of the fact, and, in due accordance with the requirements of the time, the battle of the evidences was fought on metaphysical ground. But, judging from the preparations made in their colleges and halls, they do not now seem sufficiently aware,—though the low thunder of every railway, and the moat of every steam-engine, and the whistle of the wind amid the wires of every electric telegraph, serve to publish the fact,—that it is in the departments of physics, not of metaphysics, that the greater minds of the age are engaged,—that the Lockes, Humes, Kants, Berkeleys, Dugald Stewarts, and Thomas Browns, belong to the past,—and that the philosophers of the present time, tall enough to be seen all the world over, are the Humboldts, the Arago, the Agassizes, the Liebig, the Owens, the Herschels, the Bucklands, and the Brewsters. In that educational course through which, in this country, candidates for the ministry pass, in preparation for their office, I find every grove of great minds which has in turn influenced and directed the mind of Europe for the last three centuries, represented, more or less adequately, save the last. It is an epitome of all kinds of learning, with the exception of the kind most imperatively required, because most in accordance with the genius of time. The restorers of classic literature,—the Buchanans and Erasmuses,—we see represented in our universities by the Greek and what are termed the Humanity courses; the Galileos, Boyles, and Newtons, by the Mathematical and Natural Philosophy courses; and the Lockes, Kants, Humes, and Berkeleys, by the Metaphysical course. But the Cuviers, the Huttons, the Cavendishes, and the Watts, with their successors the practical philosophers of the present age,—men whose achievements in physical science we find marked on the surface of the country in characters which might be read from the moon,—are *not* adequately represented;—it would be perhaps more correct to say, that they are not represented at all; and the clergy as a class suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity,—a full age behind the requirements of the time. Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming. The battle of the evidences will have as certainly to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of the metaphysics. And on this new arena the combatants will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old, opposed to these, would prove but of little avail. In an age of muskets and artillery, the bows and arrows of an obsolete school of warfare would be found greatly less than sufficient in the field of battle, for purposes either of assault or defence.

'There are two kinds of generation in the world,' says Professor Lorenz Oken, in his 'Elements of Physio-Philosophy'; 'the creation proper, and the propagation that is sequent thereupon, or the *generatio originaria* and *secundaria*. Consequently, no organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, nor ever has one been created, which is not microscopic. Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed. Man has not been created, but developed.' Such, in a few brief dogmatic sentences, is the development theory. What in order to establish its truth, or even to render it in some degree probable, ought to be the geological evidence regarding it? The reply seems obvious. In the first place, the earlier fossils ought to be very *small* in size; in the second, very *low* in organisation. In cutting into the stony womb of nature, in order to determine what it contained mayhap millions of ages ago, we must expect, if the development theory be true, to look upon mere embryos and foetuses. And if we find, instead, the full-grown and the mature, then must we hold that the testimony of geology is not only *not in accordance* with the theory, but in positive opposition to it.

## PRESENCE OF MIND: A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS DR QUINCEY.

THE Roman formula for summoning an earnest concentration of the faculties upon any object whatever, that happened to be critically urgent, was *Hoc age*, 'Mind this!' or, in other words, do not mind that—*non illud age*. The antithetic formula was '*aliud agere*,' to mind something alien, or remote from the interest then clamouring for attention. Our modern military orders of '*Attention!*' and '*Eyes strait!*' were both included in the *Hoc age*. In the stern peremptoriness of this Roman formula we read a picturesque expression of the Roman character both as to its strength and its weakness—of the energy which brooked no faltering or delay (for beyond all other races the Roman was *natus rebus agendis*)—and also of the morbid craving for action, which was intolerant of anything but the intensely practical.

In modern times, it is we of the Anglo-Saxon blood, that is, the British and the Americans of the United States, who inherit the Roman temperament with its vices and its fearful advantages of power. In the ancient Roman these vices appeared more barbarously conspicuous. We, the countrymen of Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, and at one time the leaders of austere thinking, cannot be supposed to shrink from the speculative through any native incapacity for sounding its depths. But the Roman had a real inaptitude for the speculative: to him nothing was real that was not practical. He had no metaphysics; he wanted the metaphysical instinct. There was no school of native Roman philosophy: the Roman was merely an eclectic or *dilettante* picking up the crumbs which fell from Grecian tables; and even mathematics was so repulsive in its sublimer aspects to the Roman mind, that the very word mathematics had in Rome collapsed into another name for the dotages of astrology. The mathematician was a mere variety of expression for the wizard or the conjurer.

From this unfavourable aspect of the Roman intellect it is but justice that we should turn away to contemplate those situations in which that same intellect showed itself preternaturally strong. To face a sudden danger by a corresponding weight of sudden counsel or sudden evasion—that was a privilege essentially lodged in the Roman mind. But in every nation some minds much more than others are representative of the national type: they are normal minds, reflecting, as in a focus, the characteristics of the race. Thus Louis XIV. has been held to be the idealised expression of the French character; and amongst the Romans there cannot be a doubt that the first Cæsar offers in a rare perfection the revelation of that peculiar grandeur which belonged to the children of Romulus.

What was that grandeur? We do not need, in this place, to attempt its analysis. One feature will suffice for our purpose. The late celebrated John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, amongst the accidents of life which might serve to strengthen the natural tendencies to such a character, or to promote its development, rightly insists on *desertion*. To find itself in solitude, and still more to find itself thrown upon that state of abandonment by sudden treachery, crushes the feeble mind, but rouses a terrific reaction of haughty self-assertion in that order of spirits which matches and measures itself against difficulty and danger. There is something corresponding to this case of human treachery in the sudden caprices of fortune. A danger, offering itself unexpectedly in some momentary change of blind external agencies, assumes to the feelings the character of a perfidy accomplished by mysterious powers, and calls forth something of the same resentment, and in a gladiatorial intellect something of the same spontaneous resistance. A sword that breaks in the very crisis of a duel, a horse killed by a flash of lightning in the moment of collision with the enemy, a bridge carried away by an avalanche at the instant of a commencing retreat, affect the feelings like dramatic incidents emanating from a human will. This man they confound and

paralyse, that man they rouse into resistance as by a personal provocation and insult. And if it happens that these opposite effects show themselves in cases wearing a national importance, they raise what would else have been a mere casualty into the tragic or the epic grandeur of a fatality. The superb character, for instance, of Cæsar's intellect throws a colossal shadow as of predestination over the most trivial incidents of his career. On the morning of Pharsalia, every man who reads a record of that mighty event feels \* by a secret instinct that an earthquake is approaching which must determine the final distribution of the ground, and the relations amongst the whole family of man through a thousand generations. Precisely the inverse case is realised in some modern sections of history, where the feebleness or the inertia of the presiding intellect communicates a character of triviality to events that otherwise are of paramount historical importance. In Cæsar's case, simply through the perfection of his preparations arrayed against all conceivable contingencies, there is an impression left as of some incarnate Providence, veiled in a human form, ranging through the ranks of the legions; whilst, on the contrary, in the modern cases to which we allude, a mission, seemingly authorised by inspiration, is suddenly quenched, like a torch falling into water, by the careless character of the superintending intellect. Neither case is without its appropriate interest. The spectacle of a vast historical dependency, pre-organised by an intellect of unusual grandeur, wears the grace of congruity and reciprocal proportion. And on the other hand, a series of mighty events contingent upon the motion this way or that of a frivolous hand, or suspended on the breath of caprice, suggests the wild and fantastic disproportions of ordinary life, when the mighty masquerade moves on for ever through successions of the gay and the solemn—of the petty and the majestic.

Cæsar's cast of character owed its impressiveness to the combination which it offered of moral grandeur and monumental immobility, such as we see in Marius, with the dazzling intellectual versatility found in the Gracchi, in Sylla, in Catiline, in Antony. The comprehension and the absolute perfection of his prescience did not escape the eye of Lucan, who describes him as—'*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum*.' A fine lambent gleam of his character escapes also in that magnificent fraction of a line, where he is described as one incapable of learning the style and sentiments suited to a private interest—'*Indocilis privata loqui*.'

There has been a disposition manifested amongst modern writers to disturb the traditional characters of Cæsar and his chief antagonist. Audaciously to disparage Cæsar, and without a shadow of any new historic grounds to exalt his feeble competitor, has been adopted as the best chance for filling up the mighty gulf between them. Lord Brougham, for instance, on occasion of a dinner given by the Cinque Ports at Dover to the Duke of Wellington, vainly attempted to raise our countryman by unfounded and romantic depreciations of Cæsar. He alleged that Cæsar had contended only with barbarians. Now, that happens to be the literal truth as regards Pompey. The victories on which his early reputation was built were won from semi-barbarians—luxurious, it is true, but also effeminate in a degree never suspected at Rome until the next generation. The slight but summary contest of Cæsar with Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, dissipated at once the cloud of ignorance in which Rome had been involved on this subject by the vast distance and the total want of familiarity with Oriental habits. But Cæsar's chief antagonists, those whom Lord Brougham specially indicated, viz., the Gauls, were not barbarians. As a military people, they were in a stage of civilisation next to that of the Romans. They were quite as much

\* 'Feels by a secret instinct':—A sentiment of this nature is finely expressed by Lucan in the passage beginning, '*Advenisse diem*,' &c. The circumstance by which Lucan chiefly defeats the grandeur and simplicities of the truth, is, the monstrous numerical exaggeration of the combatants and the killed at Pharsalia.

*aguerrie*, hardened and seasoned to war, as the children of Rome. In certain military habits they were even superior. For purposes of war four races were then pre-eminent in Europe—viz., the Romans, the Macedonians, certain select tribes amongst the mixed population of the Spanish peninsula, and finally the Gauls. These were all open to the recruiting parties of Cæsar; and amongst them all he had deliberately assigned his preference to the Gauls. The famous legion, who carried the *Alauda* (the lark) upon their helmets, was raised in Gaul from Cæsar's private funds. They composed a select and favoured division in his army, and, together with the famous tenth legion, constituted a third part of his forces—a third numerically on the day of battle, but virtually a half. Even the rest of Cæsar's army had been for so long a space recruited in the Gauls, Transalpine as well as Cisalpine, that at Pharsalia the bulk of his forces is known to have been Gaulish. There were more reasons than one for concealing that fact. The policy of Cæsar was, to conceal it not less from Rome than from the army itself. But the truth became known at last to all wary observers. Lord Brougham's objection to the quality of Cæsar's enemies falls away at once when it is collated with the deliberate composition of Cæsar's own army. Besides that, Cæsar's enemies were not in any exclusive sense Gauls. The German tribes, the Spanish, the Helvetian, the Illyrian, Africans of every race, and Moors; the islanders of the Mediterranean, and the mixed populations of Asia, had all been faced by Cæsar. And if it is alleged that the forces of Pompey, however superior in numbers, were at Pharsalia largely composed of an Asiatic rabble, the answer is—that precisely of such a rabble were the hostile armies composed from which he had won his laurels. False and windy reputations are sown thickly in history; but never was there a reputation more thoroughly historic than that of Pompey. The late Dr Arnold of Rugby, amongst a million of other crotchets, did (it is true) make a pet of Pompey; and he was encouraged in this caprice (which had for its origin the doctor's *political*\* animosity to Cæsar) by one military critic, viz, Sir William Napier. This distinguished soldier conveyed messages to Dr Arnold, warning him against the popular notion, that Pompey was a poor strategist. Now, had there been any Roman state-paper office, which Sir William could be supposed to have searched and weighed against the statements of surviving history, we might, in deference to Sir William's great experience and talents, have consented to a rehearing of the case. Unfortunately, no new materials have been discovered; nor is it alleged that the old ones are capable of being thrown into new combinations, so as to reverse or to suspend the old adjudications. The judgment of history stands; and amongst the records which it involves, none is more striking than this—that, whilst Cæsar and Pompey were equally assailed by sudden surprises, the first invariably met the sudden danger (sudden but never unlooked-for) by counter resources of evasion. He showed a new front, as often as his situa-

tion exposed a new peril. At Pharsalia, where the cavalry of Pompey was far superior to his own, he anticipated and was in full readiness for the particular manoeuvre by which it was attempted to make this superiority available against himself. By a new formation of his troops he foiled the attack, and caused it to recoil upon the enemy. Had Pompey then no rejoinder ready for meeting this reply? No. His one arrow being shot, his quiver was exhausted. Without an effort at parrying any longer, the mighty game was surrendered as desperate. 'Check to the king!' was heard in silent submission; and no further stratagem was invoked even in silent prayer, but the stratagem of flight. Yet Cæsar himself, objects a celebrated doctor (viz. Bishop Warburton), was reduced by his own rashness at Alexandria to a condition of peril and embarrassment not less alarming than the condition of Pompey at Pharsalia. How far this surprise might be reconcilable with Cæsar's military credit, is a question yet undecided: but this at least is certain, that he was equal to the occasion; and, if the surprise was all but fatal, the evasion was all but miraculous. Many were the sudden surprises which Cæsar had to face before and after this—on the shores of Britain, at Marseilles, at Munda, at Thapsus—from all of which he issued triumphantly, failing only as to that final one from which he had in pure nobility of heart announced his determination to shelter himself under no precautions.

Such cases of personal danger and escape are exciting to the imagination, from the disproportion between the interests of an individual and the interests of a whole nation which for the moment happen to be concurrent. The death or the escape of Cæsar, at one moment rather than another, would make a difference in the destiny of many nations. And in kind, though not in degree, the same interest has frequently attached to the fortunes of a prince or military leader. Effectually the same dramatic character belongs to any struggle with sudden danger, though not (like Cæsar's) successful. That it was not successful becomes a new reason for pursuing it with interest; since equally in that result, as in one more triumphant, we read the altered course by which history is henceforward destined to flow.

For instance, how much depended—what a weight of history hung in suspense, upon the evasions, or attempts at evasion, of Charles I. He was a prince of great ability; and yet it confounds us to observe, with how little foresight, or of circumstantial inquiry, either as regarded things or persons, he entered upon these difficult enterprises of escape from the vigilance of military guardians. His first escape, viz., that into the Scottish camp before Newark, was not surrounded with any circumstances of difficulty. His second escape from Hampton Court had become a matter of more urgent policy, and was proportionally more difficult of execution. He was attended on that occasion by two gentlemen (Berkely and Ashburnham), upon whose qualities of courage and readiness, and upon whose acquaintance with the accidents, local or personal, that surrounded their path, all was staked. Yet one of these gentlemen was always suspected of treachery, and both were imbecile as regarded that sort of wisdom on which it was possible for a royal person to rely. Had the questions likely to arise been such as belong to a masquerading adventure, these gentlemen might have been qualified for the situation. As it was, they sank in mere distraction under the responsibilities of the occasion. The king was as yet in safety. At Lord Southampton's country mansion, he enjoyed the protection of a loyal family ready to face any risk in his behalf; and his retreat was entirely concealed. Suddenly this scene changes. The military commander in the Isle of Wight is acquainted with the king's situation, and brought into his presence, together with a military guard, though no effort had been made to exact securities from his honour in behalf of the king. His single object was evidently to arrest the king. His military honour, his duty to the parliament, his private interest, all pointed to the same result, viz., the immediate apprehension of the fugitive prince. What was

\* It is very evident that Dr Arnold could not have understood the position of politics in Rome, when he allowed himself to make a favourite of Pompey. The doctor hated aristocrats as he hated the gates of Erebus. Now Pompey was not only the leader of a most selfish aristocracy, but also their tool. Secondly, as if this were not bad enough, that section of the aristocracy to which he had dedicated his services was an odious oligarchy; and to this oligarchy, again, though nominally its head, he was in effect the most submissive of tools. Cæsar, on the other hand, if a democrat in the sense of working by democratic agencies, was bending all his efforts to the reconstruction of a new, purer, and enlarged aristocracy, no longer reduced to the necessity of buying and selling the people in mere self-defence. The overlying war of bribery, operating upon universal poverty, the internal disease of Roman society, would have been redressed by Cæsar's measures, and was redressed according to the degree in which those measures were really brought into action. New judicatures were wanted, new judicial laws, a new aristocracy, by slow degrees a new people, and the right of suffrage exercised within new restrictions—all these things were needed for the cleansing of Rome; and that Cæsar would have accomplished this labour of Hercules was the true cause of his death. The scoundrels of the oligarchy felt their doom to be approaching. It was the just remark of Napoleon, that Brutus (but still more, we may say, Cicero), though falsely accredited as a patriot, was, in fact, the most exclusive and the most selfish of aristocrats.

there in the opposite scale to set against these notorious motions? Simply the fact that he was nephew to the king's favourite chaplain, Dr Hammond. What rational man, in a case of that nature, would have relied upon so poor a trifle? Yet even this inconsiderable bias was much more than balanced by another of the same kind but in the opposite direction. Colonel Hammond was nephew to the king's chaplain, but in the meantime he was the husband of Cromwell's niece; and upon Cromwell privately, and the whole faction of the Independents politically, he relied for all his hopes of advancement. The result was, that, from mere inertia of mind and criminal negligence in his two attendants, the poor king had run right into the custody of the very jailor whom his enemies would have selected by preference.

Thus, then, from fear of being made a prisoner, Charles had quietly walked into the military prison of Carisbrook Castle. The very security of this prison, however, might throw the governor off his guard. Another escape might be possible; and again an escape was arranged. It reads like some leaf torn from the records of a lunatic hospital, to hear its circumstances and the particular point upon which it split. Charles was to make his exit through a window. This window, however, was fenced by iron bars; and these bars had been to a certain extent eaten through with *aqua fortis*. The king had succeeded in pushing his head through, and upon that result he relied for his escape; for he connected this trial with the following strange maxim or postulate, viz., that whosoever the head could pass, there the whole person could pass. It needs not to be said, that, in the final experiment, this absurd rule was found not to hold good. The king stuck fast about the chest and shoulders, and was extricated with some difficulty. Had it even been otherwise, the attempt would have failed; for, on looking down from amidst the iron bars, the king beheld, in the imperfect light, a number of people who were not amongst his accomplices.

Equal in fatuity, almost 150 years later, were the several attempts at escape concerted on behalf of the French royal family. The abortive escape to Varennes is now familiarly known to all the world, and impeaches the good sense of the king himself not less than of his friends. The arrangements for the falling in with the cavalry escort could not have been worse managed had they been entrusted to children. But even the general outline of the scheme, an escape in a collective family party—father, mother, children, and servants—and the king himself, whose features were known to millions, not even withdrawing himself from the public gaze at the stations for changing horses—all this is calculated to perplex and sadden the pitying reader with the idea that some supernatural infatuation had bewildered the predestined victims. Meantime an earlier escape than this to Varennes had been planned, viz., to Brussels. The preparations for this, which have been narrated by Madame de Campan, were conducted with a disregard of concealment even more astounding to people of ordinary good sense. 'Do you really need to escape at all?' would have been the question of many a lunatic; 'if you do, surely you need also to disguise your preparations for escape.'

But alike the madness, or the providential wisdom, of such attempts commands our profoundest interest; alike—whether conducted by a Cæsar or by the helpless members of families utterly unfitted to act independently for themselves. These attempts belong to history, and it is in that relation that they become philosophically so impressive. Generations through an infinite series are contemplated by us as silently awaiting the turning of a sentinel round a corner, or the casual echo of a footstep. Dynasties have trepidated on the chances of a sudden cry from an infant carried in a basket; and the safety of empires has been suspended, like the descent of an avalanche, upon the moment earlier or the moment later of a cough or a sneeze. And, high above all, ascends solemnly the philosophic truth, that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential of the mysterious universe.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. PART II.—THE PRESENT.

### CHAP. III.—REMONSTRANCE.

THE next day was Sunday, and Horace contrived to get a private audience. Marian complained much of exhaustion, lassitude, and all the disorders concomitant to, and probably inseparable from, fashionable life. He addressed her tenderly—'My dear Marian, these are heavy charges to pay for our pleasure overnight. 'Le jeu, vaut-il-t-il la chandelle?'

'I know not; but what are we to do? We cannot be out of the world, while we are in it.'

'We may be in it, and yet not completely immersed in its vanities.'

'I suppose you don't mean to say we should set up for saints and censors to everybody that does not say and think as we do. I wish you joy of your occupation, if this be of it.'

'Dearest Marian, I dislike, as much as you, all ostentatious display, and 'stand by, I am holier than thou;' but there is a wide difference between standing silently aloof, and mixing ourselves up with the follies we are taught to shun.'

'Every one has his talent—his sphere. We cannot move out of it if we would. Mine, good sir, seems to be, what you have seen and—condemn.'

There was yet tenderness in that wayward, foolish heart, though sadly warped and corrupted by the vanities she pursued. He saw a gleam from her better nature—a melting of the spirit. Love of pleasure had not quite congealed those feelings at their source. He took advantage of the coming tide while in his favour, and continued—'My dear Marian, believe me, you mistake your true sphere of action. 'Tis not woman's. Hers is not to rush forth, amid the gaze of admiring crowds, to court notoriety as her only aim; there are other and higher occupations allotted expressly to her—duties which man cannot fulfil.'

'And so you lords of the creation are jealous of our talents. Whenever a Corinna does break through the trammels wherewith you would enthrall us—just to show and make you feel what woman can be—you instantly set up the cry of 'A woman out of her sphere; let her mind her duties;' which means, I suppose, the pie and pudding department; or, like the Indian squaw, to minister to her husband's appetite, and, maybe, take his leaveings when her lord has dined.'

'I meant no such thing, Marian; and you know it. Why will you clever women be so perverse? When we would exalt you into your true sphere, you immediately run off, or pretend to do so, with the notion that envy, or jealousy of your superior talents, is the cause; and we purposely keep woman in the background, lest she should outshine ourselves.'

'And, in nine cases out of ten, that is the real truth of the matter. I have been determined to let you see that woman can both soar and sustain her flight. I feel it; and why should I be faithless to my mission?'

The proud nervous glance, the glowing eye of his beloved, told too truly that the poison of self-adulation, the haughty consciousness of superiority her genius elicited, had done its work. Marian had drunk too long of the intoxicating beverage to lay it aside. An occasional draught had become habit, and, unless continually administered, she must sink into inanity and wretchedness. Horace shuddered as he looked on the pale, exhausted being before him, full of high hopes, indomitable ambition, responsible for all she had, or might have possessed; and talents, given for a nobler purpose, devoted, degraded to self-worship and self-applause.

'I much question whether those for whom you suffer this (I might call self-immolation), do not condemn your pursuits; and, spite of all they pretend, say behind your back what, probably, you little expect.'



Marian's eyes flashed. She grew decidedly angry, and a paler hue passed on her lip as she spoke—'I am indeed surprised and hurt at such an insinuation. You ought to know better; you sit aloof from our company, never deigning to mix in the conversation; you hardly ever say a word either of praise or censure, but, it now appears, look down with silent contempt, from the heights of your sublime philosophy, on our doings, which, perhaps, may be as pleasing and as useful as your own. Stop; I have not yet done. There be more ways than one of accomplishing the objects for which we are destined, viz., the good of mankind—more methods than what your crying, moaning philosophy would allow. I hold it that wit, genius, imagination, work more beneficially, and achieve more good for society than ever could be accomplished by your dry, dull pedantry, while the world lasts. Look around, and see who has the most influence—I or you? Why, where you, and the like, would only be preparing, clearing your throats for the exordium, such hairbrained, dashing philosophers as myself, would, by one lively stroke—one ingenious sally, gain, by a sudden coup, the very end probably, you, in a round-about, unapproachable way, would only be humming and hawing at. Besides, you would not be listened to, whilst I can get an audience, and an attentive one, too, for the truths I teach, through the pleasant avenues by which I lead them. And then the delight with which such an one as myself is listened to. No, no, Horace,'—she had now talked herself into good humour,—'depend on it, my teaching before your's any day, and in any stage of society.'

'And are you sure that your very fascinated auditory are so influenced by your genius, as to be any the better for it? Nay; do you never suspect they may blame, perhaps criticise, and, a step further, sneer at you? Nay, dear Marian, do not look so; I did not mean either to hurt or offend. I am plain spoken, and only say what I have long suspected. I, who know and love you, can only grieve at, and be sorry that you should exert yourself, waste your energies—your talents, on a parcel of worthless, heartless charlatans, who, depend on it, will, in the end, turn upon and rend you.'

She was silent for a short space, and evidently offended. He had touched a sensitive part in her composition.

'What can have debased my faculties so much in your esteem,' she replied, 'as that you should suppose I exist only to be laughed at, is beyond my comprehension. Were 'thy wishes, Harry, father to the thought?'

'Nay—I protest'—

'Listen; so far from such a disposition existing amongst my friends, I am persuaded they are perfectly sincere. My vanity is not so very blind—my intellects not so very obtuse, but that I could, in a moment, detect any such feeling as you suspect. Don't suppose I am the vain simpleton you seem so ready to give me credit for. If you are jealous, because I do not devote all my opportunities and attentions on yourself, it is time our engagement were at an end.'

Horace felt the warm current of affection gush forth, as he replied—'Dearest Marian, you seem determined to misunderstand me. These remarks—call them remonstrances, if you like—spring from the truest affection—nay, even from admiration of your genius. Rest assured, your best, your only friends are they who warn you of danger, and not the idle, dissolute throng who one hour sing your praises, and the next, mayhap, scoff at and deride you. How many like yourself have for a moment glittered in the fickle light of popular favour, and the next been flung aside for a newer plaything—a meteor's course, bursting on the world only to dazzle, and be extinguished for ever!'

'Every one to their vocation; we cannot all be content to live and die in domestic bliss. Some of our sex, who would cut a sorry figure in this department, are yet destined to a far higher and nobler vocation. I flatter myself I have found out mine, and mean to follow it.'

He looked sorrowfully on the world's idol, as she thought and felt herself. He saw the vanity and the danger

of the course she pursued, and could only pray that her eyes might be opened ere too late.

With a heavy heart he spent the day with the family; and, returning home, felt more disconsolate than he had long known.

#### CHAP. IV.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

It was only a few evenings after, that Horace received an invitation to another literary assemblage. Both Gertrude and Marian were expected. He felt sick and depressed at the thought of going, but considered it his duty to escort the ladies. Marian had braced herself up for a great occasion. She would make even Horace own her power, and her sway over those she associated with.

The meeting was more than usually brilliant, and Marian more than ordinarily fascinating. She could not help every now and then turning a look of triumph on Horace, who hovered about, seldom taking any part in the conversation. Grimm and he of the iron spectacles were present, rehearsing the parts of knight and squire. The fulsome adulations they paid, and Marian received, were more unsparring than ever. Horace took her to the refreshment-room. She was in a most engaging humour. All had gone on so well, so entirely to her satisfaction, and those about her, she just longed to ask him whether or not her plans were not preferable to his own. An alcove, decorated with rich drapery, was at the upper end of the apartment. Marian, wishing for a little rest, drew Horace within the recess, where she threw herself on the cushions, completely fatigued with her exertions. At present they were alone; one of the curtains, dividing their retreat from the saloon, was unlooped, so that they were hidden from the greater portion of the adjoining room. Whilst engrossed in conversation, a party strolled in for refreshment, and fixed themselves just on the other side of the curtain. Had the lovers been ever so wishful, they could not avoid hearing every word that was said. Old Lady Blomberg, the three Misses Biffen, Grimm and his shadow, along with several more of the select, all admirers, and never-failing attendants in Marian's coterie, composed the party.

'I wonder when she will cease making a fool of herself,' said Lady Blomberg.

'Ha, ha!' giggled Grimm. 'It is a pity; is it not? But she is so in love with herself, she cannot see what all the world sees, and what your ladyship has so judiciously expressed.'

'Oh,' grunted the old gossip, 'one cannot help it—the creature is so abominably vain!'

'She aims at universal conquest,' said the eldest Miss Biffen, whose aims at conquest had not ceased with the power of doing so. 'I really wonder what the men can see in her to run after in such an extraordinary way.'

'She certainly is no beauty,' said Miss Biffen the second, looking at her own more decided pretensions in a mirror just behind.

'Her poetry is really'—and here the speaker, Mr Blacklock Grimm, put his ugly features into such a horrid screw of disgust, that set the whole party in a titter. 'I find you know what I mean,' said he; 'tis very ungallant I feel, but, then, such mawkish stuff is not to be endured.'

'We are getting rather severe, I think,' said Miss B. the third, in a somewhat scornful tone. She had suffered, in the review of a little volume of poetry; which castigation she always attributed to the pen of Grimm—at any rate, the attack came from that quarter.

'She has often tried us with articles,' said the iron spectacles, whose name, we believe, was Quagga, or something like it; 'and our editor is now so used to her writing, that he never reads her productions, but sends them back under envelope, saying they are very clever, and so forth, but not exactly suited to our pages.'

Now this was an unmitigated falsehood; Marian had never but once sent to the magazine, and, then, at the solicitation of this same Quagga. She had not heard the fate of her contribution until now, and with a hot and burning brow she longed to brand him as he deserved.

Horace durst not look at her during this excruciating colloquy, but stood almost as uncomfortable as herself, hardly knowing how or where to look. His blood was boiling with indignation. He would fain have gone out of ear-shot, but that was impossible; they were obliged to stay and endure the whole. Every word shot like molten fire through Marian's brain. However glad Horace might be in the end, that she could hear and know the folly, the wickedness of her pretended worshippers, he felt keenly for her as for himself. The lesson, though severe, he hoped would be salutary, and he ventured, for the first time, to turn his eyes on her. She looked almost petrified—a calm more terrible than the fiercest outbreak of passion.

The party moved off. When the coast was clear, Horace and Marian made good their retreat unobserved. Gertrude was with a quiet company in the next room, and Horace thought it best they should leave immediately. Marian's excitement was too great to allow her to remain. He was fearful of some ill-suppressed burst of passion, had she again mingled amongst the guests.

He led her into the ante-chamber, while he spoke to Gertrude, and attributed so early a departure to Marian's indisposition. He did not once allude to the subject during their drive homewards, where he bade her an affectionate farewell.

The next evening he went as early as possible to the hotel, and, on seeing Marian, was alarmed at finding her really ill. She lay on the sofa, Gertrude bathing her forehead with *eau de Cologne*.

'I am glad you are come,' said Gertrude; 'Marian is suffering dreadfully from nervous headache, and a little of your company will do her good.'

'You see, Horace, what poor frail things we are,' said Marian, 'crushed by a breath—and I really feel good for nothing.'

There was a much humbler and more subdued tone now than heretofore, which, he hoped, was the harbinger of better things. She had evidently not told Gertrude of last night's adventure, and he did not therefore allude to it.

Soon afterwards Gertrude left the room, when Marian said—'I must now submit with the best grace I can. I own your too observant powers, and, however mortified and degraded in my own eyes, I have not yet, I hope, lost your esteem.'

'Indeed, Marian, you are a thousand times more precious to me now than ever, even when basking in the admiration of those who flattered but to betray.'

'I feel it. How dear—how prized is one true heart amongst the hollow pretence, the deceit of those around us. But I will have revenge;' and here she looked upwards with a glance of scorn.

Horace had rather not have beheld such a manifestation. 'Don't talk of revenge, Marian; the things you scorn can bite, sting, and annoy, where your revenge cannot reach them. Besides, the best revenge will be in leaving them to bite and sting one another, which, depend on it, they will, if they haven't other game. The very utmost you can do, would only afford them further opportunities for mischief.'

'But if I work out for myself a name—a reputation in the quiet depths of the closet, and come forth as others have done before me, I will impale these vermin, though almost too low for contempt. I feel I have the power, and it shall come forth.'

Again the idol self set up for worship, though in a different garb. Still the same love of fame, adulation—the aliment she had lived on so long, until the appetite rejected wholesome food, and the system languished without it.

Horace was grieved to find her in this mood; but he hoped time and reflection would change and chasten her resolve. Her pride was goaded to the quick, and no wonder the determination she at present evinced. He said little to dissuade her directly from the project, but resolved to lead her into a healthier train of thought whenever possible. His influence over her, now that

she had tested the truth of his observations, would, he hoped, be sufficient to induce her to employ her talents for a different purpose.

With the return of Gertrude, the conversation took another tone. Marian brightened up, under the influence of her own resolve, and was tolerably cheerful—at times amusing. Horace was glad of the change, but had rather it had come from a different source. Such was, however, hardly to be expected. The mind existing so long under the glare of meretricious excitement, could not be supposed all at once to enjoy the genial light of truth. The dazzling blaze she basked in, had made her blind—insensible to the true beauty of objects not immediately under its influence. He hoped, as the eye became used to a clearer light, she would be able to see all the peril of the path wherein she had been misled.

Marian pounced upon her new occupation immediately. The next morning saw her with pen poised, a glossy quire before her, and a long deliberation how to begin. At length she rushed into the midst of her subject—a tale illustrative of 'Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs.' This was to be the title. So far was achieved, and she felt as though, through her, the great champion of the sex, woman's true position should be secured.

That a man must be a hero to pourtray one, has been a favourite maxim, from Milton downwards. Marian felt all the heroine upon her, as she commenced her task; and few could have dreamt, from the air of satisfaction, nay, triumph, she evinced, of last night's mortification. The words flew from her pen. Fancy glowed, and she grew eloquent with her subject, so that when Horace arrived, he was astonished at the change a few hours had made. Again her thoughts seemed to dilate with anticipated triumph. She held up the scribbled sheets. 'Here,' she cried—'here is what shall crush, massacre the whole crew—or, more properly, a bait for the public ear. When that is done, I will pin them like grubs in a cabinet—hideous, nasty things, only fit to show what horrid pests are permitted to exist.'

Horace did not look as though participating in the malediction. He merely said—'Why let such contemptible things annoy you?—why rush again before a scoffing, trifling world? Depend on it, you would reap a richer harvest both of comfort and satisfaction, could you let them alone, and eschew all attempts at recrimination.'

'I am determined on it, Horace. I feel I have the power, and I am sure I possess the will. So a truce with your wise saws, prudential maxims, and the like, which, after all, are only so many different exhibitions of selfishness, lest one's comfort should be disturbed. To perpetrate the revenge I am bent upon, I would not care if the whole pack were let loose upon me.'

'And may I inquire as to the space your projected work will occupy; because the sort of life you are at present immersed in, would render it impossible any great progress could be made, unless a mere article for a magazine, or a modest pamphlet be intended.'

'I intend no such thing—a regular three volume affair; nothing less, I assure you. I'll draw Grimm and his crew to the life.'

'Then I fancy you must shut yourself up, and forbear all society.'

'Mamma and Gertrude have no objections to go home—that I have ascertained. To tell you the truth, we are making preparations already.'

He looked surprised, not expecting so sudden a return. Though glad, on some accounts, she was leaving the vortex into which she had plunged, yet he could not help feeling a sense of depression at the prospect of so soon losing her.

'Next week, Horace,' she continued; 'but—I am sorry to lose you—and—I trust it is mutual.'

She was evidently in earnest. Her eyes began to fill; but she brushed away the tears, and, holding out her hand, said—'I know you will regret me when I am gone, though I've been plague enough while here. I am too—too wayward—too volatile—too—' She turned away her head as

the following confession escaped her—'Too self-willed, I fear, for your happiness—and my own.'

'Dearest Marian, I hope when you have tried *all*, and found it vanity, you will be satisfied; and all the better for the training you have yet to undergo. But whatever you are, you will always be my dear, dear Marian still.' He pressed her to his bosom.

The wayward child of genius felt the truth of all he said, though impelled to pursue a folly and a phantom, until lured almost to the verge of destruction.

### THE POET'S HOMILY.

Yield thee to Heaven, O, mortal man,  
In light and shade, and heat and cold;  
And let be, 'mid life's troubled span,  
Thy love increased, thy hate controll'd;  
That kind converse thy soul may hold  
With those above and 'neath the sun:  
For the dead low lie, and the living die—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

O, ill for ill ne'er, ne'er return,  
Whate'er the provocation be;  
Hearts that forgiveness will not learn,  
The homes of Heaven will never see.  
If men when met e'er disagree,  
Strive to allay the strife begun:  
For the heavens are steep, and hell is deep,  
And the gates of life are hard to won.

When gold and gear is won and lost  
Amid the changeful traffic here,  
Bethink thee what avails thee most  
When desolation's hour draws near;  
The thought, though sad, thee yet may cheer,  
And aid thee what to seek and shun:  
For the world grows old, and the grave is cold,  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Hypocrisy root from thy soul:  
His who earth's wanderers came to call  
Home from the 'wicked one's' control  
This reprobated most of all.  
Be, be sincere whate'er befall—  
Sincerity, when life is run,  
Is virtue's power in the trying hour—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Watch much the works of God, and more  
His hand; for He in many a thing  
That heedless hearts deem ever o'er,  
Will round a retribution bring.  
Ne'er coldness o'er the fortune fling  
Of those who honestly have done;  
For thy slightest grudge thy God will judge—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Reprove the faults that thou may'st see,  
Not to the world to make them known;  
Or if reproof behoves not thee,  
Regard them to correct thine own.  
When thou 'mong merrier hearts art thrown,  
Urge not too far the wit and fun,  
For these prolonged leave all feeling wronged—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Ponder the works of God, and well  
Mark their philosophy and might:  
Zeal wanting knowledge matches hell,  
Which, heat possessing, lacketh light.  
Search for, and when thou find'st the light,  
Aid warmly man and mother's son  
In the things of earth and of loftier birth—  
For the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Pain not anew the wounded heart,  
Since God and time can only heal  
The bosoms death has torn apart,  
And left its shadow on the leal.  
They most will say who least can feel,  
And mar the cure that is begun;  
O, no words can drain from the heart its pain—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Seek not to lower the sons of fame;  
To thine own land prove ever true;  
Believe not soon the voice of blame;  
Reproach not those their faults that rue.  
Suspicion curb, nor misconstrue  
The aim, though steps astray have run,  
For the Power on high can the heart but try—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

From lowly home or lofty hall  
Things said and done bear not away,  
For when from other lips they fall  
Far other meanings they'll convey.  
If the generous deed thou let't decay,  
And keep'st alive the worthless one,  
'Tt tells thou art of corrupted heart—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.  
Esteem the modest, love the meek;  
Curse not, nor court the proud; pursue  
The course that shall protect the weak;  
Give honour meet to merit true.  
If ever thou would'st hearts subdue,  
Let it by kindness but be done,  
For this power alone lives ever on  
When the homes of Heaven themselves are won.

Pity severer feelings aye,  
When cares and fears around have sprung;  
And ride by night, and run by day,  
If thou canst aid by hand or tongue;  
Let sympathies that aye are young  
Thy leal warm heart dwell in and on,  
For the cold are dead ere to dust they're wred—  
And the gates of Heaven are hard to won.

Seek purity, and ask from God  
The power by which it is attain'd;  
For heaven would prove no blest abode  
If, wasting this, it could be gain'd.  
If there could come the wild and stain'd,  
'They'd find themselves for aye undone;  
Then be pure and kind, and bear in mind  
That the homes of Heaven are hard to won.

On earth, then, let all hearts agree,  
In faith and love, in woe or joy,  
If through the ages that shall be  
They would agree amid the sky.  
If all must die and lowly lie,  
And rise to meet the Eternal's Son,  
Pride cast away, and all spite for aye—  
For the homes of Heaven are hard to won.

HENRY SCOTT RENDALL.

### PALAIS ROYAL.

We did not enter within the precincts of this immense parallelogram of masonry by the square at the end of the rue St Honoré, but by the low, narrow passages at the opposite extremity of the garden, and we were as much struck with the difference between our conceptions of this great theatre of France, and the reality which it presented, as we were astonished at its extent. Issuing from a mean, low alley, we suddenly entered a large quadrangle, around which gaily lighted shops displayed their varied treasures, where flowers and trees shook their dust-laden leaves in the face of night, and in the centre of which, a splendid jet-d'eau threw up its sparkling waters, which, falling again in drizzling showers, cooled the surrounding air. It was evening, and the time was propitious for seeing this and some other parts of Paris with the most effect. Children were playing and shouting in the royal garden. People were lounging in the galleries, and looking into the windows of the *marchands*, who were standing at doors smoking their pipes, or sitting in easy attitude talking about the next expected *coup d'état*, while wives were preparing for an adjournment from business in the evening. The sky above was as calm and serene as the night were sleeping, and the stars were watching slumbers, and everything was peaceful. Around every place of public resort in Paris, were the usual

dreds of rush-bottomed chairs; and around us also were the lights that lighted up the depositories of the industrial productions of France. Human productions, all tending to human progress and comfort, met our eyes wherever we turned, and yet we were in one of the grand foci of French intrigue, of French ideas, and of bloody revolution. Scarcely yesterday, and the yells of fierce combat, of passion, and of maddened despair, were heard mingling with the roar of deadly musketry here. It was near to this place that above a hundred soldiers were slain by the people in the struggle of February, 1848. It was upon one of those rude chairs that Camille Desmoulins sprang in 1793, when the people, furious and agitated on account of their encounter with the troops of de Lambese, were ready for any desperate enterprise, and, with the wild, quick, ejaculatory eloquence of passion, he incited the street fights that have ever since characterised revolutions in Paris. The mob who had listened to him that night in the gardens of the Palais Royal, had but a few minutes before encountered the troops under the Prince de Lambese on the spot which is now the Place de la Concorde, and after the first blow had been struck by the soldiers, and the first speech made by the demagogue, the cry was '*A la Bastille!*' It was in the Place de la Concorde that Camille Desmoulins and the other Dantonists were beheaded in April, 1794. The well-known tenements are to be found without difficulty, in which the clubs of the Jacobins, Thermidorians, and Dantonists met and had their discussions; and the cafés of the Palais Royal are still the resort of talking politicians, in whose list of consumpts time and tobacco make the largest figures.

The Palais Royal externally does seem to be a palace, and a very splendid one also, but internally it appears to be a city of refuge—an eastern Alsatia. Where it now stands, there once stood a palace of Charles VI. beyond the city walls; which palace Cardinal Richelieu purchased, levelled with the ground, and on its site founded the Palais Cardinal. Begun in 1620, the building continued for sixteen years, gradually extending over a much larger space than had been occupied by the supernumerary palace of Charles, until it comprehended the sites of two other princely mansions. Within the walls of this crafty and bold churchman's palace, were several splendid courts; on one side a theatre that was capable of accommodating 8000 spectators, and on the other a magnificent gallery, on the ceilings of which were painted the principal events of the cardinal's life. Beautiful gardens and fine trees surrounded this magnificent dwelling, which might have better befitted the sybarite, than a monk with vows of abstinence and austerity upon his lips. The splendid design of the cardinal was never finished, and it is said the works were intrusted through the jealousy of Louis XIII., to whom, however, the cardinal presented this palace, confirming the gift in the year of his death, 1642, by his will. Louis XIII. removed to it immediately, and the name of Palais Royal was from that time conferred upon it. During the revolution of 1793, it was called the Palais Egalite, and Palais du Tribunat; and presently it is termed Palais Nationale—names which denote the temper of certain epochs of French history.

Louis XIII. enjoyed this palace scarcely a year; but after his death, Anne of Austria, and the young king Louis XIV., resided here during the civil commotions in France, called the wars of the Fronde. It was here that the plots and cabals which distracted France during that unhappy period were concocted and hatched, and thence they were sent forth on their warlike intents. Louis XIV. gave this palace to his brother the duke of Orleans as a residence for life, during which period it was considerably extended; and afterwards he ceded it to his nephew Philippe, duke of Orleans, as part of his marriage portion. When it came into the possession of the regent duke of Orleans, he formed the celebrated Orleans gallery, the pictures of which were sold when the troubles of the first revolution began to agitate and pinch the court.

During the regency, the Palais Royal was the theatre of many strange orgies, dark intrigues, and gay revels;

which were partially revived when this palace came into the possession of the father of Louis Philippe. Thirty years previous to the revolution, the great theatre which Cardinal Richelieu had built was destroyed by fire, upon which it was found necessary to rebuild the entire front and two wings of the palace, after the design of Moreau. The extravagant liberality of Philippe Egalite, in his patronage of the arts and muses, could not long continue without exhausting his treasury, and involving him in debt; and so enormous did his liabilities latterly become, that he meditated to take advantage of the insolvency law. The brother of Madame de Genlis, however, advised him to associate the useful with the beautiful, and to convert the garden of his palace into a bazaar, where shops and places of amusement might be established to his profit. A palace and vulgar market-place, within the same *ancients*, did not seem compatible; but then the duke wanted money, and gentility and royalty and all the other outward *sties*, soon became miserable enough things without that which must of necessity be dug up from the lowest depths of society, as well as of the deepest mines. Money was borrowed, a plan was adopted, stones were carted, the clamours of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen, whose eyes were to be built out of the palace gardens, were disregarded; and houses, shops, and arcades, in the course of five years, surrounded the garden of Philippe Egalite. The speculation was a wise one, for it was profitable.

The shops of the horologists and other high class mechanics here are very gay and grand; the arcades of the Palais are delightful lounges for mammas and misses who wish to look at silks, satins, and ribbons without being troubled to buy; and the gardens have become the rendezvous of everybody. The tricolour flag was first adopted in this floral resort, and here many of the boldest measures of the people were proposed and adopted.

When the father of Louis Philippe was executed, his palace was declared to be public property, and was let out as cafés, auction-rooms, and places of general business. A part of it was allotted to the Tribunat, with rooms for the president and questors, and from this circumstance it was called Palais du Tribunat.

When the revolution had been checked by Napoleon, and aggravated royalty was re-imposed on France, under the imperial form, this palace resumed its royal appellation, and was allotted to his brother Lucian as a residence, by Napoleon, who never liked it, and never dwelt in it. Louis Philippe resumed possession of that part of it which had not irremediably passed away during the revolution, in 1814, and resided in it until he was called to the throne of the French people; and now its walls are once more inscribed with the black letters '*National property.*'

The front entrance to this palace is from the square at the foot of the rue St Honoré, by a doric arcade and gateway. The Palais Royal is celebrated for its magnificent galleries, in which hundreds of people may promenade without inconvenience. The most spacious and splendid of those galleries, is the gallery d'Orleans, which is 300 feet long and 40 broad; which is paved with marble, and roofed with glass. Beneath this gallery, which forms one extremity of the garden, is a double row of fine shops, over which rises a double terrace, bordered with flowers and shrubs in elegant vases. The garden is 700 feet long, and 300 broad, and is surrounded by several galleries bearing the names of distinguished men and places. In the garden are several fine statues. Near to the Eurydice stung by the snake, is the far-famed cannon which is discharged every mid-day by the solar rays, and which regulates all the clocks and watches in that quarter. It was here that the celebrated salles of '*Rouge et Noir*' were situated—those gambling-houses that constituted the attraction and infamy of the place. So great is the profit derived from the sale of confections, fruits, &c. to the everyday frequenters of this garden, that, during the monarchy, a rent of 38,000 francs was derived from those who had a monopoly of the trade; and the rent of the shops in the gallery d'Orleans is from 3000 to 4000 francs per annum. In this garden, under what is termed the peristyle Beaujolais, was lately

a favourite resort of the lower classes, called the *Café des Aveugles*, where a choir of blind fiddlers accompanied the singers and actors in little farces. In front of the main entrance of the palace, and forming a spacious terminus to the rue St Honore, is the Place du Palais Royal, a spacious square where omnibuses draw up, and from which they start to the various quarters of the city.

This Place du Palais Royal is a memorable place of blood. In the houses at the corners of the rues St Honore and Rohan, the Garde Royale of Charles X. maintained a most obstinate and fatal resistance against the people, whom they supposed would show them no quarter. The same idea took possession of the guard here, in February, 1848, and the same melancholy obstinacy and fatality was the result. Entrenched in their guard-house at the Chateau d'Eaux, one hundred men madly resisted the onset of the people, and were literally roasted to death, by the infuriated crowd piling straw up against their place of retreat and setting fire to it. The *boulangerie* is pointed out into which the wounded were carried during that bloody episode of the revolution, and a hotel in the rue St Thomas du Louvre which received the dead. It was at the corner of this rue St Thomas du Louvre that the Hotel de Longueville stood, in which were concocted all the plots of the faction of the Fronde, intended to ruin the Cardinal Mazarin, during the minority of Louis XIV. Before the last revolution Louis Philippe's stables stood upon the site of this old ducal mansion, and now the grim, dark looking mews is converted into a garrison or barracks for soldiers.

#### DR JOHNSON.\*

##### FIRST PAPER.

It is really pleasant, amongst the unwholesome, enervating literature of the day, to turn our attention to such a work as the present. We appear almost to have forgotten the mighty Colossus who once bestrode the world of letters, whose word was law, and his fiat the fate of all who then aspired to literary distinction. His vast bulk overawed, overshadowed the hemisphere about him, and few dared dispute his supremacy. It would be a piece of ideal gratification to invoke his presence once more amongst us—to picture the terror and rout of the whole squadron, who, by dint of puffing, praising, glorifying one another, have contrived to scramble to an unworthy eminence, and now attempt to snarl off intruders. How they would shrivel down to their real dimensions, glad to sneak out of notice, and, as the knout was applied lustily, how off to holes and corners, whence they would have been too happy not to have emerged. The whole tribe, masculine and feminine, might probably have taken to some *honest* calling, rather than, with insufferable airs and impertinence, thrust themselves into notice, to the inconceivable detriment and degradation of our national literature. Let any one, even of ordinary taste and capacity, unbiassed, if possible, by the opinions so industriously set afloat, and resolved to think for himself, examine these pretensions, and it is hardly possible that he can fail to discern the cheat—the counterfeit coin now going. It speaks ill for the taste and judgment of the present day, that such barefaced imposture should not only be allowed, but encouraged; and

'The pleasure surely is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat!'

or one-half, nay, two-thirds, of what is now written and published, would never find readers. Unfortunately, most persons are content with opinions ready made. How few take the trouble to think. Indeed, much that comes before us, in the shape of pabulum for the mind, is not only worthless, but absolutely pernicious, affording few materials for thought, and the least possible amount of that desirable commodity. As an example: it was our lot, many years ago, to read 'Rookwood,' a novel, and we could never brace up our fortitude for another dose from the same hand, though several have been offered—'Jack Shep-

herd,' and the like—without even a modicum of genius to make them palatable. Thieves and highwaymen for heroes, and slang such as 'Nix my dolly, pala, fack away!' we never could endure—judge then our surprise and dismay on seeing cheap, monthly issues of such wares advertised: nor can we forbear lifting up a voice of warning, such as becomes those who have the advancement of society at heart, and reiterate our wish that the tone, even of what may be called every-day literature, should be free from vice, if not absolutely devoted to the service of religion.

The subject of our present work seems to have slipped out of notice, though filling so wide a space in the literature of his day. What a lesson to all aspirants after mere fame, irrespective of the great ends of our being, the service of God, and the good of our fellow-men; and what will even the highest attainments avail, when we shall hear the Judge of all say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my servants, ye did it not unto me.' If the great leviathan of our literature, who could look back on all he had done, and say, 'I thank God there is nothing I have written that I could wish blotted out,' has almost passed from our view, what shall we say of the lesser fry, wriggling into notice, who jump and jostle about in self-adulation—the crowds whom the more universal diffusion of knowledge draws forth to strive for distinction by any means, so that notoriety is gained, pandering even to the follies and vices of the age, rather than attempting—the true province of literature—to show their heinousness and criminality.

We consider the work under notice, in many respects, an excellent antidote to the prevailing spirit, as regards works, both of instruction and amusement. The idea, in this point of view, was good; how carried out, we shall presently notice. 'Dr Johnson's Religious Life and Death' was an important phase of his character, too much lost sight of by previous biographers, amidst other and more secular pursuits; and it was a happy thought to bring this prominently forward, to hold it forth to the light, to concentrate the humble, enduring piety and benevolence of his character into one broad mass, whereon the eye might repose—an example, a warning to all, 'whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.' He, 'the athletic and uncouth, in the old brown coat and shabby wig,' what a stream of active benevolence ran through his character, and how true the remark, 'There is nothing of the bear about him but his skin.'

'Two men of note might be seen contemporaneously in the streets of London. There was Wesley, in his band and cassock, with his long hair, white and bright as silver, his face and manner indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost. Often irascible in temper, his countenance was calm; and he was remarkable for the cleanness and neatness of his appearance. And there was Johnson, issuing forth from the silent retreat of Bolt Court, bodily and bulkily, into the human tide of Fleet Street: one time swaying against a huge porter, who wisely contented himself with gazing in wonderment after his rolling antagonist; at another, lifting polluted misery out of the mire, and from the jaws of starvation and death.'

'There was about him,' says the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, 'an earnest and practical benevolence, which no man has surpassed, and one of the fairest fruits of his religion. 'To enjoy Dr Johnson perfectly,' says Mrs Hannah More, 'one must have him to one's self; 'not,' as our author observes, 'in the presence of kings, and lords, and hosts of friends; but in the unobtrusive deed of charity, in letters of consolation to the afflicted, in counsel given to the friendless, substantial help to the struggling, hospitality to the obscure, and in his own thoughts when almost alone. No instance of true humility or merit would ever escape his earnest and faithful regard.' We quote the following as a corroboration of our own opinions: 'In few ages of the world is a goodly leaven of the great and honest heart of Johnson more needed than in the present time, when mankind are in danger of heeding the allurements of frivolous and brilliant entertainment in preference to sound and rightly severe instruction, and when mere sensual cast, in

\* Dr Johnson: his Religious Life and his Death. By the Author of 'Dr Hookwell,' &c. London: Bentley. 1853.

literary or religious garb, takes the place of the sublime and the sincere.

The work is divided into the following heads, viz., 'Early Religious Life; Religion; His Humanity; His Churchmanship; Lord Chancellor Thurlow; Opinions of Dissent and Dissenters; Wesleyan Methodists; Roman Catholics; Monastic Life; His Superstition; Epitaphs; Close of Dr Johnson's Life—the Fear of Death; His Calmness in Death; Brief Review of his Character and Death.' By this it will be seen there is no lack of exciting topics—the vexed questions of the present day. Our author has, however, in general, treated them fairly, candidly, even when he differs from those he condemns; nor does he offensively obtrude his own 'High Church' bias in that spirit of intolerance but too often displayed by the believers in 'Tract, No. 90.'

Commencing with 'His Early Religious Life,' he says: 'Dr Johnson seems to have been blessed with strong impressions of religion at a very early time of life; and these impressions certainly biassed the tone of his religious feeling—one of fear rather than of love—during the periods of manhood and old age. He himself said, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of heaven, 'a place to which good people went,' and hell, 'a place to which bad people went,' communicated to him by his mother, when a little child, in bed with her. When he was as yet in petticoats, she put the Book of Common Prayer into his hands, and he learned the collect for the day with wonderful quickness. But she did not always train his young mind with judicious care. 'Sunday,' he says, 'was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read the 'Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no satisfaction;' and he gives an instance in proof of this feeling. Soon he fell into an indifference about religion, talked flippantly about it, found great reluctance to enter a church, and not until he resided in college at Oxford, and took up 'Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life,' did he recover from this supineness in the most important business of life.'

Here, probably, we have the key-note to his future impressions on these subjects. No wonder the 'Whole Duty of Man' could afford him no satisfaction; 'the fruits of the Spirit' are not nature's growth; 'thorns and thistles' alone can she bring forth, until a change take place from a higher, and more enduring source. At College 'he appears not to have been sufficiently under the mild restraint of religion, for we are told that he was often seen lounging at the college-gate, keeping others from their studies, if not inciting them to rebellion against the collegiate authorities. And when Dr Adams, the principal of Pembroke College, told Boswell what a happy fellow Johnson was when there, and how loved and caressed by all, 'Oh, sir,' replied Dr Johnson, on being told this, 'I was mad and violent. It was bitterness, which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority.'

He mentions, that he could not in general accuse himself of undutifulness to his parents. 'Once, indeed,' he said, 'I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago (but a few before his death), I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and hope the penance was expiatory.'

How benighted his views, 'I hope the penance was expiatory!' And this mistaken view of the very first principles of our Protestant faith, 'justification by faith alone,' clung to him through life, obscuring his prospects, beclouding his hopes, and continually harassing his mind with apprehensions of something left undone, whereby his title to eternal life might be annulled. Had he known and felt that there is no *expiation* but the great sacrifice once offered up for all; that His was a *finished* work, accepted as the *only* expiation, because infinitely sufficient for all, so that none other

is required; and that it is an insult to Him who has provided such a sufficiency for us, by offering our worthless and unavailing penances and mortifications, as a price in our hands, to purchase what is freely given, 'without money and *without price*'—what years of gloom and despondency might have been spared, and a life of greater usefulness thereby secured to his fellow-men!

Johnson was miserably poor, and, in consequence, compelled to leave Oxford without a degree, ere long to become usher in a provincial school.

We next become acquainted with the following advertisement: 'At EDIAL, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON.' This did not answer. He came to London in search of employment; and his poverty was so extreme, that he and Savage, with whom he became acquainted, were compelled to pass whole nights in the street, neither of them able to pay for a night's lodging.

Johnson left college under strong religious convictions; nor did they forsake him during the whole of his subsequent career. He was wont to say, he could not imagine that goodness could really exist, except in union with the Christian faith. Here was a step in the right direction. 'No honest man can be a Deist,' he observed, 'after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity.' He added, that 'Hume once told a clergyman he had never read the New Testament with attention.' It is both pleasant and profitable to watch the general consistency of his career—his undeviating reverence for things sacred. 'Of the literature with which he has for ever enriched the British store, where can the single page be pointed out that would tend in the slightest degree to allure the mind from religion? On the contrary, how many of his writings are replete with religious counsel, delivered in a tone of exhortation as earnest as it is argumentative!' Not only his prayers, meditations, and sermons bear evidence to this, but 'even his 'Dictionary' was conceived under the restraint and guidance of religion: and we may suppose that most of his literary labours, like that of the 'Rambler,' were consecrated by deep-felt hearty prayer; and of most of them he could assert, as he said of the 'Lives of the Poets,' 'Written in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety.' No man more abhorred those whose literary exertions were spent in pandering to the vicious inclinations of the age, putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; and he gives this wholesome monition, 'Vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety or the dignity of courage be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind.' (Rambler, No. 4.) Again (No. 77) he speaks of those licentious writers who have not only forsaken the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. 'They have smoothed the road of perdition, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught temptation sweeter notes, softer blandishments, and stronger allurements;' and he concludes, 'But, surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven, only to embellish folly, and shed lustre upon crimes.' Well would it be, if the writers of this nineteenth century of Christianity, those who 'set fashion on the side of wickedness,' who recommend every evil action by associating it with qualities that serve to engage the affections and attract the mind, and who are unsettling the better sentiments of thousands upon thousands of the middle and poorer classes of society, would ponder these things.

Our author very justly observes, in commencing the fourth chapter: 'Dr Johnson's habit of devout prayer must have exercised a most beneficial influence, not only on his literary efforts, but also on the whole tenor of his life; indeed, but for the energy of his religious devotion and practice, his very existence would, perhaps, have been wrecked on the gloomy element of his natural constitution.' He never would allow swearing or profane expressions in his presence, and often lamented that 'all serious and religious conversation was

banished from the society of men.' He despised the paltry outward badges of religion. 'Let us,' said he, 'conform in outward customs, which are of no consequence, to the manners of those among whom we live, and *despise such paltry distinctions*. Alas!' he continued, 'a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one!' But in his charities and humanities of every kind, we find him seeking to avoid the observation of the world, and literally doing his alms in secret.

'Great minds have often great failings as well as great virtues, and although we cannot call the occasional roughness of Johnson's manner a great failing, yet we can see that the ponderous power of his thought, when provoked to vehemence, naturally led him to seek at once to annihilate an antagonist, especially if he was one in whom presumption or flippancy of remark was observable. 'How very false is the notion,' says Boswell, 'that has gone the round of the world, of the rough, and passionate, and harsh manners of this great and good man!' And although Boswell allows that sometimes he displayed impetuosity of temper, too easily excited by the folly and absurdity of others, and perhaps at times unwarrantably shown, yet he tells us, that during by far the greater portion of his time, he was civil, obliging, polite, inasmuch that many persons who were long acquainted with him never received a harsh word from him, or heard him express himself with heat or violence in any way.' Of his exemplary, enduring kindness and humanity, we have continual proofs. His home was made a constant source of annoyance to himself from the strange assortment of characters, male and female, who found an asylum under his roof. Of Mrs Williams, the blind poetess, Chalmers says, her temper was far from pleasant, her manner fretful and peevish, even under the roof of one by whom she was 'protected and cheered by every act of kindness and tenderness which he could have showed to the nearest relation.' 'Age, sickness, and *pride*,' says Johnson, 'have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her by a stipulation of half-a-crown a-week over her wages.' The following is a description of this 'happy family,' in a letter to Mrs Thrale: 'Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Mrs Carmichael) loves none of them.' 'The dissensions,' says Mrs Piozzi, 'of the many odd inhabitants of his house distressed and mortified him exceedingly. He was really sometimes afraid of going home, because he was so sure to be met at the door with numberless complaints; and he used to lament that they made his life miserable from the *impossibility he found of making theirs happy*, when every favour he bestowed on one was wormwood to the rest.' And how noble his forgiveness as well as his forbearance! 'If, however,' continues this lady, 'I ventured to blame their ingratitude, and condemn their conduct, *he would instantly set about softening the one, and justifying the other*; and finished commonly by telling me, that I knew not how to make allowances for situations I never experienced.' 'Nay,' says Sir John Hawkins, 'so insensible was he of the ingratitude of those whom he suffered thus to hang upon him, and among whom he may be said to have divided an income *which was little more than sufficient for his own support*, that he would submit to reproach, and personal affront from some of them: even Levett would sometimes insult him; and Mrs Williams, in her paroxysms of rage, has been known to drive him from her presence.' We may believe that a perception of the misery that would come upon these persons, did they once forsake the shelter of his roof, ever prevented the denial of his home and hospitality to them: and so he endured with consummate patience an evil that he could have put an end to, had not the far-seeing benevolence of his heart abhorred the summary proceeding which they, as it were, appeared to court; or, at all events, the one wished the other to experience. What a picture is this of the larger world of ungrateful men, and God over all, provoked every day!

It is recorded by Miss Reynolds, who knew his uniform

benevolence, that, when returning late to his lodgings, he often saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, and used to put pennies into their hands 'to buy them a breakfast!' 'And this at a time,' says Croker, 'when he was himself *living on pennies*.'

We now come to his 'Churchmanship,' occupying five chapters, and nearly one-fourth of the volume. This need not be wondered at, on the author's plan of giving a sketch of the writings and opinions of nearly every priest and prelate whom Johnson casually alludes to, and incidental notices of others who have mentioned them—a practice somewhat akin to that industrious art called 'book-making.'

It is well known that Dr Johnson always retained his attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart, although, on principles of necessity and expediency, he took the oaths imposed by the prevailing power. He was certainly a Jacobite, and yet Boswell says—'I have heard him declare, that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's army, *he was not sure he would have held it up*: so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the house of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great Britain.' How true the following remarks—'So much does the antagonistic spirit of the human mind contribute to the vehemence of maintaining opinions, he was heard to say, 'that after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated.' So true it is, that we are half won over, when we cease to care for victory in argument; and that Dr Johnson knew this to be a certain principle in human nature. We find that once when his friend, the Rev. Dr Taylor, commended a physician, and told Johnson how he had to contend in his behalf with persons of the neighbourhood, 'You should consider, sir,' he replied, 'that by every one of your victories he is a loser: for every man of whom you get the better will be angry, and resolve not to employ him: whereas if people get the better of you in argument about him, they'll think, 'We'll send for him, nevertheless.'

In his forty-seventh year he was offered a living in the church, which offer he conscientiously declined. It was situated in a pleasant part of the country, and of a tolerable annual income. At this time, too, he was in straitened circumstances.

The following remarks on preaching are worth being recorded: 'The poor treasure up the sayings of their minister, and a word in season may be worth many sermons, which persons take not to themselves; and well do I remember the praise which a farmer accorded to an active and pious country clergyman: 'Sir,' said he, 'that was the first gentleman that ever came and talked with us, and he would walk by the side of the men when at plough, speaking to them on the welfare of their souls. He has always been the same man, and so we all love him.' This was spoken of an aged pastor, of one who had ministered in the same parish for forty years, and whose motto might well have been taken from Johnson, 'Talk to your people.' Happy are those clergymen who can exercise the privileges of talking to all their people; for, alas! our Church too often places one man amid thousands, and still expects his ministry to be not only sufficient, but successful. Rightly did Dr Johnson remark, 'that a London parish was a very comfortless thing, for the clergyman seldom knew the face of one out of ten of his parishioners;' and what would be now say to the cases which the large manufacturing towns present?

Dr Johnson, though deliberately refusing the clerical office, understood well the nature of a clergyman's duties. He disliked excessively any unbecoming levity in a minister's conduct.

'Sir Walter Scott tells us of a minister, who held a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid Presbyterian party in the Church of Scotland, yet was remarkable for the way he shone in convivial society. 'He was ever gay amid the gayest: when it once occurred to some one present to ask what one of his elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood. 'Think,' replied the



doctor; 'why, he would not believe his own eyes.' In the case of 'believing one's own eyes,' refinedly called 'ocular demonstration,' there is an anecdote told of the late Rev. Rowland Hill. Late on one evening he ordered his carriage, and bade his coachman drive him to Drury Lane Theatre. The man started, hesitated, thought his master mad; but 'To the theatre!' was the authoritative command. Down he was set at the theatre, and, to his coachman's utter bewilderment, purchased a ticket, and walked in. Rowland Hill entered a box, fixed his eyes sternly on its occupant, exclaiming, 'Oh, you are there—are you!' and, abruptly quitting the theatre, drove home. The poor and almost petrified occupant was a preacher at his own chapel, who had been reported to him as a frequenter of the theatre, but which report he would not credit, until 'seeing was believing' to him. That the rebuker should have clean hands is an important consideration in the value of a rebuke. In the above case, we may imagine it was indeed withering. But a story is told in a hunting county, in which a clergyman delivered himself by his ready wit. A venerable archdeacon, who had heard of this clergyman's hunting propensities, sent for him to administer a lecture on the subject. Soundly did he administer his rebuke, long was he about it, while the poor victim spake not a word in his defence. Suddenly the archdeacon, perceiving a smile on the culprit's countenance, said, 'Ah! I see my admonition has little effect upon you: alas! you too much resemble Gallio in the Scriptures, who cared not for these things.' Now was the climax; and the expected penitent, drawing himself up to his full height, and fixing a wickedly merry eye on his reverend elder, replied, 'Mr Archdeacon, I have heard you with patience: you may have rebuked me rightly, and I may be a Gallio; but this I have to say, that if I am a Gallio, your son Richard is a Tally-ho; and so, Mr Archdeacon, I wish you a very good morning.' The son Richard was a noted clerical fox-hunter! Though it be allowed there is no actual transgression of the law of God in such amusements, yet most persons will feel that a clergyman is here out of his proper sphere. 'No sermons that he may preach, no amount of alms that he may give, no moral rectitude in temporal things, will ever lead the people (however they may partially disguise it in his presence) to look upon him with reverence, or to regard and love him in their hearts as a pastor that is doing his duty to the Church, and is sufficiently not minding earthly things.' Boswell remarks to the effect that, if the clergy knew how much an indiscriminate mixture in the pleasures of society lessens them in the eyes of those whom they think to please by it, they would feel themselves much mortified.

Other points of Dr Johnson's 'Churchmanship,' though, as might be expected, they find favour with the author of 'Hookwell,' do not commend themselves to us; such as investing particular places with peculiar sanctity. For though, under the Jewish dispensation, this was permitted, yet, we do not find the apostles paying, or commanding reverence to wood and stone. He who 'inhabith eternity' dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but with 'him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at his word.' The Christian dispensation is spiritual, and they who worship must worship in spirit and in truth. The more men have attempted to *corporealise* religion, if we may so express it, the more widely they have departed from the faith once delivered to the saints. And this propensity to invest something tangible, 'stocks and stones,' with spirituality, to look upon them as objects of reverence, has been a fertile source of most of the heresies and 'will-worship' that have corrupted, afflicted the Church, from the time of the apostles to the present day. We are so prone to say unto the works of our own hands, 'Be ye our gods,' to require something we can taste, touch, and handle, as a substitute for 'things which are unseen and eternal,' that we need not wonder at the inveterate proneness of the Jews to idolatry. Our author thinks pictures ought to re-appear on the walls of churches; and, when Johnson took off his hat in token of reverence on visiting the ruins of Colmkill, Boswell, though avowedly a Presbyterian,

writes thus—'I hoped that ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct! as though God were not alike everywhere.'

Our author's remarks on the burial service, in reference to Johnson's on that point, are, on the whole, judicious: Subscription to the thirty-nine articles; the universities; endowments; bishops having seats in the House of Lords; inequality of church livings; connection of church and state, are the subjects which follow—on all of which his remarks and opinions are candid, and more free from party bias than might have been expected. The rights and abuses of patronage elicit the following remark—'On Christianity being established, and a public mode of worship prescribed, public places of worship were required, and ministers to officiate in them: hence the landed proprietors, on becoming converts to the faith, built such places, and set apart lands for the maintenance of pastors to administer to the religious wants and welfare of their families and vassals; the extent of a manor and a parish being usually the same. The endowment of the church being the gift of the landlord, he thought himself at liberty to give the possession of it to whatever minister he pleased; the people did not choose him, because the people did not pay him.' This right has ever followed the lands; it is possessed by the same registry by which the lands are possessed.'

## YES AND NO.

NEAR the town of Hennebon, in the department of Morbihan, stands an old fashioned house, in a saloon of which, one morning a few years back, two old gentlemen had been for some time in earnest conversation. At length they both rose.

'Then we may consider the matter settled, colonel,' said one of them.

'Of course, Monsieur Juvigny—of course. It is settled.'

'I am very sensible of the honour you have done me, Colonel Kermeray.'

'And I too,' said the colonel, whose words flowed so fast that they were often far from exactly expressing his meaning: 'I shall go and tell my son. Really, I am a happy man!'

'And I shall immediately consult my daughter.'

'Consult her! that's a curious word—consult! But never mind. Adieu.'

'Farewell. My compliments to Monsieur Victor.'

Five minutes after the colonel had left, Mademoiselle Juvigny entered the room. She was a handsome girl, with sparkling eyes and a little pouting mouth, charming to behold. Moreover, she had as much good sense, and as little caprice, as the only child of a widower, who had done all he could to spoil her, could possibly possess. But, as might be expected, she was accustomed to have her own way, and it was therefore with no little embarrassment that her father, who was a timid man, and feared anything like an argument, approached a business so materially affecting her as that he had in hand.

Colonel Kermeray has been here, my Louise,' said he.

'Yes, papa. I saw the marks of his wooden leg in the gravel.'

'Guess what he has proposed, my child.'

'Oh! I have no idea,' said Louise, carelessly.

'Hum! I must prepare her for it a little,' said Monsieur Juvigny to himself. 'My love, I am getting old,' continued he aloud.

'So are we all,' said his daughter.

'Louise, my love, I cannot expect to be left much longer with you—'

'Oh do not talk of such things, my dearest papa,' cried the affectionate girl, throwing her arms round her father's neck.

'And it would be a great comfort to me to see you happily settled,' continued he, after gently kissing her forehead.

'Oh!' said Louise, looking very grave.

'Life is so uncertain'—

'Tell me then at once—Colonel Kermeray has proposed his son to you for a son-in-law?'

'Precisely so,' said Monsieur Juvigny.

'And what did you reply?'

'I said I would consult you. And I hope'—

'Young Monsieur Kermeray is that monster that I have seen going about with a great gun?'

'Yes; but he is not a monster.'

'That bear, who thinks of nothing but shooting and hunting, horses and dogs?'

'Yes; but he is far from being a bear.'

'That clumsy fellow with thick-soled shoes full of huge nails?'

'Yes; but he is by no means a clumsy fellow.'

'Well, papa, I will think about it.'

Monsieur Juvigny expatiated at some length on the advantages of the match, but he could obtain no more favourable answer, so at length he set out for a walk, by no means sure that the affair was so completely settled as he and his friend had thought.

Meanwhile the colonel had reached his own house, a picturesque chateau with a high roof, tall chimneys, and numerous turrets. He found his son before the door cleaning a gun.

'Victor, my boy, here I am,' said he.

'Good morning, my dear father.'

'That's it. Do you know what's going to happen?'

'Not I,' said Victor, 'how should I?'

'Why, you are going to be married, my lad!'

'To be married, father? Not I.'

'I say you are, and that very soon too.'

'There is some mistake; I have no such intention.'

'But I have, and there is no mistake whatever.'

'Are you serious, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Well then, I say I won't be married, and that's all.'

'Won't be married!' cried the colonel, thumping his wooden leg into the ground. 'What do I hear? I say you shall!'

'We shall see,' said Victor.

'Shall we, you rascal? No we shan't. You won't marry? You won't obey your father? You have a will of your own? Well, we shall see. I have settled it, do you hear? Mademoiselle Juvigny will be my daughter-in-law, and you will be Monsieur Juvigny's son-in-law, before a month is over. Rank rebellion! Get out of my sight! Forward! March!'

'Mademoiselle Juvigny!' muttered the young man, as he took his hat and left his angry parent's presence.

Victor was a handsome young man, glowing with health, not very brilliant, not very polished, but good-natured and warm-hearted. He was much attached to his father, and generally did all he could to humour the old soldier, who was not a little imperious and absolute. But Victor was a Breton, and as stubborn as any of his countrymen when not properly managed. Once fairly roused, he seemed actually to part with his reason for a time, and to know no law but that of his own wilfulness.

'Mademoiselle Juvigny,' he repeated, as he strode along at a great pace, 'well, she is very pretty, and I daresay will make an excellent wife for some one, but she shan't be mine. I am resolved. Yet my father seems so too; let us go and consult old Briquebec.'

Briquebec was a sailor, long retired from service. Of great natural shrewdness, and of much experience of the world, he was a valuable counsellor, and as, though he rarely offered advice, he was always ready to give it when asked, few days passed that Victor's words, 'let us go and consult old Briquebec,' were not repeated by some one or other. Add to this, that nobody feared to trust him with a secret, for his discretion was beyond all suspicion.

Victor found the ancient mariner seated in a sunny corner mending a net, and without any preface told him his case.

'Well,' said Briquebec, 'I hear.'

'Of course, I am not going to be married in that way.'

'Why not?'

'Because I do not choose.'

'Ah! very good. Why should you?'

'I was sure you would say so, my dear Briquebec.'

'Oh, there can be but one opinion on the subject. To be sure Mademoiselle Juvigny is rich; but you don't care for that.'

'Not I.'

'Of course not. Certainly she is the most lovely girl in the country, all so taut and trim—lips like cherries, eyes like an angel's, a foot like a fairy's, and such a little white hand; but what of it? You won't have her.'

'No, nor any one else. I won't marry at all.'

'Quite right, have a will of your own. She will make somebody else happy. He will be a lucky fellow!'

'Perhaps he will; I don't know.'

'Why should you marry her to please your father? Better marry some ugly, ill-tempered old dowager, to please yourself.'

'I will please myself,' said Victor.

The conversation continued for some time in a similar strain; at last the young man took leave of Briquebec, confirmed by him, as he thought, in his resolution. He had not long been gone, when Mademoiselle Juvigny passed at a little distance from the old sailor's cottage. 'Holloa, mademoiselle!' cried he, as if he were hailing a vessel, 'wont you heave to and exchange news with a friend?'

'To be sure I will, Monsieur Briquebec. I wonder how I could think of going by without doing so; but I was meditating on something.'

'So I saw, and I believe I know what it is, mademoiselle.'

'Oh, no! you do not indeed?'

'Were you not thinking of your future husband? Come, say.'

'Oh, that is easily guessed. We women are always thinking of our husbands, at least till we are married; that is, if what all the world asserts be true.'

'That is not what I meant. Monsieur Victor Kermeray has just been here.'

'Indeed!' said Louise, slightly confused.

'Yes, and he told me that your father and his intended you for each other.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the young lady, 'he said that, did he?'

'Yes, and what do you say to it? Any objections?'

'A great many, Monsieur Briquebec. Monsieur Victor is, I daresay, a very good young man, but'—

'But! Capital! Then it will end in nothing.'

'Do you think so?'

'Oh, yes. He is as little pleased at the idea as you seem to be.'

'Indeed!' returned Louise quickly, and looking rather mortified.

'I can't understand it, but such is the case.'

'Perhaps,' said Mademoiselle Juvigny, after a short pause, 'perhaps there is some one else'—

'Oh, I don't know. But as you would not like him for a husband, it is all as it should be. You are quite agreed.'

Louise seemed to reflect, and remained a short time silent; then, as if she had come to some resolution, she bade Briquebec farewell, and left him.

Half an hour after, Monsieur Juvigny had the satisfaction of receiving his daughter's consent to the proposed match. 'It is settled after all,' said he to himself. As for Briquebec, as soon as Louise had left him, 'Two young fools,' muttered he, and set to work on his net again.

Time went quickly by. Every morning Victor went out to shoot, and every afternoon he returned with an empty bag. The reason was, that he spent most of his time with Briquebec. Every evening his father took him, at first much against his will, to Monsieur Juvigny's, where he remained an hour or two in the company of his intended bride, and every night he went to bed with a more fixed resolution not to marry her. Yet she had made a deep impression on him; every day he felt more and more that she was a most charming person. In fact, if he had been

left to himself, he would certainly have been desperately in love.

But the injudicious colonel, without being aware of it, did all in his power to defeat his own object. 'In a month you will be a married man, my boy. In three weeks your bachelor life is over, Victor. In a fortnight you will have a wife, you rogue. Only a week more, my lad, and then you know.'—

All this naturally made the young man more obstinate. He persuaded himself that it would be foolish and contemptible to yield; he hated himself for his weakness in growing fond of Mademoiselle Juvigny's society; nay, so strange a creature is man, he even felt enraged at her for being so attractive. And then he would go to Bribebec, and talk about her by the hour.

But notwithstanding his determination, inexperienced in the world, not used to act for himself, and bending under the superior energy of his father, to whom he soon ceased to remonstrate, he took no steps to avert his fate. The day was rapidly approaching, all the necessary formalities had been gone through; every preparation, including the marriage dresses, had been made, without any opposition on his part. In fact, he had formed no plan, and had no idea how the thing was to be prevented; only, that it certainly should not take place, he had made up his mind. 'After all, they cannot marry me against my will,' he would say to himself. 'One man can take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink.'

As for Louise, poor thing, she had quickly discovered that he was far from insensible to her charms, and, satisfied on this point, she had scrutinised him no farther; so that she little knew how inflexible he really was. Nor was this wonderful, for even the experienced Bribebec deceived himself on the subject.

The day came. The ceremony before the mayor (in France it is your mayor who is the high priest of Hymen) was to take place at noon. At nine o'clock the Colonel and Victor breakfasted, the former playing off many jokes suited to the occasion. At ten, he said to his son, 'Now, my boy, go and dress.' The young man obeyed, and at eleven he re-appeared as a bridegroom in all his glory. After surveying him with a proud eye, 'Come,' said the colonel, 'forward, march!' and he moved off.

'Wait a moment,' said the young man. He had taken his resolution. 'Sir,' he continued, as his father, pivoting on his wooden leg, turned and faced him, 'this affair is none of my making, so that whatever happens I cannot be to blame. However, I think it right to tell you beforehand, that if you force me to go before the mayor, you, and all concerned, will soon be sorry for it.'

'Eh, what?' cried the colonel. 'Why, you are not going to blow your brains out, are you?'

'I am not such a fool,' said Victor.

'I don't know that; but never mind; if that's all you have to say, march!' returned his father, whose imagination suggested no other possible case that could raise regrets.

They set out, the colonel dancing along gaily, with two steps of his living leg for one of the other. The pathways leading to Hennebon were crowded with people in their holiday dresses, for the Kermerays and the Juvignys were of too much note in the country for a marriage between the families to take place without creating some excitement. The men in their loose breeches tied at the knee, their long wide doublets, and their enormous brimmed hats, under which their long hair floated on their shoulders; the women, in their laced bodices and curious caps, respectfully saluted the father and the son as they passed, and then continued their way toward the beautiful church—the pride of Hennebon—there to await the bridal party on its return from the townhouse.

Monsieur Juvigny, with his daughter and a numerous escort, arrived a moment after the Kermerays. The mutual greetings were soon over. The colonel with some difficulty got the witnesses and friends of the young couple into their proper places. Then the mayor put on his spectacles, and the formalities began.

All went on as usual, till, addressing the bridegroom, the civil functionary put the important question—'Monsieur Victor Kermeray, do you take Mademoiselle Louise Juvigny to be your wife?' But then the decisive moment had come.

'No!' cried Victor in a loud clear voice; and, after casting an involuntary glance at Louise, he moved rapidly to the door.

All the others remained motionless with astonishment, but the ready colonel seized his cane, and aimed a heavy blow with it at his son's head as he passed him. The execution, however, was not equal to the design; the furious man missed his mark, lost his balance, and, falling between two benches, broke his leg. Happily it was his wooden one.

The conclusion of the scene we leave to be imagined. Victor, unconscious either of his father's attempt or of his accident, left the townhouse with a hurried step, and proceeded straight to Bribebec's cottage. That worthy was absent, having gone like everybody else to see the wedding. The young man had therefore time to reflect on what he had just done, and he began to doubt if he had done wisely—soon he came to fear that he had not done well.

At length Bribebec returned. There was a flush on his brow, and his eye shot a fiery glance on the young man as he entered, but he nevertheless saluted him courteously, and sat down opposite him.

'You of course know what has happened, Bribebec,' said Victor, with a forced smile.

'Yes, of course. Everybody does.'

'Well, you know how it was. What else could I do?'

'Oh, yes! what else could you do? You have broken your father's heart, and bowed down his old head with shame—but what else could you do?'

'Bribebec!'—

'You have affronted worthy Monsieur Juvigny, as no man ever affronted another before—but what else could you do? You have outraged the feelings of a young lady—(here the old sailor started to his feet)—a model of goodness and beauty, in a more cruel and cold-blooded way than even a *poulpiquet*\* or a korrigan could have invented—but what could you do? And then, not a bit ashamed of yourself, you have the assurance to come to an anchor in an honest man's house, and to think he will disgrace it by giving you shelter—but what could you do?—what could you do?' cried the old man, with increasing passion; 'better that you had seen the hind of St Nennoch! this day, than do what you have done!'

'Bribebec!' cried Victor quickly, 'enough! enough! I was blind; I was mad! But now my eyes are opened; my reason has returned; I would give the world to recall the last hour! My poor father! And Mademoiselle Juvigny! Miserable creature that I am! But there is no help; nothing remains for me but to expiate my fault. Tell them how I repent; tell her that now I feel I love her, but that I did not know it till too late.'

As he uttered these broken sentences, the unhappy youth sprang towards the chimney, beside which a rifle stood; but the old sailor was before him. Seizing the piece with one hand, with the other he led Victor back to his chair.

'Sit down,' said he authoritatively. 'What good would it do suppose you killed yourself? Young man, I will say this much for you, that I believe you are more a fool than anything else. I can't think your heart is so bad as it seems. Let me see what must be done. Hum! Well, stay here till I return, and promise me that you will not attempt your life.'

The young man promised, and then turned his face to the wall, in an agony of remorse and grief. As for Bribebec, he left him, and went straight to Colonel Kermeray's house. There he remained an hour. Next he

\* Poulpiquets and korrigan, malicious spirits in the legends of Brittany.

+ According to a local superstition, the bride or bridegroom who sees the phantom hind of St Nennoch on their wedding-day will die during the night.

betook himself to Monsieur Juvigny's. There he remained two hours. Then he returned home.

'Monsieur Victor,' said he, rousing the young man, who seemed in a state of lethargy, 'you spoke of expiation—well, expiation must be made.'

'I am ready,' said Victor.

'It is only proper, however, that those you have injured should say how.'

'Let it be so.'

'I have seen your father, and Monsieur Juvigny, and Mademoiselle.'

'Indeed! And they desire that I should'—

'That you should do this. In a short time the same scene will be repeated. Only you will say *yes*, and then mademoiselle in her turn will say *no*. Do you understand? You will thus be humbled. She will be revenged. What do you say?'

'It is but fair,' replied Victor, 'and yet it is very hard now that I find I love her.'

'It has been your own fault. A treasure was offered you and you would not have it. But all that is past. Accept these conditions, and your father, though he will never see you again, will refrain from cursing you—the Juvignys will be satisfied—and I (as, of course, you must leave the country, you had better go to sea), why, I will see if I cannot get you a berth in some vessel.'

'I accept the conditions,' said Victor, sighing.

'That's right,' returned Briquebec, seriously; but instantly turning away his face to conceal a smile, which, for reasons best known to himself, rose to his lips.

During the next fortnight, Victor wandered disconsolately through the glens and woods near Hennebon, seeking solitude. At nightfall, however, he always approached Monsieur Juvigny's house, and remained watching the lights in it till the last disappeared. Then he returned mournfully to the cottage of Briquebec.

The day of expiation came. The roads were even more crowded than before, and great was the excitement; for it had been whispered about how the *guerchez*\* was to treat the *paotr*, and many an ill-concealed laugh reached Victor, as, accompanied by Briquebec, he passed on his way to the townhouse. They entered. Colonel Kermeray was already there, but he pretended not to see his son. Presently Monsieur Juvigny and his daughter arrived; neither took any notice of the young man.

Once more the colonel arranged the witnesses and friends, once more the mayor put on his spectacles, once more the ceremony began, and once more the question was put, 'Monsieur Victor Kermeray, do you take Mademoiselle Louise Juvigny to be your wife?'

'Yes,' said Victor, a sharp pang shooting through his heart as he spoke.

'Mademoiselle Louise Juvigny, do you take Monsieur Victor Kermeray to be your husband?' continued the civic functionary.

All held their breath: Louise slightly turned her head and glanced at Victor, who, very pale, and with an expression of deep sorrow, mingled with resignation, awaited his fate.

'Mademoiselle,' repeated the mayor, looking over his spectacles, 'do you take Monsieur Victor Kermeray to be your husband?'

'Yes, Monsieur,' said the silvery voice of the maiden.

Victor started as if incredulous, but a look at his bride reassured him. Instantly forgetting everything in his unexpected happiness, he threw his arm round her, seized her little hand and covered it with kisses. Tears came into the eyes of both.

At that moment the colonel gave a tremendous thump on the floor with his new wooden leg, and exclaimed in a voice of triumph, 'It's all right!'

'They laughed at us as we were coming, but let those laugh that laugh the last,' whispered Briquebec to Monsieur Juvigny.

'We owe this to you, my friend,' returned Monsieur Juvigny, taking the old sailor's horny hand.

'Attention!' cried the colonel. 'Silence in the ranks! Our worthy mayor is waiting.'

Before the door of an old chateau with a high roof, tall chimneys, and numerous turrets, sat a beautiful creature in whom the vivacity of the girl seemed happily blended with the dignity of the matron. Two lovely children, a boy and a girl, were playing about on the grass beside her. A young man in a shooting dress was approaching.

'Here I am, dear Louise,' said the sportsman, as he came up and threw down his bag of game. 'There!—a good day's work indeed! Victor, you little rogue, give me a kiss.'

'No,' said the child, playfully; 'I won't, papa.'

'Oh, fie! Little boys should never say *no*,' said the sportsman.

'Nor great ones either,' interposed the young lady, with an arch look.

The young man smiled, drew his wife towards him, and pressed a kiss on her cheek.

'A plague take you!' exclaimed a gentleman with a wooden leg, who issued at the moment from the house, followed by another gentleman and a shrewd, weather-beaten-looking old fellow in a sailor's dress. 'One would say that instead of five years, you had not been married five days. I'm tired of you!'

'Monsieur Victor was right, after all, that morning when he said the colonel would repent of bringing him before the mayor,' said the weather-beaten-looking man, laughing. 'What do you say, Monsieur Juvigny?'

'Prosperity attend them!' said the old gentleman tenderly.

'Wont be married! Amen!' cried the colonel.

## A CHAPTER ON DEER.

THE 'New York Literary Herald' has lately been issuing 'drafts at sight.' We accept the following:—Of all the animals with whose natural history I am acquainted, the Red Deer is the most curious. Curious in both significations of the word are they, singular in all their habits, and also possessing a greater share of pure unmis-takeable curiosity than falls to the lot of any other living things that boast of four legs to carry them through the world. I have sometimes thought the generic term, 'DEAR woman,' had been bestowed upon the sex by some mighty hunter, who, equally cunning in the field and boudoir, thus embodied and concealed a fine sugar-coated sarcasm, and capital pun.

The deer appears to me to have been intended for a domestic animal; and we have none that so soon becomes familiar *with*, and attached to man. Run down a fawn of two or three months, throw him across your saddle in front of you, and as soon as you have reached home, you may set the little fellow upon the ground, and leave him untied and unwatched, for the short ride of a mile or so in your company is quite sufficient to thoroughly tame him. Be careful, however, lest you meddle or make with those of a more advanced age. Their hoofs cut like razors, and every muscle in their bony leg has the force and elasticity of a bowstring.

I knew a very worthy old gentleman who, on route for Texas, had been shipwrecked, and lost all his worldly goods, save and except the *materfamilias*, and a dozen or so of youngsters of both sexes, all provided by dame Nature with prodigious mouths and appetites to match. For some time after their exodus, the family practised a series of experiments—like the Milesian horse educated to live on nothing—to ascertain how near they might approach the verge of starvation without going over the dam, and when at last the old gentleman became the possessor of a musket, there was great rejoicing among his famishing brood. Like many others, he imagined that as there were always great numbers of deer upon the prairie, all that he had to do was to go out and shoot them down,

\* In the Armorican Celtic, *guerchez* means a young virgin—*paotr*, a young man desirous of marrying.

but being no great sportsman—a Quaker to boot, and therefore not to the manor—of shooting—born, he made a sad mistake. Loading his musket in such a manner that it would probably do execution at one end if it did not on the other, he sallied forth a-field. At a distance a large drove of deer were quietly cropping the prairie grass, and towards them he bent his way. Having heard the mode of *crawling for deer* described, when he had approached them somewhat, down he dropped upon his knees drawing his gun behind him. It was slow and wearisome work, and the old gentleman was wheezing and panting along like a high-pressure steamer, when he suddenly heard something behind him blowing rather harder than his own pipe. He turned, and right in his track a large buck was following, smelling and snuffing the trail, his eye flashing, his hair all *turned the wrong way*, and the beast evidently quite ready for a fight. Not so our friend—but dropping his musket, without a thought of putting it to its legitimate use, off he went instead of his gun, and scoured for home to endure the reproaches of his wife and family, and to have his first and last hunting adventure fastened to him, a joke *in perpetuo*.

I knew an instance of a man who had been at the house of a neighbour to borrow a shovel, and was returning home with the implement upon his shoulder, when a large buck made a fierce and entirely unprovoked attack upon him. Being a determined and powerful man, he gave the pugnacious animal rather more than a Roland for his Oliver, and finally laid him out—or as he said, *made meat* of him;—but for the aid of the shovel aforesaid the result might have been different. Spades, certainly, were trumps with him.

The most singular affair of the kind that ever occurred to my knowledge, was a regular up and down fight, between a wounded buck and an old, experienced, and athletic hunter. The latter had crossed the bayou, upon whose brink his cabin stood, and in a very short time crawled up to a fine deer, who fell in his track at the rifle's crack. There are three things to be done when a deer is shot down, and your true hunter seldom neglects them: he first reloads his rifle—then hamstrings his game—then cuts its throat. Our hunter imprudently neglected the first precaution, and thinking the deer dead, or entirely *hors de combat*, drew his hunting-knife, and approached with the intention of cutting the hamstrings. A sad mistake he made; for just as he was about to cut, the deer gave him such a kick as a deer *can* give, the man landed upon his back, and the knife went—he knew not where. In an instant, both the deer and our friend were upon their feet; the deer rushed at the man, who catching his horns in his hands and giving them a violent twist, down went both of the combatants; this was repeated again and again, until the contending parties were entirely exhausted. At last, the quadruped marched off a few rods, and stood looking intently at the biped. The latter, after patiently waiting for half an hour, endeavoured to creep to the spot where his gun was lying. In an instant the deer was upon him, and again the same scene was repeated. Once more the deer left him, and this time our hunter had the good sense to lie perfectly still until nightfall, when the deer slowly moved off, and the man then crawled on his hands and knees—for walk he could not—to the bank of the bayou, and by his shouts obtained assistance. He was taken over to his cabin, and there lay for nearly two months before he recovered from his severe bruises.

The yearly shedding of the deers' horns is not the least singular peculiarity of the animal. The horns commence growing at the end of the second year; in one year after, they drop off and soon reappear with an additional point, so that to ascertain the age of the animal, all that you have to do, is to count the points upon either horn, and by adding two to them you will obtain a correct result.

I have mentioned the curiosity of the deer, and truly their inquisitive disposition is marvellous; it overcomes their timidity, and frequently proves fatal to them. Place yourself in a tuft of high prairie grass, within sight of, and not too far from a drove, and by popping up one arm,

then another, then your foot, then waving a handkerchief from the end of your ramrod, you will soon have the animal's curiosity thoroughly awakened. First, they will snuff the air, to endeavour to ascertain by the scent what new creature has made his appearance in their domain; then they will commence walking slowly up to you, nor stop until satisfied that it is a man, or meet with your rifle-ball. They make very troublesome pets; perfectly at home, they will roam over every part of the field, garden, and house, poke their noses in the dairy—taste the milk, upset a pan or two, and if they meet with anything not to their liking, give it a butt with their head, or horns, if they have any—walk out, nip a cabbage or so, eat a few sweet potato vines, try a dozen roses, and perhaps finish their lunch with a cambric handkerchief or a choice bit of a flannel petticoat, should there be any spread out upon the grass. I have even seen one make fair headway with a chew of tobacco, although he ultimately came to the conclusion that it was *not* good for his complaint.

Upon one point I have never met with any exaggeration—the abundance of deer and other species of game in the prairies and timber lands of Texas,—and in fact it would be difficult to exaggerate. I have lived upon the bank of a bayou, and counted, night after night, from five or six to twenty droves come down to the stream to drink. They are *there*,—plain to be seen; killing them is, however, entirely a different affair, and few persons ever become successful hunters. You may ride among them, and you will find them more approachable and less timid than even the stock cattle; but dismount, and they are shy enough. The most successful mode, and the most practised one of hunting them, is to *crawl*; that is, upon discovering a drove near you, go down upon your hands and knees, getting a tree or a prairie mound before you, and slowly approach the deer, and if you are very fortunate, and have patience enough, you may get a shot at them; provided, always, your gun will go off.

The most uniformly fortunate hunters are negroes; some of whom, trained to the business to supply a plantation with meat, seem to make a sure thing of it. I remember one in particular, that, to my knowledge, was sent out usually as often as twice a-week after *meat*, and during a period of a year he failed but once; and then, overtaken with an ague fit, he was forced to seek shelter under the shade of a tree, and give up to it. This fellow seemed to hunt by intuition; he would leave his hat at home, tie a flaming red bandanna around his woolly scone, and marching off quite unconcerned into the prairie, seat himself in a place where *you* would be sure the drove in sight would never visit; yet there would he sit, motionless as a statue, and it seemed that the deer never failed to put themselves within reach of his fatal rifle.

Hunting anything is hard work; but hunting deer is worse than all other. There is more danger of tearing your clothes from your back, scratching face and hands, and bruising limbs in a bear hunt, but then there is the superior excitement of the latter.

A man *does* meet with so many woful disappointments in the former, that, after a few attempts, nine persons out of ten resign in disgust all pretension to *Nimrodism* in that line. *Par exemple*, one fine winter's morning I crossed the stream, gun in hand, having previously announced at the breakfast-table my intention not to return without *meat*. Whereat every one laughed, as the same determination had been heard before, from more than one about the board, without being succeeded by any very decided results. As I was saying, I crossed the bayou, and then looked around me for my game, but none were in sight, where usually hundreds were to be found.

Near the stream was a fine grove of trees, and one of these I ascended, for the purpose of 'prospecting,' as a Californian would say, for deer. I looked around the wide prairie, and finally discovered one solitary animal at a distance of perhaps a mile, and after him I started, knowing that with but one chance I must take especial pains and caution. When I had diminished the space between us by one half, down I dropped, and went to

*creeping*, for fear my intended prey might discover me; and once seen, all hope of getting him would be lost. Here let me remark, that one of those gentle, genial showers—which occasionally visit Texas in winter, sometimes beginning and ending with it—although of but ten days' duration, had drenched the prairie, and left a standing coat and covering of water, from one to two feet in depth. Under these circumstances, the reader will perhaps appreciate the true delight I must have experienced in creeping upon hands—or on one hand, the other of necessity sustaining my gun above the water—and knees, through half a mile of sharp, high grass, and particularly cool water. When I had, not perambulated, but genuflected over what I supposed to be a sufficient distance, I raised my head carefully, and looked around me. No deer was to be seen. At length, within fifteen feet of me I spied a pair of ears, just visible above the grass; there lay my game. 'But stop,' thought I, 'may it not be a mule? I had better make sure, before I put my foot in it.'

I stood up, and although nothing but the ears and a small bit of the head was visible, I was satisfied that my 'dear' friend, for whom I had been wading and crawling for a whole hour, was before me. Down I sat, shook out my priming, wiped the frizen, then up again, and taking a long and deliberate aim, touched the hair trigger, and—the gun missed fire. Before the deer could have seen me—if the noise should have awakened him—down I dropped again, and this time removed my flint, and put in a fresh one, then, standing up, repeated my attempt, and with no better success. Again I took out the flint, rubbed the frizen, scratched its face, reprimed, and taking aim again my gun missed fire. The deer, who had been disturbed by the second snap, at the third jumped as if she had been hit, and started off at top speed; but bleating arrested her progress, and she turned and looked me full in the face, while I had time to take a fair aim, and—miss fire again! What made the matter infinitely more annoying was, that when the deer was entirely out of shot, the gun which I had been snapping, finally consented to go off. Had there been a tree near, *that* gun had never played such another trick.

### M A Y.

It is May, and the sun shines with genial rays upon mountain and valley, and nature, arrayed in bridal garments, invites us forth. The sky is bright and glorious. Masses of snow-white vapour float along the horizon, changing, breaking up, uniting, but ever beautiful. How fine the shadows on the near hills, adding a deeper tinge to their verdure! On the tops of the far mountains the winter's snows have dissolved: when a sunburst strikes them, we can see the crystal rills that flow down their sides to fertilise the valleys, and we are reminded of the light of genius revealing hidden things. The little brooks near have a joyous sound, and the river sweeps onwards, impetuous, free, to yield its tribute to the ocean. The foliage of the trees expands. The elm has flung down its flowers, and sends forth its plaited leaves from their crimson sheaths. The fans of the horse-chestnut open at the command of the sun, and its spiral flowers shoot upwards. The maple, too, shakes out its leaves, and hides with them the tender blossoms, that will shortly unfold, and become beautiful pendants. The boughs of the linden, clothed in the richest green, are fragrant as if dropping myrrh, and promise us flowers ere long. 'The tender ash delays to clothe itself,' and, with the stately oak, seems to preach to the already fully adorned willow, of the virtue of slow and sure growth. The birch, the lady of the forest, adorns her silver bark with leaves of the softest green. The summer winds play with the fresh foliage, and the birds rejoice in its shelter. Now the thrush, now the blackbird, sings its song of love; and now these pause to listen to the lark's carol, as it comes over the far field. Wild flowers are abundant among the lush grass, by the brook, and by the hedgerow. The shining yellow flowers of the starwort contrast with the sober hues of the avens and gromfrey, and the blue speedwell with the pale blue-

soms of the cuckoo flower, as they bloom by the borders of the stream. Beneath the hedge are the deep blue-bells of the ground-ivy, and the dull yellow flowers of crosswort; while the graceful dog-violet shelters itself among the grass. The woods are fragrant with the breath of young hyacinths; and springing among the beautiful lace-work leaves of a former forest, and frail as they, are the fragile windflower and graceful sorrel. By the brook, the weak stems of the stitchwort support themselves on the leaves of surrounding plants, that they may spread their snow-white flowers to the sun; and near them the rich blossoms of the golden broom prepare to expand. Insects, too, are on the wing. Beetle, butterfly, and moth are busy. That wondrous metempsychosis that attracts alike the poet and the sage is going on! No tree or flower but hath its little colonies. The beautiful green beetle, called the sparkler, is running among the grass, and the white butterfly rests with oscillating wing on the tender leaves of the hawthorn. The caterpillar of the tiger-moth courses along the path; he rolls himself up like a hedgehog as we approach. The beautiful little oocinella, or ladybird, is weaving her silken threads along the leaves, and in the crevices of old walls the busy spider spreads his coils. All the slumbering forces are awake again. The fish leap in the clear waters, darting to and fro beneath the rays of the noonday sun; the young lambs bleat in the meadow, and the merry birds sing among the boughs. 'Echoes laden with tones' tell of forces not dead but latent, and recall the thought of Him whose spiritual teaching and divine life reached down to the hidden sources of being, turning them into wells of water springing up into everlasting life. Nature never upbraids; but, by granting us a deeper insight into her lofty methods, she rebukes our indolence, and makes the mind cognisant of higher, nobler efforts.

'Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessing.'

### HUMILITY.

How great a help is humiliation for the progress of a soul that truly supports it! We find in it a thousand blessings for ourselves, and for our conduct towards others—for our Lord gave his grace to the humble. Humility enables us to bear with others. The view of our own miseries can alone render us compassionate and indulgent toward those of others. Two considerations taken together will produce humility; the first is the abyss of misery from which the powerful hand of God has rescued us, and over which he still holds us as it were suspended in the air; the second is the presence of that God who is over all. It is only by seeing God, and loving him without ceasing, that we forget ourselves, that we become disabused with regard to that nothing which has dazzled us, and accustomed to humble ourselves before that lofty majesty, in which all is swallowed up. Let us love God, and we shall be humble. Let us love God, and we shall no longer love ourselves with an inordinate love. Let us love God, and we shall love all that he would have us love, from the love of him. The fault most difficult to bear turn to good if we use them to humble ourselves, without relaxing our efforts to correct ourselves. Discouragement remedies nothing; it is only a despair of vexed self-love. The true way to profit by the humiliation of our faults is to see them in all their deformity, without losing hope in God, and without ever hoping anything of ourselves. We need most deeply to be humbled by our faults; it is only thereby that God will crush our pride, and confound our presumptuous wisdom. When God shall have taken away all resource in ourselves, he will erect his edifice; until then he will cast down all, making use even of our faults.—Fenelon.







*Yours faithfully  
John Lee*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE VERY REV. JOHN LEE, D.D., LL.D., M.D., F.R.S.E.,  
ONE OF THE DEANS OF THE CHAPEL-Royal, AND PRINCIPAL OF EDINBURGH  
UNIVERSITY.

SUCH as are wont to write biographies are in the habit of searching with diligence family Bibles, parish registers, and every source where may be found the record of the birthday of him who is to be the hero of their story. Each one is doubtless at liberty to do as it pleaseth him in such a matter; and it so happens that the year and day of birth, however useless the information be, have in most cases been faithfully stated. It is easy to imagine the glow of delight one must feel who has searched long the dim and dusty registers, and has at last found the entry of the particular birth after which he has been hunting; and he is to be excused though he give a prominent place to the fact that has cost him such labour to discover; but the reader at the same time must be excused though he should skim the date, and reckon it an item too unimportant to read. And then what avails it that we know the hour of any one's birth? Did we hold the dogmas of astrology, it would be important to know it, for it would be a key to the whole history of the man's life, inasmuch as the ruling stars of his destiny would be known. But astrology is a dead letter. In these days of science, the planets have lost their 'leading influence.' Who consults his horoscope? The uselessness of noting the day of birth is apparent; and an apology is thus given for the want of a piece of information that is reckoned essential, and which had here been given had not our ignorance of it compelled us to make a shift, instead of hazarding what could be nothing else than a mere conjecture.

John Lee was not nursed amid such influences as kindly foster latent genius, and had he not possessed the indomitable will that rises superior to circumstances, he would have passed through life unnoticed and unknown. No patron smiled, no grandee opened a way to place; the student toiled in the mine of knowledge all unseen, till the wealth of his acquisitions made him a prince 'in the broad realm of mind.' His was the resolution of the young man in the 'Iliad,' who began life determined

Λίαν ἀριεργὸν καὶ ὑπερχρον ἡμῖναι ἄλλαν.

He entered the scene of business and life at no very auspicious time. Chalmers and Edward Irving, Andrew Thomson and many others, were performing their parts—men, the splendour of whose talents obscured and eclipsed highly gifted contemporaries. Stars these were, that formed a constellation the like of which had not been seen for generations before; they are set in darkness, and whither now shall we look to behold their like? Among such men in the Scottish Establishment, Dr Lee was placed; and while the power of their oratory drew crowds around them, his scholarship attracted the attention of the learned, and he steadily rose from office to office, unheeded, it may be, by the multitude, but admired by the rightly judging few.

Dr Lee has owed his success to no popular talents, in the sense in which such is generally understood. Knowledge has advanced him—knowledge which is power, and which makes its possessor potent among his fellows. He has been almost a dumb man during his lifetime—no flash nor sparkle is in his words—he has conversed for long years with the mighty, silent dead—he has prated not with living men. Still he can speak; but his words are not high-sounding and impassioned—they are calm, and charged with no light speculations, but with most weighty matter. Knowledge is power, yet knowledge often seeks a quiet utterance. The ancient philosophers of the grove and the porch have exerted a greater influence on the destiny of man than all the orators of Greece; nevertheless, it is true that Socrates and Zeno only *talked* and *refuted*, while Demosthenes, and Lysias, and Pericles were *masters of eloquence*; but the influence of the former has lasted for ages, the influence of the latter may be said to have perished with themselves. Knowledge is power, we

repeat, yet seldom is the mightiest power the most noisy. It is with mind as with matter; you cannot estimate power by noise. How still is gravitation, that all-compelling power which binds atom to atom, and planet to sun, and star to star! On the other hand, what an uproar and splutter is on earth when the hail descends, crushing and cracking the brushwood of the forests, and devastating barley-fields and cabbage-gardens! Once again, the rumbling of a waggon dragged after nightfall along the paved street is a sound as loud as when at noonday the heaven is black with tempest, and the lightnings begin to glint, and the mutterings of distant thunder roll on the ear. Pr'ythee, reader, never estimate power by noise, as many do.

The erudition of Dr Lee is great. There is scarcely a field of human learning he has not explored; and, possessed of a memory remarkably retentive, he has made a vast mass of the accumulated treasures of the past his own. He is thoroughly versed in law, history, philology, divinity, and— But why enumerate? However lengthy a list might be made, it would have to be finished with an *et cetera*. That he has ranged over even the least visited ground, and by the most devious pathways, is sufficiently notorious. An Edinburgh bookseller, some years ago, after offering for sale a ponderous and unmanageable tome, from the rusted iron clasps of which any blacksmith might have forged a pair of manacles, was compelled to lay it aside, as no one would give an offer (indeed, few would have accepted it in a compliment). The remark made on the occasion was, that probably no one in the country, save Principal Lee, knew aught of its contents. This doubtless was an exaggeration, but from it may be gathered some idea of the extent of his researches. Nor is it with him a mere bibliomania—a mere habit of devouring the matter of all and sundry volumes: the knowledge is stored and ready for use; but a moment of reflection is necessary, and then from the fountain is poured a stream of rich and rare information. Though during his past life he has been accumulating, though the snow of years be now on his head, and though his face be pale and passionless from the exhaustion of unceasing labour, even yet his languid, restless eye will tell that not yet is sated the vulture hunger of his mind. While others of his age have their faculties blunted and seek retirement, he still spurns inglorious ease, and toils as he did in former days.

Some have wondered that Principal Lee has not appeared as an author, favouring the world with substantial pledges of his learning and reflection, and thus erecting a lasting monument to his name. It is generally expected that those who study with the diligence of a German will write and publish as copiously as is done on the Continent. Such is the expectation; but it does by no means necessarily follow that he who has read extensively should be an extensive bookmaker. Hundreds of instances are to the contrary. Magliabechi, whose memory was as remarkable as his reading was great, shunned the work of original composition, and only yielded on one occasion to perform a feat at the earnest entreaty of his patron. It would seem that such men are contented to leave the field of authorship to those who have the itch for writing and the ambition to appear in print. They, for their part, prefer the joys which accessions of knowledge ever bring; the applause of the public is held in light esteem; each of them is contented with feeling, what in the words of the old rhyme he could express—

'My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find.'

As no man dare hide his talent in the earth, but is bound to use it when occasion may demand for the benefit of society, so in a signal manner did Principal Lee once direct his energies and employ his talents. About twenty-five years ago a party called in question the sovereign's prerogative in the printing of the Bible. Of this party, Principal Lee was the acknowledged leader. He engaged earnestly in the cause, and collected, with great trouble and at a personal expense of at least £800, materials for certain treatises which he wrote on the subject. So elabo-

rate and erudite were these volumes, that their author at once attracted the notice and won the favour of Lord Brougham, Dr Lushington, and the cabinet ministry of the day. For several years a law-suit was carried on, and, although the Bible Societies lost, yet virtually they gained, since the discussion resulted in the removal of former restrictions, and a freer circulation of Bibles has been the consequence. To Principal Lee belongs the merit of having been the *FIRST* in this country to begin an agitation which has eventually conferred a boon that cannot easily be over-estimated.

On another occasion Principal Lee has done service to his country. When commissioners were appointed to examine into the affairs of the Scottish universities, he was one of those who were chosen to this high office; and a judicious choice it was, for none better qualified could have been found for the inspection of the old records, and for the unravelling of the difficulties that were presented, 'the gordian knot of which he could unloose, familiar as his garter.' He was a royal commissioner for four years.

Among his other offices, Principal Lee is first clerk to the General Assembly of the Established Church. In this sphere his minute acquaintance with the history and constitution of the Church is of invaluable service. The laws by which affairs are regulated are contained in a great number of volumes, and the minutes of many years' meetings have now accumulated to almost an unwieldy mass; but, despite all this, should a law be inquired after, or any part of former proceedings spoken of, it is amazing to see the clerk, with an almost unfailing certainty, pouncing upon the volume and turning to the page where the record is to be found.

Dr Chalmers well knew, and his natural honesty of heart permitted him to bear frequent testimony to the great merits of Dr Lee. Once he characterised him as 'one greatly beyond us all; indeed, out of sight altogether in the knowledge of recondite antiquity;' and, speaking of those pastoral addresses prepared by the clerk, which the General Assembly addressed to the congregations of the Church, he styled them 'saintly and beautiful compositions;' and again, such as, 'deeply tinged with the spirit and style of Moravianism, possess a simplicity, and a beauty, and an unction, that form the best literary characteristics of a devotional or apostolical address.'

The time, however, came when this style of full and flowing compliment was abandoned, and in its stead a current of invective was poured forth. A man of experience and note is annually chosen by the General Assembly to be its moderator. Dr Lee was nominated to this office. The friends of Dr Chalmers placed him in opposition. The Kirk throughout became a scene of contest; party spirit rose to the highest pitch. Men of the greatest authority were leaders in the controversy. It is out of our sphere to enter on a discussion of this question, and we merely allude to it for the purpose of giving an extract from the 'Vindications' that were elicited from Dr Lee on the occasion. The concluding passage of his first pamphlet shows with what a manly yet hallowed spirit he discharged the very unpleasant task that was forced upon him. From it may be seen how possible it is for one who has been long familiar with the antique and quaint writers of the language to compose in a pure style, eschewing everything harsh and crabbed. The sentences might well be called 'bouts of linked sweetness;' and the beauty and power of the expression is only equalled by the pathos and sublimity of the sentiment:—

'And yet, while I thus write, it is with deep sadness of heart that I think of the small sparks by which great fires have been kindled, not only among individuals, who, by exercising a little forbearance, might have continued chief friends, but throughout extensive communities, in which, when the flames of dissension have blazed most fiercely, the greater part have not known how or why it was that their anger had been roused. Amidst many other vexations of spirit, which have almost worn out my frame, it grieves me unspeakably that I should be now separated from some of my brethren, with whom in time

past I have taken sweet counsel; and in no common measure I am concerned to think, that, though it has erroneously been insinuated, on what ground I know not, that I had long entertained a feeling of dislike towards my chief antagonist [Dr Chalmers], I should now be engaged in any other strife with him than that of trying how we shall each most zealously and actively, in our several spheres, contribute to the prosperity of our Zion, and to the edifying of the body in love. For most true it is, that though I never had a fancy for all his peculiarities, no man ever lived by whose lofty eloquence I was more transported, or whose enthusiastic fervour in whatever he undertook yielded me more elevated and pure delight. But the once bright horizon is now overcast—the winter of discontent has been long and dreary—and now, when the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, no voice of harmony salutes our ears—nor do we go out together, as would well become us, to see how the tender grapes spring forth, or how the buddings of that precious seed, which has been sown in tears, are either blighted by the mildew, or warmed by the sunbeam, so as to promise a rich supply of fruit, which in due season shall shake like Lebanon. While the husbandmen thus fall out by the way, what can we expect but that thistles will grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley? How different this from the promised consummation in the times of refreshing, when they who sow beside all waters shall dwell in quiet resting-places, and shall see, with delighted eyes, the thorns and briars of dissension uprooted, both from the wilderness and the fruitful field, and succeeded by the myrtle and the olive, the emblems of love and peace, and by all the pure and precious fruits of righteousness! Alas! that the days of the years of our lives should be passed away in unprofitable contention, which, if I have in any degree unwittingly contributed to begin, assuredly I meant not so, neither did my heart think so. I was not panting for any pre-eminence—I was not seeking to be exalted to an ephemeral dignity, that I might be better known in the gates, sitting among the elders of the land,—nor had been vainly dreaming that, during the toils and the joy of harvest, my brethren's sheaves would do obeisance to mine. As little did I suspect that I was to be branded as the enemy of the church for speaking the things which I knew, or that I would be accused before the whole world of having harboured malignant devices which my heart within me abhors. It is not in man to sit tamely, while they who are younger than I are holding me in derision, and old men and maidens are going from house to house, uttering hard speeches, which they cannot know to be true—for true they are not. And thus it is, that, in despite of more pacific purposes, I must for a season engage in a strife from which I cannot retire, so long as others persist in their efforts to overwhelm me with confusion and contempt. But whoever has let out these troubled waters, I cannot put away from me the solemn thought, that the end is at hand, when either the harvest shall be ripe, or all the labour of our hands shall fail. Sad, will it be for us if the clouds shall yet return after the rain, and if, before the shadows of the evening are stretched out, the storm shall not be changed into a calm, and the emerald rainbow shall not spring up speedily over the renewed face of the troubled land, as a token of the covenant of peace. But, to speak no more of what is personal, I cannot refrain from expressing my earnest hope, that the day is not far off when the peace of the church shall be multiplied as a river, and when, for divisions and separations among brethren, there shall be no scarings of heart—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim—when the Samaritan, once esteemed an alien in blood, and faith, and laws, shall in kindness and confidence take hold of the skirts of him that is a Jew, and the Jew shall have friendly and cordial dealings with the Samaritan—when both in the city and in the field the people shall be turned to a pure language to worship the Father with one consent—when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid—and when

there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all the mountain of holiness, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'

After completing the usual curriculum in the faculty of arts, and the prescribed period of medical study, Principal Lee obtained the degree of M.A. and afterwards that of M.D. in the University of Edinburgh. For a short time he held an appointment in the hospital department of the army. Having subsequently passed through a course of theological study he was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1807 as minister of a Presbyterian chapel in London, but before the end of that year he was presented to the church of Peebles. In December, 1811, he received the crown appointment of Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Divinity in St Mary's College, St Andrews, and was afterwards, on three annual occasions, chosen Rector of that University. During the session 1820-1 he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. In 1821 he was presented by the crown as minister of the first charge of the Canonate, whence he was translated in 1825 to Lady Yester's Church, Edinburgh, and in 1835 to the Old Church, then a collegiate charge. In 1824 he was nominated one of the Royal Commissioners for visiting the universities. In 1827 he became one of the clerks of the university. During the winter 1827-8 he gratuitously discharged the laborious duties of Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In 1837 he was inducted into the office of Principal of the United College of St Andrews, from which preferment he retired in five months. In 1840 he was elected Principal of Edinburgh University; and in October of that year ceased to have a parochial charge. Two years before he had declined to avail himself of the appointment of Secretary to the Bible Board of Scotland—an office for which he might have been expected to cherish a preference, as fifteen years before he may be said to have fought the battle of their cause,—and as the establishment of such a board was originally of his suggestion. In 1841 he was nominated one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, during his incumbency as principal: in addition to this office he has occupied the chair of Divinity since October 1843. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in addition to his degree of M.D., there have been conferred upon him the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. The list now given is correct so far as it goes; but it is not guaranteed to be a *complete* list of his honours and appointments!

Principal Lee holds the highest ecclesiastical office and the highest position in the Educational Institutions of Scotland. From being the obscure surgeon drugging and amputating in an hospital, he has risen rapidly and by many steps to his present place of eminence. Now, there is no office to which he can aspire—now, there are no more laurels to be won. He is one of the brightest examples of the success of toil and talent—of the ultimate triumph of intellect, that any age affords. May he long live to benefit and be an ornament to his country!

### THE HORSE OF VOLTAIRE.

THE chateau of Ferney, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, formed the residence of Voltaire, as all mankind know, during the last twenty years of his life. He retired thither because he had grown weary of triumphs on the busy stage of human action. He had tasted to repletion of the caresses of princes, the incense of philosophers, the idolatry of fools, and the admiration of the world at large. He had become tired, besides, of quarrelling, though few could boast of ever encountering him successfully, from Frederick the Great down to the Abbé Desfontaines. He had begun also to feel the weight of advancing years; and, lastly but not least, the Marchioness du Châtelet, the dearest of his female friends, had taken leave of existence. For these reasons did Voltaire retreat to Ferney, destined only to revisit Paris to die there. Nearly in the middle of the eighteenth century this change in his position took place. The chief companion of his retirement was his niece, Madame Denis, whose persuasions are said

to have had a great share in inducing him to adopt a step of so much consequence to a man of his tastes and habits. However, Voltaire was a person too widely renowned in his day to have perfect solitude at his command any where, the quiet vales of Switzerland not excepted. But he there enjoyed comparative freedom of speech and action—no inconsiderable privilege to one whose very life had been more than once endangered by his irresistible propensity to satire. Even when an honoured guest of Frederick of Prussia, for example, he had proved totally unable to restrain his biting wit, and was glad in the end to escape with his head from the dominions of that potentate, who had often urged him on to lash others, but who proved exceedingly sensitive when himself subjected to the scourge. Switzerland, therefore, suited well such a man as Voltaire, as it did subsequently Madame de Staël, a lady slightly tinged with the same infirmity of free-speaking.

The chateau of Ferney was erected under the eye of Voltaire, or at least according to his instructions. It was a large building, fashioned after the manner of the country-seats of France, with courts and saloons on a scale of considerable magnificence. These have long been silent and deserted, if not positively ruinous. Pilgrims, to whom genius, in all its forms and phases, is the highest object of meditative reverence which the mere earth can present, may still be found loitering about the lonely walls, conjuring up the image of the singular being whom that roof so long overshadowed, and whose powers of mind were the wonder of the age in which he lived; or they may be seen gazing on the now aged trees under which he sat, as they quiver in the alpine breeze; or they may be observed in converse with the centenarian guardian of the scene, who had served the illustrious founder of the place himself, and who, while showing the apartments where his former lord wrote, and read, and dined, and slept, regales his hungry-eared visitors with anecdotes of other days, precious as they are minute, and to which his age serves so far as a certificate of verity. From him (lately living, but, perhaps, now no more) came the little story which is here to be related:—

In place of pilgrims called to the spot by the remembrance only of Voltaire, the chateau of Ferney, after the living wit and philosopher had fairly planted himself on the scene, became in a measure the literary centre and capital of Europe. Strangers from all quarters of the civilised globe flocked thither, and deemed it a greater honour to be admitted to the presence of its lord, than to receive special audience of crowned kings. To understand fully the importance of Voltaire in the eyes of his contemporaries, one must take into account the character and condition of his times, and what he had been incessantly engaged in during forty years of his active life. Not to speak of other nations, his countrymen of France had just begun to open their eyes to the gross oppression and misgovernment which they had so long submitted to, demeaning themselves as tamely as if the mere arbitrary will of rulers had all the sacred weight of decrees of Heaven. But a light had broken in at length, and men began to whisper to each other—for they dared not at first to utter the hazardous truth aloud—that kings were but men like others, and ought to exist for society, not society for them. From youth to the verge of old age—in a thousand ways and shapes—by histories, dramas, poems, tales, satires, fables, and apologies—Voltaire had supplied fuel to this newly-kindled flame, which, not long after his decease, burst out into a conflagration that terrified humanity. Though he retired from the active world—and it is possible that he may have partly done so from a prudent foresight of what was at hand—he may be said to have only withdrawn his bodily frame, leaving his mind behind him in his numerous writings. By these, the most universally popular productions of the age, the spirit which he had conjured up and fostered, when present personally, was maintained in full force in his absence, and spread every day more widely. Unhappily, this man of unquestioned genius had administered the *bane* only, and not the *antidote*. He exposed social evils, and disseminated a deep desire for their removal; but he acted not like the good physician

who relieves by the indication of remedies. For the system or systems which he shook till they tottered, he suggested no substitute; for their ills he pointed out no cures. Like all who wield the weapon of satire, his power lay in attack merely. Indeed, one whose highest notions of a deity and religion were comprised in these words—'If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him'—was incapable of giving any guidance on subjects the most important to mankind. The corruptions of the Gallican Church, assuredly, well deserved his assaults; but the multitude whom he addressed could draw no distinction betwixt amendment and extinction, purification and destruction. So it proved when the hour of dread came, and which he lived not to behold.

The works of Voltaire, then, being in the hands of all the civilised inhabitants of Europe, and having so strong a bearing on points occupying everywhere new and profound attention, it is less to be marvelled at that he should have occupied the thoughts of men as much, if not more, when out of the busy world as when in it. He reigned like a monarch at Ferney, and had his levees and audiences in true kingly fashion. He was the constellation before whom all lesser lights paled their ineffectual fires. Even the Duc de Choiseul, that powerful minister to whom Voltaire had often bowed with humility, and who had retired to Chanteloup in a sort of honourable exile, found himself a mere nobody beside his neighbour of Ferney. Perhaps, the eccentricities of the latter added much to the general curiosity felt regarding his life in his lion's den of a retreat. Though, to those whom he received, he did all the honours of hospitality in a manner almost magnificent—only now and then marred in effect by the vulgar slips of good Madame Denis—Voltaire was far from being readily accessible to visitors, and many a noble and even princely personage had the mortification to return to their carriages or hotels in Geneva, without having obtained even a glimpse of the great man's shadow. It is possible, and even probable, that he took pleasure in thus repaying to the high and mighty a part of what he had endured at their hands in his time. For Voltaire had kissed the shoes of the great, and that many times throughout his career, despite of all his levelling sarcasms against the pride and pomp of royalty and aristocracy. Well was this fact alluded to by an eminent Scottish phrenologist, when the organ of veneration was pointed out to him as very large in the head of the famous Frenchman, and he was triumphantly asked how such an organ came to show itself in the cerebrum of the most notorious of modern sceptics. He had large veneration (it was replied), but, by the influence of other dominant and balancing faculties, it was directed to the reverence of earthly potentates in place of heavenly.

It chanced that Gibbon, the great English historian, visited Switzerland while Voltaire reigned in full glory at Ferney. Gibbon, who had dwelt in the same country in his boyhood, and who afterwards set up his rest at Lausanne, was only at this time on a temporary visit to the Continent, engaged probably in digesting some portions of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' He had issued the earlier parts of that work, however, and stood already high among the historians of the day. His name had become especially famous for the accuracy with which he investigated facts, and his conscientiousness in proclaiming them. No theories or systems attracted him from the even tenor of his way. A fact was with him a sacred thing, not to be coloured or smoothed down to suit any hypothesis, however seductive. It was through carrying this rigorous examination of authorities to the extreme that he fell into scepticism, and so blemished his otherwise noble work. Now, Voltaire had also written history, as 'The Age of Louis XIV.' and the 'History of Charles XII.' But no one could chide the author of these works for having too servilely chained himself to the car of verity; and it had been made a charge against him that he had introduced the facile but injurious practice of writing history with the pen of romance. Gibbon was one of those who deemed the high name of history prostituted when ap-

plied by the French author to his recital of the adventures of Charles of Sweden; and he went the length of publishing a brochure in London, strongly reflecting on the world in question. The diatribe soon found its way through Paris to Ferney. The lord of that chateau, whose literary vanity and sensitiveness were limitless, raged furiously at this attack, and vowed eternal hatred against its author, with all possible French extravagance. In this and many such-like matters, he was apt to prove himself to be but a great Frenchman, not a great man. The difference is considerable—with all deference to our Gallic neighbours.

Voltaire found, after the lapse of some years, an opportunity of at length showing his ire against Gibbon. The eminent Englishman, as observed, was passing through Switzerland, on a temporary visit to the Continent; and he resolved not to return to Britain, without, if possible, seeing Voltaire. He probably anticipated little difficulty in so doing, either from deeming the past forgotten, or from his having himself a tolerable share of the forgiving in his disposition. Gibbon accordingly wrote a note from Geneva to the monarch of Ferney, requesting leave to wait upon him at the chateau. Voltaire felt all his bitterness rekindle at the recollection of the 'English Libelist,' and sent back a pointed declension of any visit from M. Gibbon. The latter was vexed by the reply, but continued still anxious to see the prince of French philosophers. Remaining at Geneva for a week or two, he at last ventured to reiterate his request. It only brought a fresh refusal on the part of Voltaire. Obstacles only stimulate great souls. Gibbon vowed that he would see Voltaire. But negotiations were no longer practicable; and the road to Ferney required to be opened by force or address. The first mode of approach not being to be thought of, the English historian had only skilful management to rest upon.

Filling his purse with sterling gold, as an auxiliary that might possibly and even probably be available, Gibbon started for the residence of Voltaire, distant from Geneva but a few miles. He walked on foot, with a stout English staff in his hand. He needed such support, for he was a corpulent man, though not then so much so as when, in after days at Lausanne, he fell on his knees to make love to Madame ———, and could not get up again till assisted by the lady when her laughter permitted. Yet he was stout enough at the period now under notice, and, on the whole, somewhat ugly. His person was very clumsy, and his countenance a broad flat expanse, terminated below by a double chin, hanging like a fleshy roller over his neckcloth. There was nothing to redeem this rather un-intellectual-looking mass, saving only a brilliant eye, with a large forehead. Even the eye was half hidden by peculiarly bushy eyebrows. Presenting his well-marked personal appearance, Gibbon found himself standing in due course before the grated iron gate of the little park of Ferney, and rung the bell. The lodge-keeper presented himself forthwith, and applied the key to the lock; but on a sudden he desisted, and opened not. He had in fact cast his eye on the visiter, and recognised Gibbon, whose description had been carried from Geneva to Voltaire, and had actually been communicated by the irate philosopher to all his household, with strict instructions to them to exclude any such applicant for admission within the bounds of Ferney. The lodge-keeper gravely detailed the orders given to him by his master. Gibbon did not make any vain attempts to deny his identity; but he did not give up his point. Placing his hand in his pocket, he drew out his purse, and made its golden contents chink in the ears, and sparkle in the eyes, of the Cerberus of Ferney. The latter was moved, indeed vanquished. A godly *douceur* found its way into his hands, and the gate revolved quietly upon its hinges. Gibbon entered triumphantly.

*C'est le premier pas qui coûte* (the first step is all), as the French lady said when told that St Denis walked a whole mile with his head beneath his shoulders. The sceptical dame desired but to have proof of the first move having been accomplished. Her words have become proverbial; but they did not hold good in the case of Gibbon

on this occasion. He had taken the outer defences of Ferney; but the guardian of the gate had not pledged himself to the introduction of the Englishman within the inner sanctuary. He had done all that he could or would do in admitting the visitant to his own lodge; and it was for the other to consider what further steps must be taken to procure access to the veritable presence of Voltaire. Finding such to be the case, Gibbon began to tease his invention in some way of attaining his great object. But he could think of no fitting plan; and, in these awkward circumstances, he turned for temporary entertainment to the lodge-keeper, and asked him some questions about Voltaire and his mode of life, observing that if he could not see the great man, he should at least hear as much as possible about him. The other felt under no restrictions on his head, and was besides a gossip, like most men in similar lounging situations. He commenced to describe a full tale of his master, telling all that he knew thereof, and all that he did not know. Gibbon learnt when Voltaire went to bed, when he rose, when he ate, when he drank, how he kissed the hand of Madame Denis, and how he kicked the—person of La Harpe. In short, all the minutest incidents of the daily life of the owner of Ferney were laid bare by the talkative custodian of the gates. All this rattle one portion only struck Gibbon forcibly; and as he mused on it, losing all the rest of the discourse hereby, his countenance cleared up. He looked joyful; a plan had struck him; he had discovered a weak point in the defences of Ferney; he would yet see Voltaire!

Among other eccentricities of his master, the man of the lodge had mentioned one of a peculiar kind. Though no equestrian, Voltaire possessed a small white horse of the English breed, on which he doated to very folly. He would allow no one to feed it but himself; he filled its rack; he led it out to pasture; and he even gave it water out of a costly vessel made for the purpose. If any audacious mortal touched a hair, even one, of its flowing mane, he flew into such ecstasies of passion as to terrify Madame Denis by the next fortnight. It was a creature of truly exquisite beauty. With its fine small head, neck perfectly arched, slender tapering limbs, and flowing main and tail, it seemed a high bred lady among coarse cow-milkers, when compared with the native alpine horses. Playful as a kitten, it took up lumps of sugar from the palm of its master, and followed him up and down like a pet dog, being put, moreover, to nearly as little use. In short, Voltaire had attained his grand object of making it love him, and him alone, by his rigorous exclusion of others from its very sight, or at least from nearly all share in its tendance. The servants at Ferney durst scarcely look at this object of their master's idolatry.

It was on this eccentric penchant of Voltaire that Gibbon based his hopes of an interview. Again his purse glittered in the eyes of the gate-keeper, and again it produced potent effects. It was not without many misgivings, however, that the man was induced to consent to the scheme proposed to him. But he did yield finally. He bound himself to go to the stable where stood the precious white palfrey, to unloose it from the stall, and to turn it out into the avenue immediately fronting the chateau of Ferney. There his stipulated task was to end, and the tempter was to be left to turn the treachery of his accomplice to account in what manner he best could.

It was still early morning; and the windows of Ferney were yet hermetically sealed. Neither the beads nor the underlings of the house were stirring about; and all things seemed to favour the bold enterprise of the Englishman. Having duly paid the price agreed on, he, on his part, took his way down the little avenue, and planted himself in covert, not far from the chateau, behind one of the lateral trees. The faithless Cerberus of the lodge, again, directed his course to the stables, untied the favourite steed, and led it stealthily towards the place where Gibbon was enconcealed. There he left the animal to itself, and fled to his own proper region. The white horse, inspired by the fresh air of morning, signalled its unusual and unexpected liberation by all manner of gambols, neighing often

and loudly the while, to the delight of the unseen author of its freedom. To his still greater satisfaction, a shutter was ere long opened in the front of the chateau, and the window flung up violently. At that window appeared the indubitable figure of Voltaire himself, furious with choler and astonishment, as his gesticulations indicated. As it afterwards appeared, he roused the whole household, abused every member thereof, and menaced them with instantaneous dismissal. But he would allow none of them to stir for the recapture of the white horse. That would have been but adding contamination to contamination. He would go himself and recover his lost treasure. And accordingly, with very little preparation in the way of attire, Voltaire quitted his apartment, hastened out of doors, and made his way towards the much-prized steed. As he entered the avenue, he began to call to it loudly, naming it with tenderness, and inviting it to come to him. In the meantime, Gibbon, concealed behind his tree, had the opportunity of contemplating at leisure the aspect of the famous man whom he had so long wished to see. Voltaire presented at the moment an exterior certainly calculated to excite a little more of amusement than respect. The author of the 'Henriade,' of 'Zaire,' of 'Candide'—the leader of the Encyclopedists, and father of the savants of France—the world-renowned representative of the spirit of a new age—was comically enveloped in a long loose dressing-gown, and had on his head a rumpled massive peruke of the times of Louis XIV., surmounted by a night-cap which Madame Denis had adorned, in old-woman fashion, with a large yellow ribbon. Thus accoutred did Voltaire appear before his lurking assailant of other days; but at the moment he thought little of philosophy or history, of Gibbon or any other person, friend or foe. His whole soul was wrapt up in the white horse. Alas! the morning dews would hurt his tender hoofs; he would catch cold! Moved by such terrors, Voltaire continued with seducing words to draw nearer and nearer to the still frisky animal, till he had come opposite to the tree which covered Gibbon. The latter had already determined upon his next measures. In a moment he started up, advanced straight forward to Voltaire, named himself point blank, and declared that he would return contented to his own country, since he had been happy enough to see so great a man. Voltaire astonished by this sudden apparition, and even alarmed by the not very charming aspect thereof, stared for a moment or two in silent stupefaction; and then, on a sudden impulse, he fairly turned and took to his heels, without uttering one word, and forgetting even the white horse in his haste to be gone. Some minutes passed away, during which Gibbon, satisfied with his success, took a leisurely view of the field of battle from which the foe had just fled in discomfiture. He was at length about to set out on his return to Geneva, when a servant approached from the chateau, and, after begging to be excused, as only obeying the orders of his master, announced himself to be the bearer of a message. Gibbon hastily bade him speak freely, curious to know the purport of this embassy.

'My master, M. Voltaire,' said the servant, 'sends me to demand of M. Gibbon the sum of twelve guineas, as the price of what the great beast had seen (*de ce qu'il a vu la grosse bête*).'

'Hold, my friend,' answered the Englishman, quickly; 'take these twenty-four guineas, and tell your master that I have paid for a second sight of him. I shall wait your return here.'

The domestic acquitted himself of his message, and soon came back to Gibbon. But on this occasion he bore a polite invitation to the stranger to pass the day and dine at Ferney. The English historian felicitated himself on the happy issue of all his stratagems, and looked forward with delight to a day of free intercourse with Voltaire. He was doomed to disappointment. Whether through mere whimsicality, or because his bile rose afresh against Gibbon, or because he did not wish the other to carry further the triumphs of the day, he neither appeared before dinner, nor at table, nor afterwards. In short, Gibbon saw no more of him. However, the Englishman enjoyed himself



as well as he could, being as courteously treated by the other guests then at Ferney as if nothing unusual had signalised his appearance there.

Such is the story of the white palfrey, and such was the nature of the meeting betwixt Voltaire and Gibbon. They were not fitted to have become true friends, even if they had met every day. Their common and unfortunate scepticism itself was very differently based; and it is probable that they would have felt as much at odds on religion as on any other theme. Both possessed superior intellects; but Voltaire had a great French mind, and Gibbon a great English one. Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire, indeed, typified in his time the aggregate Gallic character and genius—in all its strength and all its weakness—more perfectly than any man to whom the nation ever gave birth, or probably ever will send forth again. Even physically he was Gallic from top to toe, and, as such, contrasted strikingly with Gibbon, who had all the Anglican solidity of person as well as of genius. As the religious opinions of Voltaire have been noticed incidentally, it is but fair that we should not forget his noble defence of the Calas Family, persecuted for conscience's sake. Even if but a whim, in the career of this man of many whims, it was one that will redound to his honour lastingly. The story may be told by us at a fitting opportunity.

## DR JOHNSON.

### SECOND PAPER.

In the fifth chapter on 'Churchmanship,' we have Johnson's terse remarks on the works of the most celebrated divines, which the author considerably amplifies; and here we have an expression which shows his leaning: 'The spirit of Atterbury is still, in some degree, in the Church of England, and best represented, perhaps, by the able and undaunted Bishop of Exeter (Dr Philpotts), a man supposed by the *thoughtless* to lean towards the Church of Rome.' He thus describes South: 'Never was there such a slashing preacher as South; he was as the Picton or the Murat of the ecclesiastical army. Very many would think that we need his bold and unsparring manner in this our smoother day. Altogether, notwithstanding his brilliant powers, his was not the mind and heart that the Liturgy of the Church of England is calculated to form and cherish, for he lacked the calmness, and sweetness, and largeness which are its characteristics: like the mild Melancthon; *it is words and matter.*'

Johnson was a firm stickler for 'free-will.' On this point we will not argue. Enough is revealed, and enough is felt, to instruct us—often painfully so—that in, and of ourselves *we can do nothing*; and not all that has, is, or will be written, can go a step beyond, or alter this truth. Of Ussher he says: 'He was put forward by the clergy to intercede with Cromwell for a withdrawal of his cruel and arbitrary declaration issued in 1656, but was unsuccessful, Cromwell being advised by his counsel, 'that *it was not safe to grant liberty of conscience* to those men whom he deemed restless and implacable enemies to his government.' O Liberty! what persecutions have been committed in thy name!

The following is rather an unfortunate quotation from Archbishop Bramhall, when we remember the numbers that have latterly embraced Popery.—'Excuse me for telling the truth plainly; many who have had their education among sectaries or nonconformists have apostated to Rome, but few or no right episcopal divines. Hot water freezeth the soonest.'

In speaking of our 'free inquirers,' he says:—'Lately there has sprung up one of Grotian spirit, except that he accepts not so fully the teaching of the Church of England; yet is he one of an earnest, thoughtful mind, eager for coalition. His main error—but then he is a young man—seems to be set forth in the idea that truth has not yet appeared

in the world or the churches of the world—that the words, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' ought rather to have been, 'Lo, I shall be with you some time in the twentieth century, and Mr George Dawson is to be my pioneer and discoverer.'

The chapter on Lord Chancellor Thurlow might have been omitted; it seems hardly within the scope of the work, and somewhat interferes with its unity and design. That on Dr Johnson's opinions of 'Dissent and Dissenters' commences thus:—'Dr Johnson, it must be remembered, lived during a period when dissent, in great degree, was rather a commencing than an established institution: perhaps it is more correct to say, that it was a revival of an old error: great lethargy had crept into the dissent that already existed, as well as into the sanctuaries of the Church; and religion generally, as with the Mediæval Church, was, to all appearance, in a state of suspended animation. There was a need, then, that a spirit should go forth, and lift up a great cry, ay, better to utter very screams over the seeming corpse, than to leave it alone to the gaze of an exulting and scoffing nation. Hence, perhaps more within than without the Church, a loud shout of awakening from slumber arose—the Venns, Romaines, Toplads, Berridges, Walkers, Herveys, Madans, Newtons, &c., breathed the breath of life into the dry bones on one side of doctrinal excitement, with the help of Whitfield, Doddridge, Ingham, Harris, Cennick, Rowland Hill, &c., all Calvinists to the backbone, whom Lady Huntingdon so largely favoured, and Horace Walpole elegantly caricatured; while, still in the Church, Wesley, Fletcher of Madeley, and their followers took the field, and, with more zeal than judgment, preached to the multitudes of the nation with extreme energy what they conceived to be the vital doctrines of the blessed Gospel: and from the exertions of all these, Churchmen and Dissenters arose, stood upon their feet, an exceeding great and imposing army.' A pretty candid admission, but he goes on: 'Still, this was a convulsive coming to life of the corpse—it was a galvanic resuscitation—inwardly with all the agony of returning sensation to a drowned man, and outwardly with all the grimace and tortuous writhing which would attend on the reviving work within. No wonder, then, that much occurred which would tend to horrify and scare sober and pious Christians: for many would say, Let us retire awhile and not gaze upon these dreadful contortions of the countenance, and these awful strugglings of the body with its returning inner life—let us wait until health be restored, the face calm and rational, the body sound and standing erect in perfect strength; for, while a process is required of which we stand in no need, let the proper physicians and attendants gather round, but let not us, who can do no good, go and indulge a morbid curiosity, and which ultimately might, in the common sympathy of our uncertain nature, effect harm within our minds and souls, by seducing us from soberness and settledness into eccentricity and discontentedness. For in these days, it must be borne in mind, there were very many real Christian hearts beating in the church with all the faith, hope, and charity of which Christian men are capable: and to these, the new doings, and the new processes of alarming and arousing the dead and slumbering ones, seemed to partake of much of the hideous and the horrible. It was what Mrs Radcliffe and her crew were to the common world of readers, not only alluring them from the perusal of wholesome and rational literature, but rendering them fearful of their own selves and of all other people: afraid to walk out by day, or sit in the house by night; and when the dread hour of midnight arrived, and the clock struck one, oh what fearfulness and trembling, what apparitions, hollow groans, and shrieks of subterranean victims, at once agonising and

\* 'It is reported, that in the house of worthy Mr Luther,' says Bishop Hall, 'was found written—'Melancthon was words and matter; Luther matter without words; Erasmus words without matter.'

+ 'George Dawson, Esq., M.A., Birmingham, author of 'Demands of the Age upon the Church.' This gentleman, like Southey, has commenced life as a lecturer; but whether he will further resemble Southey remains yet to be seen. *Reading and reflection* are the two things that must inform and brace his mind; and he must take good heed to combat against the idea that he is to be a discoverer of the truth, when all the while the truth has been in the world.'



appalling, and rendering the poor creatures incapable of the exercise of the truly heroic and milder virtues of fortitude, resignation, and discretion!'

We call the latter portions of this paragraph, without any reservation, 'stuff,' and it would almost be an insult to our readers, and a waste of time, to explain why. Had he lived in apostolic times, no doubt similar remarks would have been made on the great work then going on. When multitudes cried out in agony, 'Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?' doubtless he would have likened these 'new doings, and new processes of alarming and arousing the dead and slumbering ones,' to the morbid creations of romance, and as partaking of the contortions and hallucinations of insanity, 'rendering the poor creatures incapable of the exercise of the truly heroic and milder virtues of fortitude, resignation, and discretion!'

Toleration is here discussed, and the following just view of the subject is given by the author: 'If it be proved that men have a right to hold and to express different religious opinions, no matter what the religious opinions be, it must be right to tolerate the holding and expression of those opinions. Our Lord and His apostles never compelled any one to believe what He or they advanced: all was invitation, beseeching, persuasion.' Let it be remembered, Dr Johnson was no advocate for free toleration. Again: 'It may be said, that the fact is overlooked, that the majority of our population have no means of forming a right judgment. Sure to go wrong if left to themselves, are they to be left to themselves to go wrong, to preserve a theory of private judgment?' We can answer, You must do what you can to educate them in the right, and to persuade them to adopt and follow what is right, but you can do no more; you cannot coerce them, you cannot treat grown-up persons (though in reality but children in understanding) as you would treat children. Dr Johnson would have silenced the school-girls, but who could silence him? And yet a wrong opinion issuing from Dr Johnson's mouth would be far more dangerous than the same from the mouth of an illiterate person, or from one who had little or no influence on the minds of others.' On the whole, Johnson would have granted liberty of conscience, but not liberty to *preach* doctrines contrary to the belief of the essential ones of the Established Church.

With the following remarks from his biographer we fully agree: 'In physical and mathematical science the interference of authority has been found to be ridiculous, and men believe that the earth moves round beneath the sun, although the Roman Catholic Church would have had them believe, and Galileo teach, otherwise. Why should we court its restraints in our inquiries after religious truth? Better have partial enthusiasm, schism, and fanaticism, three dreadful evils, than the more dreadful ones of stagnation, compulsion, and ultimate torpor or death. It is by dispassionate discussion, and by the comparison and collision of opinions, that error, however popular, will be discarded, and the truth be best brought to light; for, wherever error is not exposed to the test of general examination, it may have an extensive and undisputed sway in secret, while the surest way of contracting its empire is to grant facilities to the general power of investigating its character. On the other hand, let truth ever stand forward without fear, concealment, or mystery, ready to challenge inquiry: and whatever cannot be maintained by knowledge and reason should not be allowed to seek even a feeble protection from judicial severities.'

'Oh, how I hate faction,' said the pious Hannah More, 'division, and controversy in religion! And yet if people will advance dangerous absurdities till they become popular, truth must not be left to shift for herself.' But of the alienation of heart among Christian people, perhaps John Newton (Letter to Hannah More, vol. iii. p. 19 of her Memoirs) speaks best. He wants to know, how is it that members of the same body, partakers of the same grace, are often so shy and suspicious of one another: so inconsistent with themselves and their principles? And he gives as a reason, the painful fact, that they are still encumbered with a remnant of pride, prejudice, and self-will.

Satan has a magic glass, and there are certain magical words, most of which owe their influence, if not their origin, to him. The believer, when he looks at a brother Christian, as he would hope he is, 'sees a Calvinist, or an Arminian, a High Churchman, a Secretary, a Methodist, &c. One of these names, perhaps, he prides himself in avowing, and therefore allows that those who bear it must be infallibly right: the others he dislikes, and therefore takes it for granted that those who bear them must be wrong: and though he would hope the best, he is not desirous of actual communion with such perverse, mistaken people. And yet, perhaps, some of them are much more spiritual, humble, and exemplary than himself. But he sees them through the medium of party prejudice,' &c.

Of course our author is a firm believer in apostolical succession, and thinks it quite a sufficient argument against the Presbyterians, that their clergy cannot show their descent from the apostles, by imposition of hands.

We omit the chapter on Wesleyan Methodism, though illustrating Johnson's notions and the author's own, as regards predestination, free-will, and their concomitants. Dr Johnson's principles and feelings were ever ranged on the side of authority, antiquity, and establishments. Boswell asked Johnson as to his belief in Purgatory: 'Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine,' was the reply. 'They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits: and therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be *purified by certain degrees of suffering*. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.'

'Purified by certain degrees of suffering!' Verily, if any degree of suffering could purify from, or atone for sin, the Son of God had been spared his awful doom, 'made sin for us,' bearing ours 'in his own body on the tree;' nor is *there any 'other sacrifice for sin*.' This alone, we are told in Scripture, is sufficient, and we are warned from trusting to any other way of satisfaction; but man, presumptuous man, would find some way of his own—some mode whereby he can work out a salvation for himself, irrespective of God working in him. If *suffering* could purify, then the pains of hell would not be everlasting!

The mass, transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, intercession of saints, confession, &c., occupy the remaining part of this chapter. Johnson's ideas on these subjects were much in accordance with those of the Puseyites in our own day.

'Convents and Monasteries,' and 'Monastic Life,' show us Johnson's opinions on these subjects. As respects confinement in stone walls, our author observes: 'We want, as it has been well hinted, witnesses everywhere, in every calling, in every grade; we want the good heaven, not retreating and hiding within sacred walls, but pervading all society, and giving to all its Christian tone. We want Christian duchesses, Christian gentlewomen, Christian officers, Christian lawyers, living in their own appointed and natural sphere, acting upon the bodies among whom they naturally move, and continuing in their position, as though they felt it to be providential, and had there to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. (English Review, No. 16.) These we want everywhere: not ladies who *condescend* to go among the poor, and talk in a fine way, but such as Mrs Godolphin,\* one of the noblest daughters of the English Church, whose interior piety was profound, and her religious works unbounded. Goodness and righteous zeal, indeed, were to be expected from one who could in gentleness and humility say, 'Before I speak, Lord assist me; when I pray, Lord hear me; when I am praised, God humble me; may the clock, the candle, everything I see, instruct me; Lord, cleanse my hands, lett my feet tread thy pathes.' Thus we find her spending much of her time in 'working for poore people,' 'spending much of her tyme, and no little of her money, in relieving, visit-

\* See the life of Mrs Godolphin, by John Evelyn, edited by the Bishop of Oxford. London: Pickering.

ing, and enquiring of them out.' What an example in her for all district visitors!

The chapter on 'His Superstition' alludes to some strange puerilities of the learned doctor's; for instance, 'It was his care to go in or out at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so that either his right or his left foot (it was not known which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. When he had gone wrong, in order to achieve this, he would sometimes go back again, and measure his distance with more care. In walking over a paved quadrangle, he would not step on the juncture of the stones, but carefully in the centre; and in walking up an accustomed footway, he would always place his hand on the top of the centre posts, and if he omitted one, he would go back and amend his omission.'

The chapter on 'Epitaphs' might, we think, have been omitted with advantage. We extract one for its punning absurdity, inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard of Llandinabo, in Herefordshire:

'Templum, Bellum, Spelunca,  
De Terrâ in Archâ.'

Most persons would rack their brains in vain for a solution. Here it is:

'Church-war-den  
Of Lland-in-a-bo.'

We now come to the 'Close of Dr Johnson's Life—Fear of Death.' And no wonder, when, according to the notions of his present biographer, he had to '*work out his own salvation with fear and trembling.*' Let us hear the doctor's views on this subject. In a letter to Mrs Thrale, he says: 'I never thought confidence with respect to futurity *any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man.* Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing: wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults, of which it is, perhaps, itself an aggravation; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal indulgence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the *condition of forgiveness fulfilled*, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence.' Again, 'Somewhat later, when at Oxford, he acknowledged that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr Adams suggested that God was infinitely good. Johnson: 'That He is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of His nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary, for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, He is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be *sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted*, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned.' Dr Adams: 'What do you mean by damned?' Johnson (loudly and passionately): 'Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly.'

'But consider,' says he, in another place, 'his hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us—namely, obedience; and where obedience has failed, then, as suppletory to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience has been such as he would approve of in another, or even in himself, upon close examination, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of? No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation.' At another time he said, talking of the fear of death, 'Some people are not afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional; and as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid.'

On the principle of '*conditions*' being required, whether of repentance, love, or any other graces involved in our justification, *before* we are warranted to believe, the doctor's apprehensions were perfectly just; but this is bargaining—bringing a price in our hands—for salvation by the terms of the old covenant, which was, 'Do, and thou shalt live.' The new and better covenant is, '*Live, and*

*thou shalt do*,'—a covenant ratified, sealed, immutably, by the death of Christ, who 'blotted out the handwriting which was against us,' having 'wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness, which is upon, and to all them that believe.' The apostle Paul explains and insists upon this most fully; and that, unless the *perfect* righteousness of Christ be '*imputed*' to us, or reckoned ours, we cannot be saved. 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me,' are His own words. This doctrine of imputed righteousness, though the sheet-anchor of our great reformers in outriding the errors of popery, is not once, we believe, alluded to in the work before us; nor does Dr Johnson appear to be at all acquainted with this fundamental article of our Protestant faith. How clear, full, and 'unnotious' many of the old divines on this subject. The Rev. Walter Marshall, fellow of New College, Oxford, nearly two centuries ago, was the author of a work entitled, 'The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.' Previously he had been 'labouring in the fire,'—for a long period, trying to work out a righteousness of his own, to fit him as a recipient for God's mercy. The harder he worked, the worse he became, until mental anxiety brought on a dangerous disease, and he was drawing nigh to the gates of death. He consulted several eminent divines, who told him he understood the Scriptures too legally. At length, upon giving one of them an account of his state, and particularising the sins—heart sins more especially—that lay heavy on his conscience, his friend told him he had forgotten to mention one, the greatest sin of all—the sin of unbelief, in not believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, not only for remission of sins, but for the sanctification of his nature. Whereupon he set himself to studying and preaching this doctrine, attaining to eminent holiness and great peace of conscience.

Men, like Naaman the Syrian, are always for doing some great thing of their own devising, rather than taking God at his word—'He that *believeth shall be saved.*'

Preparation for death in his way, we are told, was the great concern of Dr Johnson's life. How little he knew of the 'new and living way,' we may infer, when, near his dissolution, he told Sir John Hawkins—'I had, very early in my life, the *seeds of goodness in me*; I had a love of virtue, and a reverence for religion; and these, I trust, have brought forth in me fruits meet for repentance: *and if I have repented as I ought, I AM FORGIVEN.*' Anything before Christ and his finished, *perfect* work. Repentance, faith, prayers, good deeds;—man will, if possible, *help* in, if not quite perform, his own salvation. How contrary to the whole tenor of revealed truth! 'Do the best you can, and Christ will help out the rest,' is too much the notion, if not the actual tendency of much that goes about under the name of religion; but, whatever we do or say, Christ will be a *whole* Saviour, or none at all.

Still nearer his end the sufferer spoke very despondingly. Mr Ryland comforted him, observing that 'we had great hopes given us.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'we have hopes given us; but they are conditional, and I know not how far I have fulfilled those conditions.' He afterwards said, 'However, I think that I have now corrected all bad and vicious habits.' Light, however, seemed dawning upon him, though obscurely. 'He talked often about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.' Hannah More tells us from good authority that 'Dr Johnson, not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation addressed to him, desired to see a clergyman, and particularly described the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult. After some consideration, a Mr Winstanley was named, and the doctor requested Sir John Hawkins to write a note in his name, requesting Mr Winstanley's attendance as a minister.' It seems that Mr Winstanley, being in a very weak state of health, was quite overpowered by this request; nor could he muster courage, or strength, for a personal interview. He accordingly wrote to him, pointing out the only way, his letter concluding thus: 'I can conceive that the view of yourself have changed with your condition, and that, on

the near approach of death, what you once considered mere peccadilloes have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look, you see only positive transgressions or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly inquiring, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' &c. When Sir John Hawkins came to this part of Mr Winstanley's letter, Dr Johnson interrupted him, anxiously asking, 'Does he say so? Read it again, Sir John.' Sir John complied; upon which Dr Johnson said, 'I must see that man; write again to him.' A second note was accordingly sent; but even this repeated solicitation could not prevail over Mr Winstanley's fears. He was led, however, to write again to the doctor, renewing and enlarging upon the subject of his first letter; and these communications, together with the conversation of the late Mr La Trobe, who was a particular friend of Dr Johnson, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to a renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour, thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom, even of the valley of the shadow of death.

And thus it must ever be with a true Christian. In Dr Johnson's case, high intellect and an unyielding temper probably kept him so long from 'the simplicity of faith.' Weak in his own strength, he found not its true source, until near the final struggle. Nevertheless it was well with him at the last; and we conclude by an extract from Bishop Shirley: 'I think that Johnson was an example of a man who was aiming at details rather than principles in religion. He was dissatisfied with the 'corrupt fruit,' and pruned the branches, and was still dissatisfied, because more corrupt fruit was again produced; and all was struggle, and sorrow, and bondage. He forgot that, as a Christian, he was not under the law, but under grace; and it was not until that grace (the mercy of God in Christ) got possession of his soul, and drove him towards God in harmony of mind, by its assimilating influence, that he had peace, or joy, or liberty, or spiritual power to have victory, and to triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

## Original Poetry.

## SONNETS.

## I.

How many of my years have passed away,  
And yet how little has been done for fame!  
Oh! shall this burning wish to leave a name,  
That may re-echo to a distant day,  
Know nor in life fulfilment nor decay,  
But still consume my bosom—now a flame  
Fuel'd with noble hopes, and now a tame,  
Dull gloss, that wastes, not lights, this frame of clay!  
Is it, then, fruitlessly that thus I yearn?  
May Heaven have planted in the human soul  
This deathless thirst for an immortal urn,  
And yet made unattainable the goal!  
From thought to thought, from view to view I turn,  
And meanwhile pauselessly the seasons roll.

## II.

How grand the aim to think immortal thoughts,  
And stamp them durably upon the page,  
Which the unborn of many a coming age  
Shall con with eagerness, there leaving blots,  
(Oh! the great glory of these usage-spots!)  
To show that tears, perchance, have fallen above  
The record, or that, with admiring love,  
Men there have studied, winning antidotes  
For sublimary cares! Blessed, indeed,  
The gift to mitigate one hour of pain;  
Divine the power to make the tear a smile;  
But with perennial wisdom, in their need,  
The race of man to raise and to sustain—  
That hope an age of labour might beguile!

## III.

Truth dwells with Night. Unthinking men are they,  
Who deem that only to the glaring sun  
Is bared the forehead of the stainless one,  
UNA well named in allegoric lay.  
By glow-worm lamps, whose light is not of day,  
Truth shows herself most truly; hovers round  
The couch where Slumber lies, or should be found;  
And Murder finds her in the darkness way.  
By night she gives sweet dreams to guileless hearts,  
But, with a hand incapable of ruth,  
She tears aside the masks that brave the light,  
And curses Gullt with aught of its own arts.  
The fall of evening is the dawn of Truth:  
She is a star, and dwelleth with the Night. T. SMIBERT.

## SONNET ON THE PATRIOTIC MEMORY OF FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Deceased January 2, 1850.

Jeffrey, though on the critic's throne grown grey,  
Has nature's debt all prematurely paid,  
He should have for perpetual pattern stay'd—  
The Roccus of his faculty, and day!  
As Tully erst made arms to gowns give way,  
To Latium soft civility display'd,  
And Rome's rude speech in classic garb array'd:  
So Jeffrey here refined forensic fray  
With learning, arts, and exquisite taste;  
And taught the Scottish Themis, stiff and dour,  
To wear her robe with ease—humanely graced.  
At bar, desponding client's sure defence,  
And champion bold of injured innocence—  
Witness, ye manes of the martyr'd Muir! PÆDUTUS.

## PRESENTIMENT.

A GOOD many sensible people (among whom I take the liberty to rank myself) profess a thorough belief in this somewhat mysterious doctrine, and were I ambitious of such distinction, many respectable names might here be quoted in proof of my claims to general credence and respectful consideration; but I seek not popularity, and neither ask nor expect any one to adopt my opinions, but on the most unquestionable evidence of his own senses. As for those who deprecate the doctrine altogether, as partaking too much of the mysterious and miraculous for serious belief, I would only remind them that we are surrounded with mysteries and miracles in this world, as hard to be accounted for by any reasoning faculties we possess, as those I now propound for their belief; and I would moreover recommend to them, before they attempt to limit the operations of Divine Providence, to mark more narrowly the voice that speaks from heaven to the soul of man in his common intercourse with the world, and particularly on occasions of extreme emergency. As for those more simple and unlearned objectors, who consider presentiment as some way or other connected with the wild and fabulous science of astrology, I have only to say, that they identify two principles as opposite in their nature and results as truth and error. The constellations have nothing to do with the matter. Neither is it on the tales of tradition, nor yet on the testimony of living witnesses, that I ground my belief, but solely on the conviction of my own individual experience of facts. None of us are without the most unequivocal proofs of these facts; and could I only get people to listen I could such wonderful instances of these facts record, as would extort belief even from the most sceptical. But such is the unaccountable prejudice against this beautiful and sublime doctrine, that whenever

\* Roccus was so peerless a comedian, that, as Cicero informs us (lib. I. de Orat.) whoever 'topped his part' in any other walk of art, was styled the Roccus of his profession. The orator Pro Archia IV. mourns his recent death in these words, which we quote as they are so justly predicable of Jeffrey, and from them we have borrowed our turn of thought: 'Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roccus mortis nuper non commoveretur? qui, cum esset senex, mortuus, tamen, propter excellentem artem ac venus latem, videbatur omnino mori non debuisse.' Digitized by Google

any lengthened detail on the subject is ventured on, I commonly observe the auditor beginning to compose himself in his chair as if prepared to fall asleep. This is provoking enough, and has sometimes led to disagreeable consequences.

Now, although I admit of no uncertainty respecting the actual existence of presentiment, yet, in accounting for it, I profess no infallibility of opinion. My theory is a very simple one, and, as I think, exceedingly rational, being borne out by Scripture in all its principal lineaments. I believe that this world is peopled by invisible agencies both good and bad—the first, angelic spirits, the ministers of grace, whose office it is to watch over the sons of men, suggest to them the will and purpose of the Great Author of their being, in all his various dealings with them in this life, and often, in cases of extremity, to warn them of approaching danger, and not only to forewarn, but to restrain, overrule, and withhold them, even against the bent of their own wills, from impending mischief. I believe that every individual is accompanied through life by one of these ministering angels; and that no evil whatever can possibly happen to any of the human race but through the malign agency of those satanic spirits who maintain a perpetual contest with the others for the soul thus subjected to their influences. I believe there is no moment in a man's life in which he is not acted upon by one or other of these opposing agencies, and often by both at the same time. But I assign to the guardian angel an overruling influence and right of ascendancy, particularly over man's spiritual nature, which often captivates the will, even when the grosser nature is held in subjection to the power of his common enemy. It is this good angel, I believe, who speaks to them in their nightly dreams, and in all their serious musings—it is he who suggests the good purpose, and restrains the froward impulse—who points the way to heaven, and repels the downward tendency of their vitiated nature. I also believe that he is the minister of chastisement, and that it is his rebukes which some are wont to call the stings of conscience. And finally, that he is commissioned to abide with men to the last; forewarn them of their approaching dissolution, and animate their fainting spirits with the glorious anticipation of eternal felicity. Such is briefly my creed; but some go so far as to think that almost every important event of their lives is discernible to the attentive mind before it happens; and that it is only because they do not listen to the still, small voice of their guardian angel that they are left unprepared to meet the various contingencies of life. This internal monitor speaks in a language which none are at a loss to understand when disposed to give it a hearing. All find themselves impelled or repelled by an invisible power, and that so strongly on some occasions, as to resist and effectually overcome their most determined purposes.

I shall content myself at present with specifying only two instances of the actual operation of this power, in my own experience—the first a complete triumph of this inward monitor over my will and inclination; the second an unhappy failure—with the consequences of both on my life and worldly circumstances.

While stopping on the banks of one of those smaller lakes in Upper Canada whose waters communicate with the Huron, I was invited by a small party to join them in a water excursion across a magnificent bay about six miles broad. It was lovely autumn weather—the lake was as still as a duck pond—the excursion promised much pleasure, and I was ready enough to partake in it; indeed, I could then assign no reason for not doing so, although it was Sunday morning. But a sudden presentiment of evil at that moment flashed upon my mind, and, in spite of every objection I could oppose, arrested my purpose. In vain I was urged to go; the fine bark canoe lay at my landing-place, in the management of which I knew some of the company to be expert. I had no apology to offer, yet I was inflexible. I felt my inclination restrained by an internal influence for which I could not account. I saw the party leave the shore in high spirits; but none of that party, save one (a young Englishman, who swam three

miles for his life), was ever destined to see that shore again. The story told by the survivor was especially interesting to me, whose life, I saw, had been thus miraculously preserved. They had been somewhat merry at the house of their entertainer, and on their return had contrived to upset the canoe. The able swimmers succeeded in righting the canoe, but in attempting to get into it, the less expert had capsize it a second time. The best swimmer was seized with cramp and went down; two others got on the top of the canoe, but how long they continued in that perilous situation was never known: only two bodies were found.

The other instance I alluded to, was attended with very disastrous consequences to me, from which I have not yet recovered. It is briefly as follows: I was still residing in the same premises I occupied when the former event took place. My house stood on an eminence overlooking the lake. I had been invited to dine at a friend's house in the vicinity, on the approaching Christmas-eve, and had promised to go. On the appointed day I happened to be at some distance in the woods, and, on my return, found I had left myself barely time to change my dress. Already my hand was on the apparel, when I felt myself irresistibly withheld by a powerful impression on my mind that told me I should not go. I involuntarily drew back, quietly lighted my pipe, and sat down by the fire. I felt that I should not go. I had not sat long ere the blast of a distant trumpet told me the company had assembled at my friend's house. I started up, buttoned my old frieze coat, and rushed out of the house; but I had not gone many paces when I was seized with an irrepressible desire to return. I obeyed this impulse, almost without knowing what I was about, and presently found myself standing once more on my hearth, and gazing with most unaccountable anxiety at my nearly exhausted fire. Again the trumpet, ringing through the woods, admonished me that the company were waiting for me, and again I started off, and soon lost sight of that pleasant home I was never to see again. It was a merry meeting; every one seemed happy but myself; I was sad, though I could not tell why. About seven o'clock a flickering light was observed playing on the outside of the windows. One of the party went out, and instantly returned, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr.—your house is in flames!' I rushed out, and beheld a bright-column of flame ascending high above the woods, through the dark wintry sky. A heap of smoking ashes was all that met my view on Christmas-morning. All I possessed was gone. The snow lay two feet thick on the ground, and I was in the midst of a wild and homeless wilderness.

Such are the two instances I have selected from the memory of my own experience, of the actual existence and astonishing power of this mysterious agency. Leaving the reader to form his own opinion of them, I shall probably follow them up in another paper, with some instances of the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence manifested in the preservation of life under circumstances of most critical emergency, and where no intimation of danger was apparent. D.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART II.—THE PRESENT.

#### CHAP. V.—PUBLISHERS.

THE following week saw the party once more at Morton Grange, and Horace at his duties, quietly pursuing the path that leads to preferment. The first vacation he promised to spend with them, and begged he might be informed from time to time of the progress Marian made in her task.

Months passed away, and still her pen swept on with unwearied activity. She unfolded to him her plan as she continued. Full of enthusiasm that the great object of her ambition was finished, she at length announced to him the conclusion of her work.

The first opportunity, he went down to the Grange.

He bounded into the room, where Marian sat, along with Constance, now a tall, handsome girl, just expanding into the years and graces of womanhood. She was considerably altered, even from the period when he had seen her at Gertrude's intended bridal; and again he beheld the image of his first love, though her manner was more elegant and refined, with even a higher style of feminine beauty.

Hers was that quiet, pure, unaffected deportment which fastens at once on the beholder, nor ever leaves, but haunts him, as the personification of that ideal which we all seek, but, perhaps, never fully realise. Her complexion was of the purest and most transparent hue, set off by the amazing luxuriance and glossy blackness of her hair. Long sweeping lashes, shading the depths of that full grey eye, reflecting every varied emotion with unerring fidelity. Nose straight, and, as the painters say, faultless. Her mouth, of more exquisite sweetness than ever sculptor wrought, or painter drew. The graceful sweep and contour of the neck and bust, imparted an elegance, which communicated itself to every movement. But, above all, the mind—of which this outward show was but the symbol, the index—gave to the whole a feeling and a value that few besides Constance could boast.

Horace, after the first hurried greetings, found himself occupied in tracing likenesses, watching the manner and bearing of Constance, while contrasting hers with those of her sisters. She was too retiring, however, for him to find much of her real character, save that he saw an instinctive aversion either to notoriety or display. It was with the utmost difficulty he could find out that she did 'anything,' and would assuredly have looked upon her as one of those extinct phenomena that passed away about the age of our great-grandmothers—to wit, young ladies, whose sole accomplishments consisted in being taught to sew and spin the household linen, make dutiful wives and mothers, devoted to the care and culture of those domestic duties now usually left to governesses and servants. After further intercourse, however, owing to kind hints from her sisters, he found that Constance had no lack of accomplishments, in the culture of which she was not at all deficient; but they were entirely subsidiary to what she had been taught as more useful and becoming. A mind, naturally excellent, had not been spoiled by the frivolous education so generally adopted, and too often required, while to the excellent training of her governess she owed that right self-culture, the absence of which is so often regretted and so seldom realised.

Horace soon found out her disposition, so diametrically opposite to that of Marian. Love of fame and display was the very atmosphere in which the latter existed; these absent, and to her it did seem as though life was a bare existence. As we have seen, he had long regretted this, and felt serious misgivings as to her temper, and the probability of ultimate happiness with a wife of this character. She saw him glance from her to Constance. She did not wonder at it, having as devoted an admiration for her as could be imagined; still she felt her own genius and intellectuality more than a balance for her sister's brilliant looks, but more quiet and unostentatious fascinations. She would not allow to herself that Horace, by any possibility, could attach himself to one like Constance. She knew him too well to suppose, for a moment, he would prove inconstant.

An evening was fixed for reading Marian's tale, and certainly she had a most delighted and attentive auditory. Horace, with a lover's partiality, perhaps, thought it excellent, and did not hesitate to tell her so. She rewarded his opinion with a smile, that proved his was the one she valued most.

'And now for a *Mæcenæ*,' said she, when, on the fourth evening, the whole was completed. 'A publisher; and a popular one we must get. To show my confidence,' said she to Horace, 'to you, as my true knight-errant, I intrust this precious deposit, *'The Rights and Wrongs of Women.'* Seek out some worthy man of letters, cunning in the craft; to him commit my trust, and,' continued she,

laughing, 'dare not seek the guerdon of your true love, until this doughty feat be accomplished.'

He took the packet from her hand, imprinting thereon a gallant salute, promising that her behest should in everything be fulfilled.

Gertrude's spirits seemed completely prostrate. Since her return to the country, she had become worse, and change of air was again recommended. She looked excessively thin; all former approaches towards convalescence and better looks were gone. It was judged best that Marian and she should set out together for a tour along the southern coast, taking Southampton and the Isle of Wight in their progress. Horace promised to get leave of absence, so as to meet them for a few days. With these arrangements they separated—Horace to town, and, shortly after, the sisters, and requisite attendants, set out on their tour.

True to his engagement, he took the earliest opportunity of calling on one of the most popular and pushing publishers of the day. On sending in his card, he was told the man of letters was just then engaged, but would see him shortly.

He fidgetted about in the ante-chamber for a good half hour, and was just meditating a retreat, when the door opened, and at the wake of a dark, military-looking personage, issued forth the bibliophile. He invited Horace into the adytum; and, beckoning him to be seated, awaited the opening of his errand.

'A lady, sir, has commissioned me to see you on the subject of a work; three volumes, I believe, as she calculates, entitled *'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman.'* If you approve of it, the MS. is perfectly at your service.'

'Bad title, sir, very. Nothing of that sort will go down, depend on it. We have been so belaboured with such stuff, nobody will read it. Quite a drug, I assure you.'

And here the arbiter of Marian's destiny put on a most uninviting look, turning up his eyebrows, and shrugging his shoulders with unequivocal symptoms of disgust. '*The Woman's Question*,' as it is called, has become a complete nuisance; nobody will endure it now-a-days; the very mention of such a thing is quite ridiculous—even the women themselves shy at it. Could not venture on anything of the sort.'

'But,' replied Horace, 'would you take the trouble to look at the MS.; perhaps you may not find it so bad as you suspect. I assure you, as far as my opinion goes, it is not only excessively clever, but entertaining.'

'No objections at all to look at it, though title not very promising. A first attempt, I presume?'

'It is.'

'Name probably unknown, or, which is, perhaps, the same thing, a wish to be concealed.'

'Precisely so, at present.'

'Quite right; a new name wouldn't take just now; but I will trouble you to call again at your convenience, and you may depend on my candid opinion.'

Horace took his leave. His reception was not very encouraging, and he had little hopes of a successful issue. In a few days he went again. The worthy received him very politely; but there was that in his manner which augured no favourable result.

'Am sorry to say, sir, the book will not suit the house. Clever—very; but wouldn't take. Must buy only what will sell, you know.' He rubbed his hands during this clever speech, and, with a self-approving smile, handed over the package, neatly folded up, and labelled, looking, too, as though he wished him as quickly out of the room as possible, in which particular Horace indulged him, promptly.

His heart sunk at the idea of Marian's disappointment. He knew her too sensitive temper would feel it sorely. He felt almost as much annoyed as she herself would be, though, perhaps, on different grounds. His feeling was for her alone; hers from mortified ambition. He took the parcel home, intending to write, and return it when he left town for Hampshire. As he was pondering over the unpleasant tidings he had to communicate, a friend

just called in for the evening. Horace happened to say that a manuscript had been entrusted to him, which he thought a very clever and interesting performance. He had a high opinion of his friend's literary taste, and resolved to have an opinion in which he could confide. He therefore read a portion, which was so much liked, that Mortimer, his friend, begged a perusal of the whole. This request was cheerfully granted, and Horace had the satisfaction to find his own opinion corroborated in every particular. Mortimer said he had a literary friend a reviewer, very high in the confidence of an influential publisher, and begged he might be allowed to show him the MS. His opinion, if favourable, would be a certain passport to the publisher's notice. This request was most cheerfully complied with, and Mortimer promised that a very few days, probably, would decide the matter. Before that time he called on Horace with the work, and a letter for the bookseller alluded to. This address was from his literary friend, sealed, so that they had not an opportunity of guessing its contents, further than by that friend's very favourable opinion, which he did not hesitate to express to Mortimer in the most flattering terms. Horace was delighted, and lost no time in waiting on Mr —. He found him alone, filling a well-cushioned arm-chair. A mass of papers that might have frightened a diplomat was before him. He had looked over the letter of introduction Horace previously sent in with his card.

'You are acquainted with Mr —, I presume,' said he. 'Pardon me, sir,' replied Horace, 'I have not that honour. The letter was given at the instance of a mutual friend.'

'Oh! I see—my mistake; pray be seated. I understand you are the bearer of a work for publication from a lady.'

'I am.'

'You will excuse my saying we are so inundated with matter from lady writers, that really it is not only a waste of time, but no trifling expense, being obliged to employ a little army of readers in deciphering the hieroglyphics that are sent. I had almost made up my mind not to look at any more for the next six months. If it had not been for Mr —'s recommendation I should certainly not have ventured on a perusal. I will, however, at his request, look over it myself, and on Thursday give you an answer.'

Horace drew his attention to the title.

'Not do at all,' was the reply; 'all nonsense—Rights and Wrongs,' indeed! What would they be at? Really there has been such a screech latterly amongst our woman-kind, one would suppose the men were all brutes, or ogres, and chastised their helpmeets seven times a-day. I hope the affair is better than the title: we shall see.'

And with that intimation Horace took his leave.

#### CHAP. VI.—THE DECISION.

On calling again at the publisher's, Horace found him as before—not a sheet of the huge pile diminished. He was just finishing a letter, and begged his visitor would be seated until it was concluded. Horace watched his countenance, carefully scrutinising its expression; but not a trace could he find by which to augur the success of his mission. The imperturbable bookseller calmly went on to the completion of his work, and Horace watched the last flourish under his name—the letter folded, directed, with the feelings of one whose fate hung trembling on the balance a few short minutes must adjust. He did not say a word—probably he felt too nervous—until the operator, looking up, preparatory to affixing a huge seal on the envelope, said—'Well, sir. Punctual, I perceive. Delightful morning;' and again occupied himself in the duty of always completing one job before commencing another. He little thought, and more probably cared less, for the torments of suspense he was inflicting. Worthy man, he was used to it!

'Now, sir,' said he, putting the packet into a post rack, 'let us to business. I have read your work with a good deal of prejudice, I must own, at the first, in consequence of that unfortunate title. Turned out better, however,

than expectation. There is, I confess, merit in the work; but the public taste wants humouring so; nothing hardly but pepper and spicy ingredients will do. I look upon the offer I make as a great risk, and one, upon my word, I ought not to run. The long and short of the matter is, I will publish it at my own risk—of course the lady cannot expect anything more.'

'Certainly not,' said Horace, delighted with his success.

'Names not known are difficult to bring before the public. Can't make them take kindly to a new candidate—so many old ones that write by the acre, I think, for the fastest reader can hardly overtake, or even keep pace with 'em. Why there's 'galloping J—,' as we call him, will toss you off one volume a-week per order; and this, I take it, is about the average quantity of a single reader. So you see there's not much chance for any new craft getting afloat. However, I will run a little risk even if it were but to oblige B—.' He was just sending off a parcel of his publications to the latter for review. 'This work, of course, will be published anonymously. We must just draw up a little agreement, which you will sign on the lady's behalf.'

He pulled out a printed form—it was speedily filled up. A thought struck Horace.

'But,' said he, 'if a second edition be called for?'

'Oh! that is another matter. If such an unlikely event should happen, we shall want another agreement, that is all?'

'Then the present relates solely to the first?'

'I suppose so.'

'Had not that better be specified?'

'I see, my young friend, you know there are two sides to a bargain. All right; and I like you the better for it. I will just insert what you mention, and all will be ready.'

The alteration was made, a fair copy speedily engrossed, and the matter completed. He gallanted off the precious document with as much gratification as though it had related to a progeny of his own.

The day after, he received a letter from Marian, to which he was mischievous enough to reply as follows:—'Dearest Marian—I purpose being with you on Thursday next, and will then report progress. The proceedings would be too long for detail by post. I can, then, bring your document, and so, my dearest, till then, farewell.'

Was not this tantalising? But he loved a little good-humoured mischief, and thought it would be a fair opportunity to repay her for some past offences; and then the pleasure would be so much greater!

When Horace arrived at Southampton, he found the sisters at the house of a friend, preparatory to making an excursion round the Isle of Wight. Marian heard his voice, and ran to meet him.

'Did not I tell you to forbear my presence, you recreant knight, until my behest was fulfilled?'

'And so it is.'

'Yes, with my unlucky tale in your portmanteau, I suppose.'

'Let me pay proper respects to your friends,' said Horace, 'and then to business.'

Gertrude was in the room, looking, as yet, little the better for her journey. The same depression—the same languor was but too visible, and a thickening in her complexion that betokened little prospect of a change. Indeed, he apprehended the disorder was too deep-seated for ultimate recovery.

Marian pretended to pout, and look daggers at Horace, who continued chatting good-humouredly with the ladies; throwing, every now and then, a look of pity and mischief towards her, which she could not comprehend.

'Now, if that is not too provoking of you,' said she, starting up. 'Here I am, all anxiety to know my fate; and you do nothing but go on with that everlasting chit-chat, about anything rather than what we are all just crazy to hear.'

'I beg pardon;—but am I to bring out my budget before company?'

'Yes; out with it all. Everybody is waiting. I've not spared you, but told them all of your horrid mismanagement. Next time I'll go myself. So give me back my unfortunate scribble, and if I don't succeed, flay me with your tongues, if you like: call me simpleton and—What's that, Sir Mar-my-errand?'

Horace had taken the agreement out of his pocket, and the unfolding of it was the cause of this inquiry.

'It's just a little matter I have brought for you to look at. Something new from town.'

'Oh dear; I am sure we shall all be so glad,' said every tongue but Marian's, who looked quite disconcerted when he began to read. For a while, nobody could make out the drift; but when he read out the terms of the bargain, and the title, though changed, Marian looked red and pale by turns. Silent from sheer excitement, she could not reply to the screams of delight with which she was greeted on all sides. The new, the overwhelming sensation almost overpowered her—an emotion to be felt once only in a person's life; and the bewildered girl could have burst into tears at the sudden, the unexpected intelligence. What visions of the future crowded upon her! What an opening avenue of fame! What glowing anticipations—too bright, too joyous to be realised. Her brain was in a whirl. She heard not the congratulations, even of her lover. She saw only the future, in every aspect of the present. What she said was abrupt, incoherent; the words hardly shaped themselves on her lips—they were merely words; the thoughts that should have given them reality were elsewhere. All the depths of that unfathomed gulf, the appetite for fame, were upheaving; and a thousand forms, unappreciable, unknown, started forth, until the vast, the boundless future became visible, and all she might become, shadowed out in that impenetrable abyss. Too big for mastery, thought seemed like the mighty, untamed elements, and herself but the passive subject of their will—a power beyond her control. With a desperate effort she broke from the spell, and, starting up, said—'Have done, friends. I am, indeed, more agitated than I could have imagined. I must crave your excuse for a while, and withdraw.'

Horace saw the violence of her excitement, and was sorry he had, in some measure, been the cause. How fearfully predominant—how absorbing to every other, was the passion she now felt; and this fresh accession seemed only adding fuel to the flame. Another stimulant to the already intoxicating draught she was determined to quaff, until nature sunk, exhausted under its influence.

Instead of the pleasure he anticipated, he felt sad—alarmed at the evidently increasing hold this feeling had upon her, entwined with every fibre, beating through every pulse of her existence. What might be in store for the future, he trembled, while he feared to anticipate. He could only trust to that wise, unerring Providence which had been his guide hitherto; and in solitude and prayer he committed all to the keeping of his Heavenly Father.

## THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

### THE EVILS OF HUMANITY.

A china vase, if it falls, will break, and the rose that is in it will decay. Thus should we look on all human enjoyments as fragile and perishable, and we will acquire composure and fortitude; for we cannot enjoy without uneasy apprehension what we cannot lose without acute sorrow.

Nothing is more distressing than the morbid fear of some calamity. A possible calamity is future, and therefore contingent; the fear of it is present, and therefore certain; and while it afflicts us for what may never happen, it is often more grievous than the calamity itself.

Future and contingent evil is frequently beyond our control, the fear arising from it is a sentiment of our own creation; why then should we torment ourselves with uncertain apprehension? why should we allow fancy to advance before us, then return and terrify us with her fright-

ful images? A man may fly from real and external danger, but not from imaginary and internal fear.

Do you fear misfortune in your avocation? Be industrious in business, honourable in conduct; and should misfortune come, it will be supportable, since it comes without reproach, and from your failure learn the wisdom and prudence of experience.

Do you fear adversity? In a prosperous state hold firmly your integrity and self-command, and, unchanged in prosperity, you will be unmoved in adversity. He who maintains prosperity with moderation will sustain adversity with equanimity.

Do you fear disease? Avoid that morbid sensibility which is alarmed for the least ailment, and which in itself is a disease; trust in heaven; preserve a good conscience; observe the rules of temperance, exercise, cleanliness, the guardians of health; and when disease approaches, with resignation you will say, The will of the Lord be done.

The world is the school of moral discipline. It is assuredly the intention of Providence that we should derive instruction from the adverse events of life; they are lessons of experience, and happy are those who know how to improve them.

He who is sanguine in some favourite plan, and fails, may learn to moderate his hopes and obviate the pain of future failure; he who, by suffering, learns endurance, profits by his trial; the proud who are humbled, by their humiliation may become wise; the ambitious who are disappointed, by their disappointment may pass from the dreams of ambition to the contentment of private life.

Extremes in the laws of our composite nature approximate. A person who is too much elated by prosperity is too much depressed by adversity. A mind prepared for every event is the noble ambition of a wise man. This happy state can only be attained by physical and mental temperance, by restraining the appetites, regulating the passions, and pursuing a virtuous course.

You fear a future and contingent calamity. The calamity is distant and uncertain; the fear is in your own mind, and therefore present and real. A person of a sensitive and fearful temperament is the victim through life of gloomy and visionary anticipations; a person of dull apprehension discerns not the signs of coming evil, and he falls into the danger of which he is not aware.

Ascertain—and the scrutiny is as difficult as it is necessary—whether the fear is imaginary or the calamity is probable. If the fear is imaginary, train the mind, by physical, mental, and moral exercise, to the habit of endurance. If the calamity is probable, avert it by all the means in your power, and when you have done all that a good man can do, with composure and resignation repose your confidence in the Most High.

When you go abroad to take a walk, if the heat oppresses you, or the cold chills you, your temper is not ruffled, for you complain not of what is beyond your control. Our power over the laws that regulate social life is certainly greater than our power over the laws of nature. Still it is very limited, and were mankind fully convinced of this fact, the conviction would banish a great portion of the minor evils of society.

A bright light dims one that is more obscure; a loud sound absorbs one that is lower. Thus it is with the evils of humanity. In severe calamity petty vexations cease to affect us. Hence, when we complain of petty vexations we indicate in the clearest manner that we are not afflicted with severe calamity. Bear this truth always in mind, and the sensibility to the common annoyances of society, which so much trouble mankind, will be converted into fortitude, gratitude, and praise.

### CANDOUR IN OPINION.

We cannot attain unanimity in sentiment and opinion; indeed, were it possible, it would not be necessary. We may indulge our sentiments and opinions, our desires and aversions; but then we must arrange them by benevolent forbearance into social harmony, as the unisons and discords of music by skillful art are arranged into harmonic sounds.



Presume not to pronounce with decision on any subject of which you are ignorant, and speak with diffidence on any subject of which you are doubtful. The candid confession of ignorance may gain favour, the ostentatious display of knowledge provokes censure.

Express your opinions with candid moderation. If there is genuine vitality in any opinion or system, it may be assailed, but it will never be overcome; it may be dormant, but it will never be extinct. In some future age it will revive, and flourish in healthful vigour.

Deliver your opinions with the simplicity of conviction, and modesty of manner. If they are true, your simplicity will recommend them to consideration; if they are false, your modesty will save you the blush of shame.

In controversy, never oppose opinions in order to perplex and confuse an antagonist. Oppose them because on conviction you believe them to be erroneous. Never contend for the triumph which gratifies self-love, but for the truth which is pleasing to a virtuous mind, and a mind that loves truth cannot indulge violence and abuse.

If a man envies and detracts from superior merit, by his envy he corrodes his own tranquillity, by his detraction disgraces his character, and in both instances he becomes contemptible and unhappy.

Do you behold with jealousy merit more eminent than your own—overcome your jealous feelings, render it justice, and by the generosity of sentiment, you will rise nearer to the merit which is admired, and be more worthy of esteem.

A man of the world, who is conversant with mankind, penetrates into the windings of selfishness and dissimulation, and he is seldom indulgent in his estimate of character. A man of integrity makes inquiry into his own mind, and, sensible of his own infirmities, he is tolerant to those of his fellow-men; and, conscious of his upright intentions, he gives credit to others for what he feels in himself, and his opinions of humankind are candid and charitable.

Candour in your opinions of your fellow-beings, and discretion in the expression of them, require a sound judgment, and indicate an amiable mind. But while you study to attain this character, and avoid rash and uncharitable opinions, be no less solicitous to avoid the other extreme—an easy temper whose candour is thoughtless apathy.

Relieve poverty, but suffer not your charity to minister to idleness and profligacy. Feel for human weakness, but excuse not the weakness that is the result of indolence, and leads to vice. Cherish the spirit of liberality, but not the liberality which is another name for indifference to the best and hallowed interests of mankind. This is the general rule of conduct: enlighten your principles of thought and action by judgment, restrain them by moderation, and guide them by discretion.

## INDUSTRIAL HEROES.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, it would seem, was not a beautiful man; no romance hero with haughty eyes, Apollo lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion—a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the northern part of England, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident, and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances, plying ideally with the same—rather hopeless looking—which, however, he did at last bring to bear, not without difficulty. His townfolk rose in mobs round him—for threatening to shorten labour—to shorten wages—so that he had to fly with broken washpots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife, too, as I learn, rebelled; burnt his wooden model of his spinning-wheel, resolute

that he should stick to his razors rather: for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. Oh reader, what a historical phenomenon is that pot-bellied, much enduring, much inventing man and barber! French revolutions were brewing: to resist the same in any measure, imperial kaisers were impotent, without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton. Neither had Watt of the steam-engine a heroic origin—any kindred with the princes of this world. The princes of this world were shooting their partridges—noisily in Parliament, or elsewhere, solving the question, head or tail?—while this man, with blackened fingers, with grim brow, was searching out, in his workshop, the fire-secret; or, having found it, was painfully wending to and fro in quest of a 'moneyed man,' as indispensable man-midwife of the same. Reader, thou shalt admire what is admirable, not what is dressed in admirable. Thou shalt learn to know the British lion, even when he is not throne-supporter, and also the British jackass in lion's skin, even when he is. Ah, couldst thou always, what a world were it! But has the Berlin Royal Academy, or any English Useful Knowledge Society discovered, for instance, who was it that first scratched earth with a stick, and threw in corn, the biggest he could find—seed grains of a certain grass, which he named *wheat* or *oat*? Again, what is the whole Tees-water and other breeding world to him who stole from the forests the first bison-calf, and bred it up to be a tame bison—a milk cow? No machine of all they showed me in Birmingham can be put in comparison for ingenuity with that figure of the wedge named *knife*, of the wedge named *saw*, of the lever named *hammer*; nay, is it not with the hammer-knife, named *sword*, that men fight, and maintain any semblance of constituted authority that yet survives among us? The steam-engine I call fire-demon and great; but it is nothing to the invention of *fire*. Prometheus, Tubal-Cain, Triptolemus! Are not our greatest men as good as lost? The men that walk daily among us, clothing us, warming us, feeding us, walk shrouded in darkness, mere mythic men.

It is said, ideas produce revolutions: and truly they do—not spiritual ideas only, but even mechanical. In this clanging, clashing, universal sword-dance, which the European world dances for the last half-century, Voltaire is but one choragus, where Richard Arkwright is another. Let it dance itself out. When Arkwright shall have become mythic like Arachne, we shall spin in peaceable profit by him; and the sword-dance, with all its sorrowful shufflings, Waterloo waltzes, Moscow gallopadas, how forgotten will that be!—Thomas Carlyle.

## PLAINS.

### THE PAMPAS OF BUENOS AYRES.

THE Pampas of Buenos Ayres present almost the same bleak physical aspect with those of Patagonia, but here their analogy and the interest attached to each differs. In the northern plains there are no peculiar aboriginal tribes of men, as in Patagonia, to interest the naturalist; but, on the other hand, they are far more interesting to the constructive anatomist, the geologist, and the speculative agriculturist; for, instead of being lava-flats and arid plains, they are vast steppes of alluvium, beneath whose treeless surface slumber the bones of the giant animals of the antediluvian world. The people of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres are of Spanish origin, and of course possess all the apparent attributes of civilisation; they have cities on the banks of the great rivers, where trade is carried on, and exports and imports are exchanged; but three hundred years' sojourn on these vast plains, and the peculiarities of their mode of life and employment, have conduced to render the *Gauchos*, or countrymen, quite a peculiar and remarkable people, almost as wild, and even more romantic, than the natives proper.

The Pampas of Buenos Ayres lie immediately to the

north of Patagonia, extending from 40 to 84 degrees 30 minutes of south latitude. They reach from the shores of the Atlantic to the base of the Andes, and although generally of a plain surface, are yet considerably broken up into inequalities, especially to the west of 61 degrees west longitude. The inequalities of its surface never rise to the height of hills, save in the southern districts, where several ridges of high land with flat tops occur, running from south-east to north-west, and forming two lines, whose continuity are, however, often broken by interruptions. Much of the land lying between these ridges is one great continuous swamp, as also is a large tract of country north of the northern line, where reeds and canes grow in rank profusion, fringing the numerous shallow lakes and ponds, which render the surface of the ground moist, and conduce to the production of grass tufts, long rank thistles from six to eight feet high, and other plants of a soft herbaceous nature. Wild oats and the green trefoil offer a fine pasturage for cattle, but no trees break the uniformity of the plain, save the peach-trees that have been planted by the settlers near their dwellings. North of the river Salado, swamps do not frequently occur, but the surface is diversified by numerous depressions, which are indeed very shallow, but yet sufficient to retain moisture, which preserves the grass through the whole year, and offers grazing ground to the cattle when the heat has scorched up the grass on the higher and drier grounds.

The inhabitants of the northern portion of the Pampas are of Spanish origin, and they devote themselves to agriculture and the propagation of cattle. It is a remarkable circumstance, and worthy of notice as a wonderful instance of appetency and adaptation, that whenever the thistle-land is pastured, the thistles and wild oats disappear, and are gradually superseded by a rich and thick turf, which supports immense herds of horses and cattle. Beautiful crops of corn have been raised upon these Pampas of late years, and the wheat is said to have been very fine. But these crops are not what they would be were there a system of irrigation, which, however, the saltness of the river water prevents—its saline character being even more decided in summer, when the water is greatly evaporated and the rivers shallow. The origin of this peculiarity in these rivers has not been satisfactorily accounted for, as the country which they drain is not of a salty nature; perfectly fresh water being found at no great depth below the surface, at almost any part of the plain, and wells are consequently easily obtained. It is wonderful to trace the analogy between the Sahara and the Pampas in this respect. Salt, which is so universal a condiment that it may be termed a necessary of life, is found in Africa in immense beds on the surface of the desert; it flows in the rivers of South America, and can easily be obtained by means of evaporation. In the valley of the Mississippi, it impregnates great tracts of land, and is found in strong solution in pools; and in interior European countries it is obtained from great mines. It is found everywhere, and in very different circumstances, but so as to admirably suit the people amongst whom it is found.

The western tract of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres is divided into two districts, one being pastoral and the other agricultural, and the line which divides them is near to the meridian of 66 degrees west longitude. The more eastern part of the country is free from salt until about the sources of the Salado river, when it begins to get impregnated with salt particles, and continues to be so unto the base of the Andes. The surface of this plain may be called a dead level, as no depression is perceptible to the eye; it is not strictly so, however, as may be seen after the rains, when shallow lakes collect in some parts and form great swamps, sometimes twenty miles long and ten broad; these are clad with coarse grass tufts, rising to a height of six feet, which grass is salt to the taste, and resembles wild rye or oats. Towards the end of the dry season the heat has carried off nearly all the water by evaporation, and then the depressions become great green plains, where, perhaps, only a little saline water remains, and where is presented

tallisation of the salt. The soil of this portion of the country is said to be very good, being a dark friable mould without a single pebble mixing with it. After a continuance of rain the country is almost totally covered by the water which has fallen and also overflowed the rivers, and as there are no water-courses, it disappears simply by evaporation. This is perhaps the method of alluvial deposition pursued in this country for ages, for it is below this plain that naturalists find the skeletons of those huge races of animals which have been extinct beyond the memory of man, and which are comprehended by naturalists under the names megatherium, mastodon, ichthyosaurus, glyptodon, &c. These gigantic fossils of the gigantic monsters, which must have lived upon vegetation of a far more luxuriant character than what is now found in the Pampas, are very numerous, and lie tranquilly imbedded in great beds of fine soft rich soil. They do not seem as if they had been suddenly destroyed and covered over by an almost accidental operation of nature; but they repose as if they had fallen asleep, and the mighty waters, flowing from the great basins of the rugged Andes, had come sweeping gently over the continent to cover them up with a mighty winding-sheet of earth. These fossil remains are very numerous, and seem to be the bones of what have all been herb-eating animals. They belong to a former era in the natural history of the South American continent; for the skeletons of the animals now inhabiting its plains are not to be found amongst those antediluvian relics. The megatherium, an immensely large animal, must, according to Cuvier, have browsed upon the leaves of trees, and of large and mighty trees; its bones slumber beneath a treeless plain now, however, where immense herds of horses and wild cattle roam over a grassy continent, and where storms sweep along with a fury equal to that of the wild herds. It has been supposed that the saline character of the soil is against the growth of the larger plants, but this is not the case; for where the land is sheltered, and trees have been planted, they are found to thrive very well.

The climate of the Pampas is somewhat peculiar when compared with that of European countries. In the town of Buenos Ayres, which is situated on the coast, the thermometer seldom falls below 36 degrees of Fahrenheit, while on the plains inland it descends every year below the freezing point for several nights together.

In the capital, again, there is an almost daily recurrence of rain, while, on the plains, droughts will sometimes continue so severely for several weeks together, as to parch the grass, evaporate the fresh-water ponds, and cause cattle to die for thirst. To these are added, those most remarkable of storms the *pamperos*, which occur in summer after a continuance of northern winds and hot sultry weather. Before this storm sets in it is heralded by several meteorological phenomena; in the sky, to the south-west, black clouds begin to gather and rapidly assume fantastic varied forms, gusts of wind begin to puff, after intervals of about a minute, and then suddenly the storm bursts from the snow-capped heights and deep dark caverns of the Andes, rushing along the plains with the hot sultry breath of the sirocco and the fury of a tornado or hurricane, which it sometimes becomes before it reaches the cities on the eastern shores of the continent, upon which it dashes with destructive violence. Like the *simoom*, the *pampero* bears with it immense clouds of dust, which it sweeps up from the parched plains, and this dust is often so dense as to blind and confuse the unlucky travellers who are overtaken by its bewildering strength; these storms are often, too, accompanied by rains, which, mingling with the dust, literally form showers of mud. Thunder and lightning add their sublime phenomena to this sudden commotion of the elements, which very often destroys the shipping in the La Plata, and dashes down property to a great amount.

When the first European invaders from Spain set foot upon these extensive plains, herds of guanacos and llamas roamed over their immense area. These have almost all disappeared now; but perhaps a million of cattle, and three millions of horses, are living on their late pastures. Several

such as the emu, a large bird of the ostrich species, which is hunted very eagerly by the hardy and semi-savage *Gauchos*. The *Gauchos* are the descendants of those Spaniards who, three hundred years ago, settled upon these wilds. When the first migration from the old world arrived upon the banks of the Rio Plata, they found them inhabited by wandering tribes like the Patagonians. These, shunning the contiguity of the cunning white man, retired to the south, leaving their country in the possession of the Spaniards. Finding their newly acquired territory to be one vast prairie capable of supporting spontaneously immense herds of animals, the Castilian abandoned the idea of toilsomely reducing the land to culture, contenting himself with the ease and plenty that a conjunction of pastoral pursuits and those of the chase afforded. The *Gauchos* have consequently maintained for three centuries an identity of costume, habits, and pursuit, which render them a peculiar people. The emu is the principal object of chase, which they pursue for its feathers, bringing it down with the bolas, which they most adroitly twist round its legs, while they are at full gallop upon the horses, which are carefully trained to follow every shift and turn taken by the affrighted bird. In addition to the emu, are numerous herds of deer, which are not much esteemed, and an animal called the *biscacha*, which is of a nature between the badger and the rabbit; the flesh of the latter is much esteemed, and it is hunted by dogs, but it manifests much courage, and it requires a good deal of trouble before it can be brought from its burrow. The armadillo is also much prized for the delicacy of its flesh.

The *Gauchos*, like the *Camanches* of North America, may be said to live on horseback, as they never perform the most trivial journey without being mounted—a horse always standing ready saddled at the door of each habitation for that purpose. The dress of the *Gaucha* is the poncho or blanket, which is a square manufactured by the women, having a hole in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head; his person is thus protected from the wind and rain, without his arms being at all impeded in their motions. This poncho is a fashion borrowed from the Indians, who manufactured it of wool beautifully interspersed with divers colours. Sometimes it is used as a cloak; sometimes it is bound round the waist with a belt; but it is always used for sleeping with at night. The other garments of the *Gaucha* are identical with those of the Spanish peasantry. His jacket, made of velvetene coarse cloth or baize, is covered with a profusion of buttons, and his breeches of the same material are open at the knee; his leggings are like those of the ancient Soot, being made of the same material as worn by the Patagonians, that is, horse's hide; his feet are only partially covered with this contrivance for boots, the toes being bare. A large broad-brimmed straw hat, and cotton handkerchief tied round his face like a veil, to protect it from insects and the sun, complete his habit. He is always mounted, and always armed with the bolas and lasso, which is constantly attached to his saddle. The lasso is a long rope of twisted stripes of hide, varying from 15 to 20 yards in length; at one end is a noose or running knot, the other fastened by an eye and button to a ring which is attached to a strong hide belt and bound round the horse. Before being thrown, the lasso is gathered into a coil, and it is wonderful to observe with what precision and dexterity the *Gaucha* will bring down a wild horse or emu, and he riding at full gallop. The only steel weapon the *Gaucha* possesses is his long hunting-knife; with this stuck in his girdle, his steed, his bolas, and lasso, he is king of the wild upon which he dwells. He is a freeman in every sense of the word, neither labouring with his hands nor yielding service to any man or government. When mounted on his steed, with head erect and poncho flying behind him, as he sweeps onward at full career, the *Gaucha* looks like a wild Tuarick of the Sahara, whom he resembles in mode of life and pursuits more than he does his own nation of Spaniards. The homes of the *Gauchos* are little huts made of stakes wattled with osiers, and merely covered with hides or plastered with mud. On the roof they lay straw

or reeds, leaving an opening for the demission of smoke. Their rude furniture consists of a few blocks for seats, a card table, a crucifix or image of some saint, a few sheep-skin mats for sleeping on, and a small fire. Sleeping, eating, and card-playing, are the employments of the *Gauchos* when he is not out on the plain. A few fruit-trees are generally planted beside the huts by the women, who dress in coarse cotton chemises, and petticoats of baize or blue cloth. Their arms and neck are uncovered; but when they go out they wear straw hats of the same shape as the men's, with shawls and scarfs of a bright colour. They sit *en croup*, and are as good equestrians as the men. The western part of the Pampas is arid, loose, sandy, and saline, and bears a marked resemblance to the Sahara. It is very sterile until irritated, when it becomes very fertile indeed. It can be watered with little expense and trouble, as it is interspersed with numerous small rivers. Indian corn and wheat are grown to a great extent in this the agricultural part of the Pampas; and plantations of vines, figs, apples, olives, peaches, and nuts, cover several parts of its soil. This agricultural district, which is just about 6000 square miles, is broken upon by a mountain ridge called the Sierra Cordora, which is full of fine fertile valleys. The ridges are about 120 miles long and are clad to the very top with fine grass. They do not rise above 2000 or 3000 feet, and are consequently covered with snow only about two or three months in the year; were they high enough to reach above the snow-line, it would be to the advantage of the plain, as they would maintain a constant humidity. Still, as they are covered for two or three months, the country of the *Gauchos* derives great advantage from the Sierra.

The northern part of the plain known as *Las Salinas*, or the salt desert, is the worst part of all the pampas, there being only a few black, stunted bushes on its surface to relieve it from the character of complete sterility. Sometimes the ground becomes white from incrustations of salt, at others it is covered with a thick white vapour, from the evaporation of its salt pools by a fierce sun. Only a few alkaline shrubs can grow in this plain of the Salinas, which is about 200 miles long and 140 broad, and as barren as the Selva is fertile. To the north of the Salt Desert is the *Despoblado* or uninhabited country, an extensive plain occupying the very top of the Andes and stretching from east to west, between 68 and 69 degrees west longitude, more than 250 miles, while it increases to 150 broad. This plain is about 1800 feet above the level of the sea, being about 1500 feet below the snow-level. This region is divided from north to south by a deep valley, through which the road between Buenos Ayres and Bolivia runs. This valley is a most magnificent one, being long, narrow, and bounded by lofty rocks on each side. It is more than 150 miles long, and is scarcely more than a furlong broad at every part. In this valley adventurous man has built a town, that of Jugui, which is situated in a climate as cold as that of some of the alpine regions. On the *Despoblado* plains are a few native Peruvians, some herds of alpacas, vicuñas, guanacoos, and a beautiful animal called the chinchilla. In the *Despoblado* is a most extensive plain of salt, which is exported to the plains on llamas; gold, found in the streams, and the furs of the chinchilla, constitute, with the rock salt, the whole wealth of the inhabitants of the *Despoblado*, or uninhabited country.

#### THE NEED OF REFLECTION.

Christians, get your thoughts to be well exercised; be much in thinking; think of the goodness, and kindness, and holiness, and compassion of the Lord; think of Christ, of his love, of his death, of his bowels, and everlasting kindness; think often what great things the Lord hath done for your souls; think what ye would that he should do for you. Much thinking on God and holy things will leave a holy tincture on your hearts, will by degrees do much to the begetting of holy habits and dispositions in you. The Lord uses to convey down much of his holy image and likeness upon the heart by the thoughts.—*R. Allins.*

## PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

## THE PERLITES.

FAR up in the back benches of the Opposition, occasionally with one or two young men sitting near him, who appear to receive his words as oracles, but more frequently sitting alone, and apparently lost in his own thoughts, sits one who has played no unimportant part in recent political affairs. His broad and high, but quickly receding forehead, which must have given an appearance of lowliness to that feature before time had thinned the hair from his temples, and a sneer which seems to play incessantly round his mouth, gives no very pleasant impression to the spectator, who is told, in that tall and commanding figure, to recognise the modern 'trimmer,' the alternate sider with and deserter from all parties, but yet by all the acknowledged statesman—Sir James Graham.

It is very remarkable to observe the position of Sir James Graham in the house. Other ministers, when they retire from office, usually take their places on the front Conservative bench—and that course has been taken by his colleagues, Sir Robert Peel, Mr Goulburn, Mr Gladstone, and others—but Sir James seems studiously to court privacy, and to shun the notice of the house; he is, therefore, never to be found among his late colleagues; but, as if he never had been connected with them, he retires to the third bench from the front, where, hidden under the gallery, it is not from every point he can be seen. And yet all this humility, real or affected, is of no avail. When he rises to speak, which is rare, the Speaker, as if by intuition, discerns the fact, though to see him he must turn half round in his chair, and half a dozen members standing up almost directly in front of that unfortunate functionary are disregarded, while the sonorous voice utters 'Sir James Graham,' and, what is better, all the members appear to acquiesce in his decision. The instant it is known that Sir James is on his legs, the house fills as if by magic—the smoke-room, the library, Bellamy's, all are emptied, and the members take their seats as quietly, and listen as attentively, as if a judge were summing up, rather than an advocate pleading; for it is remarkable in what a judicial style of eloquence Sir James indulges. There are no tones of passion—no accents of vehemence in his speaking—none of the charms of metaphor, the playfulness of wit, or the power of sarcasm—he commences and ends his speeches in a slow, deliberate tone, addressing himself at once to the business in hand, and grappling with it entirely on the merits of the question; making little account of the passions of men, he appeals directly to their reason—and those who would know how effective a weapon pure reason is in debate, would do well to study it as wielded by this master in the art. This is the more striking, as it is a complete change from his early style of speaking. Those who remember his early appearances in the house, when the vigour of youth was fresh upon him, speak of his round declamatory style, in which the arts of rhetoric were strewed with a lavish hand, which was sure to elicit vehement cheering from the members of his party, while those on the other side denominated them by the deprecatory epithet of clap-trap. But this ornate style of speaking has long since passed away, while in its place the grave, solid, and weighty vehicle which so well befits a cool head and an enlightened judgment has sprung up. The last of his speeches in which any trace appears of his earlier style of oratory was made in 1841, on the great debate which decided the fate of the then Whig ministry, when Sir James, defending the corn-laws, soared into the regions of sentiment and poetry to describe the happiness of the agricultural peasantry and the healthy nature of their employments, all which, he contended, would be destroyed for ever if once foreign corn were admitted into this country at a low duty—thus ruining the English farmers and rendering useless the avocations of the labourers. This speech was not forgotten when, five years afterwards, the cabinet of which he was an influential member, pro-

posed the admission of foreign corn, not at a low duty, but without any duty at all; and perhaps few events have taken place in the House of Commons more striking or dramatic than when, worried and badgered on all sides by Protectionists flinging one part or other of that too well remembered speech in his teeth, he suddenly rose, and, amidst the ringing cheers of the house, exclaimed, 'What is the use of bringing up against me the words I spoke five years ago? It is very true I then said all you now quote, but since then I have changed my mind, and there's an end on't.' It was, indeed, the best, if not the only answer he could make, and he needed it not for his change of opinion on that point alone, but on many others.

There are few public men, at least in modern days, who have more frequently changed sides than Sir James Graham. Entering early into parliament for the borough of Hull, just about the time when the people were beginning to acquire a voice potential in public affairs, and when the bonds of party were becoming relaxed, some members of the Whig section began to study the feelings of the people rather than the mere smiles of their party. Sir James distinguished himself as one of the most ultra members of this Liberal school. His speeches were all of a character that would now-a-days be called Radical, and were then looked upon with still more disfavour; at the same time that he managed to stand well with the Whig leaders, and appeared by no means anxious to break from their control. But economy was his great forte; he took every opportunity of making motions for the reduction of expenditure, and appeared for a time to dispute the palm on this subject with Mr Hume himself. By and by there came the change of the ministry, in 1830, and Sir James Graham, who had by this time acquired a high reputation in the house, was made First Lord of the Admiralty. Here he carried into full effect the principles of economy which he had formerly enforced upon others, and his estimates of the naval expenditure for 1831, 2, 3, are still fondly quoted in the house as models of what the cost of that establishment ought to be; for, of course, it is needless to say that since that time they have again been much exceeded. Neither need the causes of his secession from the Whigs be here dwelt on. After the carrying of the Reform Bill, in which he took a full and hearty share, the current of national feeling, which up to that time had run in a full and unbroken stream, was then divided into a hundred different channels—every man had his own pet abuse, which, according to him, stood next on the list for reformation, while not a few, frightened at the success of the measures they had once been so eager for, began to think they had gone quite far enough, and that they ought to stop where they were, if they did not retrace their steps. It would be wrong to rank Sir James Graham with this latter class, but, at all events, he did not show much disposition to go farther; and the course of reform which his colleagues decided to take—the curtailment of the revenues of the Irish Church—decided his course. Actuated by some ideas of the sacredness of church property, he, along with the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ripon, and Lord Stanley, left the cabinet rather than violate his conscientious convictions.

It is no part of our task here to follow the curious history of the measure for secularising a part of the revenues of the Irish Church, so well known as the 'appropriation clause;' suffice it to say, that during the five or six years that it was brought forward by the Whigs, only to be rejected by the House of Lords, Sir James was one of its warmest opponents. At first his opposition, along with that of Lord Stanley, was confined to this measure; on other points he preserved a sort of dignified neutrality; and there were even symptoms of his attempting, in conjunction with Lord Stanley, to form a third party, which should be equally distinct from the leading both of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. If such were their intentions they proved fruitless; two or three members joined them at first, but gradually deserted them, and went over to the Conservative standard; and, chafed by the debates that were annually occurring on the appropriation

bill, and still more by the galling ridicule of O'Connell, between whom and Stanley there existed an old and ever growing grudge, they both went over at last to the Conservatives, and were received with open arms by Sir Robert Peel and his friends. On the accession of that minister to office, in 1841, their adherence to his party was rewarded with high places in the cabinet—Sir James being made Home Minister, and Lord Stanley Secretary for the Colonies.

In his new office, Sir James displayed the same administrative ability that distinguished him in the Admiralty. The internal affairs of the country were managed with a promptitude, a decision, and an address which was the theme of general admiration. But to this there were serious drawbacks. The position of the Home Minister is almost necessarily an unpopular one, for he is brought into immediate and often not very gentle contact with all the unquiet spirits of the day; and if the times be troublous, his duties become arduous, while upon his unhappy head are heaped all the denunciations which the enemies of existing order hurl against the ministers at large. But the charge which bore most heavily against the Home Minister was one in which he was very indirectly interested. The events of the last two or three years have rendered the people of this country familiar with the intrigues, combinations, and secret societies which issued in revolution and bloodshed on the Continent; but in 1845, these agencies, though then actively at work, were comparatively unknown except to those directly engaged in them, or those against whom their designs were levelled, and who contrived, by means of spies, to keep themselves generally well acquainted with the plots then in secret operation, and knew the exact time to oust them. Such a plot, it appeared, was then in open activity, directed against the despotic kingdom of Naples, the ramifications of which were partly in London, partly in our colonial dependency of Malta. The London agent was M. Mazzini, a man who has since acquired European fame from his administration of the civil affairs of Rome during the brief but brilliant period between the flight of the Pope and the invasion of the French army. The arrangement of the secret agents was, that a small expedition, composed of little more than a few of the leaders, was to sail from Malta, and land upon the shores of Naples, where it was represented that the whole of the population were impatient to join them. It is needless to say that these unfortunate men were miserably deceived—that they were the victims of a double treachery, their most secret councils being disclosed to the Neapolitan government, while they were lured to that part of the coast where there was most apathy on the subject of reform, and where the government agents were ready to seize them on their arrival, and doom them to instant death. All this happened, and all might have passed over as such things usually do, with an execration of the despotism which at once provoked to such crimes and doomed them to such hideous retribution, but it began to be whispered abroad that our own government was implicated in the fate of these unhappy men, and that the Home Minister had stooped to the degrading employment of acting as a spy for the Neapolitan police. The matter was brought before the House of Commons by Mr Duncombe, the member for Finsbury, on a petition from M. Mazzini, complaining that letters addressed to him, and transmitted in the ordinary way through the English post-office, had been opened at the Home Office, their contents read and transmitted to the Neapolitan government, and then re-sealed and sent to him in such a manner as was intended to prevent his suspecting that they had been tampered with. The excitement in the country was great—it was fanned by the agitation kept up in the House of Commons. The enemies of Sir James Graham, and they were not few, for all the Whig party had the grudge of his former desertion and subsequent formidable opposition to avenge, seized upon this as a favourable moment to traduce his character; and even those who knew the precedents on which he had acted did not scruple to swell the cry against him, as if he had

been guilty of some new and unheard of crime. Nor did the charge stop with the letters of M. Mazzini. Mr Duncombe began to suspect, with or without reason, that his own letters had been opened; and those who remembered the extensive correspondence which that gentleman had held with the Chartist leaders throughout the dangerous years of 1841-2, considered that nothing was more likely. But to all queries upon all subjects connected with this question, Sir James refused to give any answer whatever. What he had done he had done in virtue of his office, acting on his responsibility in the discharge of his duty to her majesty, whose secrets he had sworn to keep; and he denied the right of any one to question him upon the subject. Some of his colleagues, and especially Lord Aberdeen in the upper house, were more communicative. According to his lordship, strong remonstrances were received from the Neapolitan government, complaining that London was the centre of a vast conspiracy against the existing order of things in Naples, the ramifications of which were scattered all over the Mediterranean, and demanding that M. Mazzini, who was represented as the soul of the plot, should be expelled from England. To this it was replied that it was not the custom of the English government, nor was it consistent with English freedom, to expel any man from our shores without strong proof of his conduct being unworthy of the refuge he enjoyed; but that there were means of ascertaining his proceedings, and that those means should be resorted to. The means referred to were, of course, the opening of his correspondence. The worst and blackest charge was wholly denied, and, in the end, by common consent, held to be disproved, to wit, that the English government knew of the expedition that was about to sail from Malta—that they forewarned the Neapolitan government of its coming—and that they allowed the unhappy victims to set sail, well knowing that the reception they would meet with on their arrival would be the axe and the headsman's block. It afterwards appeared that the English government were first made acquainted with the expedition through the Neapolitan court, and that they instantly sent to Malta to stop its sailing, though their express arrived too late to prevent the catastrophe which followed. On the character of Sir James Graham, therefore, there rested only the above charge—no light one—of making use of means only intended for the repression of internal seditions, for the benefit of foreign despots. With regard to the employment of the same plan in home troubles, Sir James's defence was much more complete. It appeared that there is in fact an old clause inserted in every Post Office act, giving power to the government to stop and open letters addressed to all suspected parties. That clause passed in every case so much as a matter of course that it had been forgotten by the public, but it never had been forgotten at the Home Office. Lord John Russell himself, though no willing witness, was obliged to admit that when he held the office of Home Secretary he had more than once resorted to the practice; and that, in particular, when on one occasion a Chartist convention was sitting with closed doors, and one of the most apparently zealous of the party offered, for a consideration, to betray to him the deliberations of his colleagues, his lordship declined the offer, knowing that he had in his possession a means of information nearly as efficient, in the power of opening their correspondence.

But this and all other faults of the right honourable baronet were forgotten and forgiven in the ensuing session, when the cabinet of which he was a member brought forward their measure for the repeal of the corn laws. In the support of that measure he took his full share, and in the obloquy which the Protectionists heaped upon its authors he had rather more than even Sir Robert Peel; for it must be remembered that this was not the first change of opinion which Sir James had undergone on this very question. In his early days of reform he had published a pamphlet, which, though without his name, was well known to be his, and which he has since avowed, entitled 'Corn and Currency,' its burden being, that land-

owners derived less benefit from a protective system than they sustained loss by the resumption of cash payments, and advising them to give up protection and to agitate for a repeal of the currency laws. Here, then, was a double deserter—a man who, holding free trade principles at first, had afterwards abandoned them—if, indeed, he had not rather only professed to abandon them, that he might the more easily betray the counsils of those who, believing him to be on their side, incautiously admitted him among them. All these accusations were hurled at the devoted head of the right-honourable baronet, and the cheers of the Whig party showed that they were by no means ungrateful to them, and that they had no objection to the roasting of a former deserter, with whom they were again associated in a temporary alliance. But accusation or praise, cheers ironical or plauditory, seemed to fall with like effect upon the impassive baronet. Leaning back upon the treasury bench, with his eyes fixed upon the roof of the house, and an indefinable smile playing about his mouth—something between a smile and a grin, or, more properly, as if his feelings were divided betwixt a calm consciousness of his own superiority and contempt for the vulgar yelping with which he was beset—he listened to the fiercest invective without moving a muscle, until, tired out rather than stung by the constant iteration of the same kind of abuse, he rose and made the memorable declaration already referred to.

The corn law repeal bill passed, and its authors left office. Since then, the invectives that were directed against Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham have ceased, and are continued only in obscure newspapers. Sir Robert appears to have given up the thought of resuming office. He frequently absents himself from the house, and never speaks except when some peculiarly interesting question comes before them. Sir James Graham, in some respects, imitates his example; but his appearances are more frequent, and it is understood that he is not equally indisposed to power. And now that the old feuds, which once flamed so fiercely, have burned themselves out, his merits as a statesman are universally recognised. The House listens to him as to an oracle; Protectionists and Whigs have alike forgotten his desertion of their cause, and see in him only the long-headed, the far-seeing, and the profoundly-experienced statesman. More than once Lord John Russell has made overtures to him to join his cabinet, which, it is understood, nothing but respect for his more recent colleagues prevents him from accepting. Nay, more: when very recently Lord John Russell threatened to resign if the House of Commons carried a vote to recall our squadron stationed on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade, Sir James Graham was looked forward to by no inconsiderable number of members as the future premier, in case of the anticipated vacancy being realised.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch that the character of Sir James Graham is by no means a perfect one. His tergiversations and desertions have been too numerous and too notorious to find favour with the sober and consistency-loving people of England. That he has been able to overcome these objections shows in a forcible light the strength of his character, the breadth of his views, the solidity of his judgment, and the extent of his experience, though the possession of those very qualities adds to the wonder that a man possessed of such qualities should have fallen into the very errors which they might be supposed fitted to guard against. But, in truth, the career of Sir James Graham becomes valuable as a study to illustrate the career of other eminent men, who shine with strong though doubtful light on English history. Who that has read the life of the first Lord Shaftesbury, the Achitophel of Dryden, and in calmer though still troubled times, that chief and prince of 'trimmers,' Lord Halifax, but must have been puzzled to know what judgment to pass upon such men? Were they unprincipled turncoats, ready to sell their services to the party that promised them most, or were they honest though erring men—men whose passions were stronger than their

judgment, and who could not preserve their equilibrium in the difficult scenes through which they had to pass? In the future annals of England, Sir James Graham will be classed with these men, and a close attention to his career may furnish the clue to the understanding of their characters. In his case, as in theirs, while it may not be denied that office had charms which for a time hushed the voice of conscientious conviction, yet his decisions, as theirs, were also too often of a self-denying nature to leave it doubtful that upon the whole their character was marked by integrity. Then, as to the sudden and violent changes from one party to another, we have seen, what a former generation could not, that a whole people may be subject to the same violent oscillations. Who that remembers the enthusiasm of 1831-2, compared with the timorousness, mistrust, and vacillation that so soon after appeared to have stricken the English people as with a moral paralysis, can wonder that feelings of the same kind should have extended to her statesmen? They obeyed but the law of their nature—they followed but the impulse of their generation. If there were others who remained unmoved amidst that mighty swaying, to and fro, calm in the height of enthusiasm, persevering when the period of apathy or aversion had come, let us honour them as possessed of that firmness of soul out of which a nation's best defenders are formed; but let us not withhold our sympathies from those who in their vacillations and changes have only shown that they are men of like passions with ourselves.

## DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

### THE DYING CHILD.

MAN—proud, lofty, wise, sovereign, imperial man—deign for a moment, we shall not detain thee long, to check the mountain range of thy vision, and to look down upon this sequestered valley. A short text upon which thy philosophy may meditate, may be found written here upon the trembling tablets of a human heart. Forget the great world with its din and turmoil, its great prizes and its great blanks, for a time, and let us enjoy the softening influence of a cool evening walk. This way, to the left; we pass a little hill with which tradition has connected some wild legends. They relate to the period of romance, of feudalism, superstition, and false miracle. Such stories are abundant in our old country, and we need not dwell upon them. Now we have passed Bonehill, and enter a straggling village. The reapers are busy in yonder field on the right. The crooked, and ill-used parish road is the street of the village. The children, bless them! the immortal children—ay, and ubiquitous too, for you find them always and everywhere—are playing and shouting about the road. They seem made of it, animated bits of parish clay, tumbling and rolling upon their mother dust. There! that uncombed urchin of seven summers has got fairly into the centre of the goose-pond, and ten to one his mother will give him a shaking—little dogs shake themselves, but mothers do this kindness for their little boys—and then she will plant a hearty kiss upon his lips before giving him his supper. There are no bandbox children in Cricketlee, my friend. The rising race are a free community, a specimen of natural socialists, with unrestricted liberty of voice and action, except when they come under the authority of that awful despot, old John Dull, the village schoolmaster. John always carries a strong staff, which serves for the rod of his authority; but this is owing to his lameness; for, poor fellow, he was so 'unlucky' in his early days as to put his left foot in a mantrap. Some ill-natured people—for there are a few sour spirits in every village—say that John loved the works of darkness, before he thought of becoming the mental illuminator of his native parish; but John, who certainly knows best, affirms that it is a foul libel on his fair fame, and that the man-trap was laid in the wrong place by a wicked fellow who had fallen desperately in love with a pair of blue eyes, which John was hastening

to look upon on the night of the accident. Whilst John was detained in the man-trap, his rival was dropping tender words into the ears which belonged to the owner of the fatal eyes. Now, my imaginary companion, you will allow this to be a very truth-like story. Greater men than either of the parties have set snares for their rivals. Kings, if history lie not, have done this; and why not the young farmer, who desired to gain a victory over the future schoolmaster?

Now we have reached the parish church—a fine, old-fashioned, ivy-clad building, with the dust of many generations surrounding it. Sleep on, ye relics of humanity! the living who are making the world ring will shortly lie as silent as ye; sleep on, there is room enough for us all; and may the living so live as to make the grave a hallowed spot! I find a strange kind of pleasure in walking through a churchyard; but it is frequently marred by the outrage upon taste and truth presented by many of the inscriptions.

But who on earth is this? I have often heard of a sort of natural philosopher in Crickettle, whom the people designate Crazy Tom! Who he is, or whence he came, no one knows. His language is said to indicate some degree of education. Let us speak to him.

'Good evening, Thomas. How d'ye do?'

'Thank you. I should be worse if I thought myself better.'

'Indeed! How so?'

'Because I should be ignorant of myself.'

'Ah! Beautiful weather, Thomas.'

'Yes, for the wasps.'

'The wasps! How do you mean?'

'No harm in the world, I assure you.'

'Of course not, but I do not understand you.'

'Crazy Tom has no understanding to spare, or he might help you; but Master Dull deals in it. This way—I'll take you to his house.'

'Excuse me, Thomas—not at present.'

The conversation must be changed; something may come out of him yet worth remembering.

'I suppose you go to church, Thomas?'

'Do you?'

Ahem! the case is hopeless. Let us try another scheme.

'Well, Thomas, have you ever seen the Queen? because if not, I'll show you her picture in silver; nay, make you a present of it, if you'll tell me the use and meaning of that weathercock on the church-steeple.'

Crazy Tom took the shilling, examined it closely, and said: 'She is beautiful, but bread to the hungry is still more beautiful, and for bread she must go. The use of the weathercock, is just to be a weathercock—that is, a windcock—keeping his bill always pecking in the face of the storm; a heroic bird, never to turn tail, no coward, always at it—ha! ha! People say that the cock always turns *with* the wind: not so, he always turns *against* it. But still he sticks to the church. Now the meaning of all this is clear. A true clergyman will always hold by the church, and will face all opposition, come from what quarter it may. And as the weathercock is gilded to catch the rays of the sun, so the clergyman must have light from the sky, or he will indicate but poorly the point from which the storm is likely to come upon the wretched sinners of the land. But ha—'

Thomas is off! One of his sudden impulses has moved him to this abrupt departure. Another lesson in humanity; let us ponder it, and proceed. We leave the straggling village, and begin to cross the noble park of the Marquis of ——. Here is a right of way for the public. We rise a little eminence; and what a splendid amphitheatre bursts upon the view! It is two miles across the park. To the left there is a dense forest. Before you in the distance, and sweeping up to the very verge of the horizon, is another richly wooded field. Around you the undulating heath, interspersed with solitary oaks and hawthorns. Yonder treads the brawny woodman with his axe and dog. Across the verdant valley to the right, over which flocks of deer are scattered, you see a row of com-

fortable looking cottages. They are inhabited by the herds and keepers, and their families. We have reached the centre of the park. A clear little river comes sparkling down from the hills, and here and there it is broken into a series of artificial cascades, until it terminates in a broad glassy lake. On the border of this lake stands the massive mansion, built in the form of a parallelogram. In front of the mansion sweeps an extensive closely shaven green, intersected by a carriage-drive, smooth as the surface of a table. You imagine, doubtless, that the owner of this fair domain is happy. If happiness consisted in earthly possessions he would be so. But it does not. Every day furnishes the most convincing proof that it does not, and yet men will not be convinced. Captivated by the senses, and carried away by the visible, they covet possession, vainly thinking that possession and enjoyment are synonymous terms. But I repeat, they are not. The present representative of this ancient family, one of the most honourable of the families of the old nobility, whose remote ancestor came in with the Conqueror, is a sickly boy. He is heir to vast wealth, and to a hereditary disease, which will make life a burden, and affluence a daily trouble. There have been greater sums expended on medical advice already in relation to this afflicted youth than would be required to clothe, feed, and educate all the dirty urchins of the village through which we have just passed. So strangely but wisely are the dispensations of the Divine Providence arranged. God would 'hide pride from man.' And if you would take an enlarged view of human life and experiences, you might discover what I may term a moral equilibrium in the dealings of the Most High. Good and evil, darkness and light, pain and pleasure, are set 'over against' one another; there is a mystic tie and occult connection between them; and if we cannot examine it so as to reason about its properties, we may at least learn from it the supreme wisdom and kindness of that injunction, 'Walk by faith, not by sight.'

Now we have left the park and the palace, and must also leave the parish road. This narrow footpath will conduct us to, and we must do our best to get through, a copse which lies between us and the hidden valley to which I invited you. Tread softly; we are at the dwelling of Maria Bloomley, and deep but unrummuring grief, and doubtless the frequent visits of ministering angels, have made the place sacred. There are no sacred spots in our world now, in the sense of religious superiority; but every man of delicate feeling is conscious of the power of associations; and the associations of this very retired place, and of this poor dwelling, are of a solemnizing kind. Let us enter. There! behold a picture of genuine maternal love. The mother bends over the cradle of her last, her dying child. It is the white rose bending over the crushed violet. Disturb her not. She is absorbed in tearless, unutterable love. She makes a signal for me to approach. Come. 'It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.' Mark the exquisite beauty of that child. She is just six years of age. Her skin is pure and white as seamless marble, her hair is the colour of burnished gold, and her intensely black eyes are fixed upon those of her mother. How piercing, how full of meaning, that gaze! The power of speech is gone, the lips cannot move, but the mother reads those eyes, and her heart is full, trembling, torn, as she reads. 'My child! my child! my only one!' she breathes, but she breathes the exclamation gently, lest she should trouble the dying one, whom she cannot help. Oh! what is death, what is love, and what especially is the love of a mother? Mark that convulsive throb! another—and another! It is done! The child is dead.

'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.'



Maria Bloomley's history is suggestive. I shall relate it as we return. Once the beautiful and flattered daughter of an opulent man, she is now what you have seen, still beautiful—and to my eyes more so in her grief than in the days of her gaiety—but the desolate, friendless, childless, and almost broken-hearted widow. Her late father, an extensive landed proprietor in the county of —, was a proud, unprincipled man. Maria was his only child, and if there was any power of love in his cold nature, it was exercised towards Maria. His wife had died of a broken heart, when their only child was but ten years of age. Apprehensive that worldly ruin would result from the extravagance of her husband, she was exceedingly anxious that her daughter, if destined to poverty, should at least have the support of sound principles of conduct. I cannot say whether she was aware of the importance of religion for its own sake, but she had seen enough to convince her of its value in sustaining the mind amidst earthly troubles. Committing the child therefore to the care of a nurse, in whose truthfulness she could confide, and obtaining permission of her husband to allow a lady in the neighbourhood, whom she named, to select a governess for their daughter, she laid her head upon the pillow and died. The usual formalities (in many cases they are nothing else) of mourning were strictly attended to.

Years passed on. Mrs Hopfield had secured the services of an accomplished and pious governess for Miss —, under whose care she grew up, rapidly acquiring the usual branches of education, and developing those attractions of person and graces of mind which distinguished her. Meantime her father's house was habitually the scene of riot and folly. The frivolous, the intemperate, and the idle, found it a rendezvous to their taste. The only qualification necessary was, that they should be connected with 'respectable' families—the standard of respectability being something connected with horses, dogs, and a certain creed of politics. Of course this accommodating test enabled the proprietor of — Hall to entertain numerous guests. Maria's hand was eagerly sought by some of her father's constant visitors; but she had resolved never to bestow her hand without her heart; and as none of her suitors had as yet gained that prize, their devotions were courteously but firmly refused. When she had reached her twentieth year, she was introduced, at the house of Mrs Hopfield, where she frequently visited, to Mr Alfred Bloomley, a medical student, of highly honourable connections in the metropolis. This introduction, as you already anticipate, issued in their marriage. But to relate the trials which they mutually endured, and the obstacles thrown in their way by her father before their union was accomplished, would require too much time. Suffice it to say, he kept his vow. He disinherited his only child because she had loved one who differed from her father in his views of church government and politics. Happily this kind of pitiful persecution is becoming more and more rare. May it soon cease entirely, so that our blessed religion, which was intended to cement in durable union the scattered fragments of humanity, may be no longer made the occasion of further division!

On the day of their marriage Mr and Mrs Bloomley went to London. He spent his little capital in furnishing a suitable house for that respectable but expensive profession which he had adopted. For two years his practice was exceedingly limited, but after that time of trial and patience, 'the tide turned,' and his name rapidly rose into repute. Their domestic afflictions had also been severe, the first child having lived about three months, and the second nine. Meantime Maria's father, from whom she had never heard directly, but of whose procedure from evil to worse she was informed, at her own urgent request, by her friend Mrs Hopfield, had brought his affairs to a crisis. He was gazetted, ruined, bankrupt. The 'friends' of his prosperity of course shunned and forsook him in the day of his trouble. Those whom he had feasted and fed, knew him not. On several occasions he received a five-pound note by post, and bearing on the envelope the London post-mark, but whence it came he knew not. It is true he imagined the

source of this liberality, but his yet unhumiliated heart scorned the thought of using the gift, and but for his necessities, the money would have been destroyed. Alas! truth to speak, it *was* destroyed, for the greater part of it was spent in those fiery stimulants to the pernicious indulgence in which he had long accustomed himself.

At the end of the third year of Dr Bloomley's prosperity, that is, the fifth after his marriage, he caught from a patient the small-pox, and in a week thereafter breathed his last. It is impossible to describe the overwhelming effect of this visitation upon the poor widow. After the sale of the furniture, and the settlement of all accounts, she found herself in possession of exactly ten pounds; but her late beloved husband had done what every man should do, insured his life immediately after marriage. The sum for which he had insured was £1000. With this the widow purchased a small annuity, and came down to this part of the country with her darling child, then two years old, in the hope of finding her worthless and wretched father. She did find him—an inmate of the workhouse! The interview between the father and daughter may not be described. She took the obscure dwelling where we have just seen her, urged her father to enjoy the shelter of her humble roof, and to share in her little annuity, which was regularly remitted to her by a friend in London. For two years, the once wealthy and lofty Mr — was a broken-spirited, if not humbled dependent on the kindness of his excellent daughter, when his last hour also came. Two years more and the beautiful child is removed to a purer world, the last earthly link is broken, and Mrs Bloomley will find, I doubt not, the joy of an answer to her oft presented prayer to her Redeemer, 'May my affections be set on things above!'

## AN AMERICAN EXPEDITION INTO THE DESERTS OF NEW MEXICO.

### PART I.

A HISTORY of the pacific conquests to which the United States owe the greater part of their territory would form a curious work. The annals of the old continent are at hand to prove that the occupation of the most insignificant province has cost each of the European powers more time, more blood and treasure, than the United States have expended in acquiring immense tracts of country. The influences of commerce, skillfully directed, have enabled them to do what other countries have accomplished only with great difficulty and by the force of arms. Rarely have they been compelled to call in the *ultima ratio* of the cannon in order to finish what had been commenced by their pioneers, the merchants and settlers. Everybody knows how the independence of Texas, proclaimed at first by the American colonies, has given a state more to the metropolis. As to California and New Mexico, it was difficult to realise with less expense two more important acquisitions; and for this reason, because everywhere—at Texas, at New Mexico, in California—the caravans of the American union had opened way for their soldiers. By the time the political conquest was beginning, the commercial conquest was complete; and the success of the one always assured the success of the other.

We have before us a detailed narrative of one of those adventurous expeditions which was to give an immense province (New Mexico) into the hand of the young republic of Texas. The republic was scarcely established when it aspired to enlarge itself. This was in 1841. Texas claimed the Rio Colorado as its western boundary; and it is on one of its tributaries that Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, is situated. New Mexico stood consequently within the limits and under the jurisdiction, geographically speaking, of the Texian republic. Texas turned to her own account the sympathies of the populations established on this side of the Red River, which were watching for an opportunity of shaking off the Mexican yoke, and, above all, of escaping from the tyranny of General Armijo, governor of the state. The moment was favourable. In Europe, some regiments would have been sent; the Americans prefer despatching a caravan. It was, then, with the

hope of profiting by the rise of the New Mexicans, or at the very least of gaining a new opening for the Texian commerce, that the general president of Texas, Mirabeau Lamar, organised the expedition of Santa Fé. This expedition was to open between Texas and Santa Fé a route more direct than that of Saint Louis and the Missouri. The undertaking was formidable; for the deserts which separate Texas from Santa Fé were at that time completely unexplored.

Although the avowed end of the expedition was purely commercial, a military escort was attached to it, in order to cover the party on their passage through the wild grounds of the Comanches and Caiguas, the implacable foes both of the Mexicans and the Texians. Three hundred horsemen, commanded by General Macleod, a man chosen by the government on account of his tried prudence and bravery, were ordered to accompany the expedition. This choice, however, was not justified only by the importance of the political and commercial results expected from Santa Fé: it was also an act of diplomatic courtesy towards the State of New Mexico, whose governor was a general. Owing to the character with which he was invested, the chief of the caravan could transform himself into a negotiator if it were necessary. The most ordinary circumspection dictated these precautions; but malignity found in them ample pretext for disadvantageous commentary. The report was spread that the Texian caravan was designed to conquer New Mexico by arms, to carry into the heart of the country perhaps fire, pillage, and destruction. These rumours, the absurdity of which was obvious from the insignificant number of the travellers and the poverty of their equipment, gained some ground; they propagated themselves with fatal rapidity, and possibly caused those disasters which served to frustrate the bold endeavours of the adventurers. Some other causes contributed to disperse the caravan. The expedition of Santa Fé, however, although unfortunate, was not completely barren of service; and the zeal of the intrepid adventurers may claim a large share in the events of which New Mexico has been more lately the theatre.

Mr Wilkins Kendall, to whom we owe the narrative of this expedition, was at New Orleans, waiting with impatience for some opportunity of traversing the regions exclusively inhabited by the wandering Indians, and to share the sports peculiar to the life of the frontiers. Here he encountered one of the leaders of the Texian caravan, Major Howard, making some purchases of merchandise for the expedition of Santa Fé. The plan of the expedition admirably accorded with the views of Mr Kendall. The caravan, as we have already said, was to take quite a new route from Texas to Santa Fé. It was to pursue its way through the districts of the Comanches and the Caiguas, where the buffalo, the bear, the elk, and the deer abounded. Dangers, privations of every sort, were spread out before the traveller; and one might have feared that the fatigues would invade the most robust health. So far, however, from deterring Mr Kendall, notwithstanding his infirm health, these prospects decided him at once to join the expedition; and he hurried off to secure his passage on board a vessel leaving for Galveston.

At Galveston, Mr Kendall, who, we ought to say, is an American, fell in with a companion, a young man afflicted with a temporary deafness, and who had taken it into his head to try the American panacea—a journey in the desert. Next day the two invalids repaired to Houston. Although the rendezvous had been fixed at Austin, the preparations for departure already put everything in movement at Houston. A company of volunteers brought into forced requisition all the saddlers, coachmakers, and blacksmiths of the place. This triple body of artisans worked busily night and day, in mending the saddles, harness, carabines, and waggons. The projected expedition was the talk of every circle. Numerous groups crowded about some hunters and experienced sages of the desert. Every ear was erect, listening with eagerness to stories of the chase, combats with the savage tribes of the western deserts, encounters with bears and rattlesnakes,

and a thousand other marvels, which always store the memories of the Bas de Cuir of the frontiers.

Three days brought Mr Kendall's preparations to an end; armed, mounted, equipped, he put himself on the way to Austin. At twenty miles from that little borough, he stopped at a house where an appalling example of the treatment to which an imprudent tourist is exposed in these wild prairies presented itself. One of the members of the family bore on his skull the ineffaceable marks of the ferocity of the wandering Indians. In a skirmish with these barbarians, he had been left for dead, then scalped; and his handsome locks are now probably the mocassins or the calumet of some Comanche dandy. Such a encounter was of bad omen for Mr Kendall; but the intrepid adventurer did not the less pursue his route: the interests of his health would not suffer him to hesitate for a moment.

At Austin, a Mr Falconer, an English traveller, also attracted the attention of our American tourist. Mr Falconer had all the good qualities and none of the faults of the English character; and Mr Kendall lost no time in making his acquaintance. The Englishman possessed in the highest degree the spirit of precaution peculiar to his countrymen. Besides a double-barrelled gun which he bore on his shoulders, he was charged with a complete assortment of utensils, which hung in festoons from the girth or the saddle of his mule: a ham, a tea-pot, half a dozen cups, a bag of biscuit, a gourd, a brace of pistols, books, and scientific instruments. Then, in order to forestall any troublesome annoyance, and prevent it from rudely breaking in upon his reverie, Mr Falconer had engaged a Texian hunter, whose sole duty near his person was to find him in the event of his changing to lose himself in the desert. Tom Hancock (the name by which our Englishman's *garde du corps* was known) was himself one of those odd beings who leave nothing for the romancer in a description. He stood about five feet eight inches high, but a stoop and a free-and-easy gait detracted from his apparent height. Nothing about him inspired you with the idea of his real force and vigour. His members, void of all symmetry, seemed, so to say, out of their places. His eye lay so deeply buried in the socket, that you could not imagine its colour. Such is a description of Tom Hancock in repose; but, on occasion, when he drew up his tall form to its full stature, when the electric thrill of danger ran through his muscles, the Texian stood forth in his veritable character: his eye flashed with an unusual fire, and no object was too small or too distant for his piercing vision; the slightest clue could not escape him: the animal itself, the track it had followed, the faintest impressions, which would have been so many enigmas for ordinary people, were to his marvellous sagacity mere sport and amusement to decipher. In the strategy of the woods, frontiers, and prairies, Hancock was as complete master as he was in the tactics of the hunter. He could circumvent an Indian and take him in his own snares. He could lie flatter on the ground, drag himself farther along, and render himself more invisible than anybody to the game which he pursued, or to the enemy whose camp he wished to surprise; in one word, he was an inestimable guide for a caravan expedition—a scout without an equal. Hancock could no longer reckon his encounters with the Mexicans or the Indians, and each time he contributed by some astounding exploit a subject for the gossip of his comrades. The Comanches once took him prisoner, but he instantly escaped from their hands. Never, however, had the brave Hancock made vaunting allusion to his countless acts of prowess; he was as modest as gallant. Such is the portrait traced by Mr Kendall of Tom Hancock—one of those hardy adventurers nourished in the solitude of the woods and prairies, whose days rush on in the midst of unceasing dangers, and who sleep each night hushed by the howlings of wolves and the plaints of the nightingale. Mr Falconer, it may be imagined, was a lucky fellow.

Three other personages among Mr Kendall's numerous companions merit a brief notice. The first is a Mexican

named Carlos, native of Taos in New Mexico, formerly a trapper in the deserts which the expedition was about to traverse, and then courier for many years between Austin and San Antonio. Next follows a captain of the Texian dragoons of escort, W. P. Lewis. Then we have Mr Howland of New Bedford, in the state of Massachusetts; one of those noble natures which make but a short stay in this world, as if to escape the old age which Providence inflicts on man for expiation. As brave and faithful as any one, he united to these great qualities a sweetness of manner which endeared him to everybody. The Mexican Carlos by his presumptuous ignorance, the dragoon officer Lewis by his pusillanimity, became later the evil geni of the expedition. The character of poor Howland will not be found inconsistent with itself, nor will this intrepid man, in the hour of danger, fail to push self-forgetfulness even to the length of heroism.

A month had rolled away since all the voyagers and their escort of artillery and dragoons were reunited at Austin. The principal corps had its quarters about twenty miles on the other side of Austin, waiting the departure of the expedition. At last, 18th June, 1841, the caravan puts itself in motion. One of the Texian commissaries, Don José Antonio Navarro, being, like Mr Kendall, unable from indifferent health to endure the fatigues of the march, rides with him in a char-a-banc which the president Lamar placed at their disposal, and they follow the long line of waggons which commences to move slowly across the prairies. A vanguard of two companies of dragoons lead the way before the waggons; next come a troop of oxen, under the care of their guards, destined for food to the travellers; three companies of artillery and cavalry, with a piece of cannon, close the train. Never perhaps since the discovery of America had a similar enterprise been undertaken. Now-a-days when one makes his first tour between Saint Louis and Santa Fé, he finds each spot, every accidental mound, every departure from the main route already noted; in the novel Texian expedition, it required audacity to deal with the chances of the passage.

Some miles beyond the first encampment the caravan bade adieu to the last settlements, and followed towards the north-west a route which stretched away into unknown regions. We will not accompany its slow march across the thousand obstacles of the prairies. The hunt of the buffalo which inhabits these districts in close troops, ravines to cross, torrents to pass on the trunks of trees, felled and put together on the moment, are the ceaseless occupations of the days following their departure. The legends of the desert, the free jokes of the veterans of the prairies, the labours of the blacksmiths and artisans of every sort repairing the damaged waggons, form the recreations of the halts. Long days of toil, short nights of sleep, follow in succession. Hunger, thirst, and danger are only as yet seen in the vista; provisions abound; the flesh of the buffaloes fallen under the balls of the hunters, with the exception of the more delicate morsels, are abandoned to the vultures, and no trace of an Indian has yet been seen; in one word, not a single catastrophe has yet cast a gloom upon their spirits; no privation has enfeebled the travellers. The most dangerous tenants of these deserts have till now only been the rattlesnakes, which come from time to time with cold north winds, during the night, and inoffensively shelter themselves within the tent or under the cloaks of the sleepers.

However, among the scenes which mark the first steps of the caravan in the desert, there is one which it may be worth while to notice. Often, without apparent reason, the beasts of burden and the saddle-horses are seized in the midst of these solitudes with a frightful panic which causes the most painful disorders. Sometimes at the very moment when the profoundest calm reigns in the camp, a decayed tree creaking with the wind, the croak of a raven, or the distant bellow of a buffalo, suffices to spread a foolish alarm, which propagates itself from animal to man, and produces a movement of inextricable confusion. It is difficult if not impossible to form to one's self a conception of these *ataques de pánico* as the Spaniards call them.

At first the horses prick their ears, respire with dilated nostrils the terror which seems to blow from one point of the horizon to another, and then describe at the trot large circles round the camp. The panic communicates itself, like electricity, from the horses to the oxen; neighings and lowings mix; instantly the soil shakes under the rampant feet of the affrighted brutes, which listen no longer to the call of their masters, and rush in a frenzy either towards the camp, crushing the tents at the hazard of dashing themselves against the waggons, or fly off into the immensity of the plains, where they soon vanish in a cloud of dust. We then to the rider who has left his steed untended, or to the conductor of waggons who has not firmly tied his oxen, for no human power can repress their indomitable spring: the rider will see no more of his horse, and the driver will lose his beasts without any hope of ever taking them again.

These *ataques de pánico* had been the only incidents which had cast a gloom on the first movements of the caravan. With the exception of a single day and night, when water was scarce, and which gave the travellers a slight foretaste of the agonies of thirst, the troubles of the expedition were confined within those fatigues inseparable from such an undertaking. But on the 14th July, nearly a month after the departure from Austin, the caravan halted under the shade of a girdle of oaks which edged a valley through which wound a river of brackish water, called the Brazos. There, for the first time, our adventurers contemplated a terrible spectacle, the conflagration of a prairie, without being able to ascertain whether it had arisen fortuitously or by the hand of man. Clouds of sable smoke darkened the sky; and, bursting through the gloom of these dense spiral columns, the flames shot up in ominous sparks, and spread on all sides like a torrent risen above its banks. The dry herbs in the neighbourhood caught fire with the rapidity of lightning, and speedily blazed away. The wind rolled the volumes of flame from right to left, and in the twinkling of an eye bore them over the crest of the most elevated hills. Of all the scourges of the prairies, that called the *fiévre de feu* is the most alarming. It would be as much as life is worth to attempt to arrest the mounting tide; a change of wind may also press on the traveller inevitable death, or blight for a space of several miles the district through which he has to pass. Happily for the caravan the conflagration kept the left, and the prairies of the intended route remained untouched. Throughout the whole night a track of flame swept the prairie, illumining the horizon with its ruddy glimmer, and the following morning the column of fire was seen still climbing the chain of hills which separates the prairie from the low lands through which flows the Brazos.

This burning seemed a presage of misfortunes for the caravan. From that moment, in truth, a series of disasters commenced for the unhappy travellers. Water became more scarce. Farther on, the skull of a white man newly slain was found. In short, it was evident that our explorers had arrived in the centre of hostile tribes, and a month of travel had only brought them two hundred miles on their way, leaving about five hundred more through dense forests in the direction of north-west before they should reach Santa Fé. Some dry provisions, tents, and all useless baggage had to be abandoned; for, like seamen when the wave runs high, our travellers had to fling every superfluity away, as a measure of common safety.

Traces of the Indians now began to multiply themselves upon the path of the Texians. These marks were still fresh, and the savage hunters who had left them could not be far off. The sudden apparition of a troop of lean and hungry hounds gave certainty to the presumptions of the scouts. The dogs belonged beyond doubt to some wild tribe. But how had they surmounted their instinctive repugnance to face the whites and seek an asylum among them? That was a question about to be immediately answered.

A stream having been signalled by the scouts, the ranks of the travellers fell into confusion. The best mounted of the horsemen rode off at the gallop. The conductors of

the waggons, wishing to imitate them, pushed forward their beasts, and the long caravan was immediately broken up into isolated bodies, some invisible to others, scattered along the immense extent of the prairies. Mr Kendall, Commissary Navarro, and Mr Fitzgerald an Irishman, found themselves all at once cut off from their companions. The leather blinds of the little waggon which bore them stopped the view both right and left, and suffered them to see nothing in the midst of the long undulations of the prairies except the bleached linen of the distant carts. In an instant, and before they were aware, a buffalo, hurrying on with fury, tongue out, flanks heaving, shot past the carriage of the three travellers. Don José Navarro drew the blind, and throwing himself headlong into the middle of the waggon, consternation in his countenance, exclaimed, 'The Indians! the Indians!' while the commissary in alarm sought his rifle in the bottom of the vehicle. Scarcely had Navarro uttered these words, when an Indian rider, in his turn, crossed the travellers. The savage was mounted on a bay of middle height, but full of fire and vigour. He was armed with a long lance from which numerous scalps of hair hung like streamers. Bow and quiver rattled on his shoulders. The air, cut by his impetuous course, made his mantle of deer-skin flap up and down about his loins, while his black locks, riven from their yellow band, floated in long tresses upon his shoulders. The travellers were striving in vain, however, to disengage their carabines from the baggage which encumbered the waggon, when a second horseman, hanging forward on his steed and with his heels fixed to its sides, passed so near the conveyance, that the hoofs of his courser flung against the leather curtains the bits of clay torn from the ground. A third followed. Singularly enough, each of the three Indians, in the impetuosity of their course, seemed to disdain to cast even a glance upon the travelling carriage. Eager as hungry wolves in pursuit of their prey, the three alarming spectres swept past like flashes of lightning, before the travellers could put their hands on their arms. The buffalo and its three pursuers were nothing but bare, scarcely visible points in the horizon, by the time Mr Kendall and his companions had seized their carabines: they congratulated themselves in having no more enemies before them, for none of their arms were charged.

A few minutes of rapid motion brought the waggon to the encampment, where complete confusion reigned. While some of the best mounted horsemen had gone in pursuit of the Indians, others aimed at the game which the savages were pursuing with much ardour. At the side of the spot where the caravan had halted, near a stream of water, shaded by large trees, stood an Indian camp which had evidently been precipitately abandoned. Famine had visited it, if one might judge from the bones lying about, carefully picked by such animals as polecats and serpents, and from the woful aspect of a score of miserable dogs, whose feebleness had prevented them from following their masters, the least exhausted being alone able to seek an asylum near the Americans. The savages in pursuit of the buffalo belonged without doubt to the famishing tribe which had abandoned the camp; and hunger alone, which was gnawing their entrails, had prevented their fear or their curiosity showing themselves at a sight so new to these barbarians as a carriage or a caravan of *pale-faces*.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S VESPER HYMN.

Christian, wake, thy dream is o'er,  
 'Twas a sleep that told of waking,  
 Glimpses of the farther shore  
 On thy life's dim voyage breaking.

What though in a foundering bark,  
 Launch'd upon a stormy flood,  
 Sorrow's self has proved an ark  
 To conduct thee safe to God.

See the dove of promise now  
 Tells thee of the flood's abating—  
 Bears he not the olive bough?  
 Lo! the messenger is waiting!

Yea, the path has stretch'd afar,  
 Thine has been a life of sorrow,  
 But the pilgrim's guiding star  
 Rested o'er a brighter morrow.

Toll and conflict has been thine,  
 With the battle-harness on:  
 Trusting in an arm divine,  
 Thou hast fought, and thou hast won.

Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,  
 Thine the end that knows not danger:  
 Friends and brethren gone before,  
 Lovingly await thee, stranger!

What if, in the final hour,  
 Round thee swell the gloomy billow,  
 He who saves thee has the power  
 Now to smooth thy dying pillow

Or if it be dark and drear,  
 Sad the momentary strife,  
 Death itself shall banish fear,  
 And be swallow'd up of Life.

If the eye of hope be dim,  
 Its starry rest forgetting,  
 Morning's sun may brightly beam,  
 Though dark have been its setting.

... ..

See, that set is over now,  
 And his cloud-locks, thin and hoary,  
 And the warrior's evening brow,  
 Still reflect the parting glory!

O, the light that could illumine  
 Th' agony of gasping breath,  
 Must be mightier than the tomb,  
 And the conqueror of death!

Soldier, wake, thy warfare o'er,  
 To a day that knows no morrow!  
 Dream of battle-fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of sorrow.

H. C.

### BIRDS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—MAY.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

'May, the sweet-breath'd month, is here,  
 May, the lady of the year!  
 See, where'er her step hath been  
 Flowers are up, and grasses green!  
 And, where'er her voice is heard,  
 Breathing its Eolian note,  
 Music grows, and every bird  
 Sends it gushing from his throat.'

D. Jerrold's Magazine.

ONCE more, reader, we have together completed the zodiacal circle—have seen the months, those daughters of the year,

'That weave their annual garland round the sun,'

perform their varying dance, and marked their different aspects as they passed before us—now scattering over the broad bosom of the earth their offerings of many-hued and fragrant flowers—now, with the gushing melody of birds, calling up echo from her sylvan depths, and filling all the vaulted dome above with sounds that might well be thought 'the quiring of an angel minstrelsy.' Since first we twined 'a wild wreath for the leafy month of June,' some four-and-twenty moons have waxed and waned, and we stand, for the second time, at the meeting point between spring and summer, and look upon this glorious earth of ours bedecked in all her richest tracery. We have talked to you about the flowers and the birds, and of the ever delightful because ever varying aspects of nature; and if our converse has not been both interesting and in some degree

instructive, it is with us, and not with the subjects of it, that the fault must lie. We have yet another ramble to take in your company before we bid you farewell—before our agreeable task is for the present ended; and the sweet scenes and benign influences amid which we shall leave you—perchance but for a brief space—will render our parting the less a subject of regret to us. Truly of the present month has the Welsh bard, Davyth ap Gwilym, sung—

'Giver of the gift of song  
To the poet's heart and tongue,  
May, majestic child of heaven,  
To the earth in glory given!  
Verdant hills, days long and clear,  
Come when she is hovering near.  
Stars, ye cannot journey on  
Joyously when she has gone!  
Ye are not so glossy bright,  
Blackbirds, when she takes her flight.  
Sweetest art thou, Nightingale,  
Poet, thou canst tell thy tale  
With a lighter heart when May  
Rules with all her bright array.'

It is by universal consent termed the 'merry month,' and at no period of the year is there so full, and rich, and varied a stream of harmony poured out from copse, and brake, and blooming orchard, and leafy hedgerow. Now it is that the feathered songsters strain to the utmost their tuneful throats, and now it is that she, the very queen of song, sweet Philomela, leads the choir, and with her 'dulcet jargonings' delights the ear by night as well as day—

Night, from her ebony throne, stoops down to listen  
To this, the sweetest songster of the grove,  
And pulses thrill, and eyes with rapture glisten,  
As forth she pours her plaintive song of love.

A vast array of poets have paid their tribute of admiration to this bird—the pre-eminently melodious song of which is by the majority of them considered of a sad and complaining character, owing, no doubt, in a great measure to its association with the ancient legend, which makes her the personification of injured innocence. The name of Philomela has come floating down to us from the misty dream-land of Grecian mythology, like a beautiful incarnation of melodious grief—a voice of most musical utterance—crying out ever against the cruelty and perfidy of man; therefore it is that Richard Barnfield sings—

'She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast against a thorn,  
And there sang the dolefullest ditty—  
*Pho! pho! pho!* now did she cry,  
*Tera! tera!* by and by,  
That to hear her so complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain.'

and that Milton called her

'Most musical, most melancholy bird.'

Now, although we are fain to confess with Coleridge that

'In nature there is nothing melancholy,'

yet so strong is the power of association, that we scarcely ever listen to the song of the Nightingale without a feeling of sadness, and a sort of half conviction—which our better reason nevertheless rejects—that it really is a sorrowful and complaining bird. Perhaps the circumstances under which its music is so frequently heard, in the solemn night season, may have much to do with this impression, as also, doubtless, has the exquisite sweetness of its melody, which penetrates to the inmost depths of feeling and of memory, like true poetry, for in every breast where the 'divine afflatus' dwells, there is this thought ready to take musical utterance—

'I'm saddest when I sing,'

and ever might we address the real poet in the words of Mrs Hemans—

'Thou hast loved and thou hast suffer'd,  
I know it by thy song.'

Miss Costello, in her 'Rose Garden of Persia'—in every way a most beautiful and delightful book—has given us a translation of some lines by Azz' Edden Elmocadessi, in

which it is supposed to be the fleeting nature of earthly enjoyments that gives a character of sadness to the song of this bird:—

'Thou seest the Nightingale in spring—  
He seems as joy were all his own—  
From tree to tree, with rapid wing,  
He flits with love in every tone;  
So volatile, so debonaire,  
As though he never knew a care.  
But, ah! how much art thou deceived!  
His heart is fill'd with pensive pain,  
For earth's frail lot his soul is grieved;  
He sees her glory's fleeting train,  
And how each beauty withers fast,  
Nor leaves a shadow where it pass'd.  
He knows that ruin soon will seize  
The sweetest flowers, the fairest trees;  
He knows the garden will decay,  
And marks it fading day by day.  
Thus, if aught thou read his song,  
It tells of grief the whole year long.'

This sentiment, however, is quite an exception to that which is generally expressed by the Eastern poets in relation to the Nightingale; with them it is the tender and passionate, not the sad and despairing, lover of the rose, which unfolds its leaves and emits its delicious perfume mainly, if we may believe them, to delight this enamoured songster, which in more congenial climates sings the whole year through, although with us but for a short period, that is, from about the middle of April to the middle of June, for although it remains in this country as late as the end of August, yet it is only for about six weeks that we hear its rich melody in full perfection; scarcely perhaps so long as that, generally speaking. The able natural historian Pliny gives it but fifteen days, and Neville Wood says, that this is probably not incorrect, 'for though the song does not entirely cease at the end of that period, yet it is heard much less frequently after the female has commenced incubation,' and when the young are hatched, which is about the beginning of June, the male invariably discontinues his melody.' In places where Nightingales abound, however, as in some of the southern counties of England—the north and north-western parts of the island they do not visit—there are stragglers heard throughout the whole season, and these, the above authority tells us, are generally 'males which have either been unable to procure a mate, or have lost her by some accident.'

'The Nightingale, if he should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the crow.'

says Shakspeare, but to such a verdict we cannot entirely subscribe, for as a day songster this bird is universally and justly admired. Its name, according to Pennant, has a Saxon derivation, being composed of two words signifying night, and to sing, from which we may learn that it was known to our rude ancestors as a shade-loving melodist. Bechstein, the German naturalist, calls it *Die Nachtigall*, and gives a long and interesting description of its habits, haunts, and the best mode of preserving it in confinement, which it is very difficult to do for any length of time, and which, we think, never should be attempted. Buffon terms the bird *Le Rossignol*, and Linnaeus *Motacilla Luscinia*; as, however, we have generally followed the nomenclature and arrangement of Macgillivray in these papers, we shall continue to do so, and call it *Philomela Luscinia*, the head of the family *Sylvina* (Sylvan Birds, or Warblers), in which family are included the Wrens, and several other of the most familiarly known species of British song-birds. Of the Nightingale alone enough has been written to fill a goodly octavo volume, and closely printed too, and yet it is somewhat difficult to get at the truth in respect to its real habits and characteristics. Even some of the most sober and matter-of-fact naturalists appear to have lost themselves in the maze of fable and poetical fiction which surrounds this celebrated bird; of which, for this reason, and on account of its extreme shyness, it is very difficult to obtain precise information. John Clare gives a poetical description of its haunts, habits, and appearance, which we believe to be as true to nature as any

thing which has been written upon the subject, and from which we quote the following :—

'Up this green woodland path we'll softly rove,  
And list the Nightingale; she dwelleth here.  
Hush! let the wood-gate gently close, for fear  
Its noise might scare her from her home of love.  
Here have I heard her sing for many a year,  
At noon and eve, ay, all the livelong day,  
As though she lived on song. In this same spot,  
Just where the old-man's-beard all wildly trails  
Its tresses o'er the track, and stops the way—  
And where the child the foxglove flowers hath got.  
Laughing and creeping through the moss-grown rills.  
Oft have I hunted, like a truant boy,  
Creeping through thorny brakes with eager joy,  
To find her nest and see her feed her young;  
And where those crimped ferns grew rank among  
The hazel boughs, I've nestled down full oft,  
To watch her warbling on some sprig aloft,  
With wings all quivering in her ecstacy.  
And feathers ruffling up in transport high,  
And bill wide open, to relieve her heart  
Of its outsobbing song! But, with a start  
If I but stir'd a branch, she stopp'd at once,  
And, flying off swift as the eye can glance,  
In leafy distance hid, to sing again.  
Amon, from bosom of that green retreat,  
Her song anew in silvery strains would gush,  
With *jug, jug, jug*, and quavered trilling sweet,  
Till roused to emulate the enchanting strain.  
From hawthorn spray piped loud the merry thrush  
Her wild bravura through the woodlands wide.'

The whole picture is beautifully and minutely descriptive, and we would fain dwell on its details at much greater length, but must content ourselves with just another peep into the embowering woodlands, and see what provision is made for our favourite songster's maternal duties:

'How curious is the nest! no other bird  
Employs such loose materials, or weaves  
Its dwelling in such spots: dead oaken leaves  
Are placed without, and velvet moss within,  
And little scraps of grass; and, scant and spare,  
Perchance some spool of woolly down or hair.  
From haunts of men she seemeth nought to win—  
Boon Nature is the builder, and contrives  
Homes for her children's comfort everywhere;  
And here her songsters spend their gentle lives  
Unseen, save where a wanderer passes near  
That loves such pleasant places. Deep down,  
The nest is small—an hermit's mossy cell.  
Sung lie the beauteous eggs, in number five,  
Of deadened green, or rather olive brown;  
And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well;  
And here we'll leave them still, unknown to wrong,  
As the old woodman's legacy of song.'

It is a little sober-coloured bird this, but who would not rather have it dwelling near them than all the Lories and Parrakeets, and gorgeous-tinted screamers that the glowing Tropics can produce? In many an old ancestral park, by many a willow-fringed stream, in many a leafy copse, and briary covert of Kent, and Essex, and Sussex, and Surrey, and the shires of Hants, Berks, Herts, and Middlesex, may it be heard singing, as Mackay has it—

'As though from every feather  
In all its frame it poured the notes.'

To the above counties its visits are almost exclusively confined, and we who dwell in the first named of them, are especially favoured with its melody. When, in the flowery month of May, we obey the call of the church-going bell, our way lies past a paddock encircled by a belt of trees and shrubs within a high wall on the one side, and a paling overgrown in many places with that 'dainty plant the ivy green.' Pleasant it is to look over this paling and through the leafy screen beyond, and to see the sunshine sleeping on the velvet sward, and gilding the green old castle of Rochester, that towers above the scene like a spectre of the past, till it smiles again, and seems proud of the rents and fissures which time has made in its walls, and which nature has delicately fringed with verdure, and ornamented with flowers; pleasant it is, we say, to look upon this spot of 'greenery'—to use a word of Coleridge's coining—on a Sabbath morning, and to listen to the Nightingales replying to each other from tree to tree, while the chiming bells of the church on this side, and the deep boom from the cathedral tower on that,

mingle with the choral symphony of the untaught songsters, and call up within us devotional feelings and incitements, so that we are ready to exclaim with good Isaac Walton, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou givest bad men such music on earth?'

'You curious chatters of the wood  
That warble forth dame nature's praise,  
Thinking your voices understood,  
Fy your weak accents! what's your praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?'

asks Sir Henry Wootton; and it is on all hands confessed that there is, in sooth, no such songster as this, if we except perhaps the Mocking Bird of America, of which Wilson and Audubon give such enthusiastic descriptions. Bechstein has endeavoured to express in writing the varied notes of our melodist, but it is a strange unpronounceable jumble of letters. The French troubadour managed this much better, and paid at the same time a most delicate compliment to both bird and 'ladye love,' when he said of his mistress that her name was the note of a nightingale, a saying worthy to go beside that of the English poet, J. A. Wade, who tells us of a certain maiden fair that—

'Her thoughts were garlands of new-tinted flowers—  
Their utterance perfume.'

We must now, however, quit this enchanting subject, and proceed to notice a few other of the birds which belong to the warbler family, all of which are now in full song, as indeed are most of the members of the feathered choir, for it is now

'The full and perfect season of delight;  
The very bridal of the earth and sky.'

The Nightingales are placed by Macgillivray in a genus by themselves, which he calls *Philomela*; and of this but one species can be reckoned among British birds, the Brake Nightingale, of which we have already given the scientific name. The next genus in the same family, which is termed *Sylvia*, has in it the Garden Warbler (*Sylvia Hortensis*), variously known as the Fanvet, the Greater Petichaps, and the Nettle-creeper; the Black-cap Warbler (*Sylvia Aticapilla*) sometimes, from the richness of its song, called the Meek Nightingale; and the White-throated and White-breasted Warblers (*Sylvia Cinerea* and *Sylvia Garrula*), the former of which has a great variety of names, such as Greater White-throat, Whey-beard, Wheetie-why, Peggy White-throat, Churr, Chuff, Muffin, Muffie, Charlie Muffin, Beardie, Whattie, Whiskey, Rlethering Tam; too many aliases surely for any strictly honest bird to possess, and for the application of several of which we strongly suspect that our Scottish friends are answerable. The second of these last-named birds has not so many designations, being known as the Lesser White-throat, Babillard, and Babbling Warbler. This bird is by some naturalists, including Blyth, called the Garrulous Fauvet. It is a noisy, quarrelsome bird, and its song is harsh and monotonous, while that of its congener, the Greater White-throat, is quick and lively, but not very melodious. None of the four birds of this genus are much known in Scotland; they are all migratory, arriving at about the same time, that is, at the latter end of April or beginning of May, and departing pretty nearly together in September. Richard Howitt, in his invitation to the woods, alludes to two of them as sylvan songsters—

'Come ye, come ye, to the green, green woods!  
Loudly the Blackbird is singing;  
The Squirrel is feasting on blossoms and buds,  
And the curled fern is springing.

Here ye may sleep in the woods so deep,  
While the moon is so warm and so weary,  
And sweetly awake, when the sun through the brake  
Bids the Fauvet and Whitethroat sing cheery.'

In this family is also included the Provence Furteling (*Melospiza Provincialis*), sometimes called the Dartford Warbler, or Furze Wren, which has yet only been met with in the southern English counties. Then there are the Wood Wrens, the generic name given to which is *Phylloscopus*, of which three species are known to us.

These, however, we need not pause to particularise. They are generally described as small and delicate birds, of extremely active habits, frequenting woods and bosky places. They have a short, lively, and melodious song—rapid, gliding, and undulating flight. Of the genus *Regulus* we have two individuals, the Gold-crowned and the Fire-crowned Kinglets (*R. Auricapillus* and *R. Ignicapillus*). The first of these is commonly called the Golden-crested Wren, sometimes the Marigold Finch, and the Tidley Goldfinch—a beautiful little bird, generally abundant in the woody parts of England and Scotland, and especially delighting to dwell amid the pines and firs of the latter country, where it remains all through the year. The latter is a very rare bird with us, as is the Plain-crowned Kinglet (*R. Modestus*), which we had almost forgotten to mention. In the genus *Sibilatrix* we have the Grass-hopper Chirper (*S. Locusteller*), but little known; and in the *Calamohorpe*, or Reedling genus, the Sedge and Marsh Reedlings (*C. Phragmitis* and *C. Arundinacea*), variously called Sedge or Reed Warblers, or Wrens. As to both of these birds the following lines, which we wrote awhile since, will equally apply, we may perhaps be excused for quoting them:—

Where rushes hide the stagnant pool, and fringe the gliding stream,  
And in the sunshine dragon-flies, like winged jewels, gleam;  
Where on the borders of the marsh the stunted blackthorns grow,  
And thrift and wild sea-lavender shed o'er a purple glow;  
Where alders tremulously stand, and osier twigs are seen  
To dance unto the singing breeze, like fairies clad in green;  
Where drooping willows kiss the waves, and whistling reeds, in ranks,  
Incline their velvet heads unto the shores and shelving banks;  
Where dives the sleek, black water-rat, where leaps the speckled frog,  
And flies and midges gaily sport above the quaking bog—  
Tis there the blithe Sedge Warbler dwells, and there his nest he builds,

In rushy tuft, or whatsoever the needful shelter yields;  
'Tis there he singeth constantly a sweet, though scarce-heard song,  
Where skies are beautifully blue, and summer days are long;  
And sometimes in the misty morn, and sometimes in the night,  
He chantereth out right merrily to show his heart is light.  
He glanceth 'twixt the bending reeds, he skimmeth o'er the tide,  
And many a song retreat is there his form from foes to hide:  
Come weal, come wo, his constant mate still sitteth on her nest,  
And food is plentiful that he may pick and choose the best;  
And for his rising family he hath no anxious care,  
Like men who know the world is full of pitfalls and of snares;  
With fears, that truly prophesy, his heart is never still'd;  
He is unconscious of all these—oh, happy, happy bird!

And now we come to the Wren proper—the little, perking, jerking, Jenny or Kitty Wren, almost as well known and favourite a bird as the Robin, and, according to an Irish tradition, the king of all birds. This is how he attained to so great a dignity, according to S. C. Hall, from whose work on Ireland we now extract:—'In a grand assembly of all the birds of the air, it was determined that the sovereignty of the feathered tribes should be conferred on the one that could fly highest. The favourite in the betting-book was, of course, the eagle, who at once, and in full confidence of victory, commenced his flight towards the sun. When he had vastly distanced all competitors, he proclaimed with a mighty voice his monarchy over all things that had wings. Suddenly, however, the Wren, who had secreted himself under the feathers of the Eagle's crest, popped from his hiding-place, flew a few inches upwards, and chirped out as loudly as he could—'Birds, look up, and behold your king!' There is another Irish tradition relating to this bird which we need not repeat, and a custom prevails of hunting down and killing all Wrens that can be found for some weeks previous to St Stephen's day (December 26), on which day their bodies are borne, attached to a huge holly bush, from house to house by a tumultuous assemblage of boys and men, shouting something to this effect:—

'The Wren, the Wren, the king of all birds,  
St Stephen's day was not in the furze;  
Although he is little, his family's grate,  
Put your hand in your pocket, and give us a thrate.  
Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly,  
A drop just to drink, it would drown melancholy!'

And more to the same effect, equally poetical. 'The Wrens,' says Macgillivray, who calls our diminutive favourite by a very long name (*Anorthura Troglodytes*), 'are remarkable for their abbreviated form and the elevated di-

rection of their tail. They construct a very bulky nest of an oblong or spherical shape; the eggs are numerous, generally white, more or less clotted or spotted.' But one species occurs in Britain. Wordsworth has very beautifully described the Wren's nest. Warton says of the bird—

'Fast by my touch, congenial guest  
The Wren has wove her mossy nest,  
From busy scenes and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies.'

Before bringing our paper, and with it the series, to a conclusion, we would fain revert to the little Gold-crowned Kinglet, or Golden-crested Wren, which builds its cup-like nest among the thick branches of a pine, or some other lofty tree, and there lays its ten or eleven eggs, each no bigger than a pea, and rears its tiny progeny—

'Mid the shadow of the pines, sitting here and there,  
Lo, the Golden-crested Wren glanceth through the air,  
Like a fiery meteor or a shooting star  
The tiniest of creatures that in the forest are.

Never still a moment, whistling to and fro,  
Now amid the topmost boughs, now the roots below:  
Now he perks his feathers up, now he twinks his eye,  
Now emits a warble low, now a short sharp cry.

Lo, the Golden-crested Wren! he's a happy bird,  
Dwelling 'mid the solitude, where the boughs are stirr'd  
By the gentle breezes stealing in and out,  
He their tuneful whispers understands, no doubt.

Soft and solemn music he hath ever near,  
Like angelic volcings from a better sphere;  
Kind and tender greetings from his wedded love,  
And the gentle cooings of the Cuckoo Dove.

Hath he not the Magpie, and the laughing Jay,  
And the playful Squirrel—all to make him gay?  
Pleasant sights and perfumes—hath he not all these,  
And bright gleams of sunshine breaking through the trees?

As the tufted pine-cones sporteth he among,  
Cometh not the wild bee murmuring a song,  
Where around his dwelling, tassels all of gold  
Make it, like a palace, gorgeous to behold?

When the tempest riseth, and the winds roar loud,  
And the haughty pine-trees unto earth are bow'd,  
Lo, secure he lyeth in his feather'd nest,  
Fearing nought of danger, perfectly at rest.

Yea, he leads a pleasant life, doth the Crested Wren,  
Far away from noisy towns and the haunts of men;  
If no duties bound me, were I free to roam,  
Gladly would I visit him in his sylvan home.

One moment longer upon your patience we would trespass, reader, while we repeat a sonnet, in which is embodied the great lesson that we have endeavoured to impress throughout the whole of these desultory papers:—

'There's nought that in creation we behold  
But hath a lesson for the thoughtful mind;  
The Birds preach wisdom, albeit undesign'd,  
And Butterflies, with wings of burnish'd gold,  
And Beetles, bronzing o'er the dark brown mould;  
In every leaf that dangles with the wind,  
Each grassy blade and blossom, we may find  
Gentle and holy teachings manifold:  
Of God hath spread an ever-open book  
For our perusal; whoso'er we read,  
Upon its page we cannot choose but look:  
Then let us strive with understanding eyes  
And humble hearts, to read its written histories.'

## POLITENESS.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, 'Will you have the goodness?'—and, 'I thank you.' I do not like to see prim artificial children; there are few things I dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, 'Please give me a piece of pie,' as to say, 'I want a piece of pie.' The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would love to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have 'sweet pretty ways with her.' It is of some consequence that your daughter



should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always preferring their pleasures to her own. If she has the last, a very little intercourse with the world will teach her the first. I believe nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affection, with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation. I shall probably be reminded that the best and most unaffected people are constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. I answer, the reason is, they do not act themselves; they are afraid they shall not act right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others, fetters the freedom of nature. At home, where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they did not try to assume what they did not possess. Everybody is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. I will make no exception—nature is always graceful. The most secluded and the most ignorant have some charm about them, so long as they affect nothing; so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts without any anxiety what others think of it. Coarseness and vulgarity are the effect of education and habit; they cannot be charged upon nature. True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace, and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms. As far as consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. I have seen young persons who were respectful and polite at home seized with a most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To avoid this evil, allow your children to accompany you as often as possible, when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have a great influence on early characters and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of that description. I have known the destiny of a whole family greatly changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.—*Mrs L. M. Child.*

#### SAYS I TO MYSELF.

*I.*—How comes it, friend, that I am so seldom favoured with a confidential audience of you? Day after day, for these twelve months past, have I been knocking at my own door, and suing for admission into my own premises. Do you forget who I am, that you treat my visits with such marked discourtesy? You are either indisposed, or asleep, or engaged, or from home, or dreaming over some idle fantasy of your own sickly imagination; so that I have been regarded rather as an unwelcome intruder than an honoured and respected friend.

*Myself.*—Full well do I know who you are, and also what I am to you. But your visits of late have been anything but pleasant to me. Sour looks and bitter animadversions are the only comforts I receive at your hand. I need not tell you such entertainment is exceedingly unpalatable to flesh and blood.

*I.*—And whose fault is it that my visits have become so irksome? Were you what you should be, my friendly interference would not be so distasteful to you.

*Myself.*—There was a time when I enjoyed your sympathy and indulgence, but now you seem to make a merit of denying me the quiet enjoyment of my wonted pleasures.

*I.*—What is pleasant to you is death to me. Too long, indeed, have I yielded to your sinful importunities, and you have increased your demands on me by every new concession I have made. You know I must drink the bitter residuum of all your sin-polluted cups, and yet you grumble at a little wholesome restriction.

*Myself.*—And you also know that I am a creature made up of nerves and sensibilities, attachments and antipathies, keenly alive to every act of violence exercised on my natural habits and predilections; and yet you lay an unmerciful hand on me, even wrenching from me those very comforts which, by your own fostering, have become essential to my happiness.

*I.*—Comforts, call you them! call them rather lusts; but I may not listen to this casuistry. If I have spoilt you by indulgence, the more need have I to remedy the evils I have permitted to grow in you. You were given to me in trust, and my right over you I will exercise, although, by reason of the mysterious connection existing between us, the suffering I inflict must first fall on myself before it reaches you.

*Myself.*—Your right over me is limited to the correction of only what is amiss in me.

*I.*—I tell you there is nothing right in you at all; you are a rebel and an outlaw by the statute; and were I to execute my commission upon you to the utmost, I would crucify you altogether.

*Myself.*—This is more than flesh and blood can bear. If I stand condemned in the eye of the law, who was it that brought this condemnation upon me? Was it not you, who now accuse me of delinquencies of which you are the author? If I was given you in trust, were you not bound, as my guide and guardian, to preserve me from those evil habits you now condemn? And should I not rather retort upon you for your sinful indulgence of me, seeing I am but flesh and blood, and naturally prone to sensual pursuits.

*I.*—Such thanks I justly merit for my weak compliance with your incessant importunities; and sure I am it is not from any distaste to these evil habits, that my lax discipline is now cast up to me. Were these indulgences still permitted you, I fancy there would be no fault found with my past training. A troublesome companion have you ever been to me, and could I exist in this world without you, most happy would I be to get rid of you.

*Myself.*—A sorry time of it you would have, without the solace of my company; ay, and without some of those very comforts you condemn.

*I.*—Your lawful comforts I participate in, but my existence does not depend on either you or them. I am an immortal spirit. You are a clod of clay, and must soon return to the dust from whence you came. And were our parting an eternal separation, to tell you the truth, I would feel less interested about you. But we must share eternity together. In weal or woe, our fate is linked for ever.

*Myself.*—And should not this very circumstance incline you to succour, cherish, and sympathise with my present wants and weaknesses?

*I.*—Were you to be restored to me in eternity the same creature you now are, the heaven I anticipate would be no heaven to me. But you will be changed into a glorious creature, a fit habitation for my glorified spirit to dwell in. But this is foreign to my present business with you. I wish to know what you have been about the last twelve months.

*Myself.*—I am not prepared to answer that question.

*I.*—I will no longer listen to these evasions; you have kept a memorandum of your doings, have you not?

*Myself.*—You have kept me so closely employed in writing down your own speculations on what mankind ought to be and to do, that I have had no time to think of my own doings.

*I.*—Here is a pretty piece of impertinence! So you would plead my labours to instruct you in what you owe to yourself, to your neighbour, to your Maker, as the cause of your ignorance of what you are.

*Myself.*—You asked me of my doings; these, you know, have occupied me the most, but I have noted in my memory many other doings and events.

*I.*—In your memory! Ask the last whiff of your pipe what has become of it. But what are they?

*Myself.*—I need not tell you I have been a faithful and diligent executor of your will.

*I.*—Hold there! Which of my dictates have been faithfully executed? Have I not been preaching to you all my life in vain?

*Myself.*—Ay, you have been preaching to me; but when did you ever overrule a sinful appetite in me, or deliver me from any temptation into which I may have fallen?

*I.*—Your appetites and temptations were not of my procuring. My will, and all my admonitions, were ever intended to promote your happiness; but the enemy within you overruled my will in you, and so rendered my admonitions ineffectual. But what else have you noted to your credit?

*Myself.*—Besides writing a large volume of your cogitations, I have read many valuable books, and have endeavoured to profit by my readings.

*I.*—And are you conscious of having realised this profit? Are you prepared to say that you are this day a better man than you were this day twelve months?

*Myself.*—I am willing to believe I am. But why do you ask me this question?

*I.*—I will tell you why I ask it, when you have told me why you attempt to evade it.

*Myself.*—I scorn evasion. I am a better man—have become better acquainted with myself, more sensible of my own frailties and imperfections; more considerate, more humble, diffident, and forbearing.

*I.*—A goodly confession, truly. It at least entitles you to my reason for asking the question.

*Myself.*—Now, then, what is it?

*I.*—Why, I had some doubt whether you understood the difference between being really a better man and believing that you were so.

*Myself.*—I am happy in having been able to remove your doubts on that subject.

*I.*—I should have been equally happy had you done so.

*Myself.*—You do not mean to say I am ignorant whether I am a better man or not?

*I.*—Indeed, that is the very thing I mean.

*Myself.*—Do not provoke me—I am dangerous.

*I.*—I thought forbearance had been one of your newly acquired virtues.

*Myself.*—I can bear anything but a doubt of my sincerity.

*I.*—I do not doubt the sincerity of your belief.

*Myself.*—How then am I to know what I am if not from my convictions?

*I.*—Convictions are often fallacious. Nothing will do but practical tests. How can you be sure your armour is genuine until you have tested it in the combat?

*Myself.*—But it has been often so tested.

*I.*—Take care you are not mistaking scrambles for combats. Have you ever made any real sacrifice of what was dear to you for the sake of principle—natural inclination, personal advantage, the world's estimation, &c.? Have you ever borne contumely and aggression without a feeling of resentment and retaliation? Have you ever relinquished, for the sake of peace, what your conscience testified you had a right to? Did you ever from your heart forgive an injury inflicted on your public character? Did you never feel a secret pleasure at the fall of a public enemy?

*Myself.*—Hem! These questions require consideration.

*I.*—Well, for the present I shall leave you to consider of them; and on my next visit shall present you with some rules for your daily observance.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART II.—THE PRESENT.

#### CHAP. VII.—A PREP INTO THE FUTURE.

‘I wonder how my old friends at Netley go on?’ said Horace, the next day.

‘Oh, the gipsies, you mean,’ replied Marian; ‘I should, above all things, so like to have my fortune told.’

‘You really don't mean to say that you have any faith in such idle fooleries? From natural hereditary sagacity, long practice, and a ready means of information gathered from unlooked-for sources, they may stumble on the truth, and, at times, from disposition and temper, as displayed in the features, predict many things likely to happen. For instance, your own countenance, manner, and a thousand nameless expressions, would soon betray your energy, impetuosity of spirit—your naturally sanguine, may I say headstrong, disposition, and a number of general truths arising therefrom, easily foreseen.’

‘But I've heard of many events being foretold, which could not, by any probability, have arisen from the ordinary guesses you allude to.’

‘Either from coincidence or confederacy, most likely. How many odd coincidences we see daily, and those only are remembered, while a thousand circumstances, where such do not occur, we fail to notice. For instance, if, amongst a multitude of others, this woman were to tell you one that in some of its particulars came to pass, all the rest would be unheeded or forgotten.’

‘It may be so; but—I should like to try; and, besides, I have a great wish to see the ruins of Netley Abbey. I have heard so much about them, it would be a pity to leave the neighbourhood without paying them a visit.’

‘To this, of course, there can be no objection. But as for the gipsy, foolish enough though it may be, I am not quite prepared to say there is no harm in consulting her; thereby you know we encourage fraud and lying. Besides, in how many instances has prophecy been the means of its own fulfilment, leading the individual, unconsciously perhaps, into such situations, and to adopt such means as, in nine cases out of ten, must lead to the anticipated result? For instance, suppose the gipsy were to say, you would die an old maid, you would probably avoid all avenues leading to marriage; while, on the other hand, a prediction to the contrary would induce you to resign yourself to a fate you might consider inevitable.’ Here Horace smiled, whilst praising her arm within his own. Marian, at the same time, put on a look of great resignation at such a prospect.

It was agreed they should take a stroll to the ruins the same afternoon. Gertrude was unable to bear the fatigue—so that a pleasant lovers' walk awaited them.

The sun was just lowering over the long, undulating outline of the opposite shore, as they approached the little lane that leads to the ruins. The air was keen, but of an indescribable freshness, making the spirits sparkle, and the young blood dance, in all the gladness of that morning of existence. The yellow waves reflected the unclouded splendour above, their buoyant ridges responding to every tint and every impulse around them. How the glowing billows curled and toppled over, like playful, but untamed creatures, as beautiful, and as dangerous! How the light bark tossed and curvetted above them, and the white sail swept on, like some seabird hovering toward his prey! Then appeared the broad, black outline of some stately ship, breasting the surge; her giant frame wrought, like our own, to withstand the buffetings of a thousand tempests—to rush on through every opposition we have to contend-with. In the distance appeared Calshot Castle—a dark speck on the misty line, which, far away to the south, showed the high headlands above Ryde, and the situation of the shore, approaching Spithead.

The bright tints of the woodlands opposite Netley were shrouded in a thin veil of ochrey mist, and a wide sweep of glory encompassing every thing in one broad, blazing refulgence, when the lovers slowly turned towards the main entrance into the ruins. Under the wall sat an old gipsy, her head crouched almost on her knees. She raised herself as they approached.

‘Would your honour and the lady like to have a peep at your lucky stars? There's great fortune in your handsome faces, any how.’

‘I don't want any of your nonsense,’ said Horace. ‘Is Bess with you, now, at the camp?’

The old woman looked rather put out of the way at this

question, whilst she replied—'Bess does not bide with us now. Poor thing, she's given up the gipsy trade, and Johnny and her set up for somethin' like your country folks, a good while ago.'

'Ay! and where are they now?'

'I can hardly say. Somewhere about the port yonder, I reckon. But when any of us go away, we never make more words about 'em.'

Evidently the beldame did not wish to be very communicative; her object was to cast the fortune of the lady, who, she said, would be very famous, and have great luck.

Marian, without paying attention to her lover's remonstrances, crossed her hand with a crown, which loosened the old woman's tongue amazingly.

'Good, now, my lady, there's mighty luck for you. Won't you be a grand lady, and every body a talking of such a nice, ingenious creature as yourself. Oh, ay! here it is,' continued she, looking at her hand. 'Isn't there gay doings here? Fine houses—great company. Why, you might be a little princess, there's such a crowd of great folks about you; but beware of some nasty enemies—you've plenty of 'em; and wont you make 'em hate you worse and worse? This gentleman, I see, too,' pointing out some particular mark in her hand, 'is your lover; and a nice, true-hearted gentleman it is; but—he'll not be your husband.'

This prediction, Horace fancied, probably, was instigated by displeasure at not having allowed her a glance at his future destiny. He thought she looked on him with dislike, whilst saying this. He received it with a careless, contemptuous smile—not so his companion. She looked disconcerted, and a sudden gloom crossed her previously smiling features. She withdrew her hand.

'Now, I'm sure you know nothing of the matter,' said Marian, trying to put on an incredulous look.

'You'll see that by and by, my lady, and somethin' more, maybe,' said the hag, evidently displeased.

But Marian was so dispirited by this unexpected prediction, that she could hardly rally. Horace assured her there could not be the least ground for this surmise.

'While life lasts, Marian, I shall be true,' said he; 'I have more confidence in myself, even, than in you.'

'You don't fear me, I trust?'

'Certainly not, dearest Marian; but I know my own feelings so well, that if any untoward event prevent our union, the obstacle will not be here.'

They proceeded to inspect the ruins, which now, in that rich golden light, presented a magnificent spectacle. The gloomy grandeur of those tall, clustering columns, broken arches, and all the rugged aspect of degradation and decay, seemed in unison with the ideas, the feelings, then uppermost in the minds of each—outward forms but as the exponent, the symbol of that internal world of thought—a mood of mind we are all, perhaps, too apt to indulge. Gloom, sadness, seem the natural result of our lot; mirth, happiness, but as the sudden, short-lived expression of a forced and unnatural state of existence. It has often been observed that the music of all uncivilised nations is in a minor key, as though sorrow were the common fate—joy, the exception to our doom. However this may be, the lovers crept noiselessly on through those ruined avenues, those dim and lonely aisles, with feelings quite akin to the desolation around them. Their thoughts seemed too reverie, too keen for remark. The deeper-seated emotions are voiceless; like the dark and waveless pool, contrasted with the shallow waters brawling over the rocks by its outlet.

Horace was the first to break this oppressive silence.

'How melancholy to see that ivy clinging for support from the broken column it has helped to shatter! Have you not seen its analogue in living exemplars—the wife, the child, that, perhaps, after having driven a husband or a parent almost to ruin, still cling to them, companions in want and misery? It is a fatal embrace, Marian; is it not?'

'A fearful one, indeed,' she replied, shuddering; 'and one, I trust, we shall be mercifully preserved from.'

'I never dreamt of such a thing in our own case,' said he, tenderly. 'But, how providential, the future is hidden from us!'

'Are you sure of that?' she answered, gravely.

'Which part of my speech do you allude to; the providential concealment, or a questioning as to whether or not future events are really concealed?'

'Both. I think we have too many instances on record of such glimpses permitted us, to question the possibility or even probability of these occurrences. To deny would be infinitely more credulous than to admit them. I will tell you of what happened to one of my own ancestors:—'

'Almost all supernatural stories may be explained on natural principles,' continued Marian; 'but this, I think, would puzzle the most sceptical to account for. It occurred to a great aunt, I think, by my mother's side, who was descended from an ancient Scotch family. She was always wild and wayward from a child; and, when grown to woman's estate, would spend whole days among the mountains about home, rambling as chance or inclination might suggest. One day she had entered a hollow in the rocks—a place she was often accustomed to visit. Here she sat for some time in a profound reverie—how long, she knew not. The subjects of thought were of an extraordinary kind, mostly supernatural; some she remembered, others were completely new, and, as far as she could gather, projected into her mind without any effort of her own; nay, rather, as though she were the passive, and, at times, unwilling recipient of these impressions. She tried once or twice to rouse herself—to escape from the fascination she felt was upon her, but could not. I should state that several advantageous offers of marriage had previously been refused. She could not love the 'clouds of the valley,' as she termed them; something was requisite, more refined and spiritual, than she had yet seen, or hoped to see; nay, she went so far as to say, that materiality was too gross—too sensual for love. This morbid, unhealthy feeling was indulged, until society became distasteful; and she was never so happy as when alone, wrapt in some dreamy delusion, unfitted for usefulness—the common, every-day wear and tear of life. From this unfortunate propensity, much of her present state of mind may be gathered. At length she was able to arouse herself, and, on looking out, found all was enveloped in mist, so dense, that she could not see more than a yard or two before her. She was, however, well acquainted with the localities, and had little doubt about finding her way. She proceeded, as she thought, in a direction towards home, but, ere long, felt uncertain as to her position, and soon came to a full stop, not knowing which way to proceed. Utterly bewildered, she sat down on a stone, where, trying to collect herself, and fearful of night coming on, she was aware of a figure before her, whose height looked almost gigantic. It was, probably, the mist—by giving dimness, and therefore apparently greater distance—that exaggerated its proportions. Be that as it may, Edith was terribly startled. He accosted her: 'You are in need of a guide, I see, Miss Murray.'

She now saw he was dressed in the common garb of a herdman in these districts, and her apprehensions were, in some measure, allayed.

'Thank you,' she replied; 'I fear I have lost my way, and should be glad of a little help. I thought I had known every stick and stone for miles round.'

'These mists are apt to mislead sadly,' said he. 'You have mistaken your path, and going in a direction quite contrary to what you supposed.'

There was something in the tone of his voice, which, if not absolutely familiar, seemed as though it awakened the echoes of memory—whence, she racked her brain to discover. It was, she said, more like that unaccountable, mysterious feeling most of us have experienced, when objects or circumstances are perceived for the first time, and yet, there is a dim apprehension of some previous acquaintance.

'Can you put me in the right track?' said she, hesitatingly.

'I can, if—if you will trust me—implicitly,' he replied, in a strange, mysterious tone.

She was startled and perplexed. Scarcely knowing what to say, she answered—'I hardly know what you mean.'

'Mean! I mean to lead you hence, unless you intend to spend a night among these solitudes.'

There was that in his tone and manner—much superior to the station he seemed to occupy—which puzzled Edith still more; and she could scarcely muster courage to reply. The stranger saw this, and said—'You need not fear me.'

She felt re-assured, and followed him.

Their path lay, for the most part, over precipices, where there was no visible track; and, in a while, she began to feel alarmed. She did not recognise a single object they passed. Though so near home, as she fancied, all was new to her. The mist still continued, but she thought, after about a quarter of an hour's scramble, they were descending on the opposite side of the range. The stranger still led on, a yard or two before, turning every now and then, as a more than ordinarily difficult part presented itself. In a while, she inquired whither he was leading her. 'Home,' said he, and strode on in silence.

She was now alarmed in good earnest, and bitterly repented having committed herself to his guidance. But what to do, or what course to pursue, she knew not. Without succour, helpless, in an unknown region, she had no other resource than to follow, and thought it better, if possible, neither to manifest suspicion nor alarm. Trembling, both from fatigue and terror, she could scarcely keep-up with him, though the way was now much easier, and a plain track before them. Suddenly the mist cleared away.

'You are now at home, Miss Murray,' said her guide.

To her great astonishment, she beheld the well-known gate which opened on their own lawn, and, as she told the story, could have hugged the stranger, at this unlooked-for termination to her adventure. She turned to thank him, but he was gone.

For some days she could not get the adventure out of her head. The face of her mysterious guide—for he was very handsome—haunted her day and night. But for his homely garb, he might have passed muster with the best, 'in bower and hall;' and (she had read of such things) might, perhaps, be some great chieftain in disguise.

A few days afterwards, she was walking in a little wood near home, when a favourite spaniel she had with her began to growl, but immediately ran close to her, whining, as though alarmed. She looked round, and beheld the handsome stranger, but clad very differently from before. The cut and quality of his dress were quite unimpeachable, and, altogether, he seemed well calculated to win a lady's heart. Hers, I fear, was irrevocably gone. He approached her respectfully; inquired as to her health, after the perils she had undergone—to all of which she could scarcely make any reply. They, however, soon found means of ascertaining each other's sentiments, and, in the end, parted, with a promise of meeting again ere long. The upshot of the whole was, that, after due inquiries and explanations, they were engaged, and the wedding-day not far off. She had a good property in her own right, and no one to please, in such matters, but herself. Some of her friends reminded her of former resolutions, and sundry strange ideas about love, as too ethereal for such gross, flesh and blood creatures as man to excite; but she generally turned off the retort with a laugh, saying, that there was quite ethereality enough in the object of her affections, and a mind far above all she had previously seen, as a sample of mankind.

The evening before the wedding-day, Mordaunt—for that was the lover's name—took Edith aside—'I have only one request to make, my dear,' said he; 'promise faithfully that you will grant it.'

'I am sure there is nothing my own Mordaunt would ask, which I may not safely grant. I promise;' and Edith laid her head on his shoulder.

'Whatever you see, after our marriage, and cannot

comprehend, ask no questions then—all will be explained anon.'

She pondered on this for some time, but marriage preparations soon put it out of her head.

The ceremony was performed; the happy pair set off in a handsome equipage for the south.

At breakfast, the next morning, Edith, on coming down, found her husband in a deep reverie. She, too, looked disturbed, and ill at ease. Neither of them spoke, until Mordaunt rung the bell.

'I should like breakfast as soon as possible,' said he.

'With all my heart,' said the bride, moodily.

And there was a long and harassing silence.

'I wonder what it means,' said Edith, as though thinking aloud.

Mordaunt made no remark, but proceeded to arrange himself for the meal.

Edith looked as though something was trembling on her tongue, and she had the greatest difficulty in the world to restrain it. But she was silent, contrary to her wonted habits. Mordaunt did not attempt to enter into conversation, but occupied himself with that unfailing resource—a newspaper.

At length, as though unable to contain herself, she said—'That iron chain!'

'Silence!' said her lord, in a gruff voice; 'remember your promise;' and a piercing look told her to beware.

A long pause ensued. The meal was despatched almost in silence. But Mrs Mordaunt grew more and more fidgety. She seemed determined to run all risks.

'My dear'—Mordaunt raised his head, and his expression, she said, was absolutely terrific.

A dreadful presentiment of evil—a sad, sad foreboding oppressed her. Her heart sunk at the thought of a life to be spent in such company. Love was fluttering his wings for flight. How could she either love or esteem the being she saw wrapped in such impenetrable mystery! Oh, how she regretted her promise! But anything rather than the present suspense. She determined to brave all.

'I am sure,' said she, trembling in every limb—'I am sure a wife ought to know all.'

'No, she ought not, when the knowing might be her undoing.'

'Then to marry was wrong, under such circumstances.'

'Probably,' replied he, taking up the newspaper again. She determined to try another mode of attack.

'Remember,' said she, 'I do not ask you why you wear that iron chain round your waist; but—but, I should very much like to know; nay, as I said before, I ought.'

This time he let her run on without interruption, or even taking his eyes from the newspaper.

'Now do, dear,' she continued, coaxingly.

'So far, I will say, that you would rue the day were I to tell you.'

'I'd rather run all risks, than live a life such as I have done these few hours past.'

'Would you, my dear?' He said this in a tone of derision, still keeping his eyes on the paper.

She could bear this no longer; and burst into tears.

Such, for a few days, was the sort of life led by Mr and Mrs Mordaunt.

One morning her maid presented her with a little, strange-looking, three-cornered billet. 'If you please, ma'am,' said she, 'I was to give you this privately. A strange man, muffled up to the mouth almost, gave it me this morning.'

Mrs Mordaunt eyed it round and round, as ladies are wont, before opening their billet-doux. After due examination outside, she broke the seal, and out dropped an odd-looking thing like a key.

Inside was the following—'When asleep, apply the key.'

She immediately comprehended the injunction, and determined to obey it that very night.

The light burnt dim; and a fire flickered out—now and then, a sudden blaze—in the sleeping-room of Mr and Mrs Mordaunt.

She had not slept. The mysterious key was in her hand. Her whole frame seemed to partake the agitation she endured. She watched until her husband should be sound asleep, and hoped the fastening of that mysterious chain would be found, without awakening him. His breathing betokened sleep, and, she hoped, a sound one. She approached softly, and bared that horrid-looking belt. She shuddered as she beheld it. Every nerve quivered with an agony so intense that she almost feared reason would forsake her. Determined, however, to make the attempt, she felt cautiously over the links. The fastening was there, and a hole, evidently for the key she held. Nerving herself to one desperate effort, she pressed it suddenly within the lock. The chain uncoiled, and—her husband awoke.

'Wretch! what hast thou done?' he cried, with the look and cry of a demoniac. He seized her by the hair, and would have strangled her,—but his hands relaxed—his head sunk on the pillow—and he lay a stiffened corpse. Edith hastily hid the chain. She alarmed the house, but life was extinct; and thus terminated that insuspicious marriage.

The affair was never explained, nor did the unfortunate Edith reveal this horrid event, until near the termination of her life, many years after.'

'I will not deny,' said Horace, when she had finished, 'that such things are permitted, and for ends, too, that we cannot, at the time, possibly understand; but that the Almighty Disposer of events should allow his own attributes to be assumed, as in our own case, by a worthless old woman, for the avowed purpose of making gain thereby, is a supposition, the absurdity and wickedness of which, one would imagine, could hardly be questioned, did not love of the marvellous, and an insatiable (probably instinctive) propensity to pry into things forbidden, blind mankind to the folly and impropriety of such proceedings.'

Marian would not argue further, but drew the conversation on some other topic.

A bright, unclouded moon lighted them the greater part of their way homewards, but Marian did not recover her wonted spirits. The prediction of the old gipsy evidently haunted her, and, notwithstanding Horace's remonstrances, she could not drive away the intruder. A foreboding of evil, in spite of literary occupation, clung to her, until time and change of scene in some measure restored her wonted cheerfulness.

During Horace's stay, a considerable portion of the work was forwarded and corrected. This he read with increased interest. He felt sure it would make its way, and bring fame and profit to the author.

One day, just previous to his return, he was sauntering on the pier, when a well but plainly dressed female accosted him. For a few moments, though he remembered the features, he could not call to mind where his acquaintance with them began. He stood still, in that sort of bewilderment which such an uncomfortable dilemma is apt to produce.

'Don't you know me, sir?' said the woman, smiling; and, in a moment, he was in possession of the whole. It was his old acquaintance Bess—but, under such a different aspect, it was no wonder he had not recognised her.

'I have been inquiring for you,' said he, 'but could not get any intelligence, at the Abbey yonder. The old woman there, either could not, or would not, let me know where to find you.'

'I don't wonder at that, sir; for they cannot abide any of us to leave, and especially for some decent, honest way of getting a livelihood. Do you know, that, with the money you gave us, we have set up shop, and are very comfortable down yonder.' Here she gave him a long account of how she was struck by his conversation with her on a former occasion, and, doing as she had promised, renounced her vagabond life, and hence her altered circumstances.

As may be supposed, he was quite rejoiced at the change, and promised to call at her residence before he left.

#### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Many people talk like an angel, but do nothing in the way of practical relief. Their presence casts a sombre hue over the soul of the unfortunate, like thick clouds which 'darken the dark of the sea.' But this is not the most effective and divine mode of dealing with those who have waged with fortune an unequal war. The statue of Memnon in Egypt was symbolical of a great truth. It was made of marble, its face turned towards the rising sun, and gave forth lovely sounds when the first genial rays fell upon it. So man is dead, his heart is mute, until the light of heavenly kindness awakens in him the melody of gratitude divine. To pour balm and oil on the erring and disconsolate would be more certain to correct their faults and encourage their virtues than to apply the remedies of iron and fire. It is better to trust to the redeeming power of charity than to the energies of wrath. The best policy in the world would be to substitute the cross of Christ and the panoply of Christian benevolence in the place of unfeeling coercion and dungeon glooms. Nothing keeps bad men bad so much as harsh and cruel treatment; nothing so thoroughly confirms good men in their goodness, and incites them to beneficent deeds, as courteous forbearance and judicious praise.—*Magdon.*

#### \* BARREN SOILS.

This term is often used, and is supposed by many to mean a soil incapable of being rendered fertile. No such soil exists. Barren, then, is only applicable when intended to convey the idea of soil which in its present state will not repay the cultivator. The unproductiveness may arise from many causes, but none of them are without a remedy. If from a deficiency of some of the earths, let them be added; if from an excess or deficiency of either animal or vegetable matters, the fault is easily corrected; if from stagnant water, either under-drain or subsoil, as may be required; if sand, clay, or clink be deficient, add them; if either be in excess, add the other two. Peaty soils are generally reclaimed by draining alone; sometimes paring and burning are necessary to induce decomposition of organic matter in excess. The same result can be obtained in most or all cases, by the addition of the salt and lime preparation which we have recommended for composts. When soils are found to be incompetent to produce any special crops required, the farmer should have them analysed, and then compare their ingredients with those of such soils as do produce the required crop readily. The differences will point out the means which must naturally be resorted to, for the purpose of restoring their fertility.—*Professor Mapel.*

#### THE CHILD AND THE FIREFLIES.

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its enclosure of trees and flowering shrubs. As the darkness increased, fireflies came and swarmed in the air, a shower of living jewels. 'Oh, how pretty!' cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage, and spreading out her small apron to capture the glittering insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment, and, throwing the dull brown creatures from her with disgust, she exclaimed, 'They are not pretty any more!' 'Ah! my little one,' said her mother, 'this is but a symbol of the more bitter disappointments that await you in life. Pleasures will flutter temptingly around your path, and you will grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, 'They are beautiful no more!' But, see, dearest, your released fireflies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkle now as gaily as ever. Such are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to despise them, nor look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleeting and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of our mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to Paradise, for the perfection of bliss.'

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.

No. I.—MIRABEAU.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ONE is sometimes tempted to suppose that our earth hangs between two centres, to which she is alternately attracted, like those planets which are suspended between the double stars, and that she now nears a blue and blessed, and now a bloodred and fiery sun. There are beautiful days and seasons which stoop down upon us like doves from heaven, and give us exquisite but short-lived pleasure, in which our world appears a 'pensive, but a happy place'—the sky, the dome of a temple, Eden recalled, and the Millennium anticipated: we are then within the attraction of our milder star. There are other days and seasons, the darkness of which is lighted up by the foam of general frenzy, like the lurid illumination lent by the spray to the tossed midnight ocean—when there is a crying not for wine, but for blood in the streets—when the mirth of the land is darkened, and when all hearts, not filled with madness, fail for fear. Such are our revolutionary eras when the 'nations are angry,' and when our red sun is vertical over us, shedding disastrous day, and portending premature and preternatural night.

The value of revolutions lies more in the men they discover, than in the measures they produce. For a superior being, how grand and interesting the attitude of standing, like John, on the sand of the sea shore, and seeing the beasts, horned or crowned, fierce or tame, which arise from the waves which revolution has churned into fury, to watch them while yet fresh and dripping from the water, and to follow the footprints of their progress! From the vantage-ground of after-time, the human observer is able to take almost a similar point of view. He has this, too, in his favour. The lives of revolutionists, as well as of robbers, are generally short; their names are written in laconic blood—their characters are intensified, and sharply defined by death—their footsteps are the few but forcible stamps of desperate courage and recklessness; and the artist, if at all competent for the task of depiction, is helped by the terrible unity and concentration of his subject. If, besides, he be fond of 'searching dark bosoms,' where are to be found darker than those of revolutionists?—if he loves rock scenery, what rock like the Tarpeian, toppling over its sea of blood?—if he loves to botanise among the daring flowers of virtue, which border the giddiest precipices of guilt, let him come hither—if he wishes to brace his nerves and strengthen his eyesight, and test his faith by sights and sounds of woe, here is his field—if he wishes to be read, and to send down a thrill from his red-margined page into the future, let him write worthily of revolutionists. The 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy' has survived less from its intrinsic merit than because it records the history and fate of one who aspired to be a revolutionist on a large scale, although he succeeded only in becoming the broken bust of one.

Our motive in commencing the present series is somewhat different from any we have now stated. We have been for a considerable time drawing portraits of God's selected and inspired men, which we hope to finish, and give to the world in a few months. To bring out, by contrast, the colour and tone of these, we are tempted to spend a little of the time we can spare from our more pleasing task, to draw faithfully, yet charitably, the likenesses of some generally supposed to be the *Devil's* selected and inspired men. Nor are we indifferent, at the same time, to the moral purposes which such painting, and the contrast implied in it, may serve.

We begin with Mirabeau, the Reuben of the French Revolution—a revolution in himself. In any age and country, Mirabeau must have been an extraordinary man. We may wish—the more because we wish in vain—that he had lived in an age of religious faith, when the solar centre of the idea of a God might have harmonised and subdued his cometary powers. Had he lived in the time of the Reformation, he had been either a Huguenot of the

Huguenots, or a fiercer Guise; but thrown on an age and a country of rampant denial and licentiousness, he must deny and be lewd on a colossal scale. He was not, we must remark, of that highest order of minds whose individualism, approaching the infinite, stands alone in whatever age, rejects or selects influences according to its pleasure, and exchanges the fire of heaven for the fuel of earth. Mirabeau belonged to that class whose mission is to exaggerate with effect the tendency and spirit of their nation and period, and thus to precipitate either their sublimation or their *reductio ad absurdum*. In him the French beheld all their own peculiarities, passions, and powers magnified into magnificent caricature, even as they had seen them exhibited on a more miniature scale in Voltaire; and hence their intoxicated admiration, and their wild sorrow at his death. When he fell, it was as the fall of the statue on the summit of their national column.

Some of Mirabeau's admirers speak of him as if he were something better than a French idol—as if he partook of a universal character—as if a certain fire of inspiration burned in his eyes, classing him with Burns, and elevating him far above Burke. We cannot, we must confess, see any such stamp of universality on his brow, or rod of divination in his hand. Of all Frenchman, and he was hardly one, Rousseau alone appears to us to have so risen out of French influences as to have caught on his wings an unearthly fire, whether streaming down from heaven or streaming up from hell. His was a Pythonic frenzy. He spake to the ear of humanity falsely often, but earnestly, and powerfully always. His dress might be that of a harlequin, but his bosom burned. He was the most sincere man France ever reared. To a pitch of prophetic fury, Mirabeau neither rose by nature like Rousseau, nor, like Burke, was stung by circumstances. He could at all times manage his thunderbolts with consummate dexterity, could husband his enthusiasm, and never allowed himself to be carried away all-powerful in very helplessness upon the torrent he had stirred. He had genius hung up on the armoury of his mind, and could upon occasion take down the bright weapon, and dye it in blood; but genius never had him like a spear in its blind and awful grasp.

Which quality of the Frenchman was wanting in Mirabeau? The versatility, levity, brilliance, instability, irritability, volubility, the enthusiasm of moments, the coldness of months, the immorality, now springing from tempestuous passions, and now from the cool conclusions of atheism, the intuitive understanding, the declamatory force of the genuine Gaul, were all found in him, but all expanded into extraordinary dimensions in the combustion of his bosom, and all pointed by the romantic circumstances of his story. His originality, like Byron's, lay principally in that wild dark blood which had run down through generations of semi-manics, till in him it was connected with talents as wondrous as it was hot.

Mirabeau, as the basis of his intellectual character, possessed intuitive sagacity, and sharp common sense. He was 'all eye.' His very arm outstretched and finger up-pointed, seemed to see. No gesture, no motion of such a man, is blind or insignificant. His very silence is formidable; his looks are as winged as the words of others. Mirabeau's insight was sharpened by experience, by calamity, by vice, by the very despair which had once been the tenant of his bosom. 'The glance of melancholy is a fearful gift.' Add the intellect of a fallen demi-god to the savage irritation of a flayed wild beast, and the result shall be the exasperated and hideous penetration of a Mirabeau. The rasping recollections of his persecuted childhood and wandering youth, the smouldering ashes of his hundred amours, the 'sweltered venom' collected in his long years of captivity, along with his uncertain prospects and unsettled principles, had not only hardened his heart, but had given an unnatural stimulus to his understanding, which united the coherence of sanity with the cunning, power, and fury of madness. This wondrously endowed and frightfully soured nature was by the revolution, its incidents, ventures, and characters, supplied with an abundance of food

sure to turn to poison the moment it was swallowed, and to nourish into keener activity his perverted powers.

To counterbalance this strongly-stimulated, self-confident, and defiant intellect, there was little or no moral sense. Whether, as we have heard it alleged of certain characters, omitted in his composition, or burned out of him by the combined fires of cruelty on the part of his father, and excess on his own, we cannot say, but it did become microscopically small. Indeed, it seems to us to have been a most merciful arrangement for Mirabeau's fame that he died before the revolutionary panic had come to its height. In all probability, he would have acted the sanguinary tyrant on a larger scale than any of the terrorists; for France had come to such an apoplectic crisis, that blood must relieve her. All that was wanted, was a hand unprincipled and daring enough to apply the lancet. Who bolder and more unprincipled than Mirabeau? And who had passed through such an indurating and embittering process? Possessed of a thousand wrongs, steeled by atheism, drained of humanity, he had undoubtedly more wisdom, culture, and self-command than his brother revolutionists, and would have been a butcher of genius, and scattered about his blood (as Virgil is said to do his dung in the Georgics) more elegantly and gracefully than they. But in him, too, slumbered the savage fire of a Danton, and in certain circumstances he would have been equally unscrupulous and unsparing.

Mirabeau's imagination has been lavishly panegyrised. It does not, we think, so far as we have been able to judge from the specimens we have seen, appear to have been very copious or creative. Its figures were, striking and electrical in effect, rather than poetical; they were bolder than beautiful, and seldom, though sometimes, reached the sublime. The grandest of them will be familiar to our readers: 'When the last of the Gracchi expired, he flung dust toward heaven, and from this dust sprung Marius!—Marius, less great for having exterminated the Cimbri, than for having prostrated in Rome the power of the nobility.' Imagination goes a far way in a Frenchman. Edmund Burke has in almost every page of his 'Regicide Peace,' ten images as bold and magnificent as this, not to speak of his subtle trains of thinking which underlie, or of those epic swells of sustained splendour which Mirabeau could not have equalled in madness, in dreams, or in death.

We may take the opportunity, *en passant*, of deploring the neglect which has befallen this last, and far the most powerful of Burke's works. No critic has done it justice. Hazlitt speaks of its 'testamentary calm and gravity'—terms almost ludicrously inapposite, since it swarms with the most grotesque of his descriptions, the fiercest of his invectives, and the most ornate and splendid of his declamations. Lord Brougham, a very poor critic compared to Hazlitt, passes it slightly over; indeed, he evidently prefers Fox and Mackintosh, as *writers*, to Edmund Burke—a notion at which, in common with most of the recent actions and sayings of this strange being, we must just 'wonder, with a great admiration.'

The oratory of Mirabeau seems to have been the most imposing of his powers. Manageable and well managed as a consummate race-horse, it was fiery and impetuous as a lion from the swelling of Jordan. In the commencement of his speeches, he often hesitated and stammered; it was the trembling vibration of the javelin ere it is launched—the convulsive flutter of the lightning ere the bolt be sped—the fret of the torrent upon the rock, ere it rushes into its bed of wrath and power; but once launched, 'torrents less rapid and less rash.' His face as of a 'tiger in small-pox'—his eye blazing with the three-fold light of pride, passion, and genius—his fiery gesticulation—his voice of thunder—the strong points of war he blew ever and anon—the inflamed intellect, which was the solid basis below the sounding foam—all united to render his eloquence irresistible. His speeches, ere they closed, became cries and claps, like the cracks of some Bellerophon whip. His audiences felt, that next to the power of a great good man, inspired by patriotism, genius, and

virtue, was that of a great bad man, overflowing with the furies, and addressing Pandemonium in its own Pandemonian speech. Even the dictates and diction of mildness, sense, and mercy, as they issued from such lips, had an odd and yet awful effect. It was, indeed, greatly the gigantic but un ludicrous oddity of the man that enchanted France. Having come from prison to reign, smelling of the rank odours of dungeons, with nameless and shadowy crimes darkening the air around him, with infamous books of his composition, seen by the mind's eye dangling from his side, there he stood rending up old institutions, thundering against kings, and deciding on the fate of millions. What figure more terribly telling and piquant could even France desire? Monster-loving she had always been, but no such magnificent monster had ever before sprung from her soil, or roared in her senate-house. Voltaire had been an inspired monkey, but here was a creature from beyond chaos come to bellow over her for a season, and, unable and afraid to laugh, she was compelled to adore.

As an orator, few form fit subjects for comparison with Mirabeau, because few have triumphed over multitudes in spite of, nay, by means of, the infamy of their character added to the force of their genius. Fox is no full parallel. He was dissipated, but his name never went through Europe like a stench, nor did he ever wield the condensed and Jove-like power of Mirabeau. He was one—and not the brightest—of a constellation: the Frenchman walked his lurid heaven alone. Sheridan was a dexterous juggler, playing a petty personal game with boy-bowls; Mirabeau trundled cannon-balls along the quaking ground. Sheridan was commonplace in his vices; Mirabeau burst the limits of nature in search of pleasure, and then sat down to inoculate mankind, through his pen, with the monstrous venom. As the twitch of Brougham's nose is to the tiger-face of the Frenchman, so the vulgar eccentricity of the one to the Herculean frenzy of the other. Mirabeau most, perhaps, resembles the first Cæsar, if not in the cast of oratory, yet in private character, and in the commanding power he exerted. That power was, indeed, unparalleled; for here was a man ruling not creation, but chaos; here was the old contest of Achilles with the rivers renewed; here was a single man grappling in turn with every subject and with every party, throwing all in succession himself, or dashing the one against the other—snatching from his enemies their own swords—hated and feared by all parties, himself hating all, but fearing none—knowing all, and himself as unknown in that stormy arena as a monarch in his inmost pavilion—dissecting all characters like a knife, himself like that knife remaining one and indivisible—and doing all this alone; for what followers, properly speaking, save a nation at a time had Mirabeau? We hear of single men being separate 'estates;' the language, as applied to him, has some meaning.

It has often been asked, What would have been his conduct had he lived? Some say dogmatically, that because he was on terms with the king at the time of his death, he would have saved the monarchy; while a few suppose that he would have rode upon the popular wave to personal dominion. If it were not idle to speculate upon impossibilities, we might name it as our impression that Mirabeau would have been, as all his life before, guided by circumstances, or impelled by passions, or overpowered by necessity, and become king's friend or king, as fate or madness ruled the hour. Perhaps, too, the revolution was getting beyond even his guidance. He might have sought to ride erect in the stirrups, and been thrown; while Marat grasped the throat and mane of the desperate animal with a grasp which death only could sever. Perhaps the monarchy was not salvable; perhaps, in seeking to conserve this ripe corn, the sickle had cropped the huge head of the defender; perhaps the revolution, which latterly 'devoured its own children,' would have devoured him, leaving him the melancholy comfort of Ulysses in the Cyclops's cave—'Noman shall be the last to be devoured.' But all such inquiries and peradventures are for ever vain.



Mirabeau's death was invested with dramatic interest. He died in the midst of his career; he sank like an island; he died while all eyes in Europe were fixed upon him; he died while many saw a crown hovering over his head; he died undiscovered, concealing his future plans in the abyss of his bosom, and able to 'adjust his mantle ere he fell;' he died reluctant less at dying, than at not being permitted to live. With him, as with most, death formed at once the close and the epitome of life; it was the index at the end of the volume. All his properties seemed to rush around him as he was leaving the world. His voluptuousness must have one other full draught: 'Crown me with flowers, sprinkle me with perfumes, that I may thus enter on the eternal sleep.' His levity must have one more ghastly smile. 'What!' as he heard the cannon roaring, 'have we the funeral ere the Achilles be dead?' His vanity must cry out, 'They will miss me when I am gone. Ay, support that head; would I could leave thee it!' His wild Titanic unbelief must once more flash up like a volcano fading in the dawn: 'If that sun be not God, he is his cousin-german.' His intellect had, perhaps, in the insight of approaching death, passed from previous uncertainty and vacillation to some great scheme of deliverance for his country; for he said, 'I alone can save France from the calamities which on all sides are about to break upon her.' And having thus gathered his powers and passions in full pomp around his dying couch, he bade them and the world farewell.

France had many tears to shed for him; we have not now one tear to spare. His death, indeed, was a tragedy, but not of a noble kind. It reminds us of the death of one of the evil giants in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with their last grim looks, and hard-drawn breathings, and bellowings of baffled pride and fury. It was the selfish death of one who had led an intensely selfish life. What grandeur it had, sprung from its melodramatic accompaniments, and from the mere size of the departing unclean spirit. A large rotten tree falls with a greater air than a small, whose core is equally unsound. Nor was the grief of France more admirable than the death it bewailed. It was the howl of weak dependency, not of warm love. They mourned him not for himself, but for the shade and shelter he gave them. Such a man must have been admired and feared, but could not have been sincerely or generally beloved. Mr Fox, on the other hand, having what Mirabeau wanted—a heart—fell amid the sincere sorrows of his very foes, and his country mourned not for itself, but for him, as one is in heaviness for a first-born.

We were amused at Lamartine's declaration about Mirabeau: 'Of all the qualities of the great man of his age, he wanted only honesty'—*a parole want!* Robin Hood was a very worthy fellow if he had been but honest. A great man deficient in honesty, what is he but a great charlatan, a sublime scamp, a Jove-Judas—to apply, after Mirabeau's own fashion, a compound nickname—better, we opine, than Macaulay's Chatham Wilkes?

Such a Jove-Judas was Mirabeau. Without principle, without heart, without religion—with the fiercest of demoniac, and the foulest of human passions mingled in his bosom—with an utter contempt for man, and an utter disbelief of God, he possessed the clearest of understandings, the most potent of wills, the most iron of constitutions, the most eloquent of tongues—united the cool and calculating understanding of an arithmetician to the frenzied energies and gestures of a Mœnad—the heart and visage of a Pluto to the sun-glory and sun-shafts of a Phoebus. Long shall his memory be preserved in the list of 'Extraordinary (human) Meteors,' but a still and pure luminary he can never be counted. Nay, as the world advances in knowledge and virtue, his name will probably deepen in ignominy. A man so great and bad must have been a conscious and deliberate traitor to his own God-given nature. At present his image stands on the plain of Dura with head of gold and feet of iron, mingled with miry clay, and surrounded by not a few prostrate admirers; but we are mistaken if, by and by, there be not millions to imitate the conduct of the undeceived revolu-

tionists (who tore down his bust), and push him off his pedestal as a giant humbug. Carlyle attributes to him with justice an 'eye,' but though strong, it was not single; and is it not written, 'If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness?'

## AN AMERICAN EXPEDITION INTO THE DESERTS OF NEW MEXICO.

### PART II.

THE caravan continued its march, notwithstanding a thousand obstacles. Carlos had by this time become guide; and the expedition was beginning to experience the calamities into which this Mexican, by treachery, was allowed to conduct them. Arriving on the edge of a river which afforded no manner of passage, the company were assured by Carlos that it was the Utan, along which he had often spread his nets; that the district was familiar to him as the scenes of his childhood. The confidence of the guide communicated itself to the travellers; they expected to arrive soon at the first establishments of New Mexico. Joy beamed in every eye, for nobody suspected that five hundred miles yet remained to be traversed through frightful deserts, and that hunger, thirst, and the Indians menaced the expedition.

Famine, however, had not as yet invaded the camp, but the adventurers began to suffer from the fatigues and other privations to which they had been exposed in their long march. The commissaries of the expedition, constantly assured by the affirmations of the Mexican guide that they were at no greater distance from the town of San Miguel than seventy or eighty miles, resolved to send forward a party for fresh provisions and to sound the dispositions of the Mexicans. Messrs Howland, Baker, and Rosenbury were appointed to this mission. Mr Howland had already passed some years at Santa Fé, where he was known to the chief inhabitants; he was a man at once intelligent, brave, and prudent—in one word, the very man for such an object. The mission carried three days' provision with them, and, as the attacks of numerous tribes of Indians were to be feared, they were enjoined to conceal themselves over day and march during the night. In the afternoon, Mr Howland and his unhappy companions commenced their journey, never more to see nor to be seen by the expedition.

After some days of suffering from thirst, and a disastrous skirmish with some Indians, the caravan arrived at one of the tributaries of the river Palo Duro. Here the company could at last freely slake their thirst, which had been devouring them, and in the evening a solemn council was held among the officers. Their circumstances had become critical. The caravan was wandering without a guide (for Carlos had by this time disappeared) in an unknown country. The provisions, even earlier insufficient, were now exhausted; already, for days past, each ox slaughtered for the wants of the expedition had been devoured, hide, entrails, and blood. Hostile tribes surrounded them, ever on the watch to cut off the detachments sent out on hunting excursions; and the prairies were growing every day more impracticable for the waggons. In this conjuncture it was decided that a party of a hundred men should advance as far as New Mexico, either by Santa Fé, Rio Grande, or in the track followed by the caravans of Saint Louis. Once there, the party were to return with fresh stores for their companions. Mr Kendall accompanied this detachment, which was put under the orders of Captain Sutton.

The troop had to traverse the entire country of the savage Caiguas, and in the afternoon of the last day of August they commenced their march. Silently and in good order they moved along, but one could easily read on their thin and fevered visages the expression of suffering and manly resignation. Days of anxious adventure passed on, when the detachment came one evening in sight of an encampment of Mexican shepherds, whose dogs, by their barks, brought them forth to meet the travellers.

The Americans learned from their new acquaintances that they were yet eighty miles from San Miguel, which they had believed already in their neighbourhood, and that, before arriving there, they must pass through a little village named Anton Chico.

After having charged three of these Mexicans to bear the news to General Macleod, commander of the caravan, who had remained behind with the body of the expedition, the principal officers of the detachment to which Mr Kendall belonged resolved to send to the authorities of San Miguel, Captain Lewis and Mr G. Van Ness, secretary to the commissaries of the expedition. As a complement of the verbal instructions with which they were charged, these officers bore with them proclamations in English and Spanish, informing the inhabitants that a caravan of Texans was approaching their country with the most pacific intentions. Mr Kendall and two other travellers joined the envoy, which left for Anton Chico on the 14th September, thirteen days after having been separated from the body of the Texian expedition. The caravan was thus broken up into several parties. We have not forgotten that Messrs Howland, Baker, and Rosenburry, had been first detached with an escort; on the other hand, Mr Kendall, after having formed one of the company of a hundred men sent to reconnoitre the route, was leaving these on the borders of Rio Gallinas, in order to repair to San Miguel, along with Messrs Lewis and Van Ness. The main body, remaining under the orders of General Macleod, was behind with the waggons. We shall follow Mr Kendall in his course, and it is with him that we shall be present at the last incidents of the campaign.

The five horsemen reached, in half-a-day's journey, Anton Chico, of which the population is about two hundred souls. At the entrance of the village, a Mexican with suspicious looks, mounted on a magnificent black steed and armed with a double-barrelled gun, an enormous rapier, and a lance, passed close by them, and seemed to watch their movements. Rejoined by another person, armed and mounted like himself, he rode briskly off. This rencounter created forebodings in their minds. Everything was soon in commotion in the village at the sight of the five strangers, whom the inhabitants, however, regarded with a feeling partaking of alarm and curiosity. Overcoming their distrust, the Americans entered into the most promising of the village houses. In these hamlets, exposed as they are every day to the invasions of the Indians, the habitations resemble prisons; they have no windows, and massive doors guard their entrance. A prey to the most gloomy presentiments, the travellers partook of a meagre repast, for which they had to pay exorbitantly, and then prepared to quit the village; but the obstacles of the route compelled them to return once more to Anton Chico, and make a second application at the house which had already received them.

For the first time, after some entire months, Mr Kendall was beginning to taste the delights of sleep under cover of a roof, when, about one o'clock, he and his companions were roused by a tumultuous noise proceeding from the enclosure of the house where their horses and mules were stabled. A Mexican was not long in showing himself and calling out for the captain of the small detachment. Captain Lewis, forthwith presenting himself, was ordered to receive an important communication. The communication was indeed very grave, being in effect, that a company of soldiers were waiting them on their route, near a little village called Cuesta, that their object was to arrest them, and, in short, that the least which the strangers had to fear was to get themselves well shot. The Mexican finished this alarming report by demanding a piastre for his pains. Ignorant of the customs of the country, the Americans were astonished at the impudence of the fellow, and ordered him about his business.

The information given by the Mexican was, however, only too exact. The Americans had resolved to take another route for San Miguel than that of the evening before, and were already on their way, when a man met them, the bearer of no doleful tidings, but on the contrary full

of gracious assurances. With the kindest officiousness he pointed out their path to the travellers. The Americans thanked him with protestations of gratitude; and yet this charitable aid was nothing but a snare set to capture them.

The route had been indicated with such exactness, that in the afternoon, without having had to hesitate a single moment as to the direction, the party arrived at Cuesta. The environs seemed deserted; but scarcely had the travellers reached a little plain at the entrance of the village, than a detachment of Mexican cavalry surrounded them. The commander of the troop, Don Dimasio Salazar, advanced towards the stupefied Americans, and, accosting them with the title of *amigos* (friends), demanded if perchance they came from Texas. Captain Lewis responded in the affirmative, and expressed the liveliest desire to be admitted to an interview with the governor. Salazar bowed, saying that all was for the best; then, ordering a body of horse to form around him, he added, courteously, that it was not usual among civilised nations to enter a strange territory with arms in the hands, and that he hoped, although extremely regretting to be forced by his orders to this measure, that the voyagers would find it no inconvenience to lay down their swords and fire-arms. The demand was indeed extremely inconvenient; but what can one do against such odds, and how refuse obedience to a chief so courteous as Captain Salazar? He himself, as if he were going through a common formality, suffered no expression but one of perfect indifference to animate his countenance. We confess that, in the place of Mr Kendall, this coldness would have somewhat alarmed us; but he was yet only learning the rudiments of that complicated science of the Mexican heart, which the whole life of a traveller does not always suffice to fathom.

During this parley, a compact and attentive crowd had surrounded the strangers. A second request of Salazar's was, permission to visit their papers and pockets; such were the orders of the governor. Salazar, as one sees, was scrupulously obedient to the letter of his appointment. A man who has surrendered his arms has generally nothing more to refuse. The papers, money, and other bagatelles lodged in the pockets of the Americans were then wrapped up in a napkin, and put in security; but the prescribed formalities of the governor, as it seemed, were not yet at an end, for at an order of the captain, a platoon of twelve men, armed with carabines or old guns, advanced in front of the travellers. Misunderstanding was over; the Americans were not only prisoners but their very lives were menaced, to judge from the air of consternation, the sombre looks of the soldiers who guarded them, and above all from the terror of the curious whom the manœuvre ordered by Salazar scattered on every side. A few instants of silence followed the command of the Mexican officer. At this moment, Fitzgerald, the Irishman, one of those adventurers whom Europe knows only by hearsay, clasping his hands, and in the purest Irish accent uttering a terrible oath, exclaimed, 'They are going to shoot us, my friends; out upon these dogs, and let us die while our blood is hot.' The intrepid Irishman, proudly baring a brow which had been bronzed by the suns of the Cape of Good Hope, Brazil, and the East, was advancing without fear and without arms, when a saviour interposed between the victims and the executioner. This was a Mexican of the name of Vigilio, who claimed for the governor Armijo the right of life or death for the prisoners. This intervention assured them only of a brief respite, as they knew too well how little could be hoped for from the clemency of the general.

Next day, in the midst of the crowd which besieged the gates of the prison of San Miguel, the Americans, closely bound, set out under escort to meet the governor, who was to arrive from Santa Fé. The sun was disappearing behind the chain of mountains which separate the valley of Pecos from that of Rio Grande, when they arrived near the ruins of an ancient pile which had once served both as chapel and fortress. It was here that General Armijo was expected, and soon the clang of martial music announced the arrival of the Mexican governor. In a

moment Armijo appeared at the turn of the road, followed by a numerous cortège. A man of high stature and distinguished air, he was mounted on a mule of the largest size, richly and picturesquely caparisoned. Advancing towards the prisoners, he shook hands and wished to call them friends; but the friendship of the Mexican had become more than suspected by the unhappy travellers. 'Who are you?' was asked them. At this question, Lewis (whom a spirit of guile and weakness seemed to have seized for the first time) answered that they were merchants of the United States; but Armijo, taking Lewis by the neck of his uniform, and pointing with his finger at the buttons, on which, under a single star, was seen the word *Texas*; 'Why speak falsely to me?' he replied. 'Do I not read *Texas* here? And how long is it since the merchants of the Union began to travel under the Texian uniform?'

Captain Lewis perceived his mistake, and stammered out excuses. Armijo continued his interrogations. He asked the number of the expedition, and the intention of the commissaries. The most pacific assurances were made him. Armijo then expressed a desire for an interpreter. As chance would have it, Captain Lewis could speak better Spanish than his companions in trouble. He undertook, therefore, to speak in their name; a misfortune certainly, for this officer had already given a first proof of weakness, and the fear of death took away from him all presence of mind. 'Your life,' responded Armijo, 'will answer for your sincerity. Wo to him who deceives me!' And he gave orders to the escort and prisoners to retake the way towards San Miguel. The trumpets then sounded anew, and the cavalry of the general defiled before the prisoners, who were overcome with fatigue. Among this motley troop the Americans were not long in recognising Carlos, their early guide. With a pale countenance, one arm in a sling, and his breast covered with blood, the Mexican followed Armijo mounted on a mule. Was he going to share the fate, or receive the price of treason? The prisoners could not then imagine the answer.

The sun had ceased to illumine the tops of the mountains, when the last horseman in the escort of Armijo was lost in the distance. The route between Santa Fé and San Miguel is traversed by hills and ravines, and the prisoners were still six miles from this last town, at midnight, when the sky became so gloomy and the country so dark that the escort was forced to halt. The rain broke in torrents as they came to a stop, and prisoners and soldiers had to find sleep on the open ground, amidst the deluge, after a march of thirty miles.

At last the travellers arrived at San Miguel. The square was crowded with soldiers under arms, through whom they were conducted to a chamber of the barracks. A narrow window looked out on the square. Ten minutes had scarcely passed, when a young priest entered their prison with the information that one of their party was about to be shot. A glance of gloomy resignation was exchanged among the prisoners. Who was to be the victim? The priest answered the questions of the Americans by pointing to their window, and signifying that the place of execution was below, in the square. They all rushed to the aperture. A man crossed the square. It was easy to recognise by his costume that he was a Texian, but a handkerchief concealed his features. All that the priest could tell them was, that this man had been taken prisoner, that he had attempted to escape, and that death would expiate the crime. The man was still marching, when, at the angle of the square, the soldiers dropped on their knees, with their heads turned towards the wall; then six of them stopped and raised their guns. The word, 'Fire!' was given, and the unhappy wretch, shot in the back, but incompletely, from want of skill in the men, tottered in agony. The corporal approached the dying man and discharged a pistol into him. The immobility of death followed the convulsions; but the garments of the corpse, having caught fire from the pistol shot, were still smoking, as a strong detachment came to draw forth our terrified Americans from their prison. The prisoners

followed their guards, who marched in silence; having traversed the square, they were ordered to put themselves in rank, at some steps from the corpse, along the side of a narrow and gloomy house with a single window; an unknown prisoner stood behind the bars, and the governor, pointing at the Americans with his finger, one after the other, demanded some detailed account of each of them. The questions were put in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all, but the tones in which the answers were given reached no farther than the ears of the governor. The prisoners listened, however, with painful curiosity. Sometimes it seemed as if they could distinguish the accents of a loved and well-known voice; but it was merely an illusion, immediately dissipated. The only certain fact was, that the homicidal justice of the governor was going to take its course, and that each word which passed between the general and the invisible prisoner might be a sentence of death.

When this dolorous interrogation was ended, Armijo advanced with a slow step towards the Americans, to declare a verdict which they knew was without appeal. The silence of death reigned while the prisoners awaited this verdict, gazing with fixed eyes on the corpse of their companion whose clothes still smoked amidst a pool of blood. 'Gentlemen,' said Armijo, at last, addressing the Americans, 'you did not deceive me yesterday. Don Samuel has confirmed your declarations; his words have saved your lives; but Don Samuel must die, for he attempted to escape. In five minutes Don Samuel will be shot.'

Who could be this Don Samuel whose beneficent testimony had saved the lives of his countrymen? At the very moment when the Americans were asking this question among themselves, the prisoner, till then invisible, stepped out of the house where he was confined. He was soon among his countrymen, who broke into exclamations of painful surprise. This man was Samuel Howland, their ancient guide, whom a thousand amiable qualities had rendered dear to all. A smile of heroic submission animated the visage of the poor young man. His friends wished to take him into their arms for the last time, but the soldiers, crossing their bayonets, refused this final and sad consolation. Howland had observed the movement of his friends; he cast a second glance upon them, and in a firm voice, 'Adieu, my friends,' he said, 'I have finished suffering. As to you—'. The soldiers dragged away their victim before Howland could end his sentence. The prisoners followed him about twenty steps. The mournful procession made the tour of the square, and stopped near the corpse, which they had taken care to leave exposed before the view of him who was about to fall at its side. The condemned man had his eyes bandaged, and as soon as the handkerchief concealed his face, he received the order to march. Then, with a firm and resolute step, Howland advanced towards the place of execution. With his face turned to the wall, he knelt; six soldiers presented their guns, an explosion was heard, and Howland fell to rise no more.

In completing the recital of this double execution, surrounded with circumstances at once so tragical and so mysterious, Mr Kendall contents himself with giving a few explanations. Our readers will remember that the mission confided to Messrs Howland, Baker, and Rosenburry, had for its object to procure fresh provisions for the expedition, and to ascertain the dispositions of the Mexicans towards the Texians. The three emissaries had reached the Mexican establishments about three weeks before, when Armijo ordered them to be arrested. They had been able to escape, but, eagerly pursued, they had been soon discovered in the mountains where they concealed themselves. In the struggle Mr Rosenburry had been killed, Mr Baker was he who had been shot before the arrival of the prisoners on the square of San Miguel. As to Howland, Armijo, who had already known him for many years and appreciated his intelligence and bravery, had offered him his life if he revealed the object of the expedition. The refusal of Howland had been his own sentence of death, but it was the safety of his companions.

Did this noble devotion enable the Texian caravan to prosecute its painful undertaking? Unhappily, it did not. Captain Lewis had been less discreet and courageous than Samuel Howland, and if Armijo granted life to the travellers he did not remit his vigilance over them. Several detachments of Mexicans were thrown into the desert, and in numerous skirmishes they cut off the Texian column before it reached the territory of New Mexico. The few Americans who survived their disasters were sent prisoners into Mexico. Mr Kendall and his companions did not receive their liberty till after long confinement in the interior. The last part of his narrative wants the picturesque novelty belonging to the scenes of the prairies: it consists of some views of Mexican life as it is found in the towns, agreeing substantially with the accounts of numerous travellers. The death of the intrepid Samuel Howland closes the dramatic and certainly very curious portion of the book.

Despite the melancholy denonement, it is impossible, after reading this narrative, to preserve the slightest doubt as to the result of the incessant efforts which the Anglo-Saxon race are making for imposing their own influence and civilisation on the rest of America. Even when they fail, the Americans of the north awaken our admiration of their intrepidity and perseverance. There is another lesson to be drawn from the recital of these adventurous campaigns by which the Americans often prelude their armed conquests. While Europe is consuming itself in sterile and dolorous struggles, the American Union gives us an example worthy of being followed. Does not the tendency to displacement and expansion which it manifests singularly contrast with the feverish spasmodic efforts of our old societies, ever falling back upon themselves, and concentrating their whole attention and energy within the narrow sphere of their own intestine agitations? If the American democracy has its firesides, like ourselves, it has also its traders and hunters, who serve as a vanguard for cutting roads and opening new countries for its populations, impatient to enlarge the theatre of their activity. May the American nation be for the European nations what these hardy pioneers, whose march across the deserts has just been noted, are for herself, that is to say, a precursor and a guide! May she teach those whose ambition leads them into the sterile agitations of politics, that the true sources of well-being are in labour and in the spirit of enterprise wisely directed!

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

PART II.—THE PRESENT.

### CHAP. VIII.—FAME.

HORACE took his departure again for town, where he had not been many weeks ere Marian's book came out, not as the 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman,' but under the title of 'Society—a Novel;' and he had a copy on the very morning of publication. Mysterious paragraphs had appeared previously, from time to time, in the daily journals, during its transit through the press, to whet the public appetite, and keep up a tingling sort of curiosity until its completion. These did not, as is sometimes the case, belie their purpose, for the work made quite a sensation. It was soon in every body's hands, and talked about in all the literary circles; so that Marian might justly say with Byron, she 'awoke one morning and found herself famous!' The reading public was on the alert to find out the author, and all sorts of strange rumours were whispered about; but Marian kept herself completely *incog*. This only stimulated curiosity still more, and soon another, and a larger edition was exhausted.

Society itself was excessively diverted at the complete 'smashing' of Grimm and his coterie; they were all hit off to the life, so that none who knew could mistake the portraits. She had, indeed, as she threatened, pinned the ugly vermin in her cabinet of curiosities; so that the grubs, how-

ever they might hiss and wriggle, were unable to escape. The scribblers waxed furious. Magazine—review—wherever they had influence, immediately became in requisition to cry down the work; but in vain. Abuse rendered them only more notorious, and the sale more lively. Indeed these 'cuttings up,' as they are termed, enabled her, in subsequent editions, to 'show them up' still more conspicuously—to let the public have a more vivid peep behind the scenes, and expose their barefaced rascality. But this was not all; she soon fastened on Grimm in another way, by writing a review of his 'Medley on Mechanics' Institutes—a Poem,' for one of the popular journals, which so dreadfully annoyed him, that he felt absolutely 'flayed alive,' as was commonly reported. Afterwards he soon sunk into that nameless, unnoticeable insignificance from which he ought never to have emerged; nor would he, had not the disreputable practices used by a set of pretenders of the like class, persuaded a gullible public into a belief of his talents, and his 'namby pamby' a perfect model of natural, nay, Shaksperian diction! Some of his professed admirers, the most ardent of whom was himself, went so far as to compare his writings to Shakspeare; and this, in an age when the world calls itself 'enlightened.' To be sure, more than one of these reviews proceeded from his own pen; so that there might be some excuse for so violent an outrage on decency and good taste.

Marian, as may be supposed, was much elated with her success, and soon found her talents would now command, not merely solicit distinction. The secret began to ooze out; indeed she had now no longer any motive for concealment, and the whole literary atmosphere was redolent with her name. She was held up as a perfect model in the style she had chosen, and the cleverest writer of the day. Another work was commenced, and a round sum offered, long before its completion. Other publishers appeared in competition, and, amongst the rest, he who had so unceremoniously rejected her first; but she would not leave her present patron, who had discovered, and could appreciate her genius.

She again visited town, remaining at the house of a relative. Here she was fêted, run after, and made a perfect idol of, by those who are always going about 'to hear and see some new thing.' It was quite a favour to get the *entré* to parties where she was expected. A new 'lion,' but especially a 'lioness,' was then quite an event, and everybody pulling at its ears and tail. She might, had she so chosen, have gone to a dozen routs every evening during her stay; and none to dispute her pre-eminence. Her ready wit, her powers of conversation, and love of display, made her a perfect raree-show; and happy was the patroness who could get hold of such a treat for the evening.

But how did all this adulation affect her intercourse with Horace? He saw her seldom in private; but often enough surrounded again by the gay, the sneering, the worthless—throwing away time, talents, wit, with lavish prodigality, on persons beneath her notice. He saw her in the midst of intense excitement—her brow contracted, her eye dilated, as she drank the applause of a giddy, careless multitude, who neither won nor courted her esteem, and whom, in her very soul, she despised. But her love of admiration was so intense, that, sooner than not imbibe it, she would have sought applause from the veriest simpleton about her. Her last state was even worse than the first. Though sickening at every prospect of the future, she sought the fatal stimulant with augmented ardour.

At one of these *soirées* she met Grimm, and he of the 'iron spectacles,' along with two or three of that class. They evidently avoided her; but she laughed at, while despising their malice. She had impaled the whole crew, exposed their charlatanism, and they appeared conscious of it. Their influence on public opinion was fast disappearing, and it seemed as if some suspicion arose, that Marian's popularity had, in one way or other, been the cause.

'My dear Grimm,' said she, 'it is more ages than I

can well remember since we met. How is poetry and the fine arts? Progressing, as the 'Down-Easters' say?'

'My dear Miss Morton, how provokingly merry you look,' was Grimm's reply. 'It is enough to infect us all. I'm sure you make sunshine wherever you appear. How glad and gleesome everything looks at your presence.'

'Oh! I cry you mercy. All sunshine, you know, is as bad as all shadow. 'Tis the alternation which pleases best. By the way, you have another edifice in building—a new poem I hear. Something to take the world by assault—eh?'

'Why, as far as my poor talents can contribute, either to interest or amuse, they are very much at the service of that same world we all look to for approbation. But you have taken it by a *coup de main*!—one of the most surprising instances on record. Your meridian sun doth pale our lambent fires;' and here Grimm made a profound bow—reproduced by his shadow with undeviating fidelity. 'By the way, that review of your work in 'The Critic,' was hardly fair.' (Grimm was prime conconnector in that clumsy affair.) 'It showed no mercy.'

'Perfectly immaterial, Mr Grimm, from that quarter; and even praise would have been equally worthless. There are some things, you know, that are too insignificant even to annoy. The whole was so stupid—so utterly pointless, I really could have made one more severe myself. The fellow that did it must have been some disappointed author—some faded rhymater, probably. I dare say, he fancied his own bad wine was soured into capital vinegar.'

She had an idea that Grimm took a hand in the stupid article he alluded to, hoping he might gall Marian by calling her attention to it. He was terribly mortified at the way she parried the thrust, and with difficulty restrained his vexation, as he replied—'I don't know, indeed, who the writer may be; but I thought there were some very clever hits in it, particularly where he says, alluding to lady writers, that such performances are not in the least extraordinary—the wonder is, like dancing dogs, the creatures ever do it at all.'

'Ah!—oh!—good!' said Grimm's echo; 'capital! I really wonder who is the writer?' The pretender knew well enough. It was a joint-stock effort of the whole corps, and intended to demolish Marian's popularity at one blow.

'An excellent hit, indeed,' said she. 'Pity it is not original. Merely an application of Johnson's remark about female preachers. By the way, as you have called my attention to a review of this worthless transgression, have you any notion of the writer who made such a mangling of yours, in the —?'

'Some hungry dog in a garret, I dare say, howling for food, or, more likely, from a judicious application of the knout. I am convinced the fellow's back must have been sore, when he barked so lustily. It was, for all the world, like the bungling attempt of a saw instead of a razor. I never read so disgusting, so abortive a compound of malice and absurdity.'

'I dare say you are right. There are persons who would not feel the keen edge of the one, who, nevertheless, can be made painfully aware of the other. Excruciating; was it not?' and, with this sally, she went away, laughing, to another party.

All went on swimmingly so far; yet Marian, though filled almost to surfeit with praise and celebrity, felt, amongst it all, a void—a discontent. She had won the object of her first love, and her heart's idolatry. She had climbed to the giddy height of her ambition—that achieved, she sighed 'for new worlds to conquer.' She had lived so long on stimuli, they ceased in their effect; and she required fresh and larger doses to create a new sensation; she began to grow pettish, from satiety and disgust. She found that folly, vanity, was written upon all—even the purest of earthly pursuits, and began to feel the wretchedness—the impossibility of all she had longed for, to bring happiness—to satisfy a mind whose cravings are, and ever must be, after the immortal and the infinite. She had ascended to a slippery, but dazzling pinnacle, where she could see the

danger of her position—the futility, the worthlessness of all she beheld; but she could not descend, while mounting higher would only render the view more fearful, and her station more precarious. She began to feel, too, that her intense yearning after fame had withered the warm affection so long indulged; it was of too homely, too quiet a nature to yield that feverish excitement she felt wretched when withheld; she remembered the gipsy's prophecy, and the more she thought, the more apprehensive she became, lest it might be true. She began to find a restlessness, a restraint in the society of Horace, to which, hitherto, she had been a stranger; she shuddered now as she thought of the bright hopes and anticipations of that happy hour, which it had once been her highest happiness to realise. When alone, these day-dreams were wont to rise in all the vivid light of the future—that future, now a nameless, fathomless uncertainty, and that long cherished passion fading in the fierce, unsteady glare of antagonist feelings, that seemed to devour even their own progeny.

Horace felt there was not that open, unrestrained interchange of thought which had previously marked their intercourse. He was not slow to suspect the cause. He lamented, but thought that Marian, dazzled by flattery for a while, would, ere long, be disgusted with what he knew could never bring real happiness; and that, having made the perilous experiment, she would be the better able to appreciate domestic bliss, yet in store, he trusted, for them both. How providential we see not the future—'sufficient,' indeed, 'to the day is the evil thereof.'

At times, in moments of solitude, Marian looked back with irrepressible longings to those pleasant hours, when fame, ambition, had not destroyed all those capacities for home enjoyments she once indulged. What would she not then have given for one fresh and childlike feeling, now, alas! extinguished for ever. She quailed at the thought. What was the future she could now look forward to? She trembled—shrunk back from the inquiry; and again plunged into that vortex, whence, she felt, there was no escape. Like the squalid wretch, a victim to that intoxicating drug, his poison and his only solace, consuming while it cheers his miserable existence, she knew the fatal influence of the poison she quaffed, while madly sacrificing all hope of the future to the worthless, unsatisfactory enjoyments of the present. She was afraid to reflect, she had not moral courage to break the spell that bound her; and in the whirl and bustle of crowds alone could she throw off, or quell the forebodings that haunted her.

#### CHAP. IX.—A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

It was at a crowded assembly in the house of a somewhat elderly fashionable, that a Polish refugee, one Count Gablonski, made his appearance. He was a tall, heavily-browed, moustached, 'imperialled,' sallow personage, with those fierce looks so valuable and exciting in melodrama and stage effects. He jabbered broken English, and twanged the guitar to odd and fantastic melodies, wedded to extraordinary and inimitable words. He represented himself as one who had fought for his enslaved country, and a huge price set upon his magnificent head. This personage made himself very agreeable, to the ladies especially; and, for a while, bade fair to outshine every lion or lioness who might be brought in competition. He looked quite engaging; and his smile, with the white teeth consequent thereon, put many a female heart in jeopardy. But then his eyes, from under those beetling brows, looked much too small. Mammaes, like prudent hens, when a hawk hovers near their brood, gathered them together, and, as soon as possible, departed with their progeny, or led them, as far as might be, out of harm's way. Gablonski had, however, many female admirers, who, unencompassed by such careful guardians, surrendered themselves to the insinuating gallantries of the illustrious Pole.

Marian thought him sufficiently *spirituel* and romantic to engage in a little playful conversation, and, in this ex-

ercise, began to feel her jaded spirits inspired by a fresh impulse, as novel as it was dangerous. Long forgotten emotions revived, the world of imagination peopled anew, and its dreams brightening with the light of a thousand fancies. She surrendered herself to these illusions without at all anticipating further mischief; she thought he had both wit and genius, though expressed in that *outré* shape, which only rendered his odd blunders more piquant and engaging. She laughed heartily at his pleasantries, and soon found herself a most interested listener; she wished 'that nature had made her such a man,' while his narratives of love and war—his daring exploits therein—were recited in that pleasant style, half jest, half earnest, including little jokes against himself, that prevented any disgust from the egotism autobiography is so apt to display.

She could not help feeling the company of Horace and his conversation rather tame and prosy by comparison, nor could she conceal the impression that married life with him would be rather a stagnant sort of existence, apt to engender vapours and ennui. How brilliant would life be with the interesting stranger—the latter all fervour and imagination, the very poetry of existence for which she had so long sighed; the other all reality—full of care, caution, advice—and her own feelings and temper quite the reverse. She was sure Horace did not know her sufficiently, and thought—a deep sigh accompanying the confession—'I should be bored to death in a week!'

She had loved him when plain Marian—when the latent spark of genius lay dormant—when imagination had not opened out a new world in which she now lived; so that the common every-day one, which, no doubt, she could have shared happily with him, was now passed away, and for ever. He could not follow her there; while the fascinating Pole seemed her very counterpart—knew and appreciated her in all the erratic wanderings in which she indulged—and in all, would be the companion, the kindred spirit that would cheer and animate her to fresh triumphs.

Between Horace and herself, there now seemed no congeniality of disposition. Were it not better, then, to part at once, rather than drag on a miserable existence for life? Besides, it would be infinitely more conducive to his own happiness that he should wed with one, every way suitable. The old gipsy was right!

These very prudent reflections were made the morning after a brilliant assembly at her relative's. The count was of the party, and his looks, nay, whispers, spoke of love—intense, ardent as she could have desired. Marian had been the Corinne of the evening, and Gablonski one of the most devoted in her train. After a sleepless night, she arrived at the conclusion we have just named. What else could be expected in her present unhealthy tone of feeling?

About two o'clock the count dropped in. Marian was alone.

'Ah! ma chère, Miss Borton. I not can say how glad—very.' (Marian's brilliant eyes were turned down, her face crimsoned, and she sat in all the flush of a new excitement.) 'You much please—last night—and so—I come tell my deary Miss Borton, this morning. How your health?—mine soffer—here—not sleep all night—very.' 'I am tolerable, I thank you. Un peu fatiguée, c'est tout.'

'I talk Inglesse—when I talk at de belles—vargut—n'est ce pas?'

'Oh excellent!' said Marian, laughing at the oddity of this jumble; 'you speak it à merveille.'

'Ah, ah! but I want for speak of—of a, what you call him—Lofe?—ay, dat is him. Lofe, my deary Miss Borton.'

'And what have you to say about him?' said she, her eyes suddenly dropping on the book she was pretending to examine.

'It difficult for me say mush—but, pardon, ma chère demoiselle. I feel here such grand affaire.' He placed one hand on his breast in the most elegant of attitudes.

'You must not know how mush—but more, c'est trop for me to tell.'

Marian understood more from his manner than his speech. It was, doubtless, intended as a declaration; yet she was hardly prepared for so sudden a disclosure. Though almost hoping for such a crisis, when it came, a thousand recollections passed before her—a multitude of nameless impressions. She was not prepared to give up, without a struggle, and in a moment, her love for Horace, which she yet felt lingering in that mysterious shrine, a woman's heart. The count stood before her, and, though not at all more engaging, if so much, in personal appearance, she felt a more tender—a more romantic feeling towards him. Yet there was something within—early impressions, reproach, images of the past, long cherished remembrances—all making serious warfare against the false, the unstable nature of the present. After a short pause, she answered—'Count, I will be candid with you; I have another engagement, and I cannot lightly forego my pledge.' She could not, however, dismiss the exile with a final denial. In a tremulous voice, she added—'But—there are circumstances, which might, at some future period, dissolve that connection; till then, I can only say, I must reserve my decision.'

'Oh! you shall not leave him—as me. I will know—by your face.'

Though diverted by the oddity of the expression, she was in no humour for showing it, convinced that her secret had been penetrated. She felt his words were too true, and recoiled at the discovery. Her brain was in a whirl, she felt sick at heart. Her long attachment to Horace, and his own, so ardent, so enduring, to be repaid by such ingratitude—nay, treachery. And yet, would it not be a greater sin to approach the altar with 'a lie in her right hand'—to entail long years of misery on them both.

The count saw the struggle. He plied other and more persuasive arts, and—the tempter prevailed. He extracted the confession from her lips, and, henceforth, Marian felt new interests and another destiny awaited her.

Horace was in happy ignorance of what was going on, save that latterly Marian had shown less fondness, less cordiality towards him. This he attributed to the adulation she was continually receiving. He trusted, however, the novelty would wear off; and, once more, without the sphere of such influence, love would resume its sway. What he feared most, was the deadening effect produced by such feelings on the more quiet circle of emotions so essential to domestic happiness; and that, having once tasted the intoxicating cup, she would feel a constant craving for its renewal, and his own sincere love be scarcely prized.

One evening Horace called on her. She was disengaged, and alone—a somewhat rare occurrence. She looked ill at ease, and nervous, when he addressed her. Absence of mind, or a taciturnity quite unusual, induced him to inquire if anything had occurred to distress her.

'Oh! I have, indeed, much of that nature; and I have been thinking, too, that our dispositions are not quite compatible. My love of literature, and society so essential to it, does appear as though not meeting your approbation. Unless there be sympathy even in these, which, you know, are so essential to my happiness—nay, existence, there can, I fear, be little chance of any lasting affection between us.'

'And pray, my dear Marian, when did this new light dawn upon you?'

'Oh! I have thought so long, but hoped either you or I should venture on the subject, and, perhaps, enter more into each other's feelings. At present, I fear, there is little chance of it.'

'And who is to blame? I am not changed; my feelings toward you are the same, as when you esteemed my poor love the highest, the best of all. Oh, Marian! I have long trembled for you, and now —.' He turned from her to conceal, if not calm his emotion.

'My dear Horace, I would not, indeed, willingly give you pain; but whether it is better to have made the discovery now, than when our vows were irrevocable?'



He turned sharply round, looked earnestly at her for a moment. She quailed beneath his glance, and he observed to her. 'Some guess at the real truth burst upon him—a *lover's* perceptions are exquisitely sensitive.

'Why,' said he, 'have you put on so flimsy a disguise? You have, indeed, changed. My affection has ceased to interest—to amuse. You are become tired of my attentions. If so, Marian, 'tis best we part.' He paused a moment. 'I little dreamt of this,' he added, on finding she was silent.

With a tone of earnestness, she replied—'I fear there is a change in both. We must endeavour to forget. I know I am not what I was once!' and her eyes filled. She sobbed. 'I cannot—cannot help it, Horace—indeed I cannot;' and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

'But wherefore; whence this change?' said he, and he took her hand. For some moments she could not reply. At length, with more calmness than before, she said—'We are not answerable for feelings beyond our control. In spite of all, they overpower, perhaps mislead us. I would even now pledge my truth to you if—I thought we could be happy. The gipsy told too true.'

'That prediction has, no doubt, in some measure, helped on its own accomplishment. A wound I thought long seared is again open. As though I had again to utter those heart-breaking words, and with the same feelings, 'Good-bye—and may you be forgiven the misery you have caused.'

He could scarcely get through this too well remembered exclamation. It seemed as though a double misery were to be endured; and the whole crushing agony of past years had now met with, and joined its dark current with the present. Past and Present, fearfully blended, combined in one dismal foreboding of the Future.

#### NORTH WALES LUNATIC ASYLUM, DENBIGH.

It is impossible to view the attempts of modern times to mitigate the calamities of the insane, without deep gratitude and consolation. The loss of reason, as it includes the bitterness of every loss, so it may extend to almost every individual; for, properly speaking, it is only a form of disease, like other diseases. The exaggeration of any overpowering idea, relating to persons, property, religious experience, or any internal or external convulsion, capable of detaching the attention from general objects and fixing it intensely upon a single one, may give rise to this most distressing of all disorders; and while this fact (so interestingly brought out by Coleridge, and still more satisfactorily developed by Sir James Mackintosh, in his letter on the temporary derangement of his celebrated friend and schoolfellow, Robert Hall) ought to inspire hopes of recovery in the greater number of such cases, it also gives every person an interest in the due maintenance and arrangements of hospitals of this description: for no person is exempt from revolutions in his fortune or domestic history, capable of entailing on him the alienation of his reason; and therefore there is nobody who may not have to become either debtors to the excellence, or sufferers from the badness, of arrangements in these institutions. So long as the touching words of Johnson (written when he himself was in distress, and peculiarly exposed to what he most of all dreaded), which occur in 'Rasselas,' in a dialogue between Imlac and the young princess, respecting the aberration of the star-stricken astrologer, namely, that as the loss of reason is the greatest calamity, so it demands the tenderest sympathy—so long as his beautiful words remain in the memory, we can never be indifferent to efforts in this direction, especially when these are conducted with the skill and benevolence characteristic of later experiments in the treatment of the insane.

Of this character, and seemingly possessing every claim on the attention of the philanthropist, is the North Wales Lunatic Asylum, an institution, as testified by its first Annual Report (of which a copy has just come into our hands), yet in its infancy. A great many interesting

points of inquiry are suggested by the origin and arrangements of this asylum, to which, for a moment, as connecting themselves with the general subject, we would make allusion.

The first thing is its origination with the several counties of North Wales, and its superintendence, through a committee of visitors, by them: it thus occupies a stable place among the institutions of the locality; and, having been the subject of parliamentary legislation, is not liable to any serious fluctuations in its resources. The building and adjacent grounds (judging from an engraving of them), are spacious, and remarkably adapted for ministering a tone of health to the disordered brain, by gardening sights and occupations, and, as the report itself says, by the opportunities they afford of 'realising the ideal of a happy and united family.' Proposals are being made for allotting a portion of the ground to the purposes of a bowling-green, and for introducing gas into the various apartments of the asylum.

Nothing, however, in the brief history of this institution, is so interesting as the principle on which its treatment of patients is conducted, and the facts elicited by the experiments made in this department. 'The law of kindness,' says the medical officers' report, 'has been the rule by which we have essayed to govern. We have assiduously endeavoured to impress upon the minds of our attendants, that forbearance, gentleness, and patience, are essential to the due performance of their duties towards the unfortunate objects of their care; and we are willing to hope that we have succeeded in reducing these precepts into practice, as we have never been able to detect a single instance of harshness, either in language or manner, towards the patients, except in one case, where the crime was instantly visited with the dismissal of the attendant, a female.'

The insane, it seems, are extremely imitative, taking the tempers of their attendants, and are susceptible of almost indefinite influence from the words and conduct of those who associate with them. Kindness and cheerfulness communicate their soothing effects to the deranged even more than to the healthy mind; and it seems of transcendent importance that a fact, now authenticated by experience, should not only continue to be acted upon but should be extended in its application to every arrangement of such institutions. Remembering, as we do, with a shudder, the pictures of the insane which our fancy, not very many years ago, painted to itself from general reports of their treatment, it is consolatory to read such statements as the following. 'At the commencement of this year,' it is said, 'we indulged the patients with a dance. Seventy of them, males and females, assembled, about six o'clock in the evening, in the corridor on the female side of the house, which was decorated for the occasion with evergreens, &c. A pianoforte was procured, and dancing commenced with great spirit, and was kept up till nine o'clock. During the evening, the males were supplied with a moderate allowance of good ale, and the females with tea and a little negus. It was truly gratifying and affecting to witness the decorum as well as the joyous delight of these poor people. The success of this our first experiment at an assemblage of the sexes was such as to induce us to hope that much good may result from an occasional repetition of a similar indulgence.' Pictures of this description (and they are not confined to this asylum) may surely be regarded with benevolent triumph; nor, although some feeling of contrast between the external hilarity of the entertainment and the melancholy condition of those who share in it will necessarily creep into the reader's mind, will he the less rejoice that the lot of the insane, in its saddest stages, is at least found capable of some innocent mitigation.

The results of such a mode of treatment, as might have been expected, have proved most favourable. 'The strong,' adds the report, 'assist and sympathise with the weak, and personal collisions are very rare among the patients. Instances of patients, the most violent and dangerous when admitted, becoming speedily composed,



tranquil, and manageable, are numerous. In the case of one man, who was goaded, by unkind and harsh treatment, into a state of ferocious mania (and who was brought into the asylum manacled so cruelly that he will bear the marks of the handcuffs while he lives), it is most gratifying to be enabled to state, that he gradually became confiding and tractable, and he is now as harmless as any patient in the house. In another instance, a poor young creature, who, before her admission, was tied down to her bed for many months, quickly discovered the difference between the treatment she had been previously subjected to, and the kindness and freedom she experienced at the asylum, and very soon gained confidence in those about her, and rapidly recovered. Soon after her discharge from the asylum, she wrote to the matron, to request she might be taken back as a servant; and she is now an excellent assistant in the wards, and a general favourite with the patients.' It further appears that the medical attendants have never been obliged to resort to any mechanical restraint, beyond temporary seclusion in the padded room; and then only in cases of great and dangerous excitement. Nothing, it would however seem, is of equal practical importance, as to get patients introduced into the hospital on the very first symptoms of the malady; for, as the committee of visitors say, from the best information which they have obtained, if this disease is brought under efficient medical care at its earliest stage, a permanent cure is effected in so many as six cases out of every seven.

We shall allude only to one other matter connected with the management of this excellent institution. 'It is to us a source of great uneasiness,' say the medical officers, 'as well as a matter of the deepest regret, that we are under the sad necessity of constantly dismissing from the asylum pauper patients, without any pecuniary provision. It must be obvious to any one in the least acquainted with insanity, that it is of the utmost importance that the discharged patients should have some means of temporary subsistence until the confidence of their friends and neighbours is restored. We would beg leave, therefore, most earnestly to recommend the 'Ablett Fund' and its objects to the favourable consideration of the humane and benevolent.' May the suggestion here given meet with the attention which its benevolent object merits.

Our notice of this report will not have been useless if it incite those who have followed us thus far to deeper gratitude for the possession of their own reason, and to more profound sympathy for those who have been visited by the saddest of all disorders—the eclipse of that spirit which lifts us above the brute, and allies us to the great God in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

### JUNE.

THE ancient Romans denominated this month *Junonius*, in honour of Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter. It is the time of fruitfulness in beautiful Italy, and the goddess, being the patron divinity of procreance, had this month of birds and fruits consecrated to her. Amongst our forefathers the grand festival of June was Midsummer-day. Then the sun had attained to the summer solstice—had reached the meridian of his annual course. The solstices are the two supposed extreme points of the ecliptic, to which the sun attains during the year—the summer solstice being when the sun is supposed to shine in a perpendicular line above the tropic of Cancer, and the winter solstice when its zenith is perpendicular with the tropic of Capricorn. It is midsummer to all the northern hemisphere when the sun is at the summer solstice, and midwinter to the southern hemisphere. When it reaches the tropic of Capricorn it is midsummer to all south of the equator, and midwinter to all north of it. The sun is supposed to move in a line indicated by what is termed the ecliptic, from tropic to tropic, during six months, till it attains the *solstice*, or point at which it apparently stands

*still*, and then begins to travel back. Sol has, on Midsummer-day, attained to his empyreal throne; and the people, rejoicing in the warmth of his beams, in the brightness of his glory, and the promise of the earth's fruitfulness, came forth to worship him.

The chief of old British fêtes in June was called the Vigil of St John, when, on the hill-tops and isolated lofty places, blazing beacons would be seen streaming up into the placid vault of queenly night. The ancient altars of Baal were again relighted, the young and agile dancing round the ruddy blaze, or rushing through the purifying flames; while the stiff-jointed, short-winded, pot-bellied sages sat and quaffed their ale and laughed at the fun till chanticleer sounded his trumpet, and broke up the revels. One of the mystic symbols of the sun, worshipped by the early British polytheists, was a wheel significant of the course of time, which was marked by the apparent movements of that orb; and on St John's eve, as well as at Yuletide, a wheel entered into the anonymous ceremonies of the season. The midsummer wheel was usually warped round with straw, which, being ignited and rolled down a declivity, was supposed to illustrate the essence and progress of the day-god. In Ireland, these customs are not totally extinct. The Baal fires are still lighted in some places on St John's eve, and men rush through their embers, and cattle are driven through them, as a charm against the effects or influence of witchcraft and diseases. On the two occasions of St John and St Peter's days, Old London was wont to be illuminated with lamps and lanterns; and we are told that Henry VIII. took great delight in riding forth to see the watch set, the cortege amounting at that time to two thousand men more than the ordinary watch, bearing torches and great iron cressets full of blazing rags through the streets. Gog and Magog, those giant divinities of Guildhall, were wont to be taken out into the streets of the city at this time and presented to the lieges; a custom which must have had its parallel in Edinburgh, and which is described by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, lord lion king at arms—

'Of Edinburgh the great idolatry  
And manifest abomination!  
On their feast day all creatures may see  
They bear an old stock image through the town,  
With tabor, trumpet, shalmie, and clarion,  
Which has been used for many years bygone,  
With priests and friars in procession;  
In such manner as Baal was borne through Babylon.'

In the Roman Catholic Church, Midsummer-day was recognised as the birth-day of St John the Baptist, and was regarded as a very great and very solemn occasion. In an ancient calendar of the Romish Church something like the following nomination of festivities occurs under the caption of 'June': 'The twenty-third is the vigil of the nativity of John the Baptist, when spices are given at vespers, and fires are lighted up. A girl with a little drum proclaims the garland, and boys are dressed in girls' clothes. Carols are chanted to the liberal, and against the avaricious imprecations are hurled. Waters are swam in during the night, and are carried in vessels that hung for purposes of divination. Fern is held in great estimation with the vulgar on account of its seed, the possession of which is supposed to render a person invisible; and herbs of many kinds are sought for with diverse ceremonies.' The twenty-fourth of June is the nativity of John the Baptist, when dew and new leaves are held in high estimation.

In Spain, the eve of St John is celebrated much after the manner of the New-year in Scotland. Dalrymple, in his 'Travels,' says—'At Alcala, in Andalusia, at twelve o'clock at night, we were much alarmed with a violent knocking at the door. 'Quein es?' says the landlord.—'Isabel de San Juan,' replied a voice. He got up, lighted the lamp, and opened the door, when five or six sturdy fellows, armed with fusils, and as many women, came in. After eating a little bread, and drinking a little brandy, they took their leave; and we found that, it being the eve of St John, they were a set of merry girls with their lovers, going round the village to congratulate their friends on

is approaching festival.' The Spaniards also light up fires on St John's eve, as in England.

In France, it was customary for the people to go about making a noise by beating brazen culinary vessels with a stick—the object of which it would be difficult to imagine, unless for the purpose of frightening away the spirits of evil. If rain fell about this season, the peasantry believed that the filberts would be spoiled that year. A curious French print exists illustrative of the manner in which the eve of St John was kept. A large fire of wood, piled up round a tree, occupies the centre, round which young men and women, holding each other's hands, are dancing. Their hats and caps are ornamented with herbs, and garlands of the same are bound round their waists, or thrown over their shoulders. A boy is represented carrying a large bough of a tree, and a number of spectators are looking on. The following lines, in French, are inscribed at the bottom:—

'If the fires do not burn with these airs—  
If they produce not good harmony—  
Redouble this melody  
For our dances, for our concerts.'

It was once a very general popular belief that about Midsummer-eve it was usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that, by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble was formed, which, by continued blowing, passed through the body, and, immediately hardening, resembled a glass-ring. The lucky finder of this ring was certain to prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated were called snake-stones. As on St Mark's eve, so also on Midsummer, any person fasting, and sitting in the church-porch at midnight, it was believed, would see the spirits of the persons who should die that year come and knock at the church-door. Many instances of the truth of this superstition are recorded by the credulous. Another superstition of this eve, once prevalent in England, was the placing in the bed-rooms of maidens twigs of the plant called orpine, popularly known as 'midsummer men.' If the leaves bent to the left the girls believed that their lovers were false; if, however, they bent to the right, they rejoiced in their truth.

Besides the grand summer solstice festival, June is distinguished by several other fêtes of the Romish Church. The first Sunday of June is Trinity Sunday, the observance of which is said to have been instituted by Archbishop Becket soon after his consecration. St Barnabas' day is celebrated on the eleventh of June. It is thus characterised by Ray in his proverbs:

'Barnaby Bright—  
The longest day and the shortest night.'

Corpus Christi day occurs on the fourteenth of June. In all Roman Catholic countries it is celebrated with music, lights, and flowers; and the richest tapestries are hung out upon the walls. The fifteenth of June is St Vitus's day. An old chronicler designates him 'Vitus sodde in oyle,' or steeped in oil, and describes his image as a beautiful one. Hens were brought by men and women, and offered to this saint, but for what reason or purpose cannot now be ascertained. They were supposed to be propitiatory offerings against the advent of St Vitus's dance, a cutaneous disease.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE ADVENT OF SUMMER.

I come, I come, with light and joy,  
In my warm and kindling beams;  
I come with the song of a thousand birds,  
And the hum of a thousand streams.  
I come to clothe the forest oaks  
With robes of verdure now—  
To wreath with gold the laburnum-tree,  
And with snow the hawthorn-bough.  
I have loosen'd the rills from their wintry chain,  
And made them wander free  
Through long green vales, where shining flowers  
Arise to welcome me.

My breath is the fragrance from roses borne;  
My smile is the bright sunbeam;  
My eyes are the sheen of the wild blue flowers,  
That peep by the lonely stream.

My voice is the cuckoo's call at morn,  
The thrush's song of love,  
The sound of waters by echo borne,  
And the plaint of the woodland dove.

My tears are the showers that in sunny June  
Bid the rose's leaves unfold,  
That brighter paints the violet's blue,  
And the gloss of the kingcup's gold.

My sigh is the zephyr, that gently steals  
At eve o'er the valley's breast,  
To kiss the cheek of the pure white rose,  
Before it droops to rest.

My gems are the drops that, each balmy morn,  
O'er leaf and flower shine;  
Brighter, fairer, purer far  
Than those of Golconda's mine.

My path's the lone spot where harebells bloom,  
And the zephyr wanders free;  
But my home is the young and unblighted heart,  
For it best can welcome me.

With mournful smile I have silent been,  
By strange old halls sublime,  
And threw bright veils of radiant green  
O'er the wrecks of war and time.

I have scatter'd flowers of shining blower  
In the paths of the gay and fair;  
I have pass'd with light o'er the lonely tomb,  
And smiled on the mourner there.

And still shall I come with my heaven-sent glow,  
On my errand of joy and peace,  
From immortal realms to your vales below,  
Till my glorious mission cease.

With an emerald robe and a crown of flowers,  
As radiant I come again,  
As when first in Eden's rosy bowers  
I hoped for an endless reign.

Bring bright morn and gentle even,  
And love, and hope, and mirth;  
I come with all that's left of heaven,  
To cheer the fleeting earth.

MARGARET TERESA WIGHTMAN.

### EUROPEAN LIFE.—No. IV.

#### THE CRUSADES.

RECALL the parallel drawn between the life of individual man and that of society. Both lives have their natural periods. Each period has its separate peculiarities, of taste, of receptivity, of capability. The boy follows other ends than the grown up man—is differently affected, expresses himself differently. What would be foolish in an old man may be beautiful in a boy. What would pall an old man's appetite may be the cause of growth in a boy. What even a young man might esteem as common, to a boy will seem a very opening into heaven.

Take this familiar illustration:—When we pass what Dante calls the keystone of life, and begin to travel on the descending curve of the arch, we pucker up our lips as people who should know better, and smile at the fondness of young lovers. 'That foolish time!' we exclaim, winking to our peers. But this does not alter the fact which encompasses our two lovers. They cannot afford to smile at it. It is—not on the authority of novel makers, but of the Maker of us all—a life and death business for them. The beautiful, the lovely, have gathered all their rays into one focus; and each of these two sees the other in the heart of that. If the boy walk across the green, we will not see a difference in him from other boys; if you point out the girl, we may not be overwhelmed with any surpassing beauty in her. But, to their own eyes, each is bathed in

beauty, and circles for ever on in it, as the morning star does. It is the time of love. Influences which would not touch them at other periods find receptivity in them at this; and they go through a business—taken in detail, made up of trifles—which, at a later date in life, they will speak of as a waste of time. This will help us to understand the present portion of our subject.

Crusades—wars of the Cross—wars for the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the keeping of Mahomedans, would not succeed with Europe now. Even in the fifteenth century they could not succeed. The same means which roused Europe in the eleventh were resorted to; but Europe went on its way unheeding. Europe had outgrown them—had left them behind in the magic past—and was now girding itself for the sterner tasks of Reformation and Revolution.

Before entering on the history of these wars of the Cross, then, we shall endeavour to fix the proper life-date of Europe at the time. We do not mean the particular year in which the wars commenced. As to this, they began at the close of the eleventh century, and lasted almost precisely two hundred years. We refer to the time of life in which the Crusades occurred: was Europe man or boy? Note, in passing, that some nations were later than others in being affected with the Crusade-spirit. Our own, for example. The Franks were first. In our country, therefore, that period in which Crusades were gone into as a perfectly serious business was later of arriving than in France.

This being precluded, we open the inquiry—At what period has European life arrived at the close of this eleventh century? Of the Europe described in our former papers we might say—It was Europe in embryo, Europe in the cradle, Europe making efforts to walk. Individually considered, we had many strong men before us; but the collective life of these men was simply what we have just now called it.

We shall go back to the beginning of the period surveyed in the last paper for one glimpse of this life. A second can be obtained through the feudal system. The Crusades themselves will yield a third. In each of these, you will see distinctly impressed the features of different periods, and each rising naturally out of the other.

1. The baptism of the first Frank king took place during the Christmas of 496. The history of his conversion is as follows:—He had married a Christian wife. In the fall of the Roman empire he beheld a proof that his wife's God was feeble; in the success of the Franks, that their God was strong. So like a child did he reason! His own oldest child died. 'A powerful God,' he said to his wife, 'would not have suffered a child baptised into his name to die.' A battle was going against him; he called on his own god, Odin. The foe still prevailed. In his distress he bethought himself of his wife's God, and called on him: the battle at that moment turned in his favour. So like a child did he act! A bishop assured him that the battle was a miracle: Clovis believed him. The bishop went on to instruct him in the Christian faith, and, amongst other things, drew a touching picture of the sufferings of the Lord upon the cross. 'Ha,' interrupted our European child, 'if I and my brave Franks had been there, how we would have chastised these rascal Jews!' The baptism was performed at Rheims. 'The streets,' says Thierry, 'were adorned with tapestries; hangings of various colours, stretching from roof to roof, intercepted the heat and glare of the sun. The pavement was strewn with flowers, and perfumes were burned to refresh the air. The bishop, dressed in embroidered garments, walked by the monarch's side. 'Holy father,' exclaimed the latter, astonished by all this magnificence, 'is THIS the kingdom of heaven to which thou hast promised to conduct me?' What do you see behind this morsel of biography? It is the story of the conversion of the foremost European soldier of his day—a man of thirty years of age, strong, practical, brave. You see a distinction of lives. The material life is mature; but it conceals another—a life far from maturity. It is a child's life. Its thoughts, its acts, are childish. It is your own Walter or Willie making his first visit to the

church. 'Hush,' my-boy, 'you are in the church.' An awe comes down upon the boy's heart. But if you ask him what the church is, you will find it is the wood of the pulpit, and the fine dresses of the people, and himself. European life was at this stage when Clovis was baptised.

2. Let us come down four hundred years. The boy is beginning to be respected in the house. Home life is about him, and penetrates him. Outwardly, there is confusion enough. The empire of Charlemagne has gone down in darkness. The migrations have broken out afresh. All Europe is in motion. There are no boundaries, no dykes; tides of people are rushing upon each other. In the midst of this weltering rises the feudal keep. It is the representative building of the period. The wrecks of old empires, of attempted kingdoms, are floating about. But nothing hurts that keep. The Noah of European life is there. The waves dash in vain against it; it rides on the top. Do not look at these keeps through your modern politics. If there had not been need for them they would not have arisen. The German tribes brought from their woods respect for woman and the law of primogeniture. The feudal system was the sphere in which these were to be developed unto our modern family life. Accordingly, if you look closely at this system, you will find that its principal aim was, protection of the oldest son. There was in it protection of others—of serfs, fighting men, and kinsfolk. All the titles which have come down to us from these times are monuments of this. Earl, *garl*—strong one, one able to protect; lord, *law-ward*—protector of law; lady, *klaf-dig*—loaf-giver, provider of bread to the protected. But all this points ultimately to the heir. For his sake the old baron protects the fighting men; for his sake, the lady gives bread to their families; for him the walls of the keep are built massy and strong; for him the baron lives in a confinement foreign to his ancestors. The whole current of feudal life runs towards the training and protecting of this boy.

It fits into this view that the mother has a very large share of importance in the feudal system. If the father were slain before the heir was of age, the mother became regent. Even in the father's lifetime she had a fair portion of influence. In his absence on the hunting expedition *she* ruled. Children and domestics came thus to look up to her as their head. Her sphere, her character, were elevated. Napoleon once asked a lady what the French people stood most in need of. 'Good mothers,' replied the lady. During the feudal period, this instrumentality in the training of the life of Europe was developed. You remember the old ballad, 'Black Agnes of Dunbar.' In her husband's absence the castle was attacked by the English. She held out for nineteen weeks, and then compelled them to raise the siege:

'Upon the castle wa' she stood,  
The Yiri o' March's sturdy Marrow!'

Montague tempts her with dress and English state:

'And you sell be Dame Montague,  
And I'll gie you a weddin' ring.'

She answers:

'Your rings o' gold I carena by,  
Nor care I for your falcons free;  
I carena for your horse and hounds,  
Nor for your pages twenty-three.  
An' ye may tak' your lordlings brave,  
An' deck them wi' your clath o' gold;  
For while my ain gude lord's awa',  
My yetts fast lock'd I mean to hold.'

Montague, in wrath, brings up his war engines:

'The mangonels play'd fast and free,  
Brocht down big stanes frae af the wa':  
Black Agnes, with her napkin fine,  
Leuch loud and dight the stour awa!'

This happened in the fourteenth century. But Scotland, during that century, presented a very fair picture of the feudal times of European states earlier in developing. We have quoted the ballad to illustrate the functions and spirit of the European mother at that period. A system which

forded scope for conduct like that of Lady March's could be otherwise than promotive of the family bond. And, in fact, it was so. What do we gather from this? We gather that European life had not yet passed out of the sphere—that the European man, if the bull might be excused, was still a boy.

The history of the institution of knighthood would still rather illustrate this fact. Great attention began to be paid to boys. Your boy is sent to my house; mine to yours, to learn obedience—to learn to be a *miles*, to serve *militare*, to be a knight. The great event in our families is the introduction of these boys into the rank of knights; and when they have become knights, their business of life is the very soft one of defending women.

3. Something was wanted to lift European life out of the mire—something which could appeal to the natural poetry and spirituality in the human heart, and be a quickening to manhood for all Europe. At this crisis, the Crusades were preached.

The immediate occasion of these Crusades was this. Towards the close of the ninth century, an expectation began to be entertained in Europe that the Lord would return to be earth when the thousand years after his ascension were expired. This time was at hand. It was generally believed that the scene of his birth would be that of his second advent; and European Christians, men and women, went to Jerusalem 'to meet their Lord.' The expected hour went past; but a pilgrimage to Jerusalem had become a European habit; and during the eleventh century, the Holy City continued to be visited by pilgrims who had left the extreme bounds of Europe and toiled thither on foot. Unhappily for them, the Holy City had long been in the hands of Mahomedans. The arrival of pilgrims was a source of revenue too palpable to be neglected. A piece of gold was charged for entrance. The pilgrims—poor, many of them, when they set out from their homes—still poorer when they had traversed unsettled Europe, had to return often from the very gates of that Jerusalem they had come thousands of miles to see, because they were unable to pay the toll. Sick and weary with fatigue and disappointment, they filled Europe with their murmurs. As they passed on to their homes, they left their tale of oppression and persecution in the castles which gave them shelter for the night. The fierce baron listened to their stories when the hunt or the raid was over. He, too, was stirred with indignation. Let the word once be spoken, and the European boy will fly to arms.

Among the pilgrims who returned was one who had been successively soldier, priest, and hermit—Peter of Amiens. Simple, abstemious in his food, in appearance mean, it was given to this humble instrument to speak the word. He was a little man, with flashing, peculiar eyes. 'While out of doors, he wore ordinarily a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle, which fell down to his heels,' leaving his arms and feet bare. 'We saw him,' says the eye-witness quoted above, 'passing through towns and villages, preaching everywhere, the people surrounding him in crowds, plucking, for relics of so esteemed a man, the very hairs from his mule's hide. He was no great orator, as to style: he was rude and illiterate rather, as most people then were. But he could speak to the hearts of fighting men; and all Europe answered as he beckoned his skinny arm.

The church took up the cause. At Clermont, in one of the great squares—no house being able to contain them—priests, princes, fighting men, scholars, ladies, people of all ranks, are gathered at the close of the eleventh century. The pope of that time, Urban II., was a very eloquent man. He spoke to them of the land of their Saviour's birth—of their eastern fellow-Christians oppressed therein—of the hardships encountered by holy pilgrims. 'Jerusalem,' he said, 'has become the habitation of devils. The Saracens tyrannise over it; the holy places are defiled; the believers are overwhelmed with injuries; the temple of the Most High is desecrated; priests and deacons are slain; women are grossly insulted in the very sanctuary; and ye, Christian men of Europe, wasting your strength in idle

quarrels. Arm! To the rescue of your oppressed brethren! Against the enemies of your faith turn the weapons you unjustly employ against each other. Pillage and burning are charged against you; murder and robbery shut many of you from the kingdom of God. Arise! Redeem by this service your ungodly lives; the crimes of the soldier of the Cross are pardoned; the dying Crusader goes up to heaven.'

From prince and peasant, from men and women, there rose a mighty shout. '*God willeth it!*' the whole assembly cried. The purpose of the speaker was secured. The baron rode back to his castle to arm his retainers. The speech of the pope was repeated from mouth to mouth. Europe was stirred unto its depths. So unanimous was the enthusiasm, so quickly did it spread, it came to be a popular belief that the shout which greeted the close of the pope's appeal had been heard at the same moment in the remotest parts of Europe.

We would convey a very false impression if we left the reader to suppose that the struggle in which Europe was about to engage was either accidental or temporary. From the very cradle of European life it has had to struggle against Mahomedan aggression. 'Even at the date of the first crusade, the struggle was far from being new. Exactly four hundred years before, it seemed to depend on the issue of a battle whether 'the third element' of European life was to be Christianity or Mahomedanism. It was while the northern immigrations were still flowing down, before the conquerors were secure in their conquests, that they were confronted by armies of swart, black-eyed soldiers, the propagators of this new religion. From the African shore of the Mediterranean, at the Straits, they sent a small detachment across to Europe, under the command of a soldier named Tarik. He overturned the kingdom of the enervated Visigoths in Spain. Their king fled from the field of battle, and the victorious Arabs pursued their conquests until the Bay of Biscay stopped their march. It took more than seven hundred years to undo the work of that army. To this day we recall the name of its leader when we mention the rock on which he first landed, Gibraltar—*Gebel al Taric*, the rock of Taric. From Spain, the Arabs pressed into France, at that time the centre of European civilisation; but here they were checked. Young Europe, rude and untaught, was stronger than full-formed Mahomedanism. A Frank, who, on account of his heavy blows, received the surname of *Martel* or *Hammer*, defeated them near Poitiers. His successor, Charlemagne, still more effectually repressed their advances. Eventually, they were shut up into Spain.

We may well turn aside to examine the character and genius of a power which appeared in the world at the very moment Europe was being filled with its future populations, and which ultimately left, to the influence of Christianity only the western half of the Roman empire. An internal history of Mahomedanism itself would exhibit a creed laying hold of different tribes, nations, races, and elevating to power those of most warlike genius. It will be enough for our purpose if we can gather from the people in whom the faith first took root, one or two of the more prominent features of the life which it develops. We shall require to transfer ourselves to new scenes. The shadows of deep forests, the mists of hills, by which the men of the north are environed, are behind us. We are now in the land of the palm-tree and the camel. Stripes of green pasture alternate with sand-wastes, at the base of grim mountains. Nothing has changed since the days of Job. There is the same nomade life, the same family feeling, the same incursions of robbers. You live in tents; your wealth is in flocks and herds. In the evening, you see clouds of dust in the distance: before an hour has gone past the well where you are resting is surrounded with tents, and flocks, and shepherds armed. From that land how many of our most familiar stories have come! Our school-time favourite, the 'Arabian Nights,' was the product of a later age, and of somewhat different circumstances; but the faculty of poetry and story-telling which it exhibits is native to the child of the east. Eastern travellers describe the Bedouins of the present, grouped

around the fire of their bivouac listening with attentive ears, their necks stretched out, their fiery eyes fixed upon some companion reciting passages of their national poetry, or telling some story of his own. So, in all ages, it was with them.

Before the birth of Mahomet, Ishmael was the great man of the Arabs. For them, he, not Isaac, was the true son of promise. They held him in esteem as the martyr, the one wronged man in human history. All other men received rich lands at the general distribution of portions. He, with his mother, had to go out into the desert. Notwithstanding this, Abraham is their father. They have many things in common with the Jews—annual pilgrimages to a holy place, for example, and prayer with their faces turned thither. 'In the times of their ignorance,' as they call the days before Mahomet, they prayed towards Jerusalem. Since his day, their *Kebla*—direction of prayer—is Mecca, his birth-place. Here, according to tradition, still bubbles up the well of Hagar, and here their great mosque or temple is built.

Although the men who tried to spread this worship in Europe came from the east, they were strangers to the luxury we associate with eastern climates. There is a healthy freshness and homeliness about them which almost rival the characteristics of the northern tribes. The prophet Mahomet mended his own shoes, and he was a man of wealth. The Caliph Omar, his second successor, and his chief men, supped rice-porridge together every morning out of a wooden platter which dangled at his camel's side, when he and they were on a journey. To this same Omar complaint was once made that the governor he had sent to Hems would not grant an audience before sunrise, nor attend to petitions during night-time, and that he was invisible one whole day in every month. 'Oh, Omar!' said the accused governor, 'I keep no servant, and must therefore before sunrise bake my bread. After sunset, I pray and read the Koran until sleep overtake me; and one whole day every month, because I possess but a single shirt, I am employed in washing and drying it.' Sometimes this simplicity of manners took quite a different turn from the ridiculous. At the close of an engagement, a Greek general seated himself on a throne in the grand style of the Roman east, to receive some Arab soldiers about an exchange of prisoners. Cushioned seats were set for the Arabs, but they preferred to sit cross-legged on the ground. 'You vulgar clowns,' said the Greek, 'who but yourselves would prefer to sit upon the filthy earth?' 'The seat which God has prepared for us,' replied the chief soldier, 'cannot be filthy. The earth is of his making: your purest tapestry is not so pure.'

But it is chiefly as a brave people, and a people whose bravery is the result of religion, that they come before us. They are the Puritans of the east. Fighting, to them, is life-work—work done under the eye of God. Their battle-cry, 'Allah Acbar!' is a sort of appeal to God for victory. Their early history is full of illustrations. Derar is sent forward to reconnoitre the Christian army. Thirty Christians are detached to capture him. He feigns to fly. The thirty straggle after him. He turns about upon them, and one by one unhorses seventeen. 'Did I not warn thee not to put thyself in danger?' said his general. 'Well, Kaled [this was the defence], they came out to take me, and I was afraid God should see me turn my back to the enemy.' Every battle these men fought was linked in their eyes, to eternity. 'Oh, general,' said this same Derar to Kaled, who had returned from a single-handed encounter with one of the enemy for a fresh horse, 'you have already thrown away too much strength fighting with that dog: rest here and I will go in your stead.' 'Rest!' exclaimed Kaled, by no means the finest specimen of Arab-warrior, 'we shall rest in the world to come.' (Some of our readers will recall the fine words of the Port Royalist, hundreds of years later—'We shall have all eternity to rest in.') The conviction that their fighting was not vanity—not something which they might do or leave undone at their pleasure, was very strong in them. They felt that their condition in eternity depended on their conduct in

the battle. Kaled would sometimes tell his men that 'Paradise lay beneath the shadow of swords.' And when Mahomet proclaimed war against the Romans of the east, and the Arabs murmured, 'We are worn out; the harvest is coming on; the weather is hot,' the prophet's reproof was, 'Ay, but hell is hotter.'

Indeed, religious fighting is the proper development of Mahommedan life. Up to this it carries men, and no further. When Mahommedans leave the battlefield and try to live in towns, they go to decay. They prosper as robbers—as fighters, not otherwise. Their life-purpose is to spread their faith by the sword. One of the first converts Mahomet made, after his wife, a boy at the time, professed his faith in this style: 'I, for one, will be thy vizier (*viz.*, helper). Whoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs,' &c. So, practically, did every true Mahommedan profess. The conqueror of Morocco was checked in his progress by the waves of the Atlantic. He spurred his horse into the sea, and raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Great Allah, if my course were not stopped by these waves, I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the west, preaching the unity of thy name, and putting rebellious nations to the sword.' In almost all cases, the perfect Mahommedan is nothing more than an armed propagator of his creed.

At first sight, nothing can be more astonishing than the spread of Mahommedan power. In the beginning of the seventh century, Mahomet, at that time a merchant in Mecca, and about forty years of age, rises up after dinner, and informs his kinsmen present, that God has commissioned him to convert them from idol-worship to the faith that there is one God, whose will we are bound to obey. By all his guests, except the boy Ali, referred to above, this intimation was received with laughter. Before a full hundred years were ended, Arabia, Syria, Persia, Egypt, and part of the east and west coasts of Africa, had received his faith. 'From the confines of Tartary and India to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean,' there were souls and nations who believed that Mahomet was a prophet.

With the power thus founded and wide-spread, the European youth was now to contend, and that on ground sacred to the Mahommedan and himself.

## SCENES FROM 'LIFE IN THE WOODS.'

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

You can spend days and weeks around the Raquette, sailing over its beautiful waters, penetrating its deep and quiet bays, taking trout at every cast of your line, and killing a deer whenever you choose to put forth the effort. The sun rises on you from this green wilderness fresh as when it first looked on creation, and sets as lovingly in the mass of green, on the western slope, as though it had seen no sin and suffering in its course.

Let the light canoe rock awhile on the tiny waves that this glorious western breeze, redolent with the kiss of leaves, and pure from its long dalliance with nature, has set in motion. The shadows are flitting like sweet visions along that far-stretching slope of brilliant green, and disappear one after another over the summit. Yonder is a deer walking up and down the shore in the water, ever anon lifting his antlered head, lest the garish day might reveal him to some lurking foe; and lo, there comes his consort, her white breast shining amid the leaves, as she also steps forth to drink. And here, out of this narrow cove, completely enveloped in bushes that sweep the water, and reeds that grow almost across its entrance—which seems to lurk in perpetual ambush on the shore—a wild duck from the Atlantic is leading forth her brood, which she has hatched in this far-sequestered spot. What a chattering they make as they swim after the proud matron, who is pushing boldly for a point near by. They move in the form of the figure V inverted, and the still water of the cove assumes the same shape clear to the shore. But the ever-

watchful mother has caught sight of our boat, and prattling to her offspring, is off with incredible speed. She knows her young cannot fly, and hence will not rise herself from the water. True to her maternal instinct, she is willing to bide the worst; but both wings and feet of the whole chattering squadron are in full play, making the lake foam where they pass. There, you are once more in the reeds, settling yourselves with a vast deal of self-congratulation into composure again, while your black heads and eyes turn and nod to catch the first approach of danger. Poor things, you are safe here; but next fall every rod of your flight from Montauk Point to Barnegat Bay, will be disturbed by the shot of the sportsman, and scarcely a pair of you will be left to revisit this far retreat again. Vain dreaming this, I know, but the listless mood is upon me, and I cannot pull a strong and steady and *practical* stroke. The waves are out on a frolic—the deer stand idly lashing their tails in the water—the great, green forest just rustles to show that the leaves are all at play—the clouds move lazily across the sky, and all nature seems dreaming in this fresh noon-day—and why should I not drink in the influence of the scene? I know a hard afternoon's toil is before me, and a bivouack on the ground at night, yet I seem enchained here by beauty. Sad thoughts and gentle feelings rise one after another—an indistinguishable throng, and strange memories long since buried, come back with overpowering freshness. Here the great world of strife and toil speaks not, and its fierce struggles for gain seem the madness of the maniac. You do not hate it—you pity it, and pity yourself that you ever loved it. The good you had forgotten returns, for nature wakes up the dead divinity within you, and rouses the soul to purer, nobler purposes. Besides, all things are free about me—the leap of the wave—the dash of the mountain stream—the flight of the eagle—the song of the wind, and the swaying of trees—all, all are free. Unmarred, unstained, the bright and happy world is spread out in my sight:

'Ah, when the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,  
The proud man's power, and the base man's fear—  
The scorned laugh, and the sufferer's tear—  
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy:  
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—  
Oh, then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
Afar through the 'forest' alone to ride,  
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,  
The only law of the desert land.'

But to return to practical matters: Yonder comes the boat of Woods and Beach, the two solitary dwellers of this region. It is rather a singular coincidence that the only two inhabitants of this wilderness should be named *Woods* and *Beach*. I should not wonder if the next comers should be called '*Hemlock*' and '*Pine*.' These two men have killed hundreds of deer since they settled down here together, and a great many moose. Their leisure hours they spend in preparing the furs they have taken, and in tanning the deer skins, of which they make mittens. They need something during the long winter days and evenings for employment. When the snow is five feet deep on the level, and the ice three and four feet thick on the lake, and not the sign of a human footstep any where to be seen, the smoke of their cabin rises in the frosty air like a column in the desert—enhancing instead of relieving the solitude. The pitch pine supplies the place of candles, and the deep, red light from their humble window, at night, must present a singular contrast with the rude waste of snow and the leafless forest around them.

When a quantity of these mittens are made up, Beach straps on his snow-shoes, and, with his trusty rifle in his hand, carries them out to the settlements, where they meet with a ready sale—for mittens made here in the woods are known to be 'made upon honour.' No buff-coloured sheepskin comes from the shores of Raquette Lake, nor is the stout buckskin spoiled by destructive materials used to expedite the tanning.

Since the above was written, I am informed by my friend

B—n that another family, composed of a man, his wife, and seven children, has emigrated to Raquette Lake. This woman—the only one now on the shores of the Raquette—took, last summer, an infant six months old, and a daughter fourteen years of age, and started for a clearing thirty miles distant, *on a visit*. Now carrying the boat on her head around the rapids—in one place two miles on a stretch, while the girl lugged along the infant and oars—now stemming the swift current, and anon floating over the bosom of a calm lake, she pursued her toilsome way—accomplishing the *thirty miles by night*. What think you of that? As Captain Cuttle would say, 'She is a woman as is a woman.' To make a visit of thirty miles through an unbroken forest, with a babe six months old, and a girl only fourteen years of age, and carry and row her own boat the whole distance, is 'spinning street yarn' on a large scale. I hope she had a glorious gossip to pay her for her trouble. It shows most conclusively that the visiting propensity so strong in woman, is not a conventional thing, but inherent—belonging to her very nature.

This woman *deserves* to be the *first* on Raquette Lake. She bids fair to have seven children more, and I trust, when she dies, that a monument will be erected to her memory.

#### A CURIOUS HORSE-RACE.

Some fifty years ago, John Brown, formerly governor of Rhode Island, bought two hundred thousand acres, forming what is now called Brown's Tract—all wilderness—with the intention of founding a large settlement. By presents of land, and putting up, at his own expense, mills and a forge for the manufacture of iron, he induced many families to migrate—at one time, it is said, there were thirty located in this solitary spot. But at that period, there was not a single public improvement west of Albany, hence there were no facilities for getting to market. Added to this, the land was cold and unproductive—the winters long and severe, which so disheartened the settlers that they one after another left. Governor Brown, who had constantly furnished large supplies, at length died, and then the colony broke up.

Three thousand acres had been cleared up, which now lies a vast common, with only one inhabitant to cultivate it. He occupies it without being owner, yet pays no rent, and no taxes: the Robinson Crusoe of this little territory, he has what he can raise, and no one to dispute his domain. The log dwellings of the settlers have all rotted away—the mills fallen in upon the millstones, and the forge upon the hammers. One house alone, which formerly belonged to the agent, remains standing; and in this Arnold and his family reside. Boonville, twenty miles distant, is the nearest settlement. Yet here he lives contented, year after year, with his family of thirteen children—twelve girls and one boy—by turns trapping, shooting, and cultivating his fields. The agricultural part, however, is performed mostly by the females, who plough, sow, rake, bind, &c., equal to any farmer. Two of the girls thrashed alone, with common flails, *five hundred* bushels of oats in one winter, while their father and brother were away trapping for marten. Occupying such a large tract of land, and cultivating as much as he chooses, he is able to keep a great many cattle, and has some excellent horses which these girls of his ride with a wildness and recklessness that makes one tremble for their safety. You will often see five or six of them, each on her own horse, some astraddle, and some sideways, yet all 'bare back,' i. e. without any saddle, racing it: like mad creatures over the huge common. They sit (I was going to say their saddles) their horses beautifully; and with their hair streaming in the wind, and dresses flying about their white limbs and bare feet, careering across the plains, they look wild and spirited enough for Amazons. They frequently ride without a bridle or even a halter, guiding the horse by a motion or stroke of the hand. What think you of a dozen fearless girls mounted on fleet horses, without a saddle, on a dead run? I should like to see them going down Broadway. Yet they are modest and retiring in their manners, and mild and timid as fawns among strangers.

There was a lad about nineteen years of age with my friend B—n, whom one of these girls challenged to a race. He accepted it, and they whipped their horses to the top of their speed. The barn, nearly a mile distant, was to be the goal. Away they went, pell-mell—the girl without a saddle, across the field. The boy plied the whip lustily, ashamed to be beaten by a woman, yet he fell behind, full a hundred yards. Mortified at his discomfiture, and the peal of laughter that went up, he hung his head, saying it was no fault of his, for she had the best horse. She then offered to exchange with him, and try the race over. This was fair, and he was compelled to accept the second challenge. Taking their old station, they started again. It would have done a jockey good to have seen that stout frontier youth use his whip, and beat his horse's ribs with his heels, and heard him yell. But all would not do—that girl sat quietly leaning over her steed's neck; and with her low, clear chirrup, and her sharp, well-planted blows, inspired the beaten animal with such courage and speed, that he seemed to fly over the ground, and she came out full as far a-head as before. The poor fellow had to give up beaten, humiliating as it was, and the girl with a smile of triumph, slipped the bridle from her nag's head, and turned him loose in the fields to graze.

The mother, however, is the queen of all woodman's wives—but you must see her and hear her *talk*, to appreciate her character. If she will not stump the coolest, most hackneyed man of the world that ever faced a woman, I will acknowledge myself to have committed a very grave error of judgment.

Her husband's '*sable line*,' as she termed it (sable line), that is, line of trapping, is thirty miles long, and he is often absent on it several days at a time.

#### AN OLD INDIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Towards night B—n and myself arrived with Mitchell at his hut, where he found his aged Indian father and young sister waiting his return. 'Old Peter,' as he is called, is now over eighty years of age. He shakes with the palsy, and is constantly muttering to himself in a language half French and half Indian, while his daughter, scarcely twenty years old, is silent as a statue. She is quite pretty, and her long hair is not straight like that of her race, but hangs in waving masses around her bronzed neck and shoulders. She will speak to no one, not even to answer a question, except to her father and brother. I have tried in vain to make her say no or yes, but she invariably turns to her father or Mitchell, and makes them answer. This old man still roams the forest, and stays where night overtakes him.

It was sad to look upon his once powerful frame, now bowed and tottering, while his thick grey hair hung like a huge mat around his wrinkled and seamed visage. His tremulous hand and faded eye could no longer send the unerring rifle ball to its mark, and he was compelled to rely on a rusty fowling-piece. Everything about him was in keeping—even his dog was a mixture of the wolf and dog, and was the quickest creature I ever saw move: his very gambols frightened me, for when leaping to a caress, his bound was so quick and eager, that he seemed about to tear me in pieces—indeed it was always a dubious matter with me, when I approached him, whether he intended to play or fight.

But poor old Peter cannot stand another winter, I fear,—and some lonely night, in the lonely forest, that dark-haired maiden will see him die, far from human habitations; and her slender arm will carry his corpse many a weary mile, to rest among his tribe. As I have seen her decked out with water-lilies, paddling that old man over the lake, I have sighed over her fate. She seems to have but one thought—one purpose of life—to guard and nurse her parent. The hour that sees her sitting by the camp-fire beside her dead father, will witness a grief as intense as ever visited a more cultivated bosom. God help her then! I can conceive of no sadder sight than that forsaken maiden, in some tempestuous night, sitting all in the forest, holding the dead or dying head of her father, while the

moaning winds sing his dirge, and the flickering fire sheds a ghastly light on the scene.

How strong is habit! That old man cannot be persuaded to sit down in peace beneath a quiet roof—ministered to and cherished as his wants require—but still clings to his wandering life, and endures hunger, cold, and fatigue, and wanders houseless and homeless. He continues to hunt, though his shot seldom strikes down a deer; and he still treads the forest, though his trembling limbs but half perform their office, and his aged shoulders groan under the burden of his light canoe. I saw him looking at a handful of specimens of birch bark he had collected, and balancing which to choose as material for a new canoe. He still looks forward to years of hunting, and days of toil, when the bark of life is already touching those dark waters that roll away from this world and all it contains.

As I was leaving Long Lake, I met the old Indian and his daughter just starting on their return journey of a hundred and fifty miles. The father was sitting in the middle of the bark canoe, on the bottom, while the daughter occupied the stern and paddled the boat. Her head was uncovered, and her long hair, which almost swept the water, was filled with white lilies she had plucked by the shore. Noiseless and steady swept on the frail craft, impelled by her sinewy arm—stretching down the middle of the lake towards the dark outlet. It was a sad sight to behold spring and winter thus united; one decked out in flowers and the other covered with the frosts of time, and know the fate before them.

#### EARLY PIETY.

Early piety, if persisted in, prepares for a comfortable old age. The condition of an old man without piety, is wretched indeed. He presents to the eye of Christian contemplation a melancholy spectacle. As to all the grand purposes of existence, he has passed through the world in vain. Life to him has been a lost adventure. Seventy years he has sojourned in the region of mercy, and is going out of it without salvation. Seventy years he has dwelt within reach of redemption, and yet is going to the lost souls in prison. If he is insensible to his case, he is going to ruin asleep; but if a little awakened, how bitter are his reflections! If he looks back upon the past, he sees nothing but a wide and dreary waste where the eye is relieved by no monuments of piety, but scared by memorials of a life of sin; if he looks at his present circumstances, he sees nothing but a mere wreck of himself, driving upon the rocks of his destiny and destruction; but the future, oh! how can he look on that which presents to him death, for which he is not prepared; judgment, from which he can expect nothing but condemnation; heaven, which he has bartered for pleasures, the remembrance of which is now painful or insipid; hell, which he has merited, with its eternity of torments, by his iniquities. The ghosts of spent years and departed joys flit before him, and point to those regions of woe, whither sinful delights conduct the sensualist and voluptuary. Miserable old man! the winter of life is upon him, and he has nothing to cheer his cold and dreary spirit, nor any spring to look forward to; the night of existence has come on—not a star twinkles from heaven upon his path, nor will any morning dawn upon the gloom which envelops him. Such is the old age of those who remember not God in their youth, and carry on their oblivion of religion, as such persons generally do, to the end of life.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

#### PRACTICAL GODLINESS.

Let me assure you, it is more than a probable opinion, that unless we attend to plain practical godliness, it is *presumption*, and not *faith*, to expect deliverance. God holds us hovering on our good behaviour; our most infallible prognostications, what God will do with us, are within us. It is not what we *seem*, but what we *are*. God looks at the heart: when the bent and frame of this is right, it cannot but influence the life; and when the heart and life please God, nothing can come amiss.—*S. Annecley.*



## THE COLONY OF METTRAY.\*

When the accused is under sixteen years of age, if it be decided that he has acted without discernment, he shall be acquitted; but, according to the circumstances of the case, he shall be restored to his parents, or sent to a house of correction, to be there educated and detained for such a period as the sentence shall determine, which period, however, shall never extend beyond the time of his accomplishing his twentieth year.

So runs the sixty-sixth article of the French penal code. It was dictated in a humane spirit, and its provisions are excellent in theory. To take into consideration the youth of the criminal, and to ordain that he shall be acquitted if his faculties are not sufficiently developed to render him morally responsible, is most just. To supply to him the place of parents, either when he has none surviving, or when they are disqualified by any cause from giving him a proper training—to adopt him as a child of the state, and as such to correct his evil propensities—to maintain him till he can maintain himself, and to educate him so that he shall be able to do so, is most worthy. Nothing more, in short, could be desired as regards juvenile offenders, if the intentions of the law were fairly carried into effect. But they are not. The houses of correction are prisons; the children, though acquitted, are treated like other prisoners, and mix with convicts of every degree of depravity; hence, it is needless to say, flow the most pernicious results. They learn little or nothing except the arts and devices of crime; their habits of idleness are confirmed; their moral declension goes on; their physical powers are enfeebled; lastly, their character is ruined—a stigma is attached to them for life. Consequently, when they are discharged, the majority having neither the ability nor the will to work; and those who have the ability and the will finding the most disheartening difficulty in procuring employment because of the prejudice existing against them as issuing from a jail, it is not wonderful that, without resources, without hope, and without principle, an enormous proportion should betake themselves to crime as a means of living. This is evident to every one; and all in France, who have considered the subject, have confessed the viciousness of the system, regretted its effects, and desired to see it changed. But regrets and wishes too often lead only to good intentions; a practical move in any direction is a very different thing.

The honour of having taken the first positive step in France towards improving the condition of youthful delinquents, and rescuing them from the fate to which they seemed condemned, belongs to M. Demetz, a retired judge. After a long and careful study of the subject, and after personally visiting and comparing the then existing penitentiaries both of Europe and America, this gentleman, in conjunction with the Viscount de Brétignères de Courteilles, an old officer distinguished under Napoleon, founded the colony of Mettray, near the town of Tours; and whatever judgment may be formed of the principles on which this institution is founded, whatever doubts may be entertained of the practicability of imitating it on an extended scale, and whatever may be its own ultimate fate, there can be but one opinion as to the disinterestedness, philanthropy, and zeal of its originators, and the success which

hitherto, and as far as Mettray is concerned, has attended their efforts.

The funds for the purpose were raised by subscription, the subscribers forming themselves into an association under the name of the Paternal Society. They published their prospectus in June, 1839, and no time was lost in putting the project into execution. The first thing done was to open an initiatory school to prepare an efficient body of overseers, and train them to the proposed system. It began on the 28th July with twenty-three pupils, and has been continued up to the present day, having fully answered its purpose. By the end of the year the first buildings of the colony were completed; it was not, however, till long after that the establishment attained its present form.

Anxious to begin, no matter on how small a scale, M. Demetz, on the 22d January, 1840, brought from the house of correction of Fontevault the first subjects for the experiment, nine in number. Draughts from various other prisons, however, succeeded each other rapidly, and on the 30th May eighty-two children had been received. Meanwhile the necessary means flowed in largely. The royal family, and various public bodies, became permanent subscribers. The government consented to allow eightpence per day for each colonist; and, besides this, the ministers of the interior, of agriculture, and of public instruction, granted considerable subsidies from their respective departments. Nor were private contributors less open-handed, and the list of them was not confined to France. Several were of our own country; amongst others, 'Georges Mackenzie, baronnet d'Ecosse,' and Mrs Elizabeth Fry—the latter, besides a donation in money, sending some cattle of the English breed. But the most munificent of all was Count Leon d'Ourches; the church and the school were built entirely out of the sum with which he gifted the colony, £5200.

Supported so warmly, Messrs Demetz and De Courteilles found little difficulty in gradually carrying out their views to their full extent; year after year new buildings arose, until Mettray became capable of accommodating more than 500 colonists, and had assumed the form and development we shall presently have to describe. We believe no farther increase in its proportions is contemplated; on the contrary, a diminution, not indeed in the number of the colonists, but in that of the persons employed in it, has recently taken place. This has been necessitated by the check it has received in consequence of the late revolution. Depending so much as it does on the support of government, its finances have suffered from the financial embarrassments of the country. A decree suppressing the sale of articles produced in the prisons and penitentiaries has lessened its annual revenue by £1000; and the minister of the interior, obliged at present to retrench everywhere, having reduced the sum allowed for each colonist from eightpence to sevenpence per day, a farther annual sum of nearly £750 has been withdrawn from it.

Mettray now consists of a large open space, oblong in form, on two sides of which are placed the houses inhabited by the colonists. These houses, ten in number, are each about thirty feet long by twenty wide, and consist of a ground-floor and two storeys. The ground-floors are in general workshops, such as a carpenter's, a blacksmith's, a cartwright's. The two upper storeys are dormitories, and each of them, except those of the tenth house, which is entirely devoted to the chaplain's use, was at first intended to contain twenty boys. This, however, would only accommodate 360, and there are now upwards of 500 in the colony; but it has been found that, without crowding, there is room for more than was originally arranged, and moreover a considerable number are lodged in one of the farms appertaining to it. They sleep in hammocks, which are hung with the foot and the head alternately towards the wall, so as to render conversation at night impossible. At one end of each dormitory is a kind of projecting closet, with a window in it furnished with a Venetian blind: this is the sleeping-place of the 'head of the family,' who at any time can survey the whole apartment through his window, while the blind prevents himself from being seen.

\* We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the present article is written by a gentleman now resident in Paris, whose services will in future be particularly devoted to the Instructor. Sketches of the leading men in France, her social institutions, manners, &c., will form a new feature in our pages: and, from the high talents of our correspondent, the position which he occupies, and the consequent facilities he possesses for the procurement of the most accurate information, as well as the importance of the subjects, we feel assured that these papers will be perused with interest. As it is intended to give an article of the kind here referred to in almost every number, which will not be marked, 'from our own correspondent,' a chief object in making this announcement is to guard our readers from concluding that everything with a French *de* is obtained in the common way of translation. We hope soon to be able to give papers of a somewhat similar nature, relative to, and written by parties resident in, the United States and Canada.—Ed.

During the day the dormitories become the refectories, the hammocks being ranged along the walls, and moveable boards, attached to posts, forming a long table. In the spaces between the houses are the various necessary out-buildings, and also sheds under which the lads find shelter in time of rain.

On a third side of the oblong stand two edifices, containing the different offices of the management. The remaining side is occupied by the church, a neat edifice with a spire, and by buildings containing a large barn, the great school-room, lodgings for most of the officials, tool-houses, and other conveniences. Behind the church, and communicating with it, is the prison, containing two storeys of cells for solitary confinement, all of which are so arranged that their occupants can share in divine service without leaving them, or having any communication with the other children.

In a building close to the principal establishment, but separated from it, are placed the infirmary and laboratory, the preparatory school for the overseers and their chapel, lodgings for the nine or ten sisters of charity attached to the institution, the apartments of the remaining officials, the wine-press, and the baths. Behind this is the horticultural garden, and two hothouses. At the rear of the colony are the stables, and various out-buildings for live stock, which in 1847 consisted of 63 cows, 20 pigs, and 19 horses. The land attached to or rented by the colony consists of three farms, containing altogether 475 English acres. There is also a corn-mill and a large kitchen garden at a spot called Mailly.

Mettray is essentially an agricultural colony. Its professed aim, after the moral reformation of the children, is to inspire them with a love of the country and of rural occupations, and to combat in them the tendency to draw towards the large towns; hence the trades they learn have almost all more or less connection with agriculture. The 522 inmates of the institution on the 1st of January, 1849, were classed, as regards their occupations, as follows:—

424 were employed in farming or gardening.	8 joiners.
8 were cartwrights.	3 masons.
8 smiths and farriers.	14 shoemakers.
14 makers of wooden shoes.	28 tailors.
	15 rope and sailmakers.

It is the ambition of Mettray one day to provide everything for itself out of its own resources. Already the tailors and shoemakers, mentioned in the above list, furnish all the clothing of the establishment, the joiners all the furniture, the smiths all the ironwork for the various implements and tools. As for the rope and sailmakers, they make and keep in repair the hammocks in which they and their comrades sleep; and besides, as 2 per cent. of those who leave the colony enter the navy, either from choice, or from being drawn in the conscription, it is evident that this trade has been considerably chosen. It is taught by an old sailor, and the lads who follow it are chiefly natives of Brittany who have already made some coasting voyages, and have a liking for the sea. The masons, of course, find constant employment in a place where additions and modifications are perpetually being made.

The land cultivated by the 424 colonists employed in farming or gardening was thus divided in 1847. We have resolved the French measures into their approximate English values:—

Wheat ... ..	131 acres	Brought over 385 acres	
Oats ... ..	131 "	Potatoes ... ..	11 "
Pasture ... ..	62 "	Peas ... ..	5 "
Vineyard ... ..	20 "	Vetches ... ..	35 "
Maize ... ..	10 "	Beetroot ... ..	12 "
Clover ... ..	24 "	Hemp ... ..	5 "
Beans ... ..	7 "	Kitchen Garden ... ..	22 "
Carry forward 385		475	

The rent paid for these 475 acres is £448 per annum; the net profits of the farming amount to £458, leaving a balance of £10, certainly no very magnificent result as far as financial gain is concerned. We do not find any satisfactory cause assigned for this, but, whatever it may be, the directors seem to find sufficient consolation in the remark,

'that it is not their mission to realise profits; that their first object is the reformation of the colonists; that they ought to effect this as cheaply as they can, with pecuniary advantage, if that be possible; but that moral interests must never be sacrificed to material.' This is true; but when we find the hope expressed that Mettray will turn out 'a nursery for good practical farmers, who will exercise a happy effect on the country districts by introducing improved methods of culture,' we cannot but think that it were well such improved methods should first bear some fruit at Mettray itself.

A large hall, for the exhibition of the various objects produced at Mettray, was completed in 1844. The object of this was not merely to facilitate the then permitted sale of those articles, 'but to place under the eyes of the neighbouring population the best models of agricultural and other implements.' This was more likely to be successful than the farming experiment, for the artisans employed as instructors being all of first-rate skill, the productions of the colony were of the highest workmanship and finish. Even their wooden shoes—nothing in general can be more coarse and clumsy than a wooden shoe—were fashioned with such taste and care as to be really curiosities for lightness and elegance.

We have seen that each house in the colony is intended to contain forty boys, divided into two sections, and superintended by an officer, who bears the title of 'the head of the family.' Under his orders are placed two overseers, and these are aided in their duties by two of the boys themselves, chosen by the rest. These two boys are called 'elder brothers'; they remain in office for a month; they cannot inflict punishments, but it is their duty to report any act of misconduct to their superiors. This seems at first sight to border on a system of maintaining informers and spies—a system, as M. Demetz well remarks, which is equally degrading to the employer and the employed; but it must be remembered, that, from the way in which the 'elder brothers' are appointed, they exercise an authority conferred by their comrades themselves, as whose delegates they act: hence the others submit to the consequences without a murmur. We are told, moreover, that the choice almost invariably falls on the most worthy, of which a curious instance is given in the report of 1841: A lad who, after having in vain endeavoured to induce a companion to confess a fault he had committed, came himself boldly and openly, and, at the risk of being thought a 'tell-tale,' to report it, was chosen 'elder brother' by his section at the succeeding election. The experiment, in short, which strongly reminds us of one undertaken by Mrs Fry in Newgate, seems to have been quite successful.

In each 'family' a journal is kept by the head of it, in which the slightest faults are registered. Every month a summary is made, indicative of the number and nature of the offences, the rewards and punishments merited, with the names of the colonists deserving them. In the great school-room a board is hung up, called the honour-board: to have his name placed on this, a boy must have passed three months without incurring any punishment, and any offence causes it to be instantly removed again. Notwithstanding the severity of this regulation, in 1848 there were inscribed on the honour-board altogether 257 names out of 522, and of these 155 figure for four or more times, evincing a continuance of good conduct for the space of at least a year.

To stimulate the exertions of the colonists, prizes, small indeed in value, but highly desired as honours, are given every quarter to the best workmen in each family; a franc, or tenpence to the first, sevenpence halfpenny to the second, fivepence to the third. These are awarded by the votes of the lads themselves, subject, however, to the approbation of their superiors. Other rewards consist in appointing the deserving to such occupations as have more attraction and distinction in them: such as the care of the sick, the guiding the plough, the management of the horses and cattle, or, what is preferred to all, the pleasant labour of the vintage.

The punishments inflicted at Mettray are the following:

raiture of name from the honour-board; confinement during the hours of recreation, and on Sundays; restriction of bread and water; solitary imprisonment in the light cell; solitary imprisonment in the dark cell. When imprisoned, the boys are employed in making nails, or in leaving wood. In certain extreme cases the offenders are sent back to the prisons from which they were brought to Mettray; but this measure has been resorted to in only thirty-nine cases since the foundation of the institution. All offences of a serious nature are tried by a tribunal composed of colonists chosen by the directors from the list on the honour-board, the directors only reserving to themselves the power of mitigating the sentences so pronounced when they appear too severe.

The colonists wear a uniform; it consists of a blouse or rock of course unbleached cloth, trousers of the same, wooden shoes, and a straw hat. On Sundays they wear a tunic of the same material as the blouse, shoes with gaiters, and an oilskin hat like a sailor's. The overseers, young men of good families, are dressed exactly like the boys under their charge, being distinguished from them only by a stripe of red lace on the arm. The cost of each colonist's clothing, including his linen, amounts annually to £2 : 8 : 8d.

The inmates of the colony have three meals a-day: the first consists of dry bread; the second of bread, soup, and vegetables; the third is like the second. The daily ration of bread is a pound and a half to each. The cost is 17 : 6 : 2d. annually a-head.

The education which the colonists receive at Mettray is of a very limited nature, and very little time is devoted to it. Two hours a-week are given to religious instruction; ten to reading, writing, and arithmetic; two to vocal music. The good effects of teaching the boys to sing has been amply proved at Mettray. Two hours every Sunday are allotted to gymnastics, which include instructions in the proper measures to be taken in the case of fire, and exercises in the management of engines. Frequently the colonists have signalled themselves at such disasters in the neighbourhood, at once by the promptitude with which they have arrived, by their zeal, activity, and discipline, and by the skilful manner in which they have acted. The division of the children into 'families' being the very base of the Mettray system, the various lessons they receive are given separately by the heads of each house to the sections under their charge. Once a-week, however, all the lads are assembled in the great school-room, and a general competition takes place for the relative place or rank which each is entitled to occupy.

Out of 1040 children received since the establishment of the colony, up to the 1st of January, 1849, 597 could neither read nor write on their arrival. Of these, 568 have learned to read, and 560 to write; the remainder had probably entered too recently to have had time. We have no statistics later than 1846 regarding the proportion of those who could read and write before their trial, and those who had learned to do so in the houses of correction; but up to that year, out of 797 children brought to Mettray, 157 could read, and 69 could write, before their trial; 137 had learned to read, and 81 to write in the houses of correction. The apparent liberty in which the colonists at Mettray are left, surprises strangers; attempts to escape have, however, been very few, and in no case, we believe, have they been successful. The lads are made to understand on entering, that they are, as it were, prisoners in parole, and this appeal to their honour seems not to have been made in vain. Their feeling on the subject may be understood from the reply of one of them who had twice, at the peril of his life, tried to break out of the prison in which he had formerly been confined. Being asked if he did not entertain similar designs at Mettray, 'No,' he answered; 'and it is because here there are no walls.'

The colony has a cemetery of its own. The graves of the deceased are placed under the care of the elder brothers of the families to which they respectively belonged, and these carefully keep in order the turf over the remains of

their comrades. This has an excellent effect; for the boys see, with grateful feelings, that those amongst them who die at Mettray are not buried and confounded in the common grave or trench of the parish, and that still less are they treated in the revolting way in which those who die in prison are tumbled—that is to say, without shroud or coffin—into a heap of quicklime.

The children sent to Mettray generally remain there till the time of their sentence has expired; but the government permit the directors to anticipate this period, even by a considerable time, when they judge it for the interest of the lad to do so. They avail themselves of this liberty whenever a colonist has acquired a sufficient knowledge of the trade he has chosen, and a good opportunity offers of procuring him a place, provided always that his reformation seems complete. Of course this acts as a powerful incentive to good conduct.

When a lad leaves the colony, he is far from ceasing on that account to be an object of solicitude to his former superiors; on the contrary, their interest in him seems to redouble. And it is natural that it should be so: the honour of the establishment is involved in his good conduct and success. They procure him a situation—not indeed a very difficult thing, for it appears that those who come from Mettray are as much in request as those who issue from a house of correction are the reverse: to have been trained at the colony, acts as a favourable certificate. They then open a correspondence with some person of character in the locality where the youth settles, who becomes a kind of patron to him, and forwards to the colony, every three months, a bulletin of his conduct—that is to say, he fills in answers to numerous questions contained in a printed paper furnished him for the purpose by the directors; such correspondents are everywhere easily found. Lastly, a summary of the notes transmitted in these bulletins is displayed in a conspicuous place at the colony, and the consciousness of the publicity thus given to their acts and behaviour, operates as a powerful incentive to do well, and a salutary check on their going astray. Accordingly we find that the statistics of the colony on this point show a most satisfactory result; its adopted children have, in the great majority of instances, done credit to its training; for, out of 441 lads who have left it up to the 1st January, 1849,

385 conduct themselves irreproachably.

21 conduct themselves indifferently.

30 have relapsed into crime.

5 have been lost sight of.

Of these, 101 have entered the army, and 22 the navy; 14 are married. It will be remembered that all of these, without exception, though acquitted on the ground of their youth, had been guilty of some more or less serious offence, and had been drawn from prisons where, for a longer or shorter period, they had associated with the most contaminating characters; they belonged, in short, to a class of which the common opinion is, that no good can reasonably be hoped. Add, that nearly 22 per cent. of them are natural children, who have thus been reared in an atmosphere of vice from the very moment of their birth.

The age of the children at the time of their being subjected to the Mettray system, and the length of their stay at the colony, enter, of course, in an important manner into the question; we regret, therefore, that the reports before us do not give more ample information on this head. All we learn from them is, that two years is the minimum for which they are kept, none being received whose term of detention has not still that time to run; that three years is the average; that few remain after the age of fifteen; and that of 1040 children, there entered up to the 1st January, 1849,

13 under seven years of age.

222 under twelve years of age.

705 above twelve years of age.

It appears that the physical state of the children, on arriving at Mettray from the different prisons, is deplorable, but that under the regimen of the colony their health greatly improves. The sanitary condition of the place is

indeed highly satisfactory, and it is a singular fact that it has invariably been spared by the epidemics which have visited the surrounding country. At Mettray, for instance, there has not been a single case of cholera; while at Tours, a few miles distant, the penitentiary of that place lost, in three days, 75 prisoners out of 89.

Of the 1040 children received since the foundation of the colony, 64 have died. Of these,

34 died of consumption.	4 died of scarlet fever.
7 " acrofulous diseases.	1 " typhus fever.
7 " diseases of the brain.	1 " dropsy.

The following table shows the number of deaths, and the number of colonists in the institution in each successive year:—

In 1840 there were 102 colonists, of whom 2 died, or 1.96 per cent.	
" 1841 " 113 " " 5 " 4.42 "	
" 1842 " 160 " " 4 " 2.44 "	
" 1843 " 187 " " 4 " 2.14 "	
" 1844 " 289 " " 2 " .69 "	
" 1845 " 345 " " 4 " 1.16 "	
" 1846 " 442 " " 6 " 1.36 "	
" 1847 " 509 " " 10 " 1.96 "	
" 1848 " 522 " " 17 " 3.26 "	

or, on the average of the nine years, rather more than 2.15 annually.

The reports relating to the accounts of the colony are drawn up by M. Gouin, once the French minister of finance. The following statistics are drawn from the report of 1848.

The total receipts since the foundation of Mettray, up to 31st December, 1847, amounted to £70,104, and the total expenditure to £70,525, omitting shillings and pence. The expenditure is thus divided:—

Buildings, furniture, and stock	£26,276
Annual expenses of maintenance and management	44,249

The average annual expenses has thus been (for eight years) £5581. But these have been increasing every year with the extension of the establishment, and in 1847 they amounted to £8750. This sum is distributed as follows:—

For the colonists (averaging 459)—

Board	£2092
Clothing	1001
Washing	260
Fire and lighting	450

For the officers of the establishment, board, salaries, &c.	4803
Rent of Farms	1701
For buildings not belonging to the colony	448
General expenses, travelling expenses, repairs, interest on advances, &c.	160
	1638

The extraordinary expenses of the same year for new buildings, &c., amount to	£8750
	4696

Total expenditure of the colony in 1847 £13,446

The receipts of the same year amount to £13,025, leaving a balance against the colony of £421. The following account shows the sources from which the revenue is drawn. It will be remembered that in 1847 the minister of the interior allowed eightpence a-day for each colonist. The average of those present was 458 and a fraction, giving 167,402 days for which the allowance was claimed. This allowance is distinct from the subsidies of the different ministers.

Government allowance and subsidies	£9220
Profits of the workshops, farms, and mill	1893
Donations	320
Subscriptions by general councils and juries	838
Subscriptions by private individuals	527
Sundries	227

We have but one remark to make on these figures. Dividing £8750, the expenditure of 1847, exclusive of extraordinary items, by 459, the average number of colonists at Mettray in that year, we have £19 : 1 : 3d. as the cost of each. To this, however, should be added his proportion of the interest of the capital sunk in buildings, furniture, and stock, £26,276, say at 4 per cent.; this gives £2 : 5 : 9d., and the total annual cost of each lad is thereby raised to £21 : 7s. Of this sum only £10 : 9 : 3d. is expended on his board, clothing, washing, fire and lighting.

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the material condition of Mettray; it is time shortly to consider the principles on which it is founded, and the means employed in it to restore its subjects to the condition of moral, social, and industrious beings.

It is assumed, that as no man is so perfectly virtuous as to be altogether exempt from every weakness, so none is so thoroughly depraved as to be entirely destitute of all better tendencies. 'There is no impassable barrier which forbids a return from vice or crime;' 'all children, like all men, have a good side on which they may be touched; we have only to seek it out, and study it, to master each individual;' 'whatever have been the disorderly nature, and the destitute condition of a lad's early years, there are always in him impressions and recollections to be evoked with success'—old reminiscences, perhaps, or a former hope, or a yet untried affection, by skilfully taking advantage of which he may yet be reconquered to well-doing. The first principle of the colony is, accordingly, to ascertain and work upon these in each individual case, to win each individual heart, and to gain over each individual intelligence. The character and disposition of each boy must be understood, in order that a general moral training and general religious instruction may advantageously affect his peculiar nature by being particularly applied to it; and this is to be done not at any fixed hour, nor by any regular method, but by an incessant watchfulness, and by constantly bringing home to him, in a practical manner, the precepts preached and the admonitions addressed to him, the lessons he may derive from books and from observation—all the teaching, in short, which so continually fails to be efficacious, simply from its not arriving at the proper time, from its not being aimed at the desirable point, or from its not being suited to the accidents of the circumstances.

Again, 'very few mothers have been completely bad. In the phases of the most miserable and ill-regulated life, there have been good days when the mother, when the father, have shown some kindness to their child.' By calling up the dormant recollection of these things, and leading him to remember how his only days of calm and comfort were those when his family was industrious, well-conducted, and united, an immense effect can be produced; nor, if unfortunately he have never known such days, can he fail at least to have some idea of them from what he has seen of others more favoured than he. Then, farther, by bringing it about that at Mettray he feels himself no longer alone in the world, but, on the contrary, a member of a little body who mutually depend on and aid each other, have a common bond, interchange all kindly sympathies, and bear him, as all of them do each other, affection and interest, he finds himself in reality one of a family; the importance of family ties is appreciated, and the desire of family happiness is rooted in him. And so, no longer an outcast in heart, or, in fact, from society, and conscious from daily experience of the advantages his restored position yields, there is nothing he dreads so much as to forfeit it again.

It is from this principle of implanting domestic affections that is derived what is perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of Mettray—its subdivision into families; hence come the names of its officers, 'heads of families,' 'elder brothers;' hence the care taken to convince the colonists that an earnest desire for their welfare, such as a father feels for his children, is the mainspring of the institution; hence the system, according to which they find that, even when they leave it, their future career will be watched as with a parent's solicitude, their good behaviour and success hailed as with a parent's triumph, or their misconduct and failure mourned over as with a parent's sorrow.

Finally, at Mettray the colonists are kept in perpetual occupation. 'All that tends towards physical fatigue excludes bad thoughts,' says M. Demetz. 'Let the devil always find you employed,' says a wise old writer. But at the same time every effort is made to render their work attractive. Agriculture, for instance, in which the great majority are engaged, is made known to them as consist-

; of something more than the mere drudgery of field labour; at times a series of simple lectures on the subject, pointing out the reason and ends of the different operations, by explaining the natural phenomena which occur in their experience, and by giving them some elementary notions of the sciences connected with the soil and its cultivation, give an interest to their occupations, and redeem their labour from being mere mechanical toil. We regret to be told that these lectures have not been steadily continued. To maintain this interest in their labours, the leaders of Mettray consider it most important that in such institutions the land should already be fertile, and never chafe as requires long time and pains to reclaim. 'To private young imaginations, the result must be prompt. A child looks into the future but a short way: he sees with misport the grin growing which he has sown, but he will be disgusted if all his efforts are to produce nothing in some years.'

These, then, are the principles of Mettray—to effect a moral reformation by taking advantage of the peculiarities of each individual character, to restore its subjects to society through the medium of the family, and to render them industrious by giving them a love of active employment, and by rooting out the fatal habits of idleness. It flows from what we have said, that anything which could spire the colonists with the feeling that they are still in prison, is carefully avoided. The name of the institution as thus well chosen; it is a colony where all depends upon the colonists themselves. They know that when they leave it, the name of colonist, so far from being a reproach to them, will be a recommendation, and they know also that their honour or shame will be reflected on the colony; so that instead of hating Mettray as a place of unishment, they learn to be proud of it as of a place in which they have an interest and a share; it becomes to them what his regiment is to a soldier, and his ship to a sailor; its reputation concerns them: they must do what a them lies to preserve that intact.

All this, of course, is not effected in a day, nor does the system succeed equally well in all cases. Some of the lads have so little appreciated the benefits of the colony as to desire to be sent back to the prisons whence they came. Some, for gross offences, have actually been sent back, not so much because their ultimate reformation was despaired of, but because of the evil that their example and contact might do their companions before that reformation was accomplished. Nor is it to be supposed that Mettray is a paradise where transgression, and consequently punishment, are unknown; on the contrary, punishments are frequent, because they are inflicted with inexorable rigour, and for the smallest offence. But no sentence of punishment is pronounced in the heat of the moment; it is after deliberation, with calm, and for reasons given, so that the subject undergoes it not with a passive, but with an intelligent submission. 'Hitherto,' says M. Demetz, 'if nothing have been obtained from children, it has perhaps been because there has not been shown them that patience, gentleness, and discernment which their age requires.' This is not too true. Too often punishment seems to the child to arise from vindictiveness, too often to be administered with injustice; and whenever it does, far from tending to correct his faults, it only excites sullenness, hatred, and rebellion towards his superiors.

In concluding this sketch of Mettray, we must point out what we consider a fatal objection to the system there pursued, being adopted on a grand and general scale. We find that in 1847 there were no fewer than 151 persons employed in the colony, their board, lodging, washing, fire, lighting, and salaries being at its expense, while the number of colonists amounted to only 459 on an average, giving one officer or attendant for every three colonists. This enormous proportion, and its consequent expense, may possibly, and for a time, be maintained in an establishment so liberally supported by private individuals and by government, but such a system could never be extended so as to provide for the reformation of all juvenile offenders. Reductions have since 1847 been resolved upon, and this

measure will prove the touchstone of Mettray. If it shall appear that the high proportion formerly existing between the colonists and those appointed to their care is an essential part of its organisation, and that its efficiency ceases with its diminution, the institution, while its founders will never be forgotten for their benevolence and good intentions, will, in a practical point of view, be remembered only as a splendid failure.

We must not omit, before closing, to return our best thanks to M. Paul Verdier, advocate, the general agent of the Paternal Society, for the ready way in which he furnished us with the reports we asked of him, and offered us any personal explanations we might desire.

### PRIVATE PARTIES.

THERE is something wrong in the social, or rather the sociable state, if one could find it out—something that mars much of the pleasure that men might derive from their intercourse with their fellow-men. Apart from the great social evils to which the eyes of philosophers and philanthropists are ever turned, there are points of minor importance which affect what I have called the *sociable*, in contradistinction to the *social* state. We do not know how to enjoy the company of our fellow-creatures as we ought to do, and he would deserve well of mankind who should give us a few hints on the subject. The worst of it is, that anything like rules and regulations are bars and fetters to the freedom of joyful intercourse. The maxim of 'laissez faire,' which our politico-philosophers are execrating as applied to the great things of social life, is the very maxim that must be applied to the little things of sociable existence.

In our article on 'Talkology,' with which we enlightened the world, through the medium of the *INSTRUCTOR*, some years ago, we demonstrated (at least to our own satisfaction) the impossibility of talking by rule; we would now admit the impracticability of laughing or jesting by weight and measure. We cannot forget the extinguisher we felt upon our spirit, when, in our young and jovial days, we heard a little girl whisper to her fond parent, 'Mamma, ask Mr C. to do something funny before I go to bed.'\* No, all that we can do is to point out some of the deficiencies of existing things—some of the principles that militate against the present attempts at enjoyment, and leave the matter to the common sense of our respected readers.

The great marplot to sociability is, doubtless, *vanity*. Instead of the glow of gladness which should arise from social intercourse, when friend meets friend, and family visits family, there is the chill of *display* thrown over the whole thing. Thus it is that the casual, uncomtemplated meeting of a few friends—we mean literally a 'few friends,' and not in the sense too often signified by that perfidious phrase—is so agreeable; thus it is, that the dropping-in of old acquaintances often engenders a spirit of hilarity which is not to be 'got up' at a set party. True, there may be a little cloud lowering on the brow of the lady of the house when she apologises for being 'ill provided;' and where petticoat government is established, possibly a little *Caudle* may fall to the share of the gadman for bringing that tiresome Smith, or that inconsiderate Wilson; but, upon the whole, we believe, unless Smith or Wilson be very much out of the lady's good books, the cloud upon that braided brow is transient; and though her choice plate is not displayed, nor her best china exhibited, she soon resigns herself to the hilarity of the 'sans ceremonie,' and thanks her stars—if she has got any, and is in the habit of invoking them—that it is not a stiff dinner party. Alas! your dinner party is the grand season for display. Of course we do not allude to a cozy, snug meeting of friends—a family party, a Christmas gathering of the clan, or anything of that sort—but a regular set out, when your wife has been furbishing up silver forks, and burnishing tablespoons with wash leather for a week, and polishing

\* This is a fact, though my readers may remember a somewhat similar circumstance related by Charles Mathews, of facetious memory

away at wine glasses after the servants have brought them up—to the ignorance of your masculine apprehension—perfectly spotless.

A stiff dinner party! Wine does wonders we know—so sang the great Bacchanalian poet, Charles Wright, of champagne and Opera-colonnade celebrity—wine does wonders, and the genial breath of turtle-soup may go far to thaw the ice of ceremony; but then half the people in the world are so stately, they seem always to be *acting*—measuring their words, and meting out their smiles, as if everything were done for effect. The indiscriminate grouping of an evening party tends to break up the formality which is too often engendered by the ‘placing’ people at a dinner table. Ten to one, too, you are divided by a dozen people—on your own side—from the very one you wanted to talk to. Then there is that execrable ‘taking wine with’—bless the ladies, let them have as much as they like, without depending on the consideration of the men to give them an excuse; and, in nine cases out of ten, the condescending kindness, the supercilious courtesy of a lady when she takes wine with you, is enough to chill the marrow in your bones. Did you never notice a lady—affable, serene, smiling, until somebody asked her to take wine, when, though peradventure nothing loath, she has assumed an air of virtuous coldness, an outrageous dignity of demeanour, that accorded well with the swan-like arch of the neck which acknowledges your bow, and signifies her consciousness of your existence? And then behold the poor fellow who fills, or rather puts wine in her glass, evidently gasping in an agony of hesitation as to how much she would like to take, on the one hand, and how little she ought to take, on the other. Psha! ’tis an abominable custom to call public attention to the fact whenever a lady is going to put the glass to her lips.

Look at that little weak-voiced, weak-nerved dandy too, clutching the decanter, near the bottom of the table. He thinks that he is in duty bound to take wine with the lady of the house, and he has been making frantic attempts, for some minutes, to attract her attention. He is gasping with agony, burning with the blush of diffidence, and yet ashamed to relinquish his purpose, now that it has become known to so many around him, so he perseveres in his fruitless efforts until he is astounded by the stentorian voice of the master of the house shouting, ‘My dear! Mr B. wishes to take wine with you.’ This, of course, arrests the whole conversation, and brings the eyes of all the suddenly-silent company on the astonished dandy, who, in mortal anguish, takes off his wine as Socrates did *not* drink the hellebore. But the most distressing position at a stiff dinner party is near the mistress of the house, who is now justly punished for her perfidy in asking Mrs D. to show how much better she can show off, and Mr E. to make him jealous of her plate, and Miss F. to make her ashamed of her last party. She is evidently in an agony of apprehension lest anything should go wrong; it is obvious that her heart is not in the highlands but the lowlands—her heart is in the kitchen, not with Cæsar, for Cæsar (the black footman) is at her hand watching her restless eye—but still her heart is in the kitchen, and she listens to your best story with a countenance as apathetic and impassable as that of the cud’s head which is gazing with lack-lustre eye in your face.

A stiff dinner party! Think of the execrable half hour before announcement, and the odious leading of an adamantine lady down to table. We shall never forget the happy evening we spent with what would doubtless have been a stiff party but for an accident. The company were all marching down to the lower regions; we had got a stiff old dower, in a turban and bind of Paradise, on our arm, and were wondering what in the world we should say to her, when crash! smash! dash! you never heard such a noise. ‘Goodness gracious, sir!’ cried my peri of the Paradise plume, grasping my arm as if we had been old friends from infancy; ‘goodness gracious, sir! what’s that?’ Every couple was arrested on the stair where they stood, until the master of the house rushed out of the

dining-room, shouting to us like a lot of school-boys, ‘Go back, my lads, every one of you—back you go; the dinner’s dished, and we’re dished, and there’s nothing the matter, only it’s all smashed.’ Back we all went, and mine host after us, shouting and whisking like a marabout. The fact is, the middle leaf of the table had given way, the consequential fall of a heavy epergne had drawn down the tablecloth—soup and fish had come from either end, decanters from all quarters—made dishes and unmade plates had fallen into one wild ruin—the different viands forming a salmagundi in the middle of the room.

‘Sit still for five minutes, and we’ll do the best we can,’ said W. It was a sad disaster, a painful catastrophe, and in itself much to be regretted, but, as far as the spirit of the party was concerned, the *ice was broken* so completely that all the frost of ceremony could not cement it. Every one was determined to do what it is always so well to do—to make the best of it; every one was open, noisy, natural; every one pitied poor W. and his wife, but no one had the bad taste to condole with them. Of course, there was a little *put on* by W. and his wife, but it was well put on, and soon became natural too. The fragments were collected, the pieces cleared away, we were again summoned—but not to a stiff dinner. Down we went; I never could understand it, but in the tumult I managed to lose the turbaned sultana, and found a merry-eyed, laughing, chatting girl on my arm, such as it does one good to sit beside. The turban was not affronted either; my conduct was *evidently* unintentional (humph), and the turban came out as an amiable old woman; the Paradise plume quivering with its laughter, though it had never been known but as a specially stiff dower.

Well, sir, you have no notion of the fun when stateliness was destroyed, and every one determined to make the best of a bad business. W. displayed no little tact when passing a decanter that had been chipped in the mêlée, he held it up to his eye with a comical expression of countenance, and exclaimed, ‘There’s a fellow that has been in the wars, I see.’ In short, state and ceremony were banished, and in their stead came mirth and good humour—the extemporaneous nature of the dinner destroyed all hope of *display*; after it was over, the worst possible puns went round with the best possible port; and the party parted in the highest good humour. Now, I should be very sorry to witness such another mishap, but you see, half the viands might be dispensed with if the coldness and stiffness went away with them.

What an intolerable trial to your patience is sometimes found in a *musical* party; not that we are foes to music, far from it, but music being reduced from an art into an accomplishment, and amateurs being too often anxious rather to display their abilities than to amuse their auditors, the thing degenerates into a bore. Deeper and baser emotions even than vanity are engendered, too, by this abuse of music; and the concord of sweet sounds too often conjures up as dark a spirit as the harp of David was wont to exorcise. We are cognisant of the fact of a young lady’s having previously ascertained what a sister syren intended to play at a party, and having contrived to play before her, she played the same piece. The poor girl who had been thus cruelly used, who had been practising for weeks this same piece to play at this same party, and who had no other piece to perform, was in an agony of vexation as the triumphant little vixen sailed away from the piano-forte, casting a sidelong glance at her crest-fallen rival, who was thus cheated into silence. Now, all this comes of the same foolish attempt to show off, both on the part of guests and hosts; girls are taught not only to play but to *display*, and all being disposed to do this, instead of a little music, at moderate intervals, they proceed to play away incessantly, to the exclusion of all social intercourse, until the guests take the very natural revenge of talking all the time. To be sure it’s very rude to talk all the time, but it is no less so to play all the time; and, alas! for the unamiable emotions of the human heart, you shall hear the *unemployed* performers talking louder than any body else, thereby giving an illustration of ‘doing to others,’ &c., quite



distressing to contemplate. 'Vanity, vanity!' though not exactly in the preacher's sense of the word, it is all the result of vanity; and, depend upon it, wherever there is vanity, even in our sense of the word, there is always 've'xation of spirit.'

What think you of the rattle-cum-dash school of modern music? Is not its origin display? Performers may to surprise rather than to please; and young ladies endure an incredible amount of labour that they may outdo one another. When you go to a concert, indeed, you expect, perhaps, to be surprised as well as pleased; a great player on singer stands forth to do something that few, if any, can do like him, and you have a right to expect that he will do so; but a young lady loses half her genuine hold on your admiration when you see that she is making a direct effort to obtain it. We have heard amateurs, real lovers of the art, enchant the domestic circle, or a few friends, with their dulcet strains, in a most fascinating manner, and we have heard many of the first professors in private, when they have taken their instruments or exalted their voices *con amore*, without the glare and excitement of a public room, and entered into the spirit of the thing; and this has been music indeed—exceedingly unlike a musical party.

Then there is an 'evening party' when it degenerates into a crowd. People have been happy with a few friends, and they think that by doubling the number they shall double the delight; they forget that a circle of acquaintances, to say nothing of friends, is like a circle in the water, that grows fainter as it enlarges; but here again the chief object of crowding the apartments is display. People entertain some hallucination about the dignity of knowing a great number of other people, and they seem to think that the man who can cram a hundred into his drawing-room is twice as respectable as he who can only find fifty to show-off there. So the hearty companion, with whom you have enjoyed your chop and pint of port, and laughed, and joked, and been as merry as a cricket, invites you to his evening party, and you go, expecting to laugh, and talk, and cherup again, and you find George Jones transformed into the stiffest of acquaintances—or he is bustling about, perspiring at every pore, without leisure for a laugh or opportunity for a merry word. He evidently hardly knows half the people in the room—they are friends of his wife's friends; or he is pressing forwards to introduce some of his friend's friends to his wife. You are elbowing into a corner—obliged to beg a thousand pardons before you can make your way across the room; you tread upon Deputy Dobson's bunion, and, in backing off it, come in contact with John and a tray full of confectionary, when you are horrified to find that you have jerked a jelly into Mrs Tabbine's satin lap, and projected an ice into Alderman Dubble's frilled shirt—the fiendish smile with which they tell you it is of no consequence adding to your chagrin.

But here comes some of the *little-great* people who have been brought hither by George to show everybody else that George knows them; and they are doing the *condescending* in a manner which is more insulting than all the open haughtiness in the world. There is, in the faces of the party, a pride of humility—like a Quakeress's bonnet, which *sometimes* (not often, we hope) concealeth a portion of female vanity, that showeth the world hath a large lodging in the heart of our fair friend. George bustles about them in a spirit of servility and adulation which makes you marvel you could ever like the creature. The arrival consists of Mr Sergeant Curtis, Mrs Sergeant Curtis, young Master and the Misses Sergeant Curtis. The Sergeant is a proud man, but, like most of the higher legal officers of this country, he is a man of genius and a gentleman; therefore, he has too much sense to show his pride, or to feel pleased with our friend's flattery; not so the lady and her children—they have all the affectation of the little-great, and it now shows itself in affected humility. They have a fine house in a fashionable square; a true square—none of your irregular figures, crescents, quadrants, ovals, or polygons; and a fine carriage, with a

coachman of that due degree of obesity which is essential to the dignity of the whip; but all this is nothing to that respectable title alluded to, and which, as above hinted, is appropriated in due proportion and degree by the whole family; nay, one of the bitterest drops in those waters of Marah which must ever be the potion of the proud, fell to the share of Mrs Sergeant Curtis when she overheard an ignoramus ask her own lady's-maid whether Mr Sergeant Curtis was a sergeant-major. Spoonbill, the silversmith, who has made a large fortune by his business, ventures on something like familiarity with the young Sergeants, but they, by their intercourse with society, have just learned enough to despise the supremacy of mere wealth, and not enough to avoid the appearance of despising anything but ignorance, vulgarity, or vice. As to the rest of the company, some of which was beginning to get a little genial, it is hushed into stillness again. The men pull their gills, and fork their hair, and try to look as if they were used to the best society, and the ladies prim themselves up and attempt to assume that stateliness which they imagine the best society imposes. Now, this again all proceeds from George Jones's wish for display; the crowd was bad enough, but this atrocious attempt to overawe his friends with the dignity of his great acquaintance is abominable; and then the envious feelings, the jealous designs that it engenders—that respectable old lady simpering over her ice cream, and looking so amiable, is meditating revenge; she knows a lord, a real live lord, and if she could catch him at her house she would give a party on purpose to exhibit him and outdo the Joneses! Think of a venerable female, while her face wears nothing but smiles, cogitating upon catching a lord as a boy pounces upon a butterfly, and exhibiting the lord as the said boy spins a cockchafer on a bent pin for the amusement of his companions.

Pride, vanity, affectation, envy, jealousy, these, you see, my beloved reader, are the pestilent weeds that spring up and choke the pleasant flowers of private intercourse; weeds, the seeds of which are wafted in from the great field of the social state, where, alas! they are allowed to germinate, and grow, and bring forth baleful fruit, into the little private parterre of the domestic and sociable state; but while labour on a great scale is necessary to cleanse the furrows of the former, a little trouble, delicately applied, might do much to improve the condition of the latter. If men and women would only be a little more natural, and not act so much for effect, the improvement would soon be apparent. We would not exclude so much of the conventionalities of society as is necessary for propriety; but, to prove that a little more freedom and artlessness is essential, look at the pleasure often enjoyed in a water party, a gipsy party, a pic-nic. Unfortunately, these things are so much dependent on accidental circumstances that Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, himself could not calculate less surely on a happy day than can your waterkelpies, your lady and gentleman gipsies, and so forth; but then, these are extraneous and fortuitous things—the animus of the affair is better—and when the weather is propitious, and the party well selected, and the tempers of the individuals in tune, there is a freedom from restraint, a desire to please and to put up with inconveniences, a cheerful *bonhomie* that generally secures no small amount of enjoyment. Look again at a children's party! We confess that some of the imps do act for effect; incipient flirtations do take place; crude speculations on school-politics do sometimes give rise to wordy warfare; and fine dresses cause a flutter of vanity in little feminine bosoms; but, upon the whole, there is a sense of hilarity, an abandonment to the spirit of the hour, that might give a wholesome lesson to children of a larger growth.

Thus, then, have we thrown together a few hints upon some of the evils of the sociable state. The catalogue might be swelled to a considerable amount, and illustrated to a serious extent; but a word to the wise. Let the good sense of the reader suggest to him other evils and their remedies, and we may come, among us, to make some improvement in private parties.

LOTA.



## EDWARD AND MACARIA.

## PART II.

ON a tempestuous evening, in the month of February, Edward, now habituated, through his intercourse with Macaria, to watch the sky during all weathers, withdrew the curtain of his chamber window, and looked out. The winds tossed the leafless branches of the trees, and the sea churned and swelled, and dashed its foamy waves over the cliffs along the coast. Vapour-clouds passed rapidly along the zenith, now veiling, now revealing the moon and the great stars, and from between two masses of storm-cloud, more dense, and therefore more stationary, the planet Venus shone out from the serene depths, as if to assure the belated traveller that there were regions beyond that the storm might not reach.

'Will Macaria venture abroad to-night?' said he to himself. 'No, I think not, the wind is too boisterous. From the window of her studio she will take cognisance of these changing phenomena. I will join her in her observations.'

Enveloped in a covering impervious to rain, he bent his steps towards Macaria's dwelling, but was arrested in his course by the brilliant aurora that played along the sky. From the focus, near the zenith, long bands of roseate hue stretched downwards towards the horizon, changing to green and yellow at the extremities, and forming a gorgeous mantle, of which the gems and clasps were the great stars. Suddenly the forms shifted, and long fan-like streamers shot up along the northern horizon, flashing with vivid light athwart the vapour-clouds, and fringing them with a golden haze. 'Does no eye see this glorious phenomenon but Macaria's and mine?' said Edward. 'Yes, yonder is a form braving the tempest, and with upturned eye pausing to gaze on this surpassing glory!' and eager to give vent to the enthusiasm of his nature, he hurried forwards. It was Macaria herself. Absorbed in the beauty of the heavens, and unable to hear his footfalls from the noise of the tempest, she was ignorant of Edward's presence, till, throwing down her eyes, she saw on the ground another shadow alongside of her own, and, turning, recognised her young friend.

'Were not the Greeks right,' said she, 'in expressing the Beautiful by a term which signifies *calling on the soul*? Gazing on these gorgeous aurora, I could well be content with Goethe to remain silent, if like nature I might utter myself in such glorious symbols. Design was certainly the first-born in the fair realms of poetry. Poetry is but her handmaiden. When man ceased to see into the life of things—to hear this 'freshly uttered word of God,' then was the poet needed to repair the dissonance, to sing of the Beautiful in rhythmical cadences, and bring us again into just relations with nature. Yet as the waters taste sweeter when we ascend to the fountain than when they are brought to our dwellings, so is the pleasure that flows from direct contact with nature higher and purer than that which flows from song. The song palls—the book ceases to instruct; neither may satisfy the cravings of the spirit; but nature, ever changing, yet, hiding beneath all her mutations, immutable laws, is always fresh and pleasing; hence, in Egeria solitudes and Mount of Olive seclusions, the soul finds again those Eden-gardens that were once its home.'

'But why are these hours so transient?' said Edward. 'I begin to feel a deeper glow of enthusiasm while gazing on such phenomena as we have seen to-night; but why is this enthusiasm so short-lived? Why does the high mood not last?'

'While we bear about with us this corporeal frame,' said Macaria, 'we ought to be able to say with the ancient, "I cease not to learn." Care, sorrow, misfortune teach, and it is becoming in us to be submissive and faithful scholars. If we are so, our holidays of jubilant joy will seem all the more bright that they are contrasted with periods of darkness. These aurora gleams are bright but fleeting; the sober grey and the clear azure last many days.'

'You find nature always in the right,' said Edward. 'According to your creed man may err, nature cannot.'

'Listening to this wail of wild night winds—this exquisite threnody,' said Macaria, 'can you find her in the woe? Her dress of May may be more fragrant, more soothing but it will scarcely rival the gorgeous beauty of this winter night. Yon aurora withdraws her rainbow colours that the eye may rest, and the ear become attentive to the marring surge, to the rush of the tempest through the alpine. Such is her outward manifestation: of her secret workings who may speak? Wonderful, incomprehensible! Man hovers by her outworks, ready to catch her secrets, could he but find a door of entrance. But alas! to how few is this vouchsafed. The inexorable law he may find—the force ever working new miracles—but the age's questions "whence, why, and wherefore?" still remain as ever unanswered.'

'Then do you find it right that they should remain unanswered?' asked Edward. 'Why then these aspirations, if it is doomed that man is to be for ever baffled?'

'What were man without hope and faith? This waiting and longing is a fitting attitude of mind for one who would attain to self-renunciation. There are fluent talkers who can explain all things, men in whose presence it would be profanity to speak of the mysteries of nature. To these men, satisfied with themselves, and flippantly catholic, the angels never come; but to the reverent, the awe-stricken inquirer, they are ever near, disclosing by deep and pure intuitions each problem of the soul, and teaching him that God doeth all things well.'

As they walked on, the winds, which before had been loud and boisterous, died down or only swept along the sands at their feet; and the sea, as if weary with surging, ceased to roll its crested billows, and sent at intervals a heavy wave to the beach, the noise of which, becoming fainter as the tide receded, died at last into a low wail. The sea-birds which, during the tempest, had gathered in groups, flapping their white wings, as if rejoicing in the storm, sank down upon the waters to rest; and the clouds, which before had darted rapid and fitful along the heavens, now gathered into dense and steady masses along the horizon, and left the old stars to shine down upon the great waters.

Edward, who had walked thoughtfully on for some time, at length broke silence. 'You never speak to me directly of religion,' said he, 'yet I feel more holy in your presence than when with those who do.'

'If the religious spirit be present,' said Macaria, 'there is no need that we speak of religion expressly. Divine energies always assert themselves. Painting, song, science, are holy things, when seen as the radii of that circle the centre of which is religion. Apart from this they are worthless, inefficient, injurious. A little learning is not dangerous; but learning without heart or soul is indeed hurtful. As a pathway weed painted by the true artist may take its place in the most splendid collection of art; so the feeling of the presence of the Infinite hallows the most common thought.'

'My mind accepts readily of all you advance,' said Edward, 'but I feel humbled that these truths do not suggest themselves to my own mind. I often wonder if ever the time will come when I shall cease to derive, and be able to impart.'

'That the time will come when you will be able to impart, I have no doubt,' said Macaria; 'the season when you will cease to derive, I trust, will never arrive. I have remarked in you a certain Stoicism, a wish to be self-reliant, which I know will aid you in your journey through life; but you must remember to cultivate along with this the virtues of lowliness and child-like trust. This operates like a charm upon the thinker, compelling the seer and bard to open to you the flood-gates of their souls. By this receptivity, you will imbibe and assimilate; gathering at each step new strength, and thereby escape that partial development of the faculties which, in earnest nature, is apt to induce fanaticism. Every spot of earth is productive, yielding somewhat peculiarly its own, and therefore worthy of our investigation; so is contact with every variety of character necessary to a large and liberal culture of the understanding. This age has produced some

noble examples of men who have thus sought food from all soils, yet preserved their individuality of character. If we may not say of them, there is no spot on all their fame—we may at least say that they have lived long, and written much that cannot die.

'Do you think long life an advantage?' asked Edward. 'The Greeks had an adage—Whom the gods love die young.'

'I fear that we do not well see the truth that the Greeks intended to convey by this adage,' said Macaria. 'Raphael died young—Pascal, Schiller died young—yet how much did these accomplish? Raphael, dying before he was forty, completed a picture that still stands unrivalled, though it is now three hundred years since the wondrous embodiment saw the light. Pascal, born amid lofty mountains, and thereby possessing depths of feeling often wanting in the French character, was no older, yet how few regions did he leave untried? Schiller, too, died in the prime of life, but how long the vista of art through which he passed. These all saw the gods from afar, and fixing the eye steadily upon it, pressed onwards, turning not into by-paths for repose, nor loitering by the pleasant places of life. Their lives, therefore, were long; measured by the amount of work they performed, very long. The gods do indeed love such, for their career is godlike, their work noble.'

'Yet, if report say true,' said Edward, 'the painter of this unrivalled picture shortened his career by the impurity of his life. Do you believe this?'

'I believe the painting, not the report,' said Macaria. 'The painting is the expression of the highest belief of the sixteenth century—the representation of a conception so intensely grand, that its production involves the deepest and purest emotions of which the human soul is capable. When one as richly endowed, and as deeply religious as Raphael, shall paint the highest belief of the nineteenth century, then will the Transfiguration be excelled, and high art again revive.'

'The Transfiguration excelled!' repeated Edward. 'I thought that the sculptures of Phideas and the paintings of Raphael were things rarely to be equalled, never excelled.'

'I speak advisedly,' said Macaria. 'Heralds of a new epoch are already with us, but their function is not yet recognised. The world is slow to acknowledge true greatness, yet it is sure to work its way at last. Pure spirit is being formed beneath the fermentation that is now on the surface, and its effects will become evident ere long. That deep devotion, that high spirituality which now lurks in obscure corners and by-places of the earth, will gather strength, and come forth and assert its presence; and the artist will then be given who will combine the inexhaustible depths of psychology with that sensuous beauty of form which is the great characteristic of the paintings of the artists of the present day. The successful blending of the two, will form the third and greatest epoch of art.' K.B.

### Original Poetry.

#### S O N N E T S.

'Let us swear an oath, and keep it, with an equal mind,  
In the hollow lone-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind!'—Tennyson.

#### L.

Vain wish! and would'st thou, godlike, lie reclined  
On some earth-Eden's floor in quiet ease?  
Godlike! and has thy God desires like these?  
Not such the aspirations of the Eternal mind?  
Pan fills his oaten pipe with tuneful wind,  
Tending his flocks beneath the shady trees;  
And god Apollo carves his thronedies  
Deep in the spreading beech's silvery rind!  
With still deep eyes that pity helpless woe,  
Thor, god of light and thunder, braves the power  
Of the fierce frost-kings in their land of snow,  
With hammer-bolt guarding his northern shore;  
And Ha, the Unspeakable, says, 'Be!' and lo!  
Worlds grow and move where chaos loom'd before.

#### II.

Rest not, but struggle! Let no summer's sun  
Tempt thee to sleep awhile among the flowers!  
Weave not thy life's web all of sunny hours:  
The victor's crown by pain and strife is won!  
In after-time, when all thy work is done,  
Thou mayest refresh thy soul in heavenly showers,  
Culling fruits once fed by thy sorrow's showers.  
But now the tournament awaits thee. On!  
Go meet the foe, and God defend the right!  
Truth be thy sword, and Trust thy guardian shield!  
Warrior! upon or with it, quit the fight!  
Thy watchword, Duty, in the battlefield  
Shall nerve thy fainting arm, till lawless might  
Its sword to thy victorious hand shall yield.

FRANK E. MILSON.

### THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### PART II.—THE PRESENT.

##### CHAP. X.—A STRATAGEM.

HORACE was not long ere he knew the cause of the change in Marian's feelings. He felt excessively indignant; and it was, for a while, hard work to acquiesce. To be patient under chastisement, though knowing it is for our benefit, is often difficult. We must, nevertheless, endure, until we can say, 'Thy will be done.' And here is one cause which makes so painful a discipline salutary.

He felt convinced that when Marian became a slave to, and existing only in, the breath of popular opinion, from that moment she was no fitting companion for him. Those quiet domestic duties, from which alone spring the comforts and solace of married life, would never find place in a heart overrun by the rampant growth of weeds, implanted and nourished by the pestilential atmosphere she breathed. He knew he had reason to be thankful he had not the ordering of his own ways;—that he was not permitted to contract a more intimate union with one whose whole time and talents were devoted to the worship of that exacting idol—self; yet he suffered greatly.—'Where the knife cuts, the flesh will quiver.' She had become part and parcel of his very existence, and it was long ere his heart could bear the excision without a pang.

Marian gave herself up to the expectation of that delicious future she now looked forward to. The count was a recognised suitor; and she threw her whole soul into this new source of excitement with an *abandon* which none but a temperament like her own can conceive. She wrote home to inform her parents, stating, at the same time, that he alone could be the man of her choice—to none other would her heart be devoted. His birth was noble—his possessions large; though, for a while, unfortunately lost, in consequence of his patriotism, yet there was every probability of an amnesty, when they would immediately be restored. These particulars the ardent lover had from time to time communicated; and after much reluctance, and, at first, a determined hostility on the part of her more cautious parents, their slow consent was wrung from them, and the wedding-day definitely fixed.

One forenoon, previous to Marian's departure home, whence she would return no more, except as a bride, the count came rather earlier than usual.

'My dear Marian, I am very sore to part,' said he, 'you shall not know how. If you forget me, I not can tell what to do. You shall write, *tous les jours*—ne voulez-vous pas, ma chère?'

'Without fail,' said Marian; 'you may rely on my punctuality.'

The count had much improved both in pronunciation and address during the interval. Love is a quick teacher, especially under such tuition.

'You know I am ver much afraid of somebody.'

'Ay! and who may that be?' said Marian, briskly, and fixing her eyes full upon him.

'Oh—you know! The young fellow who was in love wid your sister.'

'Indeed! and how did you happen to know of this?' she inquired, eyeing him with a curious look.

'Oh! we know more sometimes than our dear lofes will tell us,' replied the count, laughing. 'I know great deal at de little parties we go to—gossip, I think, you call it. Pretty little ladies go chit-chat, chit-chat, and all so booteful—very. We so ver much like for hear dem.' He had evidently been making inquiries about Marian and her connections. All very proper, but then it did not sound particularly romantic from a lover.

'That quiet, simple young gentleman,' he continued. 'What for could you think of him? Why, he had put you to be buried in a week wid sermons and vapours. Ah! ah!'

'Oh! Horace passed muster well enough, when I did not know what real, true love meant; but now, having once tasted, it would be impossible to mistake again.'

'Oh! how kind—how bewitching! I do love you more, and for dis.' He kissed her hand respectfully—perhaps tenderly. 'You know when we have de grand treasure, we be over much afraid, as when we have none; don't we?'

'You mean much more afraid, I suppose. Make yourself quite easy on this head; nobody can rob you of a treasure that is kept here; and Marian laid one hand on that foolish heart of hers, as though 'twere all love and constancy. Was her love for the count anything more than sheer, selfish love of admiration? Did not that all-absorbing passion even here overmaster what itself is so apt to simulate?'

'I should have de sorrow ver much, if he gained such lofely, clever lady as you. He not is worthy—great clod—to wed wid spirit as yourself. Bah!'

'Nay, nay; he is no clod, but downright good, and clever too; though somewhat too much of the former for my taste. He is a most worthy young man, and would be a desirable acquisition for some one of like habitude.'

'I am not disappointed dat your fortune—every ting be settled on yourself. It is ver proper de lady should keep her own.'

'Pon my word, count, you seem to know a great deal about my affairs. Somebody has been very kind—and very busy. I don't condescend to talk about such matters; but, I may say, you are a little in error. Independently of what is settled on myself, we three young ladies have something left us, quite at our own disposal. Let this suffice. I hate to mingle worldly business with the heart's best and holiest feelings.'

The count seemed nothing loth; and, apparently satisfied with what he had learned, soon afterwards took his departure.

In a few days Marian left those gay circles, whose influence had wrought so great a change in her hopes and probable destiny. Again at the Grange, how tiresome, how monotonous did the dull domestic round of duties appear; and she felt thankful that so terrible a destiny had been spared her. As soon, thought she,

'With hl. ger's wibes  
To market trot, to sell their milk and butter,'

as be doomed to a life like this!

Their correspondence was punctually carried on. As might be expected, the count wrote much more intelligibly than he spoke. His proficiency in the language was wonderful, considering the short time he had spent in England; but it is well known with what facility both Poles and Russians acquire a new language. The composition, it is true, did not display much either of wit or talent. This she attributed to his thoughts being cramped, as all ideas must be, in a strange tongue.

In one of the dim, dirty, foreign cafés in the purlieus of the Haymarket, sat Count Gablonski, with a newspaper spread out before him. He paid little heed to it, being apparently on the look-out for a companion. Shortly there joined him a squat, red-whiskered, vulgar-looking

person, who, without ceremony, sat himself down opposite. He tossed a dilapidated silk hat on the bench; and leaning both elbows on the dingy table-cloth, addressed him *vis-à-vis* with insolent familiarity. He spoke in a broken tone—'I don't know how it is, count, but all seems to go wrong. I cannot get him to wait another day—so he said, not two minutes ago; and, if some way is not done, y.e. be hauled off, as sure as you're a sittin' there. We've done everything we can—and, perhaps, sooner it comes the better.'

'Nay, nay, Master Bubley; but that does not suit me,' said the count; 'why cannot the fellow wait for a few weeks?'

'You'd better ask him,' said Bubley.

'The blockhead is just cutting his own throat, as well as mine. I'll pay him—and do tell him so—with fifty per cent interest, when I touch the stuff.'

'I have told him so, and many a time over, till I'm downright tired; and there's nothing now for it but to surrender with a good grace.'

'But I'll not submit with grace, either good or bad. Surely there's some way of pacifying the old usurer. He'll not risk all he has lent, by using such measures, when, by waiting, he might make sure of double. Double, or quite! If he sends me to jail, he shall not touch one farthing.'

'What's the use o' talkin' to me, count? He'll just have his own fling for what I can say.'

'Then I'll see him at once;' and the illustrious foreigner, whose dialect and knowledge of the language was now greatly improved, put on his hat, looking uncommonly fierce, as he adjusted his neck-tie. He looked thoughtful as he sloped his head-gear on one side, buttoned his gloves, and slowly disappeared through the door. His companion remained in very uneasy attitude for a while, awaiting his return. He crossed his legs—uncrossed them—combed his shaggy hair, like Charles XII., with his fingers—jumped up—looked into the street.

'What a time the fellow is—wish I'd never had anything to do with him. I've got into trouble, and may get out as I can, I reckon. If ever I'm clear of this, catch me meddling wi' such tickle-jacks again. 'Bill, you're gone crazy,' says Levy, t'other day, 'to get alongside such a cove,'—and I was, too, blow me!'

This, if not in the precise words, was, nevertheless, the true interpretation of his soliloquy, as he jumped from bench to window, and back again. We do not think Hamlet, even in his soliloquies, uttered precisely the words Shakspeare has set down for him; and we are the more fortified in this opinion, inasmuch as few, if any, could have heard him—and shorthand writers did not exist in those days. A soliloquy does seem such a Hibernian way of helping on the narrative—such a gross violation of all known probabilities, that we wonder no writer, before ourselves, has made the discovery.

Just as Bubley, our present hero, was giving up his man for lost, the count made his appearance, with Levy the officer at his heels, and three outriders, in case of accident, or any attempt at escape. Levy having made his captives, contented himself with following at a little distance, the count wishing to visit his bedroom, in order to get a few things. Scouts were planted at every avenue—front and rear, so as to prevent escape; and likewise one in the street, so as to make sure nothing of the sort might be attempted from the roof. With these precautions the count proceeded to his room, ten minutes being allowed for all purposes. The waiter was armed with his bill, seeing unusual and suspicious arrangements. Bubley lamented that Levy's inauspicious proceedings should have prevented all chance of his own and other creditors' debts being settled.

Fag (the spy on the stairs) called time, and an old shabby-looking Jew, who was just coming down, said he had seen the black-whiskered gent in No. 26, having been there purchasing 'old clo'. He left him very busily packing, and begged an additional five minutes. The bailiff growled at this further delay; but, pulling out his watch, said he

ould give him 'no more nor that, if he was my own randmother. With such comfortable assurance, the old lop-monger departed, saying it was nothing to him, 'not me brass fardin'.'

The five minutes, and one extra, elapsed, as the official, getting both impatient and angry, vowed he would hasten his speed. For this end he ran up stairs, and knocked ustily at No. 26. A gruff voice answered—'Coming directly.'

The summoner said he could not wait all day. The gruff gentleman said he did not care; and inquired—'Is the porter ready?'

'How do I know?' was the reply.

'But you know I want one. Tell Tom to send him directly.'

'What Tom?'

'In the coffee-room.'

Though vexed at the request, he thought he might as well be civil—rather glad to hear he had such a large quantity of effects. These in one way or another might be made available, if got off the premises, which, as far as lay in his power, he was determined to accomplish.

'I'll carry 'em for you,' said he; 'so make haste, my hearty; we're all waiting below.'

'In five minutes,' said No. 26.

'I'll not wait a minute longer,' said Fag, trying the door;—it was bolted. 'If you don't open the door I'll break in.'

'Will you, my fine fellow?' said the inside, unlocking, and darting a terrific scowl through the opening—at the same time presenting a pistol at the astonished dun. 'You will, will you?—And pray who are you?'

'And in the name of all the duns, who are you?' cried the writ-server, who could scarcely credit his senses, for a personage, as unlike as possible to the amiable object of which he was in search, blocked up the entrance. Fag, at first, thought it was some disguise; but the short square figure that disputed his passage forbade such a supposition.

'My bird is in that room—so stand back,' said the bailiff. 'I've a writ for that ere chap behind you. Harbour him at your peril.'

'Who do you want?' inquired the bewildered No. 26.

'We've a red-tail, I tell you, for the lodger in that room.'

'Nay, that you haven't. I've been here these three weeks, and owe nobody a groat?'

'Is there nobody else, then?'

'You're welcome to see, if you like;' and forthwith Fag entered. After a most careful scrutiny he retired, grumbling out the best apology he was able.

'You'll perhaps send the porter, then, as you don't seem to like taking the luggage yourself. The cab was to be here at half-past eleven,' said the short gentleman.

Fag could not tell what to make of this event; but, after a few moments' consideration, ran down stairs, inquiring of the waiter the number of the count's room. 'Fifty-two,' was the answer. He immediately hurried off in search. With some difficulty he found it—a most uninviting dormitory. The door was locked; he called, but no answer. He tried his utmost strength—it gave way; but the room was deserted. A few papers, and an old trouser-strap, was the whole he could find, save an empty portmanteau and carpet-bag, the contents of which had been removed. In dismay, the unhappy Fag hurried off to his master, who inquired most minutely if any one had come down stairs. 'Nobody but a sort of house-maid, an errand-lad, the barber, and an old Jew.'

'That's the thief, depend on't;' and here he flew into a violent rage at poor Fag, for allowing himself to be outwitted. In vain he protested it was impossible; the whole aspect, figure, voice, complexion forbade such an unlikely supposition. Levy was not convinced, but immediately set about adopting measures for his capture.

#### CHAP. XI.—A DISCLOSURE.

At the Grange, all was bustle and hurry. The count

was expected in about ten days, and in three weeks the wedding was to be solemnised in the little church where Gertrude had previously suffered so disagreeable an interruption. But the count did not make his appearance at the time specified, and it was several days since Marian had heard from him. She grew fidgetty and alarmed. He might be ill. What was she to do? She could not write, being ignorant of his precise address at that period. Her anxiety grew almost intolerable; the day was drawing nigh, and many arrangements yet to make, which would require his presence.

At length, after a protracted delay of nearly a week, Marian was relieved from this misery by the arrival of her affianced, though in a somewhat different manner from what she expected.

It was at the close of a calm but cloudy evening, that she had walked to the camp hill for the purpose of enjoying her favourite view. The sun had just shot a glance of fire through a long rift in the level strata of clouds, previous to his descent behind a waving line of downs towards the west. Long lines of grey smoke curled upwards, showing the serenity of that quiet atmosphere. The blue-grey hills, now blushing in purple light, contrasted sweetly with the warm green of the nearer landscape. Clumps of dark firs, in square, abrupt patches, crowned many a light-brown hill between.

She was leaning on the fence, by a wooden paling, when she saw two men entering the farther part of the wood—one wrapped in a loose travelling cloak, the other wore a coarse pilot jacket and weatherbeaten hat. Their backs were turned towards her, so that she could not distinguish their features. They appeared in earnest discourse. She hesitated a moment whether or not to retire. They looked round—one of them, she was certain, was the count. He, however, seemed to shrink from observation, and they both disappeared behind a thicket. Marian was completely puzzled, and, in a state of the greatest agitation, hastened down the hill towards home, looking back every now and then to see if any one was visible.

She reached the Grange without interruption, and immediately ran to her chamber. Here she gave way to a thousand apprehensions. In vain she proposed to herself a solution of the mystery—not one could be found; and she was rapidly tormenting herself to a pitch of agony almost insupportable, when a sharp ring announced a visitor. Her heart bounded as she heard the count's voice. She hesitated whether to rush down stairs or remain where she was. In the end, her feelings prevailed, and she ran down to meet him. He was the same unchanged, affectionate being—all shrugs and smiles; and, in due form, was introduced as her future husband. He did not seem under the least constraint, and Marian was undecided whether or not to mention what she had seen. At any rate, she resolved to defer it until they were alone. She thought he looked thinner, and wore a haggard, disturbed look, which she attributed to recent fatigue. He was mighty assiduous to Constance, who, as she never courted observation, was not particularly eager to notice it. The count seemed wishful to draw her out, but in vain. She was not made up for show, and consequently did not feel any wish for display. Marian saw he was rather struck with her manner and appearance, and especially by her shy and retiring behaviour—the reverse of her own. She felt somewhat rebuked by her sister's quiet, silent conduct, and evident dislike to what formed the very pabulum of her own existence, the mainspring of every thought, and even gesture. She felt piqued, not that she doubted the count's fidelity, but at any divided attention. She would have claimed him exclusively.

When Marian and the count were alone, as he did not seem inclined to allude to his rendezvous in the wood, she mentioned the circumstance in an off hand sort of way, to which he replied in the same manner, merely saying, he had come to the Grange with a person who was wishful to secure his services in that neighbourhood. A little private business of his own, which, at present, he was not

at liberty to mention.' The count concluded with one of his most appropriate smiles, which set Marian completely at ease.

A day or two passed by, during which they were almost continually together. The count, however, generally preferred staying in doors—a little cold, he said, was the cause.

In the afternoon of the second, Marian saw the pilot coat and hat coming up the gravel walk. On approaching the door, Gablonski went out to meet him, returning immediately to say that urgent business required his presence, at a distance, for a day or so, but that he would be back punctually to time. Marian was excessively annoyed at this unlooked-for departure; and, as he bade a hasty adieu, her heart misgave her, lest something might yet intervene to prevent the fulfilment of his promise.

Moody and dispirited, she retired, to brood over the past, and to conjure up a host of disasters that might or might not befall the count. She had not been there long, when Constance came in to say, that a strange gentleman had just called, wishing to see the count, and was quite disappointed that he was out of the way. 'Did you say he would return in a day or two?' inquired Marian, hastily.

'I did not see him; but, I believe, the answer was merely that he had left, and his return quite uncertain.'

'I am afraid whoever said so told too truly,' said Marian, in a low, dispirited tone. 'Oh, my dear Constance, I do not know what it is that makes me so very, very sad!'

'Dearest Marian, I could tell you. It is your over sanguine temper that so excites and exaggerates, either for good or evil. Too much elated with the one, and depressed by the other, your life is one course of extremes. Pardon, my dear sister; but I could not refrain. I was early taught danger from this source; and I hope the lesson is now become habit: in prosperity to behave as though adversity were at hand—that one is set over against the other; and (may I finish the admonition by its consequence?) to the end we find nothing but what is from a higher source.'

I know, Constance, you are the philosopher of the family; but then it is your nature—your disposition, whilst mine—as soon arrest the current, the capricious elements about us, or direct the whirlwind and the storm.'

'Oh! do not say so, Marian. Though I admit that the passions in such a nature may be harder to control than in others; yet, that a patient cultivation of the discipline required of us—a habit of self-control, is beyond the reach of any, I really cannot admit, and—may I entrust you with a little secret?'

Marian looked up—anxious for the expected disclosure.

'Naturally, I think, my temper is ardent, vehement as your own; nay, in some respects, I fear, more so. I am self-willed, fond of gaiety, dissipation, and—now don't look as though you disbelieved me, my dear Marian. It was only after years of trial, and, amidst many failures, I attained to any measure of control, under the constant and careful superintendence of the best of beings. It was, indeed, a trial to leave her; but, I hope those habits of severe discipline, I learned there, and there only, will not desert me wherever my lot may be placed. I feel convinced the feelings may be so pampered with over indulgence, as, in the end, to become incapable of restraint, while by a resolute uprooting of such noxious weeds, ere they have attained irrepressible luxuriance, and, at the same time, a humble dependence for strength, where alone it may be found, such a command may be obtained as to prevent those results, the chief sources of unhappiness. I have for some time trembled for you, Marian, in the course you are now pursuing, and have longed for an opportunity to talk with you on the subject. I know—I feel I am stepping out of my place; but you must pardon what a sincere regard for your future welfare has alone prompted.'

Marian's eyes filled. Her heart melted before this appeal, and, for a moment, her better, but feebler nature prevailed. Good resolutions too, were probably enter-

tained, but the strength of purpose, acquired only by long and early habits, was wanting; and, in a while, Marian profited little by resolves which the next hour of temptation overthrew.

A day or two afterwards she received a letter from the count, bearing some obscure postmark, stating that he would be detained, unavoidably, until the evening of the day previous to their marriage. He requested everything might be in readiness. His funds would not at present allow them to commence with that eclat which Marian's position demanded; but a hired travelling carriage would be in waiting, to convey them in their projected tour on the Continent. Though much disappointed at this lengthened absence, she felt in some measure relieved from previous uncertainty, and resolutely set her mind, as far as possible, to acquiesce without murmuring.

In the preparations, Gertrude, from her shattered health, could do little; indeed the similarity of these in her own case, and the associated circumstances, were almost too much for her; and she required more attention than could well be afforded. Constance was the disposer and adviser of all—to her everything was committed, and the superintendence, almost, of every arrangement.

True to his appointment, the count made his appearance on the evening before that eventful day which Marian looked forward to as the great epoch in her existence. Gertrude had scarcely seen him on his previous visit. This time, on entering the room, she seemed unaccountably agitated at his appearance. Probably from the long train of painful recollections thereby elicited, reminding her of those high and ardent hopes now for ever extinguished. She looked timidly towards the count, who hardly appeared to notice her.

'There is something in the tone of his voice, at times,' said she, in a whisper to Constance, 'that does remind me of something I was once familiar with, and yet, in other respects, so different—and his foreign accent, too. I cannot tell what makes me so very foolish; and here she burst into tears. She could remain no longer, but retired to her chamber for the night.

When Constance returned, after staying a while with Gertrude, she sat near the count, taking much more apparent interest in his conversation than previously. She asked a hundred questions, and he seemed quite delighted to reply. He was playing with his right hand glove, and Constance ventured to come within reach, saying in a jocular tone—'I suppose you are no believer in palmistry?'

'Not I, indeed, my dear sister Constance. But what makes you ask?'

Before she could reply, Marian said thoughtfully—'I have had strange proofs of its truth in my own experience; but you are the last person in the world, Constance, that I should have suspected even of alluding to such a subject. I thought you did not believe in those foolish superstitions.'

Constance did not give a direct reply, but said—'Shall I spae your fortune, as the old wives say in the north?'

'With all my heart,' said he; and held out his uncovered right hand.

'The left,' said Marian, 'is always more plain to decipher, as adepts say, from being nearer the heart.'

The count hesitated a moment, but took off his glove. Constance pored into the lines of fate, but remained silent—Marian and the rest all expectation. She looked up.

'I see here,' said she, 'a strange catastrophe. It may, however, be avoided. Grant me a few words in private, and I will tell you how.'

'Oh! we shall have no secrets, Marian,' said the count, somewhat vexed at the request.

'No, indeed, Constance,' rejoined Marian; 'we must have no whisperings—I shall be jealous.'

'Nonsense, Marian. I really do wish to say a few words, and none but ourselves privy to it. If another be by, the danger, perhaps, might not be averted.'

'How absurd!' said Marian; and yet former experience suggested the truth. 'You will not be long, though, and I consent.'

'Five minutes—not ten at the most,' replied Constance; and Marian, with a coaxing look at her lover, pettishly quitted the room, saying—'I shall know all.'

When they were alone, Constance rose proudly from her chair, as she addressed him—'I believe, sir, you are not quite such a stranger in this neighbourhood as you profess. Do you know anything of one Charles Turnbull Hanbury, and the smuggler Fitzosborne?'

The pretended count was thunderstruck. His excellent disguise and wonderful powers of dissimulation put him, as he imagined, beyond reach of discovery.

'You, no doubt, thought yourself secure, and a second time intended to render our family a prey to your arts.'

He was silent, and evidently meditating the best mode of exit.

'Gertrude's manner was the first to rouse my attention. I questioned her on the subject. She could not suppose any such stratagem, but said that a slight sabre cut, inside your left hand, would soon set these inquiries to rest. Hence my skill in palmistry. Respect for my sister's feelings alone prevents a public exposure. Begone, sir, and, if possible, repent of your intentions, so providentially frustrated.'

The pretender made a speedy retreat, and Constance went, with what fortitude she could, to break the sad intelligence to Marian.

It was afterwards learned that Fitzosborne had been dexterous enough to escape from confinement—going abroad, where he remained long enough to enable him to assume the disguise in which he appeared.

#### CHAP. XII.—A BETTER LAND.

Constance had a fearful scene to undergo. The vehemence of Marian's temper rendered it a matter of no slight difficulty to sustain the ordeal. She did not, however, shrink from the task—strong in all points where she felt in the path of duty. The first effects were dreadful—more terrible even than the violent explosion she anticipated. Afterwards she seemed like one stunned—utterly prostrate with the blow, without either will or power to rally, as though all hope for the future were annihilated by the present; and she lived on, without a single wish or anticipation. All the idols she had trusted in, now proved helpless. She knew not, nor had she resource to any other; and when these slippery props gave way, the whole fabric built on them, for the future, fell, and she was crushed beneath the ruins. For days she lay almost without speaking; her silent, haggard, and occasionally wandering look, alarmed her friends. She was tended assiduously by Constance. She would not inquire for anything, taking what was offered, passively at her hands. It was not to be expected such a state of existence could last long, without manifesting either violent illness or insanity. An attack of fever was the result, only subdued by the most unremitting attention. But the mind never regained its wonted tone; a settled melancholy, it was feared, might supervene—leaving Marian a warning, and a wreck of that once brilliant genius which made her the idol, or the envy of all who approached her. The soul, the gaiety that once animated all, was gone; she lay shattered on that perilous shore, strewn with the wreck of thousands, whose fate will not deter others from a like attempt, and a like result.

Horace was soon made acquainted with this fearful termination to Marian's giddy career, and the first vacant opportunity, hastened down to see her. He was greatly shocked at the change—the once transcendently gifted maiden being now a peevish invalid, almost an hypochondriac. She attempted to smile, but burst into tears when he held out his hand.

'You are very kind,' said she, 'to visit such a poor, nervous thing. But you were always kind—always my adviser—my friend;' and she burst into a loud hysterical sob. Visions of the past came crowding upon her. She could not reply to the attempts he made to soothe, but shook her head as he spoke of brighter days.

'Alas! I feel it is all over. I have neither ability nor

inclination, now, for exertion. Utterly prostrate—forsaken here!' She placed one hand on her brow, and the other on her bosom. He tried to console her. She evinced at first little wish to converse; but by degrees he gained her ear. He spoke of the only comfort—the only balm for the afflicted. How good is a word in season! She soon began to receive his admonitions with pleasure. Constance was much delighted by his plain good sense, and the pleasant way in which he spoke—free from all that could offend even the most careless or fastidious.

One day, on Horace entering the room, Marian said—'I know you are not a believer in omens, nor, indeed, in any foretokenings of the future.'

'I am not; yet I do not deny but glimpses may be permitted, always subservient, though, to some important end. The great Disposer of events would not permit his own peculiar prerogative to be usurped. This topic, I believe, once came before us under other circumstances.' (Here his voice faltered, and Marian grew paler than ever—an almost leaden hue—and her lips bore evidence to the severe agitation this allusion created.) 'I will not—I cannot, dear Marian, pursue this subject further, than by saying, that a Christian, if rightly taught, will, in my opinion, put little or no trust in any supposed supernatural revelations. I neither deny the possibility nor reality of their occurrence. All I would warn you against is, putting any trust in them.'

'Be it so; but allow me to tell you a little event which happened a few hours ago. Last night, I awoke, as I usually do, and lay a long time tossing and wishing for day. An hour or so elapsed, and I was just trying to compose myself to a doze, when I thought a soft strain of music was floating away in the far distance. At first I fancied it might be the wind issuing forth one of its capricious cadences. Very unlike, however, what occasionally whistles through chinks and crevices. It was more like a soft breath sweeping over Æolian strings. It died away, but returned with still more distinctness; so that now there could be no mistake as to its reality. I was not at all alarmed, but rather pleased than otherwise, and lay listening, as it rose and fell from some unseen impulse. You know my peculiar susceptibility to musical impressions. I lay wrapt in a dreamy Elysium—long lost, long past memories rolling by, rushing on with the full tide of long-forgotten emotions. I could not, for some time, make out the precise melody, or whether, indeed, there was anything definite in this respect. At length, other feelings than surprise were awakened; a mysterious thrill crept over me, as the tones distinctly shaped themselves into that beautiful melody, I once asked you to write words for; you, no doubt, remember them:

'Father hear a suppliant's cry;  
Hear, oh hear, for thou art nigh!  
Though the clouds of sorrow rise  
Darkly o'er these troubled skies,  
Speak the word—let there be light!  
Bid the morning chase the night.  
Father hear a suppliant's prayer,  
Darkness flies if thou art there!'

Oh, how keenly—how vividly all the past came upon my spirit, stirring the stagnant depths, until bygone thoughts and feelings seemed to come back with greater force, probably, than the first impression. The sounds were evidently approaching, and, in a short time, seemed as if in my chamber. The curtains were drawn—but, I fancied, a faint light was visible. I was not so much alarmed, probably, as surprised; and I well remember hesitating as to whether or not I should open them. I delayed so long, the light departed; afterwards I heard the music floating away again in the far distance. I regretted very much not to have had a peep; but, in the end, I believe, fell asleep, whilst trying to account for this aerial visit. That I really heard and saw what I have mentioned is beyond doubt; but from what source I cannot comprehend.

'Whatever it was, good will be the result,' said Horace, 'if it lead you to seek it in humility and real prostration of heart.'

'But don't you think it was real?'

'I cannot say that I do.'

'What, then, do you imagine? I'm quite positive I heard the sounds, plainly as your own voice at this moment.'

'No doubt you thought so, at the time; but if you wish my real opinion, I should say the whole was a dream.'

'Nay, I am confident I was wide awake, as at present.'

'I dare say you are. You know invalids are often excessively angry, if, on complaining they have had no sleep, the attendant has assured them to the contrary.'

'You will have it so, I know; you are always so sceptical in matters of this sort,' said Marian, pettishly.

'Nay, nay; don't looked displeased. I fully believe you fancied, and really felt as though awake. It is, however, a matter of the least possible consequence, and, no doubt, everybody, save such sceptics as myself, will be of your opinion. But I am glad it has happened, if only to arouse and lead you, where you can alone find comfort and direction.'

In the end these conversations led to important results. Marian grew rapidly worse, but, in proportion as this world's realities faded away, the glories of another brightened upon her!

### THE BAZAAR.

THE instincts of women are generally truer than their reasons; and to whatever a feminine Christian heart takes serious exception, whether it argues logically or not, we may be sure that there is somewhere something wrong about it. If bazaars, for example, opened to dispose of work prepared by Christian fingers for some charitable object, waken a subtle sentiment of opposition to them in a Christian woman capable of serious reflection, we need not doubt that either bazaars of this sort are wrong (which we do not think they are), or that there is room for reform, either in the arrangements for getting works for sale, or in the mode of disposing of the works.

These obvious remarks have been suggested by a pretty little tract on bazaars,\* sent us by the anonymous authoress (for, from the tone, spirit, and whole conduct of the argument, we infer with some certainty that it is the production of a lady): and, partly from the interest of the subject, partly from respect to the writer's motives, we cannot lay the tract down without saying a word about it.

Few, in these days of popular philanthropy, when the warmest hearts and wisest pens have hurled thunderbolts, one after another, down before us, to startle people out of their indifference to our social crimes, have not cast a glance upon the arrangements of society, in order to explain to themselves, if possible, how with so much and such wide-spread benevolence, so active a Christianity, so boundless an expansion of Christian love, there is yet so much misery among the humble and labouring classes. Among those who have taken this natural interest in the subject, the writer of the tract before us appears to have ranked as one of the foremost; for, indeed, out of the energy with which she feels the wrongs of the industrious poor, and especially the industrious of her own delicate sex, springs the aversion with which she contemplates the custom commented on in her little work in our hands. The argument, or chief argument which it contains, is briefly this: charity-bazaars interfere with the labours of the industrious poor; or, to use the words of the authoress, they invade the rights of 'a class, whose individual, sometimes family support, with all that they can directly give for the service of Christ, arises from their daily labour.' Now, there is obviously this great difference in the fancy-work of bazaars, that it rather creates a market for itself than comes into competition with ordinary labour; since the purchases made in charity-bazaars are usually charity-purchases, an exorbitant price is given for what is often intrinsically worthless, or the work is merely the occasion

on which charity is dispensed, not essentially interfering with other labour of a similar description. People are drawn to these bazaars from charitable motives, on an average; and money flows on such occasions which would not have been expended on such work if coming in any other form. Besides, if we consider how no arrangement is an unmixed good—how, for instance, every improvement tends to derange the means of subsistence to some—and especially, if it be remembered that these bazaars are always for charitable purposes, designed for the necessities, corporeal or spiritual, of those still more necessitous than the objects for whom our authoress pleads, we will be slow to condemn this resource of benevolence; we will only seek to extract as much good with as little deduction from it as possible.

The value of the tractarian's argument may be estimated from her illustration drawn from some efforts made, it seems, in February last, for 'submitting to the consideration of her Majesty's government the absolute necessity of discontinuing prison labour: experience having shown that the cessation of needlework in the workhouses and charitable institutions, has to a certain degree ameliorated the condition of the sempstresses.' Now, suppose the occupants of prisons industrious members of the community (surely a desirable case), would they not interfere more than now with the supply of the market in their professions? And is there any reason why, because they are guilty of some crime, they should be also condemned to idleness, and thus perpetuate their criminal tendencies instead of correcting them? Surely the benevolence is not wise which should thus reverse every idea of prudence, mercy, foresight, and blindly work out a precarious good for a few, at the hazard of inflicting a palpable wrong upon society.

It would be unjust to the fair writer not to mention that her argument against bazaars embraces other reasons besides this, the chief one—reasons derived from the imperfect motives with which many no doubt take a part in these matters, the display of vanity to which they minister, and the time spent in preparing work for them. But it must be remembered that imperfect motives engage people to the performance of the most sacred exercises of religion, while that is no objection to the services themselves. Bazaars are in this respect on a footing with every act of religion, every effort of benevolence. If some do what is in itself right from improper motives, and thereby lose the blessing, that is no reason why others may not do it from right reasons. In like manner, people will be vain at church as well as at a bazaar; but the corrective is, not to close the churches, but to close if possible the sources of vanity. So, in a word, the time spent in such labours of love, if spent as under the Great Taskmaster's eye, will not be passed unprofitably, even though ribbons, and silks, and gums, and other little matters in the beautiful composition of which the fingers of ladies are so skillful, should occupy the leisure thoughts of weeks, or even months. The excellent authoress of the tract will therefore see, if her eye falls upon these lines, that we value very much more the spirit in which her interesting little work is written, than the arguments which, with all their earnestness of enforcement and illustration, fail to convince us of the impropriety of charity-bazaars. But if her Christian exhortations succeed in purifying the motives of such as occupy themselves with bazaars, or in correcting certain accidental circumstances of management, which, in offending so Christian a taste as the tractarian's, must contain something intrinsically wrong about them, we shall not want reasons for excusing the logical deficiency of the argument; while, as it is, we thank this lady for directing attention to the subject.

Curiously enough, just as we had laid down the pen from our present exertions, a volume of poems, written as a contribution to a bazaar, came to hand, as if to fortify the positions which we had taken the liberty of arguing. The volume is a small one, but contains evidence, not only of a real vein of poetry in the author, but

\* The Bazaar: addressed to the Christian ladies of Britain. Manchester: Love & Barton.



of his possessing the necessary 'accomplishment of verse' in a very high degree. Its title is, 'The Woman at the Well, and Other Poems,' and the author is Walter M'Gilvray, D.D., of Glasgow. We should willingly have alluded to the pleasant glimpses which the work gives us into the author's domestic life; but for another party even simply to advert to these, might seem to disturb the confidence reposed in the public: it is enough to say, that the volume originated in the suggestion of the author's wife, and for purposes connected with a bazaar set on foot by her, in behalf of the building fund of Free St Mark's Church, Glasgow. Apart altogether from the religious object of the publication, we cannot help speaking very favourably of the poems themselves, possessing, as they do, a fine Christian tone, free of all morbid tendency, expressed in lively and correct verse, and rising now and then into the region of imagination. With no pretension, and finding birth in print only from the impulse of Christian sentiment, they yet contain a merit which would have justified their independent publication. We incur no hazard of being thought to over-estimate these poems, in quoting the following piece for the enjoyment of our readers:—

#### THE FLOATING WRECK.

Met in the Atlantic in September, 1846. Her name was 'The Sea Nymph,' of St John's, New Brunswick.

Away—a thousand leagues away—  
On the lone wintry sea;  
One morn we sped, at break of day,  
Adrift upon the lee,  
A ship all shattered and forlorn,  
Sank downwards to the deck,  
With sails, and spars, and timbers torn,  
A bare and broken wreck!  
With aimless plunge from side to side  
She desolately roll'd,  
And, as she rose upon the tide,  
From her o'erflooded hold,  
The prison'd brine came rushing out,  
In many a wild cascade:  
Each hatch and port a waterspout,  
From which a torrent play'd.  
But what of those who struggled there  
Amid the tempest's strife?  
Who toll'd and fought with fierce despair  
For the dear boon of life?—  
We watch'd, the wreck we closely near'd,  
But nothing could we mark;  
No living, moving thing appear'd,  
On board that silent bark!  
Not silent quite, a sound there came  
Most like a heavy moan,  
When's'er her worn and wounded frame  
From wave to wave was thrown:  
'Twas sad to hear that hollow cry  
O'er the cold waters flung,  
Like stifled groans of agony,  
From some dumb creature wrung!  
And there we left her reeling on,  
Through the wide weltering deep;  
Crippled, and crushed, and wo-begone,  
A thing at which to weep!  
Dread type of him whom Heaven's wrath  
Meets in his mid career,  
Strikes, stripes, and drives along a path  
Of nameless, hopeless fear!

The volume, however, possesses an interest over and above the mere interest of its contents, considerable as that is; it reveals a life behind more precious than the poems, and which cannot be contemplated even by strangers, through such slight openings as are here afforded, without exciting fresh faith in Christianity, and higher hopes for the destinies of our species.

#### THE ROUGH CLERGYMAN.\*

'AND where is your present sphere of labour, Dutton?' was the greeting of one old college friend to another at an accidental rencontre after a separation of some years; 'is it agreeable, and likely to be permanent?'

\* From the Life-Book of a Labourer. By the REV. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A., Rector of Kirton, Suffolk. Mr Neale says, 'that to avoid the possibility of wounding private feelings, the names of persons and places—the actors in the scene being still living—have been purposely changed.'

'Both,' was the reply; 'and though the rector of Melford Abbas, for such is my locality, would, by some, be deemed a rough character to deal with, to me he has been invariably kind. The way in which I succeeded to the curacy is in perfect keeping with his many and marked peculiarities. In order fully to comprehend the calm, peaceful, and settled character of a curate's life, you must know that in fourteen months I occupied no less than three different curacies. The first I lost by the sudden death of my incumbent; the second by Mr Hope's succession to a better living; the third by a revocation of a license, which compelled my convalescent incumbent to return to residence; and, so situated, he needed the assistance of no curate. I almost made a vow never to seek after a fourth. While my plans for the future were thus completely unsettled, the following letter reached me from my kind and unchanging friend Canon Bartlett:—

Lichfield, June 1st, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr Quodmore, the rector of Melford Abbas, has requested me to make inquiries among my clerical brethren for a gentleman who might be disposed to undertake the curacy of his straggling parish.

His manners are eccentric; but his heart is no stranger to kindly feelings, as the following circumstances may serve to testify.

His late curate, Mr Remmington, after their connection had lasted—and not in every respect harmoniously—for some years, waited on him to tender his resignation.

'Mr Quodmore, I find it my duty to relinquish the curacy.'

'On what grounds?'

'My health has been for some time failing; and warns me that I can no longer do justice to the important trust reposed in me. I therefore hasten to replace it in your hands.'

'I shall not receive it.'

'Indeed, sir, I am serious, and'—

'So am I.'

'You must see, sir, that I am unequal to my duty, and that I had better return home.'

'Home forsooth! do you think that after you have served me some half dozen years in this humbugging, grumbling, blundering parish, and find yourself amiss from overwork, I shall not do my best to see you restored to good condition? Go to Leamington. See Dr Jephson. Give up that eternal toast and water with which you're like to drink yourself into a drowsy, and take as a Christian should do, some decent port.'

'My good sir,' said Remmington, overcome by the warmth and earnestness of his manner, 'this is impossible for many'—

'Don't interrupt me. I will have my own way for once. I've had little enough of it of late. This point I will not yield. There's a bank bill for fifty pounds. When that's gone another will be forthcoming. And remember, I shall not fill up the curacy till Jephson either cures or kills ye. Now not a word. Go home and collect your traps; and to-morrow morning at ten my man shall be at your door in readiness to drive you over to Leamington.'

These facts I learned from the sufferer's lips a few hours before he died. Quodmore's kindness was unwearied. He watched over poor Remmington with the tenderness and affection of a father over an only child—never quitted him during the last week of his life—and, when he was gone, paid all his little debts, observing, 'he had been a faithful curate to him; and that no one should have cause to reproach his memory.'

Such a man as this deserves attention. Lord Anson's frank enables me to enclose a letter of introduction, which I beg you will lose no time in presenting in person.

Yours always faithfully,

T. C. BARTLETT.

The trait of character afforded by the anecdote which this letter contained, fixed itself forcibly upon my memory. 'I should like to see this man,' was my involuntary and half-audible conclusion; and in an hour I was on horse-

back, busily exploring my way across the country to Mel-ford Abbas. By dint of incessant inquiry and hard riding, I at length reached a little, noisy, straggling village, with a large pond at one end and a small church with tapering spire at the other. Near the latter was a pretty, white-washed cottage-dwelling, covered with clematis and roses; encircled by a garden in admirable order, and fragrant with odours. Near the house, with rake and hoe beside him, a huge gardener's knife stuck in his belt, and thick, coarse, undressed leather gloves on his hands, was a spare middle-aged gentleman, working away as busily and diligently as if then and there earning his livelihood as a labourer at two shillings a-day.

'Good evening, sir.'

'Same to you—same to you,' was the prompt reply, uttered with singular quickness: but the speaker was intent upon his task, and never raised his eyes for an instant from the carnations he was carefully supporting.

'Very fine weather.'

'Yes; every goose knows that!'

The answer was sufficiently discouraging if not irritating; but the evening was drawing in; my steed was jaded; and I myself sincerely desirous to reach my journey's end. I stifled, therefore, the retort upon my lip and persevered. 'This is Mel-ford Abbas, I presume; where shall I find Mr Quodmore?'

'My name is Quodmore, pray what is yours?'

I gave it: and placed in his hands, at the same time, my letter of introduction. He took it—turned it over twenty times before he opened it, scanning me most attentively all the time with his gray, restless, inquisitive eyes—broke the seal with a pish! that scared away every fly from his well-worn beaver, and when he had finished his missive, looked up with a most dissatisfied air, and ejaculated, 'Well!'

'I have come to you on the business of that letter; but as we cannot discuss the point in the open air, if you will send a servant to hold my horse—'

'I keep no servants for any such purpose. You are young and able to do it yourself. I shall send no servant to ye, you may depend upon it. The stables are in that direction due south. Find your way to them.'

'The man is perfectly impracticable,' was my mournful conclusion, as I dejectedly dismounted in the stable-yard. 'What an idiot I have been to take such a ride in search of him! Were I only sure of two hours' day-light, and not on a strange cross country-road, I would trouble neither stable, nor man, nor master more. As it is, I must make a merit of endurance.'

With anything but a placid brow I returned to the house, where, as I learnt by a message conveyed by a servant, Mr Quodmore was impatiently awaiting me. 'Yes,' said he, after another lengthened and searching survey of my features, 'I think you are a rational being; I really do think,' after another pause, 'you possess reason.'

'I hope so.'

'Because I have been baited almost to death since poor Remington left me, by beings who either had none when they started or lost it on their road to me. For example: a young fellow came here the other day about the curacy. I said to him when he had explained his errand, 'I will attend to ye in five minutes, but I'm just about insuring my life for the benefit of my brother, who has chosen to have a wife and eleven children. What the simpleton's been thinking about has puzzled me these twenty years—and a hundred pounds a-piece will be no bad thing for 'em when I'm gone—my money, I've a notion, will do them as much good as my example; and so there's 'Every man his own farrier,' to amuse ye in the interim. 'Ah! Mr Quodmore,' says he, rising upon his toes and lifting up his deceitful-looking eyes, 'you belong to the *homines preposterii*—you are beginning at the wrong end. You ought to be careful for nothing, and to leave all considerations of this kind to His care who feeds the ravens.' 'The ravens!' said I; 'your father was not of that opinion—he did not think so, or you would never have been seated in that dennet with that grinning jackanapes in livery perched behind you.

The ravens, indeed! You deserve to be as hoarse as a raven yourself for uttering such absurdity!'

Supper was now announced. At its close, he decanted a bottle of port with equal judgment and gravity, and after warily sipping about the fifth of a glass, turned the decanter over to me with the remark—'Now, sir, what thank you of this port?'

Determined to meet him on his own ground and to pay him in his own coin, I replied—the liquor bore me out in my statement—'EXECRABLE!'

'That is your opinion?'

'It is.'

'Of my wine?'

'Yes: if you chose to own it.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Then my heart warms to you from this moment. You ARE ONE OF THE FAMILY, the smallest but most genuine family in England, the PLAIN SPEAKERS. Sir, the curacy is yours, if you are pleased to accept it; and, all that I can do shall be done to render it agreeable to you.'

The good understanding then arrived at, has to this hour remained unbroken.

### THE CHURCH'S DUTY.

OUR Divine Master has said, 'The poor ye have always with you.' The poor are not eminently ignorant, vicious, prodigal, and incapable. Wisdom, refinement, genius, religion, have their representatives among these men of sorrows. Now, in our time the masses of the poor begin to level at the church a deadly hate. Those who most of all require its divine, consoling, and sustaining influences are for the most part driven by distrust into rejection and denial. They rush from their unpitied agony to the dark legends of materialism or to the impracticable visions of the Owenite. They are alike orphaned of God and hope. They fly in despair to the destruction of all laws and the subversion of all society. And oh! blame not those little ones of our good Father if they are thus maddened and estrayed; for once the poor were the hope of the church, and sent wisdom to its councils and devotion to its altars, and yielded a sacred band, the forlorn-hope of piety, most brave in the fiercest battle, building of their impregnable spirits a bulwark against the foe. They never abandoned religion till the church abandoned them—abandoned by delivering them bound hand and foot to the extortions of atheistic Mammon—abandoned by refusing to hear their moans, 'like the moans of some dumb creature in distress,' and by driving them with ignominy from its locked pews and its select communion—abandoned by forgetting the injunction, 'Feed my lambs,' and by yielding them to the shearing and the slaughter without pity and without remorse. Once more, Christianity, the 'religion of suffering,' whose divine Founder had no place wherein to lay his head, must welcome the poor and needy to its best enjoyments, to its highest privileges, 'without money and without price.' It must throw over those helpless and smitten ones the broad shield of its protection and authority: it must scare oppression from its prey with a terrible anathema; it must secure to every plan for their social relief a fair and thorough trial; it must welcome them to its feasts of piety and schools of instruction; it must send out art for their refinement, and philanthropy for their ingathering; it must charge itself with the care of those who have no helper; its motto must be the apostolic precept: 'We that are strong ought to bear the burden of the weak.' Thus, my brethren, the Christian church can penetrate, with her divine influence, the seven circling spheres of human development, interest, and activity; thus reach each man, woman, and child in Christendom, and, in reaching, reconcile, educate, and save; thus spiritualise all classes, and, in spiritualising, unite and harmonise them all; thus pass from sectarianism to a living unity; thus solve the social enigma of the age; thus reconcile class with class, nation with nation, man with man, and each and all with God; thus draw around our earth the very peace and blessedness of heaven.—Rev. T. L. Harris.

## TIME'S HOPES.

On, what a longing of the heart is there for improvement—for something better, higher, and more beautiful in the art of life than the ages have yet brought forth! We look within us, and how fair is the ideal! without, how marred and broken, how irreconcilable! The truth is, we are great fools, we of this world. Our sins are gross follies, so are the most of our amusements. The resources before us invite us by their vastness and facility of application to a cheery and happy life, a life passed in the sunbeams of God; but by a curious fatality, we form these into so many asps and scorpions, which turn and bite us. The ages pass, and yet here we are struggling with evils apparently as gigantic as any which afflicted the earlier progeny of the world. Art, invention, discovery, have been busying themselves for several millenniums; but every man feels that, while the means of luxury have increased, the happiness of the world has not proportionally advanced. Let any one take up his life and look at it, not in the petty spirit of carping, or, what is worse, in order to palliate some criminal project for altering it; let him examine it curiously, and in its relations to family, society, states, and nations at large. What is the result? Is not everything good about it dwarfish? and how low and impure is his habitual life compared with the idea which looks out upon it from his conscience and informed intellect! He does not love his father as he should, his brother and sister. His love, in general, is not poetical, that is, divine. It is narrow, interested, calculating. It is not liquid and permeant. It is a means rather than an end.

Must we then crush the hopes of the world, which are ever budding in the heart of time, and live over our day of vanity here as light and merrily as we can? Must the visions of the prophets, from the first to the last, the dreams of poets, the calculations of philosophers, and the fervent aspirations of philanthropists, be viewed as so many modes of deception, rising only to delude us into contentment with our fetters? Is youth to be always impure? Fair maidenhood, is it irrecoverably destined to be a victim? Must war continue, in order to recreate society, purge it of the spleen, and sweep off its superfluous population? The questions contain their own answer; for who is it that raves, prophesies, estimates, longs, hopes, and sings a dirge over his miserable state, but the same who makes his condition miserable? Fate has been long ago dethroned in the human imagination, and man himself identified as at once the criminal and the sufferer. In ourselves, also, working in the strength of God, must we find the instruments of recovery; in our hopes, our energies, the resources of the past, the experience of the present; in the sanctified life of Jesus, more purely seen, more devoutly inspired, and in the memories of all saints, patriots, and heroic men. Despair is childish and unworthy, resignation wretched folly, so long as so many glimpses into a happier future are allowed us. At all events, before we succumb to this empty life we lead, let us mount the top of Pisgah, and look around us more advantageously out on the shadowy objects which everything teaches us lie there, as real and solid, though so far more glorious than the desert we now tread. No harm can befall us in this experiment. If it succeed, it may throw a cheerful light over our heart, nerve us for endeavour, cherish and elevate our aims, and expand our aspirations. The possibility of such a result justifies the attempt.

From history, indeed—from the past, that is, so far as we know it, though the arsenal from whence the weapons are drawn which are employed against the prospects of man—we may derive many lights towards the comprehension of what lies before us. But the difficulty is, to read history well; to take the facts as they are, that kings have been tyrants, statesmen deceptive, warriors beasts of prey, peoples mobs, without omitting the far grander fact, which links these facts to one another and to the history of the race, that, blindly and knowingly, wilfully unwillingly, by fortune and foresight, by art and by artlessness, the world has progressed, one step after another, however

lately, confusedly, tardily, and difficultly. Compare, for example, the Roman empire in the Augustan age, with our own as it exists at present. In extent, wide-spread character, luxury, and general enlightenment, they agree sufficiently to form the basis of a reasonable comparison. The golden age of the former was the culminating point of the ancient world, the highest reach of the wave; but, in the ideas and principles of that period, how far it stands below our own! The sentiment of citizenship and empire was the spring of activity, the great central feeling round which everything aggregated. The thought of humanity had then no distinct existence. Never were the Romans moved to enterprise through an impulse of philanthropy. The philosophy of the time gave scarcely any indication of this principle. In fact, its fundamental conception was selfish, and developed itself in a career of aggrandisement. No matter that there arose examples of high virtue. The virtues then nourished were only such as sprang out of the system of self-concentration, and contributed to its security and realisation. The higher virtues were discouraged as weak and effeminate. What was eventually evolved from the extension of the Roman empire, relates itself not at all to the present comparison; since that was, so far as good, accidental, or rather illustrates, in passing, the presence of a power over and above what is obvious to the understanding—a power that works all evil and confusion into something fairer and more beautiful than the best eras of the world have before been witnesses of.

Look, now, at the other side of the picture—at the empire of Britain, viewed as disadvantageously as one may. Here, the idea of life, whatever defects lie in its actualisation, is incomparably purer, nobler, more conducive to the creation of elevated examples and the general diffusion of happiness in the world. Let us heap up into one sad pile the miseries of modern civilisation, and give the whole what grim colours we please, we cannot avoid seeing through all this wretchedness, that a sentiment of disinterestedness, of love for the species in general, of a larger humanity, is at work in the heart of society; and this in despite of the individual selfishness which looks out amidst the dealings of life. How came we to be so eagerly discussing every question of morals, law, social and political philosophy, and national acts? Why the deep research, the lofty scorn, the eloquent denunciation and exhortation, the busy, exhaustless activity, expended on the exposure and removal of evil? Nor is it in books of high pretension only, or just in selector circles, that one finds all this. Our newspapers, daily and weekly sheets, our magazines, rising through all grades to the highest, work in this task of reformation. Is there no meaning in all this? Measures lie ages behind the ideas. Nor are we to believe that all the significance of the present is expressed in its practical deeds. The sentiment of reform—of a reform which shall leave out of mind not the most forlorn objects of the race—a reform which shall penetrate to the most subtle recesses of private and social life, is in existence at the bottom of society, working in patience, preparing by every means for a more splendid triumph over the lower powers than has ever yet been reached.

The truth is, that, although our condition were no better than it was a millennium or two ago, the new criticism to which everything is subjected would, of itself, indicate progress. The ideas are new, the laws are new; so are their practical exemplifications. The coarse, rough way of removing doubts by fire, or feuds by arms, is no longer in the canon of lawful means. Whatever we are suffering, be it as great and provoking as it may, we have a community ready to take up our accusation, discuss and adjudicate on it. No voice is hushed. No wickedness lies retired in a corner, but is speedily dragged to light, and stigmatised as it deserves.

To estimate aright the moral character of the times in which we live, we must consider how much of the evil which clings to it is the inheritance of the past, and how much had its origin in our spontaneous activity. The latter share alone is due to us; the former must lie at the

door to which it belongs. The period of the greatest Roman distinction had, properly speaking, inherited very little either of good or bad. It rose out of the simplest form of society, and was moulded on a single idea, the idea of empire. Perfection and not reform animated the national life; and in the nurture and completion of their idea consisted the success of their national endeavours. Quite otherwise is it with ourselves, who are struggling to rid our necks of old, wide-spread, deeply-struck customs, arising out of a very mixed and complicated state of society, and to which there has been nothing at all parallel in the earlier history of the world. Many of modern evils, too, have had their origin in the discoveries which have signalised our age—thus, in part inevitable, in part owing to incomplete experience.

Among the negative grounds of hope for the future, the greatest, however, is the fact that our reforms are begun, but nothing more—that they contain, in their promise, a fair and pteuous charge of fruit, which the ages to come will yet joyfully garner up. Revolution is with us, not a mark of desire for mere change, but of great schemes of amelioration, in which the highest intellects and most purified hearts are foremost. What trophies of our civilisation are Howard and Wilberforce, to take no wider a range of names! The principles which inspired them, which sustained that living and beneficent energy, awful as it was, from its greatness and intensity, are quite new in the history of the world; that is to say, they were unknown to the ancients, and, in some sense, to the earlier Christian world also, at least in connection with the peculiar circumstances of rank and political station which had place in the case of the great statesmen. What are we to say, too, of our times, in producing such a man as Dr Arnold, in whom intellect, energy, the spirit of reform, the ripe results of study were associated with one of the most beautiful Christian characters? By no means a solitary instance, Dr Arnold may be taken as a type of the age, considered in its moral aspect. He did not live exactly beyond his time, nor yet much above it. For these reasons he is more justly representative; he embodies the quick eye, the sublime seriousness, the enlargement of aim, the glowing humanity of the period, revealing, through his life, the harmonious operation of them all, in a personal and specific form, and not merely as we find them by implication in the study of the age itself.

In scrutinising the tendencies of the age, so far as these throw light on the hopes of the future, we find two or three which stand markedly out from among the others. The international relations of the world are conducted on different, and very much higher principles than they were, even at a recent period. More especially, war is now less frequent, and is always less dependent on caprice than before. This has arisen partly from the improvement in the political position of the governed, which has indirectly placed the direction and conduct of war more under the control of those who must suffer from it; partly from the higher development of the principles of political philosophy, which show how the gainer loses as well as the loser; and partly from the greater influence of Christianity upon the acts and movements of cabinets. Slowly but surely the false tinsel which is thrown around this bloody means of settling disputes is disappearing. There exists a public opinion sufficiently strong, not only to protect the peace-loving general who sheathes the sword as soon as he can, and consigns to the pen of negotiation what he might have with reputation accomplished himself in his own way, and with more show of greatness, but also to rate this style of generalship at the highest—as, indeed, the only kind really meriting admiration. Take the last twenty years, and one finds that a new spirit has been growing up, which has striven by every possible means to settle and arbitrate peacefully, and almost always with success. French and English, and English and Americans have shown its presence. Consider how anxiously governments have worked to evade a crisis which should entail war. A puff of false chivalry is not enough to set nations by the ears. The stake must be great. No stake even is beginning to be

thought sufficiently great to justify war, unless that of direct invasion.

Take, again, the experimental character of the age, and we shall have ground to hope for the future. Everything is getting itself reduced to science, to certainty, to exactness, and tangibility; everything, we mean, which aims to deal practically with men. The idea that we must obey nature by conforming our schemes of reform to her imperious laws, and working through them, is no longer the slowly acquired property of some solitary thinker. It is the possession of society. It lives and works in the mind of the shopkeeper, the mechanic, and in every species of inventor or discoverer. The popular literature of the day is saturated with it. We are on the right track at all events, whatever may be the result of the present order of civilisation. Men are coming to be better understood, in their worth, their complexity, their capacity of joy and suffering, and their high destiny.

The deepest, fairest, and sublimest ground of hope for the future remains yet to be mentioned—the unexhausted resources of Christianity. Since the divine seed was scattered, what has been its history? A struggle to live and spread itself, to survive the storms and tempests which have blown across it, and to overmaster the want of geniality in the clime which nurtures it. The period of controversy and quarrel is coming to an end, and only now are its relations to human life beginning to be generally estimated and recognised. The simplicity of the records in which its origin and early history lie is yet far a-head of our common ecclesiastical literature; nor is the tender humanity of our faith yet generally appreciated in connection with the other elements which constitute its value. But these facts only strengthen our hopes of the future: for, if such a vast change for the better has already taken place upon the world, while the sacred truth was merely in course of obtaining a hold on mankind, what are we not justified in expecting if once its pure beauty be manifested to the universal mind? The mine has only begun to be worked, which is destined to nourish our hearths with a warm and cheerful blaze of fire. Only the outer rinds have been dug out; what will not the recesses yield to the life and happiness of the human lot?

We began these remarks in a spirit which might seem scarcely consistent with the more favourable views of our position that have been developed in the course of the discussion. Everything, however, depends on the standard which we apply to the state of the world. One period may stand higher than another; relative to that other, indeed, very high. But, compared with the idea of life, its lowness or at least its defects may be strikingly palpable. The existence of this idea is the salvation of man. For, without it, would he ever shift his condition from a meaner to a nobler? But, should we see no improvement in the character of things, we would lose hope; thus, both efforts, one a comparison between the idea and the reality of life, the other between life in the past and life in the present, are necessary to complete the view which shall influence our efforts, and lead them towards a beneficial result. One thing, nevertheless, is still necessary, namely, a personal resolution to do our own duty, though all other children of men should evade theirs. Each has a personal life, and the progress of the world consists in the advancement of no imaginary totality, but of units, individuals, persons, such as you, and me, and our friend, and the man with whom we spoke yesterday.

#### FILTRATION OF WATER.

THERE is nothing perhaps in which the ingenuity of man appears to greater advantage than in his management of water; and whether water be considered in respect to isolated fountains or those vast collections which form the general ocean, it seems an element over which he exercises an almost unqualified control. The great deep is the arena on which many of his noblest works are exhibited; and though the sunken rock, the rugged shore, and the wild hurricane throw obstacles in his way, yet the longest jour-

neys are performed on its yielding surface, moveable properties are transferred from one region to another by stately traders, and postal communication between countries the most remote is accomplished with regularity and despatch by nimble steamers. But man himself is migratory: the labourer, the mechanic, and the husbandman traverse wide seas to rear an oasis in the distant wilderness; the philanthropist, the schoolmaster, and the missionary walk over many waters to enliven the homes of sorrow, dispel the mists of ignorance, and break the yoke of heathenism. Would to Heaven that the highway of nations had never been trod but to promote commerce, intelligence, civilisation, and evangelical truth! But alas! the thunders of bloody strife have often been heard booming across its moaning bosom; hostile gatherings of battle-ships have often disgraced it; and from these capacious shambles rivers have run down, reddening the surface of the deep, and stamping the most polished nations with the impress of an accursed brutality.

On land we find water everywhere subject to the will of man. At his bidding it descends the valley, and climbs the upland till it reaches the city, and discharges its copious streams at the tops of the loftiest buildings; it moves the ponderous wheel, which in turn gives motion to multifarious internal machinery; it fills the canal, or resolves itself into steam to propel the railway carriage and lend celestial swiftness to human transit.

The purifying of water for human use is so important a matter that no apology seems necessary for devoting a few moments to the consideration of it. When it is proposed to convey water into a town for the use of the inhabitants, the first point which should be ascertained is whether the foreign substances which impair its taste and colour be chemically or mechanically combined with it. To determine this nothing more is necessary than to fill a tall glass or jar with the water to be examined, and allow it to remain at rest for a sufficient time, when, should it appear that the water has deposited heavy sediment and become sweet and limpid, the adulterating particles are only mechanically diffused through it, and may be expelled from it by mechanical operations. But if, on the other hand, the taste and colour of the water remain unchanged, however long it has been at rest, the foreign substances are suspended in it by chemical solution, and can be discharged only by chemical means. The latter case we leave wholly in the hands of the chemists, and confine our observations exclusively to the former. In the preceding experiment the adulterating substances have been supposed heavier than water, consequently they have fallen to the bottom of the jar; and it appears from the experiment, that rest to some extent is an indispensable element in the purification of water. This may be further illustrated by supposing the waters of two fountains, equal in quantity and purity, enclosed in separate trains of pipes, through which they flow with unequal velocities. It is manifest, from well-known laws, that since the quantities of water in the moving cylindrical columns are equal and their velocities unequal, the sections of the two trains of pipes and the momenta of the streams are also unequal. To give precision to our idea, let it be assumed that one of the currents has nine times the velocity of the other, and fills a pipe two-thirds of a foot in diameter; then, since the capacities of the two currents are inversely as their velocities, the slower running stream will fill a pipe two feet in diameter for  $1 : 9 :: (\frac{2}{3})^2 : (2)^2$ ; but the momenta of the streams are as the squares of their velocities, that is, as  $1 : 81$ ; in other words, the adulterating particles which can be carried forward by the slower running stream, are eighty-one times less in diameter than those which may be borne along in the other, and at the end of their respective journeys water of a much higher degree of purity will be given out by the less velocity than the greater. In like manner, it might be shown that the nearer absolute rest is approximated to, the greater the degree of purity obtained. But if, instead of two separate trains of pipes, it were supposed that a long pipe, two feet in diameter, is gradually tapered from the middle in both directions until

the diameters of the sections of its extremities become eight inches, and then placed anywhere in the middle, but under the level of the train of pipes which in the preceding sentences has been supposed to contain the current flowing with the greater velocity: then, in that train of pipes a cistern will have been placed which will be always full of water; and have all the water contained in it in motion at once, with only one-ninth of the velocity of that in the pipes; and thus it will detain and deposit within itself all the grosser elements of pollution. What has just been stated leads directly to the consideration of the nature of cisterns, the common means of rest employed in water-works.

But here a curious and somewhat intricate question presents itself. It is this. Whether will the purification of water be best promoted in a cistern when all the water contained in it is in motion at once, or when part of the water is for some time completely at rest, everything else being the same in both cases? It is evident that the answer must be returned in favour of the cistern which gives the least degree of velocity to the current running through it; because the diminished velocity of the water in the cistern, as compared with that in the pipes, is measured by the section of the current, and not by the section of the cistern, except when these sections coincide; when, as has already been shown, all the water within the cistern is in motion at the same time. It is true that the deposition of sediment would be perfect in a cistern through which there is no current; but this case is inadmissible, as a cistern without a current is inapplicable to the conveyance of water. The cisterns commonly used at water-works are generally huge square-built vessels; and it is apparent, from their size in relation to the pipes, that much of the water contained in them is for some time in absolute rest. When a stream of water enters a cistern, it flows for an instant with nearly the same velocity with which it left the pipes: but during this instant, by virtue of its attraction, it gathers around it a portion of the water which before the influx was at rest—during the second instant a similar portion is withdrawn from rest—and the stream proceeds, continually increasing its section, till it reaches a maximum, from which it retreats inversely, in order to accommodate its section to that of the emptying pipe; but whilst the section of the current is regularly increasing, its velocity is continually diminishing; and if the filling and emptying pipes have equal sections, the maximum section of the current and its minimum velocity both lie in the middle of the cistern. If unity represent the diameter of the current when it enters the cistern, and  $\frac{1}{2}x$  denote the thickness of the edge of the minute ring of water which it draws from rest during the first instant of its progress; the diameter at the end of the first instant becomes  $1 + \frac{1}{2}x$ ; at the end of the second  $1 + 2x$ ; and, if the distance from the end to the middle of the cistern be called  $n$ , the maximum diameter of the current is  $1 + nx$ . But the areas of these sections are as the squares of their diameters; and the sum of all their areas, when the parts into which  $n$  is divided are indefinitely small, is just the solidity of a cone: therefore, the form of a current flowing through a cistern may be aptly conceived of under the figure of two right cones, whose bases meet in the middle of the cistern, and whose vertices lie in its opposite ends. It yet remains to be noticed, that the inertia of the water at rest in the cistern resists, as long as it can, the transition from rest to motion; and, fluids pressing equally in all directions, there is a circumambient pressure on the current, which to some extent hinders its expansion, quickens its motion, increases its momentum, and enables it to carry forward heavier adulterating particles than it could do were all the water in the cistern in motion at once. From what has been said respecting cisterns, it would appear that the length of a cistern is a more important element in the process of purification than its breadth; that the motion of the current through a cistern in which part of the water is at rest is quickened just because a portion of the water is at rest; that the least degree of velocity and the greatest degree of purity are at

tained when all the water in the cistern is in motion at once; and that every cistern, in order to be always full and work efficiently, should be placed wholly under the level of the general train of pipes.

The value of long narrow cisterns placed on a dead level seems to have been thoroughly appreciated by the ancients. Ancient Rome, we are told, was supplied by nine great aqueducts, which were afterwards augmented to twenty. Amongst these the Aqua Martia, built by Quintus Martius, is thus described:—'It rose from a spring distant thirty-three miles from Rome, made a circuit of three miles, and afterwards, forming a vault of sixteen feet diameter, it ran thirty-eight miles along a series of arcades at the elevation of seventy feet. It had vents perforated at certain distances, for disgorging the collected air; and the conduit was occasionally interrupted by deep cisterns, in which the water settled and deposited its sediment. It was hence remarkable for its clear green colour.' But these vents could only be necessary if the vault was full of water; for if it was not full, the air must have had a clear passage along the surface of the water. But if the vault was always full of water, it must have been placed under the level of the stream, which entered it at one end and escaped from it at the other. It may be presumed, at any rate, the motion would be no greater than could carry into Rome the water which the spring could give out in a certain time, therefore the velocity must have been very small; and the vault may be considered as a magnificent cistern, in which the water was almost at rest. We are far from contending that the water-works of the moderns should have the same construction with those of the ancients: for, however imposing the grandeur of these latter, the expense would be enormous; and the simplest and cheapest methods, provided they are efficient, ought always to be preferred. But the preceding extract illustrates the fact that water is best purified by being made to run, for some time at least, on a dead level; and this, it is presumed, might in most cases be accomplished without the intervention of anything very grand, clumsy, or expensive. It is, no doubt, matter of admiration to see a long train of railway carriages sweeping across a wide valley or over the chimney-tops of a large city; but it is also matter of admirable cost: and since water is more expert in ascending and descending heights than the steam-engine, it may generally be allowed to traverse such inequalities as do not rise higher than its own source.

A leading point sought to be established here is, that the cistern should have the same section as the current moving through it; because, in this case, the velocity is the least possible: and it has been already noticed, that the less the velocity of the current the greater the purity of the water. The common practice at water-works is to use most expensive and capacious cisterns of stone, with the intention of purifying the water by obtaining in them a slower velocity than in the pipes: but as by far the most capacious parts of these cisterns are above the level of the pipes, a great deal of the expense of construction is lost, for there is only a small stream through the stagnant water; and although the velocity is somewhat less than in the pipes, yet it is not nearly so small as it would be were the cisterns wholly below the level of the pipes, and so constructed that all the water in them could be forced into motion at once instead of a part only. To resume the case in which a tapering cistern, whose greatest section is two feet in diameter, was supposed to be placed anywhere in the middle, but on a dead level wholly under a train of pipes eight inches in diameter; it will be recollected that the velocity of the water in the cistern was only one-ninth of that in the pipes, whilst the diameter of a particle of adulterating matter, which could pass through the cistern, was only the eighty-first part of the diameter of a similar particle which might be borne along in the pipes. Let it be farther supposed that this train of pipes is carrying water to a town to supply the wants of the inhabitants: and that between the first cistern and the town there is a second cistern, the same in construction and position as the first: then, in the same way as the former results were obtained,

it may be shown that no adulterating particle, whose diameter is greater than the  $\frac{8}{81}$  part of the diameter of a similar particle floating in the pipes, could pass this second cistern; and hence, by augmenting the number of cisterns, the water might be brought to any degree of purity.

This is no mere theory assumed at random. We know of a small town, in Strathearn,\* where the system has been in operation since 1832. In the works we are now speaking of, the water flows towards the town, through pipes six inches in diameter, at the rate of sixteen inches in a second; the gradients being 1 in 900, or 4 inches in 100 yards. The cistern is merely a long cast-iron pipe; the middle section, perpendicular to the axis, is a circle two feet in diameter; and the parallel sections on both sides of this are gradually contracted in both directions, till the diameters of the sections at the extremities of the cistern become six inches—the same with those of the pipes. The cistern is placed horizontally, and wholly under the level of the pipes; and on the upper side there is what is technically termed a man-door, to admit, when necessary, the cleansing out of depositions of heavy matter, and to serve as a place of rest for any substance floating in the water. This opening is secured by a strong iron door. On the under side is a cleansing cock, through which, when open, the water flows with great velocity, and gives a thorough cleansing to the cistern. From the position of the cistern it is easily seen that it must be always full of water, except when the cleansing cock is open; and when this cock is shut, the water will gradually fill the cistern and rise in the ascending pipe, driving the air before it, till it reach the general level of the train, where there is an apparatus for allowing the air to escape. The water, as has already been stated, flows through the pipes at the rate of sixteen inches in a second: but the same quantity of water moving through them is always flowing through the cistern; and as the capacity of the large section of the latter is to that of the former as the squares of their diameters, the velocity of the water in the cistern is just one-sixteenth of that in the pipes; for  $2^2 : (\frac{1}{2})^2 :: 16 : 1$ , therefore the velocity of the water in the cistern is only one inch in a second. Now, if, for the sake of illustration, the water in the pipes and that in the cistern be supposed two separate currents, flowing with unequal velocities, then, since their momenta are as the squares of their velocities, that is, as 256 : 1, it follows that any particle of adulterating matter about the density of sand, capable of being borne along by the current in the cistern, cannot be greater in diameter than the 256th part of the diameter of a similar particle which may be carried forward by the current in the pipes—therefore the heavier sediment is all lodged within the cistern, from which it is cleared out from time to time by the cleansing apparatus. The cistern just described performs its task to advantage by being kept wholly below the level of the pipes, and having the same section as the current passing through it; by the former it is kept constantly full of water, and by the latter all the water contained in it is in motion at once; and the water which it furnishes is so pure, transparent, and agreeable to the taste, that even passing strangers view it with admiration.

In conclusion, it may be observed that the ancient Romans were as attentive to the quantity as to the quality of their water; for the former, when all the aqueducts were in operation, has been estimated at the amazing quantity of 50,000,000 cubic feet of water per diem, or fifty cubic feet for the daily consumption of each inhabitant, reckoning the population at one million. 'Such profusion of water,' says Sir John Leslie, 'altogether transcends our conceptions. The supply of London in the year 1790 was only 1,626,560 cubic feet daily; and even now (1821), when the rivalry of the several water companies has almost deluged the streets, it amounts only to 3,888,000 cubic feet. This quantity is abundantly sufficient for all the wants of a luxurious mass of inhabitants, equal certainly to the population of ancient Rome, where the consumption, however, was still fourteen times greater.

How paltry, then, appears the actual supply of Paris, amounting only to 293,600 cubic feet of water in a day! It affords scarcely half a cubic foot, or thirty pounds avoirdupois, to each inhabitant, in a population of upwards of 600,000. Modern Rome is, or was till very recently, supplied by three aqueducts, yielding about forty cubic feet daily for each individual in a population of 130,000. We must remark here, although it should cost both a sigh and a blush, that an army lately sent from republican France, to fraternise the Romans with grape-shot and bomb-shells, barbarously broke down one of the aqueducts.

### THE CHURCH DEL VASO DE AGUA.

ONE sultry evening in the year 1825, the old priest of San Pedro, a small village a few leagues from the famous city of Seville, returned very tired to his humble home, where Margarita, his trusty housekeeper, was anxiously expecting him; for she had prepared for her master's supper a dish of olla podrida; and though the dish was very small, and the olla podrida contained, beyond its sauce and its name, only the remnants of a meagre dinner, she had savoured and disguised it with all the talent she possessed, and was desirous that justice should be done to the product of her zeal and skill.

The parroco inhaled with pleasure the agreeable steam that arose before him, and said, 'Margarita, that is indeed an olla podrida to bring the water into one's mouth! You have chanced on a lucky day, my lad, and should be thankful for having found such a supper in the house of your host.'

At the words 'my lad' and 'your host,' Margarita threw her eyes round the apartment, and perceived, for the first time, that a stranger was present. A man was standing in a dark corner, reclining against the wall, at the sight of whom the wrinkled visage of the housekeeper quickly took an expression of great dissatisfaction. The angry look which she darted at him was, however, immediately turned on the priest himself, who cast down his eyes, and whispered to her, with the timidity of a child who fears a reproof, 'Well, well, when there is enough for two, there is always enough for three; and I am sure, Margarita, you would not have had me let a Christian starve—a man who has eaten nothing for two days.'

'A pretty Christian, truly!' replied the old dame. 'If you had said a brigand, you would have been nearer the mark.'

'Margarita! Margarita!' said the worthy man, in a deprecatory tone: then recovering himself, he continued, 'You forget yourself, Margarita. Do you not yet know the text—"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward?" Think of that, Margarita; not,' added he, somewhat hastily, 'that we are to be charitable in the hope of an earthly recompense. But let us sup.'

The guest, during this scene, had remained motionless; but when at the last words of the parroco, Margarita, grumbling some reply, left the room, he came forward. He was a tall and powerful man, and in his bearing had an imposing air of command. He was covered with mud, and his dress in general was ragged and torn; yet round his waist he wore a sack of rich silk, and the long gun he carried on his arm was splendidly mounted.

'Shall I go?' said he to the priest.

'Go?' said his host. 'Never shall a man whom my roof has sheltered be driven from under it; never shall he be otherwise than welcome. Put your weapon there, against the chimney: and let us to table.'

'Good,' returned the stranger; 'only my piece and I never part company. As the Castilian proverb says, "Two friends are one": now my gun is my best friend, and I will keep it between my knees; for though you allow me to stay here, and will not make me leave you except politely, and when I choose, there are others who may think of forcing me out, and that, too, perhaps feet foremost.

But have at your supper; here's to your health, and let us fall to.'

The old priest's appetite was keen, but his benevolence was great; and thus, though an exceedingly small share of the famous olla podrida came his way—Margarita, we may say, got none at all—he smiled benignantly on his guest as he finished the dish, together with a large loaf, and washed down the whole with hearty draughts of wine. The stranger, however, notwithstanding his voracity, was evidently on the alert. From minute to minute, as he ate, he threw uneasy glances round the chamber; and once, the night breeze having violently shut a door, he started to his feet, and cocked his *carabina* with the air of a man who expects an enemy, but will sell his life dearly.

'And now, worthy parroco,' said he, as he gulped down the last morsel of bread, 'will you give the finishing touch to so much kindness? I am wounded in the leg, and it is five days since the hurt was dressed. Give me some old rags, and then I will rid you of my presence.'

'I do not seek to be rid of you,' returned the priest; 'and as I know something of surgery, I will gladly dress your wound myself. My skill, truly, is not great, and yet you will find it surpasses that of most village barbers, one of whom, no doubt, it has been who applied that badly arranged bandage. And you shall have clean linen instead of these dirty patches and ribbons; you will see.'

As he spoke, he produced from a cabinet a case of instruments, and all that was necessary for the operation; then, tucking up his sleeves, he set to work with evident pleasure, for, besides that he was glad to be able to relieve a suffering man, he was somewhat vain of his science, and it was not every day he had such an opportunity of exhibiting it. The wound was severe. A bullet had gone through the right thigh, and to walk in such a state, had plainly required no ordinary degree of courage and resolution.

'I cannot let you go to-day,' said the good old man, as he finished his task. 'You must not move with such a leg. You will pass the night here—this night at all events: to-morrow we shall see. Rest will recruit your strength, diminish the inflammation, and reduce the swelling. I will prepare you a potion, a sleeping-draught—'

'There is no repose for me,' interrupted the patient, quickly. 'Sleep! I must set out to-night, and on the instant too. There are those who are waiting for me' (this was said with a deep sigh), 'and there are those who are seeking for me,' added he, with a fierce and bitter smile. 'Come, you are done with my leg, I think? Good; it is much easier. Give me a loaf; let this piece of gold pay for your hospitality, and then farewell.'

'I am no posadero,' said the priest, as he rejected the money with all the indignation his mild nature could assume. 'Think you I sell my hospitality?'

'As you please,' returned the stranger, as he tightened his sash. 'Pardon me, and adieu.'

As he spoke, he took the loaf which, on a sign from her master, Margarita reluctantly offered him, and, throwing his long gun into the hollow of his arm, disappeared in the darkness.

'A fine story, truly!' said Margarita, as she closed the door. 'Not only must you give this bandit all we have in the house—my olla podrida, one loaf, two loaves, and wine besides—how he did eat and drink, to be sure!—but you must try to persuade him to remain here all night! What if the Minones had found him under our roof? What would the alcalde have thought of a parroco who shelters robbers? ay, and dresses their wounds too? Besides, what if he had cut our throats before morning, and made off with your big watch, and the silver cup, and my gown with the new sleeves, and—'

'Peace, Margarita,' interposed the priest. 'Would you have had it, so that at the great day it should be said to us, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not; for verily I say unto



you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?' But I know your heart is better than you would have it appear, otherwise, indeed, would I reprove your words. Good night. I am tired, and will go to bed.'

Margarita retired without speaking; but her master had judged her truly, for as she laid her head on her pillow, her woman's nature sighed when her thoughts reverted to the wounded and houseless wanderer whom, in words at least, she had treated so harshly.

Next morning the priest was awakened from his peaceful slumber by a sharp discharge of musketry. Alarmed at a thing so unusual, he hastily threw on his cassock, and ran to the door. As he opened it, a man rushed into the house, very pale, and bleeding from a wound in the breast. It was the stranger of the preceding day.

'There!' cried he, as he forced into the old man's hand some pieces of gold, 'my wife—my children—in the ravine—near the little river—', and he fell senseless to the ground.

A moment after a number of Minones issued from the little wood adjacent to the priest's dwelling, and advanced cautiously with their muskets levelled. But on the old man's making signs that they had no resistance to expect, they shouldered their arms, and ran up.

'Ho, ho! he is done for at last,' cried the leader of the party, as they beheld the body of the wounded man. 'Good day, padre. It is the famous brigand, Mateo.'

'I told you so, I told you so!' exclaimed Margarita, whom the unwonted noise had brought to the scene. 'Oh, the woful day! What will become of us now?'

But her master heeded her not, for he was already deeply occupied with Mateo's wound. The Minones allowed him to dress it, but when they saw he had done, they lifted their still insensible prisoner on a rude cart which they had sent for. In vain the merciful priest remonstrated.

'It will kill him, you say?' replied their captain. 'Well, so much the greater luck for him. Far better to die like a brave man by a bullet, than like a dog by the garrote! Forward! March!'

But just as the cart was moving off, Mateo came to himself, and murmured feebly, 'A glass of water—a little water.' In a minute the old man was by his side with what he desired. 'Yes, yes,' said Mateo, when he had drunk, 'you are a good man, parroco, and Heaven will bless you. I remember what you said yesterday. A cup given like this must meet with its reward. But you know—you understand?'

The priest made a sign of intelligence to intimate that he comprehended the anxiety of the robber about his wife and children, and that he would not fail to execute his wishes. Mateo returned him an expressive look of gratitude, and the cart escorted by the Minones moved on.

When the last of the troop had disappeared, Margarita, whom terror had latterly kept silent, broke out. 'Oh, good master,' she cried, 'we are now undone! That villain has betrayed us; he has completely compromised us, and all is over! May Heaven forgive him for his wickedness! But you, my honoured master, how could you act so? Ah, you are too good and too simple for this world. You must needs dress his wounds again, and give him water, and let them go without denying that you received him yesterday evening, without putting in a word to show you knew nothing about him. Then he said, 'You know—you understand?' just as if you were one of his band; and you made him signs too. Why, before noon we shall be apprehended as his accomplices. I remember—'

'Fear nothing, Margarita; I only did my duty, and let me tell you—' began the priest.

But Margarita, unheeding of him, went on. 'I remember well,' said she, 'what happened to the parroco of Fuentes in the war of independence. He had harboured a wounded French officer from pity and charity, as he said, and I daresay he said true; but that did not hinder them from taking him out and shooting him before his own door: and so they will do with us—'

'Margarita, I tell you, Margarita—'

'They will indeed; our minutes are numbered. But—' 'Silence, Margarita!' interrupted her master, somewhat sternly. 'I have that to do which must not be delayed. Bring me my hat and cloak.'

Half an hour's walk brought the priest to the ravine, and soon he reached the spot indicated by the bandit: there he found dead, but scarcely yet cold, the body of a young woman; she had been wounded in the throat, probably by a chance bullet. Beside her, and still clinging to her breast, was an infant a few months old; and pulling his mother by the arm, for he thought she was asleep, was a fine boy, who might perhaps be in his fourth year. The scene explained itself; the old man knelt down by the corpse, and repeated slowly and solemnly some of the prayers of his church; then rising, with his eyes full of tears, he tenderly cradled the younger child in his arm, and, taking the other by the hand, returned pensive to his home.

We need not attempt to depict the surprise and consternation of Margarita when she saw her master approach with his charge. Notwithstanding his explanations, and the palpable presence of the children, it was long before she could bring herself to believe in the reality of what she saw. At last recovering speech, she said, 'And what are we to do with them? What do you intend to make of them? You know we have scarcely enough to live on ourselves, and you bring home two more mouths. We shall starve; we shall all four starve!'

'O thou of little faith!' said the parroco.

'This is not my mother,' exclaimed the elder boy, twining his arm round the old man's, as if to seek his protection; 'my mother is good and kind to me, and very kind to little Jose, because he is so little.'

At his brother's voice, the infant looked up and smiled, and stretched out his hands towards the old housekeeper. She felt the appeal, and took him in her arms, saying, 'Well, well; what must be, must be. Fortunately there is a little milk; it only requires to be warmed. Little sleep I shall have of nights now, but that is nothing. It is a pretty baby, poor thing.'

'I knew you would like little Jose,' said the other child, going up to Margarita quite confident and re-assured; 'everybody is kind to little Jose.'

In the evening the priest had the body of the young mother buried, and recited with no little emotion some more prayers over her grave. As for Margarita, that day, and the next, and for long after, she was so occupied by her care of the children, that the poor priest was much neglected; there never was any olla podrida, and her critical lectures ceased.

Twelve years had gone by, when one afternoon in early spring, the priest of San Pedro, now not far from eighty years of age, was seated in the sun before his door. By his side was Margarita, who had become blind; at his right hand stood a fine boy reading aloud, and in the garden another lad, more robust, and some two or three years older, was working manfully. A carriage—a rare sight in that sequestered spot—approached from the direction of Seville.

'Oh, what a fine carriage!' cried the younger boy, looking up from his book at the noise of wheels.

The equipage stopped opposite the house, and a servant in a rich livery came up to the priest, and asked for a glass of water for his master.

'And welcome,' said the old man. 'Jose, carry a glass of water to the senor, and take some wine too with it; perhaps he will accept a little wine.'

Jose hastened into the house to fulfil the commission; but before he could return, a tall man, in the uniform of a superior officer, had alighted from the carriage, and stood before the priest. He might have been some fifty years of age.

'Your nephews, I suppose,' said he, somewhat abruptly, to the parroco.

'Better than that, senor; they are my sons—my adopted sons, of course, I mean.'

'How adopted?'

'That involves a story; it is one, however, that I will readily tell you, all the more so that I have long wished to consult some senior like you, as to what I had best do to advance the interests of my children. Senior, would you like to hear their history?'

'I would indeed,' replied the stranger, to the great joy of the worthy priest, who forthwith recounted the tale the reader knows.

'And now,' said he, as he came to an end, 'what, senior, is your advice? Who knows but Heaven may have led you hither that you may aid these orphans? What shall I best do with them?'

'Let them both enter as ensigns in the Queen's Guards; and that they may maintain their rank becomingly, let each have an allowance of four thousand ducados yearly.'

'I asked you, senior, for advice, and not for a jest,' returned the priest, calmly, though he was secretly much disappointed and hurt.

'Yes; and then you must have your church rebuilt, and beside the new church, we must build a new house for you. Stay; I have the plan of the whole in my pocket. There; does it please you? And when all is finished, we shall call the church, 'La Iglesia del Vaso de Agua,' the church of the glass of water—a strange name, is it not?'

'Who—who are you?' exclaimed the priest, who, as the other proceeded, had half risen from his chair in great emotion, and was eagerly reading his countenance. 'Yes, yes; it is he!—your voice—your features—yes it is indeed Mateo!' And so it was.

On making the discovery, the parroco fell back in his seat, for a moment overpowered by his feelings; but, quickly recovering himself, he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, and seemed for some minutes engaged in silent prayer; then, turning to Margarita, the venerable man repeated once more the text, 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

'Come, worthy parroco, true Christian, and real friend,' said Don Mateo della Ribeira, dashing a tear from his sun-browned cheek, and holding his sons pressed to his breast, 'you have told me your story, and it is but fair I should tell you mine; and I believe you will confess—ay, and that so will my old acquaintance, Margarita—that though for a time I bore the name of a robber and a brigand, I was not the kind of man which these titles would lead most people to take me for. Private and political animosities branded me unjustly, for nothing blinds men so much as family quarrels and the spirit of party; and I, for my part, had the misfortune on the one hand to have quarrelled with my own kindred, and on the other to have believed too soon that the day of regeneration for Spain was come. But let that pass; suffice it to say, that I never have done anything unworthy either of myself or of her who was the mother of these boys, and whom you, good man, laid in her too early grave.' (Here Don Mateo passed his hand over his eyes, and paused for a moment.) 'When I was captured that morning by the Minones,' he quickly resumed, 'they took me to Seville; there I was thrown into prison till my wounds should be healed, and was given to understand that I should be executed as soon as they were. The infamy of such an act was, however, spared to my enemies (it would have been none to me), for before they thought me strong enough to be put to death, I escaped. Spain, however, no longer afforded me an asylum; I left the country, and passed many long years in foreign lands. At last, however, Ferdinand the king died. The consequent change of circumstances allowed me to return from exile, the civil war broke out, and men like me were eagerly sought for, both by the adherents of the queen, and Don Carlos. I, of course, attached myself to the party which so far, at least, represented the opinions I had always maintained, and for which I had not a little suffered. In a short time I was at the head of a considerable body of partisans, and did the country some service against the Carlists. To be short, Mateo, the so-called brigand chief, rose to the rank

of general in the army of her most catholic majesty. During the heat of the war I never could find an opportunity of coming here in person, and I was not willing that you, parroco, or my sons, should hear of me from any one but myself. This is why you have till to-day been ignorant that I still lived. I had, however, occasional news of you by a trusty hand, and you, my friend, must have from time to time received the sums I sent you.'

'I did,' said the priest; 'but not knowing whence they came, why they were sent, or on what account I should receive them, I distributed them among the poor.'

'Indeed! And yet, if I had reflected a moment, I might have anticipated as much. No matter; charity from your hands must have been well applied. But come, parroco, I know your hospitality of old, and, though not so hungry as I was the last time, would gladly dine. Have you ever an olla podrida, friend Margarita? In any case there are some cold meats in my carriage, for I was not sure of being able to arrive so soon.'

Never was feast more joyous than that which was set forth that day in the house of the parroco of San Pedro; and Margarita, who in honour of the occasion put on what she still called 'her gown with the new sleeves,' at last and for ever changed her opinion of Mateo the brigand.

Six months afterwards (for, remembering the good priest's great age, Don Mateo had forced the workmen into marvellous activity), the general and his sons were present at the consecration of the Iglesia del Vaso de Agua. It is one of the prettiest country churches within twenty miles of Seville. Beside it stands the house in which the excellent parroco, surrounded by more of this world's comforts than he had ever known before, passed the remaining years of his life. He is now at rest, but his memory will never be forgotten by those who knew him.

### Original Poetry.

#### MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Sing we of days that are gone, I say,

Of days that have pass'd their prime—  
Of the sunny hours of infancy,  
Fresh from the lap of Time.

Of days that swift, as on angel wings,  
Have borne them out of sight—  
Of the joy of a thousand memoried things  
That glitter in childhood's light—

Of the hands that patted our infant brow,  
And cradled our infant years—  
Of the forms of those that are sleeping now—  
Of the heart's young gushing tears.

Go, bid the Spirit of the Past  
Yield up his treasured store  
Of joys that have fled to too fast,  
Joys that return no more!

Call up now of days that are gone  
The sunshine and the sorrow,  
Let the present awhile slip heedlessly on,  
And banish the thought of to-morrow.

I see it before me, the hallow'd spot  
Where my boyhood loved to roam,  
But the joyous forms of the past are not  
That gladden'd my childhood's home.

Yet I see them—they come, each fair-hair'd child—  
Come as they came of yore,  
With the merry laugh and the ahorn wild.  
And the ancient pinafore.

Again they gambol on the green,  
With the joyous heart and free;  
Oh! are they things that have only been;  
Or are they things that be?

They are gone, those days are over now—  
Those forms have pass'd away;  
Yea, wither'd now is each sunny brow,  
And I am changed as they.

Go, bid the Spirit of the Past  
Reclaim his sacred store—  
They are joys that have fled all too fast,  
They are joys that return no more!

#### THE POET'S MOODS.

Wild, prophetic pours the song  
Of the poet-dreamer now,  
Where the world-hum borne along  
Melts upon the mountain's brow.

Now in wallings o'er the plain,  
Like the plover's love-lorn cry,  
Dies and swells the plaintive strain,  
As the mourner's minstrelsy.

Now the muse's sacred fire  
Kindles all its ardent glow,  
Now it bursts in lofty ire,  
Now it sinks in pleading low;

Now it looks beyond the grave,  
Triumphs o'er the conqueror's sting,  
Tells of Him who died to save—  
Cross-enthron'd, and thorn-crown'd King.

Oh, in hours of deepest woe,  
Or when sunny smiles are given,  
Who the enchantment would forego?  
Poetry is born of heaven.

H. C.

#### EUROPEAN LIFE.—No. V.

##### THE CRUSADES.—(CONTINUED).

##### SECRET OF MAHOMMEDAN CONQUEST.

BEFORE saying the little we mean to say of the grapple of European and Mahomedan life in the crusades, it may be allowed us to put the following question: *How, when Christianity was in the world, within a stonecast, one might say, did Mahomedanism—a younger faith—a mere echo of itself caught up at the fairs of Syria, succeed in seizing the whole Eastern world, and confining for many ages European life to Europe?* Not by imposture, not by quackery, we freely answer, quoting Thomas Carlyle. But neither by 'Hero Worship,' as is virtually maintained by him.\*

In the hearty appreciation of the Arabian prophet which we find in the second lecture on 'Hero Worship,' the old notions about Mahomet are satisfactorily brushed away. 'He did not found a sensual religion; only curtailed the sensuality he found existing.' Neither was he himself a sensual man. He had faults—faults of the kind David had, 'but we shall err widely if we consider him a common voluptuary.' In his frugal household 'his common fare was bread and water. Sometimes, for months together, not a fire was lighted in his hearth.' 'Not a bad man' either, or these wild Arabs would not have revered him so. 'He stood face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery—visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes, fighting, counselling, ordering in the midst of them. They must have seen what kind of man he was. No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three and twenty years of rough actual trial! I find something of a veritable hero necessary for that.' And so there was. The man Mahomet must have been a better, truer, man than any Arab of his day, or he would not have obtained the influence and homage he did.

But we have not the secret of his religious success in

\* Readers of Carlyle must bear in mind that his book on Heroes, full of genius, as everything he has done, is, beside being an exposition and vindication of his besetting faith, also an exhibition of his philosophy of European history. He works out his theory with European materials. Odin represents the German element, Dante the Roman-Ecclesiastical, Shakespeare is the Feudal system evolved to music, Luther the Reformation, &c. &c. The lecture on Mahomet finds place as Carlyle's word, on the early struggle of European and Mahomedan life. This being the case, it follows that the philosophy of European history is 'Hero Worship.' German strength was the worship of Odin—Mahomedan prowess, the worship of Mahomet.

this. No doubt it carries us a good way. All men are incarnations either of good or evil; the 'hero,' the incarnation of good, is the highest figure upon earth while he is present. But, after all, it is not the 'hero'—the incarnation—which is the working power in social influences, but that which makes him heroic—the truth of which he is the incarnation. Mahomet himself was still an object of hatred to Omar when that kinsman and future caliph was converted by a verse of the Koran. He was dead, and a mere name, when Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Africa, received his faith. We shall look, therefore, not into the man, but into the faith which the man had, for the secret of its brilliant success; and concerning this success there are three things to be said.

The first is, *that Mahomedanism displaced nothing better than itself.* This is abundantly plain with respect to the religions which it superseded in Egypt and Persia, for they were at the time decrepit, worn out, and ready to die. In the prophet's own country, where his religion had its first and sorest battle to fight, it displaced sheer idol worship. At Mecca the old mosque was full of idols; and, standing without, there was an idol for every day in the year—an army which Mahomet in his old age threw down and broke to pieces. In the Koran, he protests again and again against idol worship. We have been much struck with one chapter; he is dealing with the Sabæans, or star worshippers. What can your star-god do for you? he asks. Behold him, he rises, he sets; a true god does not set. Remember Abraham, he continues, star-worship did not suffice for him, neither did the clay idols in the house of his father; O father, he said, these images are not gods; so he went out on the approach of evening; the heavens rose over him, piercing far upwards into eternity; and the young man cried for God. A star came out and stood on the breast of the sky. My Lord! my Lord! cried Abraham; the heavens drew the star back into its darkness. Then rose the moon, beautiful, two-horned, like a living face in the liquid deep. My Lord! my Lord! again cried the adoring youth. The moon also set. High over the summits of far receding hills came the tints of morning. Flaming into daylight rose up the sun. My very God, at length! said Abraham, and he bowed down to worship. In the evening this god too departed, and it was night once more. No! exclaimed the worshipper, nor sun, nor moon, nor star, shall be good to me; my soul seeketh after one who never sets.—In parables such as these, Mahomet preached that there was no God but one, and he no idol dumb and dead, no creature-star, but the living Maker of heaven and earth. With parables such as these he displaced, not better, but worse than he gave.

It is said that one sect among the Arabians had some notion of a hereafter before his time. When one of this sect died, his camel was tied to his grave, and allowed to starve, that it might follow its master into the other world, and serve him there. Mahomet put the Koran in the place of the famishing and solitary camel. Most decidedly a better way of proclaiming a hereafter! A better way, we would also add, of setting forth the character of God than by stars and blocks of wood and clay! And in itself, moreover, a proof of Mahomet's practical worth as a prophet. For, with a very scant education himself, he yet saw so truly into its necessity as to make it a part of religion to study a book—to have cultivation and learning enough, at least, for that.

The great difficulty, with respect to the proposition we have advanced, is Christianity; but this difficulty decreases the moment we remember that the Christianity with which we are acquainted did not exist in that age. Recall the extent of the Roman empire to your minds. At the death of Constantine it broke into two parts—Rome the centre of the one, Constantinople the centre of the other. Around Rome gathered the Roman Church; the Greek Church, with a patriarch or pope of its own, took its rise in Constantinople. A word or two on the state of religion in these churches will show you that Mahomedanism displaced nothing better than itself.

In the Western, or Roman Church, Christianity was still

striving to lay hold of Germanic life, was working its slow way almost imperceptibly through pagan thought and feudal lawlessness into the human principle beneath. It had hardly obtained more than an acknowledgment of external ordinances when the Arabs appeared in Europe. Its inner meaning at that moment was misunderstood; it was not felt that it had an inner meaning. 'Holy Father, is this the kingdom of heaven?' we heard Clovis asking in bedecked Rheims. And yet, feeble though this hold was, external though it was, in Western Europe Christianity could say to Mahomedanism, 'Depart, I am stronger than thou.'

In the Eastern, or Greek Church, again—the church which had the main battle-ground of the crusades under its jurisdiction—Christianity had degenerated into superstition and idolatry. The places of worship were full of pictures and images; actually, there was the adoration of dead images. The Greek Astarte had become the Virgin Mary, and was paganism prayed unto. In true, simple statement, Christianity did not exist here. And do not wonder at this. Remember what was said in a previous paper about the 'honest' or receptive heart. There was no such heart in the East; Christianity found only voluptuousness and luxury refusing to be leavened. Even the ascetics, the monks, who at that time were seeking in desert places, away from the bustle of city life, the peace which passeth understanding—what were they? Voluptuaries too! Men too luxurious to take their part in the battle of life, and help to turn confusion into order. Then, the bishops of the Greek Church, the men who were to be examples to the flock? If you open a church history and turn to the chapters which portray their pastorate, you will not know which to loath most—the unblushing avarice and lust of power they displayed, even to the length of arming their partisans in their cause, or the trifles and worse than inane nostrums which were the staple of their preaching. Mahomedanism *did* displace all this. Constantinople is at this moment full of mosques instead of churches; but anything short of actual irreligion—and Mahomedanism is very far short of that—deserved to displace the sort of Christianity which the propagators of Islam found there.

The second thing we have to say will require less space to say it in. Some of our readers know the meaning of the word *heresy*—literally, a choosing, a choice; theologically, the choice of a particular doctrine. It is not necessarily the choice of a false doctrine; but only, as Coleridge suggests, a false choosing—a choosing of one truth, out from the organic whole to which it belongs, and cleaving to it in its separated, isolate state.

As we all know, heresies do not usually die in the birth. They step into the world with certain signs of robust perseverance, which make them always formidable to the orthodox. They have vitality, and root, and spreading; their progress is brilliant, rapid, extensive; and, by virtue of this obvious quality, that they do not demand so much—do not appeal to so much of our mind as the truth does. Truth covers our entire being; heresy appeals mostly to the understanding, always to a mere portion of our faculties. We receive it with greater ease, and submit to it more readily, than is possible with the truth. The natural development of heresy is sectarianism. Every sect represents some half-truth—some doctrine wrenched from its place and lifted into undue prominence. The doctrine believed in is a truth; in most cases, undeniably so. Attention is directed to it. It is clear, simple, easy of apprehension, credible. The sect is formed and goes on spreading, just so long as its members continue ignorant that they have left the universal temple to find shelter under one of its stones.

We give this as the secret of the rapid spread of Mahomedanism. *It was not falsehood. It was heresy—a religion built upon a single doctrine.* There is a will above man's will, above nature's—one will—the will of God. This is *Islam*, the doctrine on which Mahomedanism stands. Taken by itself, it is true—a virtual portion of all truth. It is the Arabian way of saying, 'The Lord

reigneth.' There are other things in the Koran; but this is the kernel of it, Islam—submission to God's will, practical recognition of 'Not my will, but thine.' Who submits to this will is a true Moslem, or Mussulman; who does not is an infidel, and has denied the faith. For we are not free to act as we choose. This will has a lord's place over us. It streams through all nature; it is supreme; it is God. The will has no moral character. It is not, as the Bible puts it, a father's will—a will of love and mercy; it is simply *will*.

Now nothing but my understanding is appealed to by this doctrine. My moral life is hardly touched. I am to remain a wild soldier—a robber, if I please—provided I rob those only who do not yield to this will. The controversy which Christianity had with the military life cannot be understood by Mahomedanism. Military life is its highest, freest development. My conversion to this faith is a sort of external enlisting; is not, cannot be, inwardly a difficult process. What I am asked to do—to submit to a will higher than my own—is not a wrong thing. What I am asked to believe is truth, unequivocal truth. Islam? My intellect receives it without protest, welcomes it even as actual light, and is not lowered, but exalted, by possessing it. It is in the nature of things, therefore, that Mahomedanism should have spread more rapidly than Christianity.

The third thing we have to say grows out of this second and is part of it. *It did not humble a man to become a Mussulman*—did not require him to make large spiritual sacrifices. Mr Carlyle finds great fault with Prideaux and others for describing Mahomedanism as 'an easy religion.' He speaks of its 'fasts, lavations, strict, complex formulas, prayers five times a day, abstinence from wine;' but we wonder that he, of all others, should fix on these things as proofs of its being a difficult religion—he who has so pilloried the rotatory-calabash species of worship. External things are always easy. At one time it was counted easier to build the Tower of Babel than lead the life which God required. Fasts, lavations, formulas! If these had been ten times as numerous, the religion which prescribes them might nevertheless be an easy one. It is within the sphere of the moral conduct alone, you can determine whether a religion is easy or not. What does religion require of the man there? How *much* submission? Submission of my whole being—of my feelings, wishes, thoughts—of my very self, as in Christianity. This is difficult. Less than this is less difficult.

Read Oakley's 'History of the Saracens,' a veracious history, we venture to affirm, by internal evidence alone. It is a history of conversions. The greatest number of the conversions take place on the field of battle, and one is the description of all. There was but one alternative. 'Islam and paradise, or death?' 'Wilt thou become a Mussulman—yea or nay?' 'Yea.' 'Arise, be a sharer of our spoil.' 'Nay.' The sabre glances through the neck. One of the texts which Mahomet quotes with precision from the Bible is that word in the thirty-seventh psalm: 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' The Mahomedan exposition was that 'the meek' were the children of Ishmael, and the inheritance of the earth was conquest. And everything else in their history chimes in with this. There was a perpetual pandering to the external, the sensual, in them. When the report came to the Caliph Omar that Antioch was taken, and that the army was removed to a distance because the men wished to possess themselves of the Greek women of that place, the caliph, with true Mahomedan instinct, lamented that his general had been so hard upon the Mussulmans, and ever after remembered to direct his generals differently. 'Be kind to the Mussulmans,' he would say; 'God does not forbid to *them* the good things of this life.'—It is said these are the faults, not the realities of that faith. We do not doubt but they are. We are at present showing how this religion succeeded; and we give this as the complement of our second reason, that it did not rebuke, but tolerate and sanctify these faults.

In maintaining this much of the old theory, however, we have no wish to continue the notion that the man Maho-

met proposed those easy methods to himself as a means of his own getting on in the world. His sincerity need not be called in question. To him, undoubtedly, Islam was all truth—was the centre and ground of life. There is a great deal in what Carlyle says, that he did not *invent* the sensuality of his religion, but only limited what of this he found existing. Neither is there any need to deny that he was a prophet. In so far as he was a speaker of truth he deserved the name; and truth to some extent he did speak, as we have seen. Moreover, he seriously believed himself that he had a divine commission. After the banquet in Mecca, his kinsmen sent Abu Taleb, his uncle, to remonstrate with him. They were keepers of the old mosque; his preaching would hurt the family interest. 'Our craft will be destroyed.' 'No,' said the prophet; 'if the sun should stand on that side and the moon on this, and bid me cease, I would not obey them.' They resolved to assassinate him. Each kinsman was to give one stab, so the guilt would be diffused and fasten upon no *one*. When they burst into his bed-chamber for this purpose he was fled. His nephew Ali, his brave young vizier, had taken his place. In this flight the prophet was accompanied by Abubeker. Among other adventures, they lay three days in a cave. The pursuers came seeking them into its neighbourhood. 'We are but two,' said the timid Abubeker. 'Three,' answered the prophet; 'you are forgetting God.' The assassins stood at the very entrance. In the interval a pigeon had laid two eggs on the 'step,' and a spider had woven a web across the mouth. 'They are not here,' they said, 'or they would have broken these in going in.' Mahomet was right. There *were* three in the cave.

In the battlefield he reminds one of our own Cromwell. He preached to his soldiers as well as fought; and he knew how to make use of passing occurrences as tokens of the will of Providence. More than enough has been said about his numerous wives. It should be remembered that he lived in the east, and was *not* a Christian. Moreover, these eleven wives were married when he was turned of fifty. Up till this age he was the husband of one wife, a wife older than himself. When he was twenty-five, his mistress, the widow of a rich merchant, offered to marry him for his faithful management of her business; and he was true to her while she lived—a rare virtue in his day and generation. He never was ashamed of his old wife, never disowned his love for her. She was his first convert. The young Ayesha, his favourite among the eleven who succeeded, said once to him, 'Your first was old and ugly; you have younger, more beautiful, better wives now!'—'Younger, more beautiful, indeed,' said Mahomet, 'but not better—by Allah, not better—there never was a better. She became my friend when I was poor and friendless, and she believed in me when no other did.'

A few days before his death he went up to the pulpit and said, 'If I have wronged any man let him now speak; if I owe aught let it now be told; better now than at the judgment.' A man cried out that he owed him three drachms. They were paid, and with thanks. The angel of death found him reclining on the ground. Mahomet lifted his eyes to heaven, and, as a man truly hoping after his own paradise, uttered, in broken sentences, these words and fell asleep: 'Oh, Allah!—pardon my sins—yes—I come—among my fellow-citizens on high.'

So died the man, whose word, embodied in Mahomedan soldiery, four hundred years thereafter, was to confront European life on the slopes of Calvary. And now, in our next, to a brief word on the struggle.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART III.—THE FUTURE.

#### CHAP. I.—FIRST GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

CONSTANCE WAS NOW, as she had long been, the main stay of the bereaved family. Gertrude's nerves, flattered

by the least excitement, were sorely tried by this visitation, and on Constance alone devolved the sad duty of support and condolence. Horace felt Marian's death, probably, as keenly as any. Occupied with official duties since Marian's departure from town, he had almost ceased to look in upon the gay world, so little either to his taste or inclination.

Months passed on, when, one morning, he was delighted by a note from Constance, stating that she and Gertrude were about coming up to town, and, at Mrs Morton's request, wished he would make arrangements respecting apartments, where they might probably remain during the winter. He anticipated much gratification from this visit. Constance, he was convinced, would return home unscathed by the allurements in which she must mingle and the flattery by which she would undoubtedly be assailed. He loved to picture to himself that firm undaunted mind, uncontaminated by the assaults of all that could either weaken its purpose or loosen its hold from those uncompromising principles she had so early imbibed. The trial would undoubtedly take place; and, probably, the more real, the more severe would be the test. This generally, is the case—our most precious metals requiring the hottest furnace. It is only the most valuable that need, or will bear, refining.

When the family arrived, Horace could not help being struck by the great personal resemblance Constance bore to Gertrude in her best days. The same faultless, classical features, the same graceful turn of the head and neck, and that elegance of carriage so conspicuous in her elder sister, made her manner as fascinating to some, as her eminently gifted mind and excellent temper to others. Horace felt his earliest love again awakening; but he repressed, while he condemned the folly of such thoughts, though confident that, in a person like Constance alone, his happiness could be secured. He was, however, resolved to live, and die, that untried, scoffed at, uncared for thing—an old bachelor! He had suffered too much from blighted affection, ever again to indulge a lover's anticipations.

This was his determination, and, once formed, he knew his resolutions would not lightly be forgone.

'How strange, as it is new to me, all I see and hear in this marvellous city,' said Constance to him one day; 'I can easily understand how tempting such attractions must be, and how ensnaring, especially to the mind of youth. We do not mix very much; but enough, I think, to bewilder, if not fascinate. My old fashioned—or, as our cousin of the guards said the other evening, my 'old maidish' notions are severely tried by such dissipation; I hope, however, I have been taught to look beyond the surface. Poor Marian, I do not wonder at her clever, lively disposition being so soon ensnared. Had I possessed half her talents, and her wit, I would not answer for the consequences.'

'This only proves,' said Horace, 'that even our highest acquirements—say, the most gifted efforts of genius, are a curse—a temptation and a snare, unless devoted to nobler purposes than self, and public applause.'

Though at present mixing little in what is called the gay world, Constance was soon exposed to a buzz of admiration from most of the ephemera who fluttered about her, attracted by her beauty, and the quiet elegance of her manner. No doubt, some would have gone farther, had they dared; but there was a firmness and self-possession that repelled all advances; her apparently cold—some would have termed it haughty—behaviour, forbade any rash attempts, and, in a while, they ceased either to flatter or annoy. Her standard was so high, that, in all likelihood, none would ever attain to it. She was determined never to marry one she could not look up to, and lean upon for solace or advice—one in whom she could confide, as well as love. But where could such an one be found? Assuredly the search would almost seem without the range of probabilities; the future destined to bring no 'help meet' for the gifted being who, though her soul would have amply reciprocated another's sympathy, was

examined that other self should be one of superior endowments to her own.

The Rev. Augustus O'Brien, said the servant, one drizzly November forenoon, announcing the clergyman of a church where Constance sometimes attended. The reverend gentleman was of that class called 'popular teachers'—an Irishman by birth. His manners and appearance were very elegant—his voice musical and distinct—and his extempore preaching quite a model of eloquence. His doctrines were strictly orthodox; nor could a fault be found with his opinions; and his address seemed calculated to win every heart. He dealt in either warning or reproof—all was gladness and brightness; and, under his ministration, religion was too rich held out as a pursuit—a way of pleasantness untrammelled by clouds, and almost freed from the common impediments of life. Hence he was a predigious favourite with all who would walk 'the narrow way' in 'silver slippers,' and a great pet of the ladies. He was single, too—circumstance which probably did not tend to diminish those outward accomplishments—attractions he was in no wise zealous to hide. He had seen, and sought an introduction to, Constance.

'You are quite a model of industry,' said he to her, after the first compliments were over. 'Pray are you *exerle*?' He took up the work on which she was engaged. 'Idleness,' she replied, 'is quite a relative term; for instance, papa calls this idle work, though, no doubt, any a fine lady would think it a most self-denying piece of industry.'

'Too true—too true, I fear. But I dare say it is for some good or charitable purpose; and that, we know, sweetens every toil.'

'How happy, then, must be your lot!—how grateful, when every work you engage in has this pleasant inference!'

'We do, indeed, reap our reward,' said O'Brien, meekly; and the sound of our Master's footsteps is before us.'

Constance was much struck by the beauty and justness of this remark. He had a happy knack of illustration, which made his conversation generally pleasing, and his winning manner, too, gave a still happier turn to the whole. His large blue eyes were all lustre and vivacity; and he possessed that ready and lively mode of elucidation so common with most of his countrymen—tinctured, too, by the slightest possible dash of 'the brogue,' which only rendered the whole more piquant, and perhaps interesting. In the presence of Constance, he put forth his whole endeavours to please, and she certainly did not appear displeased at his company; but as for any deeper feeling, such an occurrence did not, for one moment, enter her thoughts; and this, probably, did not render her more secure. She could not have conceived there was the least possible danger, nor, in fact, bestowed a single idea on the subject. But we more than suspect the Rev. Augustus O'Brien had, from the first, indulged hopes and intentions yet undisclosed, and the more he saw, the more enamoured he became.

That morning he felt his whole frame tremble as he addressed her; and certainly was not in the best possible mood for the pleasantries of a lady's boudoir.

There was a short pause after he had spoken; and Constance, feeling called on for something in reply, merely said—'And if that does not cheer us in the way, nothing else will.'

She steadily pursued her work, while he replied in a deep and earnest tone—'Yet there are feelings implanted in us, no doubt, for wise purposes, which often afford the strongest impetus to action, and throw a brighter halo even over enjoyment, as well as duty. An impulse—a witchery few have the will or power to withstand.'

'Feeling, Mr O'Brien, is a dangerous guide,' said Constance, thoughtfully, and without lifting her eyes from her work.

'True. But feelings were given us for some beneficent end; nor were they granted, that we might find employ-

ment for self-denial only. They become dangerous only when urged to excess; and our virtues even assume the character of vices, when driven to extremes.'

'Undeniably so,' said Constance; 'yet, in my poor apprehension, the discipline of life mainly consists in keeping these unruly servants in habits of the strictest obedience.'

'Very just,' replied O'Brien; 'but you know some individuals have more susceptibility of temper than others, and consequently more difficulty in subduing it. Besides, it never was intended we should all act alike, on the same 'model system,' any more than we should all think alike, or wear the same habiliments. Man is the result of habit and organisation—the residuum of innumerable ingredients—many of which he has had no hand in mixing, but all tending to that heterogeneous compound of individuality termed character; which said character, I take it, is as various as the conditions of man; and, like his countenance, no two alike.'

'All this, I dare say, is quite true; but you know we of the feebler sex—all impulse and passion—as some have chosen to describe us, do not theorise so much, as watch the process called experiment; and there are certain essential truths, or laws if you will, which every one, however different in manner and organisation, as you term it, is called on to obey. No man, however he may differ, or conceive himself to do, in character from his fellows, can set up a law for himself alone, on such a plea.'

'Then you would not allow even a man of genius to deviate from the grand orbit provided for all things terrestrial?' said O'Brien.

'Certainly not; otherwise, every kind of folly or extravagance might be perpetrated under this absurd plea,' answered Constance. 'The world happily and sternly insists on those general principles of duty, which but too many are inclined to set aside.'

'Excellent doctrine! but then, by way of illustration; and if we may be personal, allow me this indulgence.'

'Assuredly; in whatever way you think proper. I'm sure nothing offensive need be apprehended.'

'Nothing, I assure you, is farther from my intentions. Yourself, for instance. There can be little difficulty in restraint, where little apparently exists to restrain.'

'I hardly know your drift, Mr O'Brien; but pray proceed.'

'I mean that your equable, happy temperament can possess little either to mislead or resist. You seem always to have your feelings under command; your counsels don't evince the least tendency to take the bit, as we say, and commence a run for themselves; or, in other words, there can be little or no trouble in guiding or subduing those which an all kind Providence has endowed you with, whilst I —. There are feelings that seem to defy either repression or control.'

'You are probably mistaken,' replied Constance, 'in your estimate of the quiet, equable disposition you are pleased to endow me with. Depend on it, we have all our besetting sins and trials; and, could each feel the burden on his neighbour's shoulders, he would, ten to one, be content with his own.'

'It is a strange subject we have entered upon,' said O'Brien; 'but allow me to pursue the illustration. Now, in that most powerful passion of our nature—love, I should suppose you know little or nothing of its effects, nor do I imagine you could by any chance feel them so deeply, as one of a like ardent temperament with myself. In such, it is more like the bursting torrent—the overwhelming avalanche, than the soft rill of affection in a nature like your own.'

'I certainly never was in love,' said Constance, smiling, 'nor do I fancy I ever shall; therefore cannot say whether the rill or the cascade would best illustrate my feelings; but this I will say, that long ere such a passion got beyond my power to quell, I would, by every effort and strength, sought from a higher source, endeavour to gain the mastery.'

'So you might; and that mastery, in your own case, would probably be acquired so easily, that you would

laugh at, perhaps despise, those whose nature had found it too difficult to restrain.

'I cannot understand such a condition, nor do I suppose it exists, else man could hardly be an accountable being. I know he too often wilfully gives himself up to that, which, like every other passion excessively indulged, will, in the end, gain the mastery. Besides, we are told to look up to a source beyond ourselves; and, depend on it, the promised aid will not be withheld. But all this, I dare say, seems little less than presumption, to one whose office is to guide and instruct.'

'Quite the reverse. Indeed it would appear, that, instead of teaching, I have need to be taught; and am, indeed, too happy in listening to so apt a teacher. How much easier it is to teach than to practise; a trite, but true maxim. We point the way—the rugged path of duty; and often, when called therein ourselves, faint and stagger in it. I *have* been in love; and well know the difficulty, especially to a clergyman, in keeping clear of offence. Once roused, how soon the affections are enthralled. They jest at scars—you know the hackneyed quotation.'

'Our conversation certainly *has* taken a strange turn; and how quietly Gertrude seems to imbibe it all, there, without saying a word.'

Constance said this in order to divert the subject, which she felt assuming too serious, perhaps too personal a turn. But Gertrude seemed, as often the case, too much absorbed in her own thoughts, and said something hardly applicable to the topics they had entered upon.

In a while, O'Brien took his leave, and Constance was at leisure to reflect. There was much in his tone and manner that betrayed feelings which did not belie those he confessed. A restless, uneasy glance of the eye, too, when addressing her, that was somewhat more difficult to comprehend. Whatever the cause, she could perceive a depth and power more than ordinarily vehement in the passion that was paramount in his heart. Yet, was there not too violent an outside show, for that absorbing interest he professed? This, however, was the character of his country, and the result of temperament. No doubt the object of his affections had not proved propitious; hence so keen and vivid his apprehensions. He seemed wishful to make her his confidant—to open before her the warm sensibility of his nature.

She did not like to undertake this office on so short an acquaintance; nor, in truth, would she have been eager to participate in any such secrets from the opposite sex, even though on terms of daily, unrestrained intercourse. Much to her surprise, she found herself making a thousand suppositions, conjecturing on what she had just heard, and framing a happy issue. Why he should, in so short a time, and at a mere casual interview, reveal what most persons are generally apt to conceal, was a point on which she could not at all satisfy herself, as the needle ran swiftly through and through the task assigned it. She was so absorbed in this little episode that she almost started when Horace was announced. He saw, in a moment, that her mind had been engaged with anything but crochet, cross-stitch, and the multifarious twirls by which our fair countrywomen contrive to inveigle time and attention—too much of these being bestowed on such ingenuities.

She received him, as usual, with frankness and cordiality.

'I met the Rev. Mr O'Brien in the street close by,' said Horace; 'he has just left, I understand.'

'He has.'—Constance paused. She really did not know why. The nature of her previous studies—the sudden appearance of Horace, as though it were but their continuation, seemed to embarrass her. She felt annoyed, and he evidently saw it. This did not render her less so.

'I am glad I did not interrupt a visit which seems to have been a source of great interest to both parties,' said Horace.

'How absurd you are! I don't know anything that has passed to render it so. Mr O'Brien seems, like many of his race, to give way to feeling rather unhappily.'

'Then something *has* transpired to this purport?'

'I don't know that I am at liberty to say what; certainly there was no restriction. Mr O'Brien appears to be involved in a love affair, and, unless I mistake, not of the most happy description.'

'Indeed! It seems rather odd he should disclose here—and—to yourself.'

'I thought so, too; but then, you know, odd things do happen; and when a man is in love he is not very discreet—at times, hardly an accountable being.'

'So I believe,' replied Horace; 'but then, you know there are bounds which may not be overstepped; and somehow suspect, from many little collaterals, that the preacher has matrimonial intentions rather nearer at hand than you imagine. I heard the other day a hint from that impracticable fellow, as you call him, Cornelius Megrim.'

'Oh! I dare say; a whisper from some folks comes more than the party either knows, or perhaps would like to say. It is so easy, by nods and winks, to whisper anything you may wish, without just saying so. I did not know before you paid any attention to such innuendoes.'

'I take little enough heed to them, as you well know, but I cannot sacrifice truth to politeness—a widely different maxim to what usually passes current in society.'

'I do not like Megrim,' said Constance.

'I thought so; and may I say,' retorted Horace, smiling, 'that even you are not superior to another out of the catalogue of old-fashioned infirmities.'

'Prejudice, no doubt. But allow me to borrow the cloak you have just thrown on. Truth will sometimes appear under that aspect; nevertheless, we must not sacrifice her at the shrine either of fear or expediency.'

'I would not say you are prejudiced; but I sometimes wonder you don't better appreciate Megrim's talents—not, perhaps, so much as a preacher as a scholar. He is considered one of the most deep and original thinkers of the age.'

'So deep, probably, that he gets beyond the depth of ordinary mortals like myself. For instance, one strange notion of his does strike me, if not bordering on the absurd, as perfectly impracticable. I mean his professed abnegation—to use one of his own words—of praise, either as a motive to duty or exertion. In one of his lectures, he is reported to have said—"Should you find anything in our plans to approve, I must beg of you to keep it to yourselves—if to censure, pray don't conceal it?"'

'This, I am aware,' said Horace, 'is one of his peculiar opinions—and the ground on which he has based much that is new, and, probably, startling in the system he advocates.'

'Approval is both looked for and required,' replied Constance; 'a desire, when not carried to excess, which proves an excellent stimulus, or incentive to duty. Our great Teacher knew the human heart, its motives, and how to allure to it, quite as well, better, I imagine, than such pretended Stoicks; and we never find his teaching based on such principles. We must take poor humanity as we find it; and, unless praise alternate with blame, we should have a sad and sorry world to abide in—a heartless, cheerless desert, where neither hope nor affection would flourish. Pray pardon a woman for appearing, or fancying herself superior to your "deep-thinking" men; but you know we have more tact in matters, where human motives are concerned, than men, with all their acknowledged depth and superior strength of intellect.'

'True; and I feel the more surprised at your want of appreciation as respects Megrim. He would never have gained his present position had he not been a man of commanding intellect—an original thinker.'

'Little though I know, and, probably, have seen less, I know enough to say with Le Sage—"Alas! my son, thou wilt perhaps live long enough to know with how little wisdom the world is governed." Pretence, when wrapped up in that air of profundity such persons well know how to use, passes current with the great bulk of mankind, for depth and intellect above the common standard—like the parrot who could only say, "I think



e more,' and passed for a wonderful bird until he was und out.'

Horace laughed heartily at her opinion of his friend, ying—'By the way, he intends calling to-day, and I most expected to find him here, but he never was mous for punctuality.'

#### CHAP. II.—A MODERN STOICK.

It was not long ere the Rev. Cornelius Megrim was announced—a grave, saturnine 'youngish' man, with sallow, tennated visage, hollow cheeks, and sharp features, projecting from a rather retreating brow. Eyes deeply sunk, id superciliary organs of that cast usually betokening the receptive faculties well developed. He was tall, and is head sunk deep between the shoulders, as though om superincumbent weight, these being high and broad, with a square frame, and ungainly figure. Such was the outward garniture of a mind generally looked on as one of no ordinary capacity. He had worked himself up to the scale of society, by dint of a cautious taciturnity, scetic bearing, and a Diogenes sort of manner, very imposing to many who are apt to mistake such appearances for profundity, and reserve for intellect. His sermons were the reverse of O'Brien's. Reproof, diatation, the schoolmaster and the rod, predominated, condemning all and everything that was not congenial to the bent and disposition of him, the great 'flogger' of society. Had he been the ecclesiastic of a bygone age, he had, no doubt, given practical demonstration of his little toleration, either o follies or frailties—not his own. Another prominent trait was a sweeping condemnation of any plan, either for he good or amelioration of society, which did not originate with himself, or commence from the precise centre where he happened to be placed. For instance, a scheme was set on foot for the diffusion of right knowledge and principles amongst the poor, particularly females, whose position is agreed upon by all to be neither satisfactory nor conducive to the welfare of our race. This proceeding not having been suggested by himself, he set to work, with all the untiring energy of his jealous nature, to urge on those wishful to be its advocates and supporters, the utter uselessness of the plan—the folly of attempting it. Being mouth-piece and leader of a certain class, he hindered the project exceedingly, and persuaded many influential friends from aiding in its formation.

'We have,' said he, 'societies presided over by clergymen (Megrim was chairman of one), who, by their office, are the proper vehicles for useful instruction; and, I should say, that any move in such a direction from any other, would very much interfere with our duties.'

He was quite bent on defeating the project, and came to talk with the Mortons on the subject.

'I am glad there is an 'at home' this morning,' said he. 'How is your health, Miss Morton? I hear you have not improved much of late.'

'I am indifferent well. Bad headache, and nerves sadly out of order. I never expect to be what I formerly was; and so she ran on. Gertrude could be eloquent about her own complaints, though usually silent respecting those of others; and was one of those who could bear misfortune with wonderful equanimity, when it happened to her friends. She had, from disappointment and protracted ill health, subsided into a querulous compound of misery and complaint.

'And Miss Constance,' he continued, 'busy as ever.'

'Why, sir, you know the great secret of enjoying life, is to have constant employment.'

'Very true; but then, you know, it is not every thing in the way of employment we ought to follow—something useful is required. There are but too many occupations, not only useless, but absolutely pernicious—because they are misapplied.'

'My friend here,' said Constance, 'was hinting as much just now. What was it, Horace, you did me the honour to say touching the nature and results of this sort of employment?' Horace had been indulging in a little banter on the subject.

'Nay, I will not repeat a saucy speech, at your expense. Our friend will, I dare say, understand all that can be urged on such matters.'

'Lest we should fall into the very transgression we deprecate,' said Megrim, 'let us change a subject, frivolous both in results and practice. You have, doubtless, heard of a society some enthusiastic individuals, I am afraid with more zeal than discretion, are attempting to establish.'

'Oh! you mean the 'Ladies' Visiting Society.' There are few in our circle, I should suppose, but what are made acquainted with it. Don't you imagine it is one calculated to do much good, if properly carried out?'

'Certainly not. Our own institution is quite competent, and possesses all the elements requisite for carrying out such a plan. Besides, another would only be diverting time and energies, which might be devoted to ours.'

'Why, really,' said Constance, with an air of surprise, 'you don't mean to say that another society, whose plans and objects are essentially distinct, should not be set on foot, lest it interfere with those already in existence? As well might you say it was wrong to encourage the botanical, geological, antiquarian, and other societies, because there happens to be a royal society that has material enough to carry out any plans that may be requisite in these departments of science.'

'Pray remember,' said Megrim, sucking in his hollow cheeks, and elaborating his sentences into almost oracular form, 'to clergymen alone, I conceive, is committed the guidance of such affairs, and they alone can be the accredited media of any plans for the regeneration of society. They must be the vanguard, or all will perish for lack of vitality.'

He paused, looking not round, but upwards for approbation.

'I understand,' said Constance, 'that clergymen have been, and are still solicited to come forward; and, if I mistake not, the Rev. Mr Megrim has been urgently requested to join the undertaking.'

'He has; and very properly declined to be mixed up with it.'

'And further,' replied Constance, 'if you will allow me to finish my sentence by saying, that he has done, and is doing all in his power to persuade others from the like mixture.'

'I have. Duty by me shall never be preferred to expediency, even for the purpose of gaining a little temporary applause, and what, at best, can only be an equivocal gratification.'

'But permit me to say,' continued Constance, 'I really cannot understand what grounds can exist for any such opposition to a society whence we may expect much good, and to which those whom you call the natural leaders, in the march of right principles, are invited—nay, solicited; and, because they refuse, that we, who have, I hope, the real welfare of society at heart, should oppose it also. You are probably acquainted with the fables of one *Æsop*?'

'In the original; but I don't generally trust to translations,' said Megrim, with a pinched-in lip, and supercilious toss of the head.

'I will make free, then, to tell you what a friend said a while ago, to whom I mentioned the matter—'It's a regular dog in the manger business; and with your leave, sir, I will say, that I am pretty much of the same opinion.'

'I care nothing for the world's opinion,' said Megrim, sharply; his ascetic face assuming a more sallow hue.

'Pardon me, sir; but I think you are wrong there also; and Constance tried to smile upon 'that raven down of darkness,' until it smiled too; 'I am afraid the world would be much worse, even than it is, should every one think himself sufficiently adequate to despise public opinion. Depend on it there is a wholesome check arising from that same deference to others, however some may assume they hold it in contempt.'

'You have had all the talk to yourselves hitherto,' said Horace; 'may I be permitted to interpose between such skilful combatants, by saying, that if to clergymen alone

be committed the welfare and regeneration of society, then, of course, all the efforts we can command must be wrong without them. Now on this point it seems you are not likely to agree, and being the one at issue, all argument must be vain till that be settled.'

'One word more, Master Mediator, and I have done,' said Constance. 'I hope we are not going to have the cry, 'our craft in danger,' and 'great is Diana of the Ephesians,' in our own day. I hope the time is far distant, when Protestant clergymen will display such an un-Protestant spirit.'

'You are pleased to be very severe this morning,' said Megrim, with a grin; anything but that happy expression of feeling usually conveyed by a smile.

'I hope not,' said Constance; 'I am sure it was not my intention. I own I have the welfare of this embryo society at heart, and feel hurt at any opposition from a quarter I little expected.'

Megrim stammered out 'imperative demands of duty,' and so on, but evidently had encountered a rebuke which rankled in a bosom not overstocked with the most benign sentiments. His disposition was apt to turn even the amenities he received into bitterness, how much more what it had just been his fate to endure. He now changed the subject, and hoped the ladies would attend a sermon he was about to deliver on behalf of the society he patronised. 'O'Brien,' said he, 'has promised his aid likewise; and I know he has a more persuasive influence with the ladies than I can lay claim to.'

He looked hard at Constance while he said this, and she was conscious of it.

'I believe, sir,' said she, 'what you say is just. He certainly does use the milk of persuasion more in his discourses than many. Some, you know, cannot bear medicine unless it be well sweetened.'

'That,' he replied, 'is, I conceive, the prevailing sin of the age; our congregations will hardly bear reproof. But I do my duty, I hope, fearlessly, before God and man.'

'But you know there are always two ways of doing a thing, according to the old adage; and if we must use oil, as our great lexicographer once said, 'it need not be oil of vitriol.'

'Quite a wrong quotation, but I will not argue the matter further. I would merely say, that it being shrewdly suspected O'Brien is in love, will probably account for the tender and mellow tone of his preaching.'

'Indeed! and pray from what infallible signs hath such a catastrophe been surmised?'

'Oh! I am quite ignorant in matters of so recondite a nature. I merely speak from common report. His sermons latterly, it is said, have been much tintured by these tender feelings.'

'Do such reports point to the quarter whence they may have originated?' inquired Horace.

'I believe they do.'

'No doubt equally true as the surmises themselves.'

'My personal knowledge, of course, does not go far enough to answer for their correctness; in fact, the reports themselves are not quite consistent. Some point to his native country, others to a cause much nearer home; in fact, if I may say so without offence, to one not far off.'

Constance coloured at this insinuation.

'I am sure,' said she, 'if we may judge as to the truth of the former, by that of the latter, there would be little occasion even for suspicion; and I must hope my friends will do me the favour to believe Mr O'Brien innocent of any such intentions.'

'No doubt. By the way, a report prevailed some months ago that he was engaged, and about to be married. All sorts of reasons have been assigned as to the delay. I am thankful I am not a 'popular preacher;' and here Megrim gave a most unequivocal turn of the eye and nose, announcing his apparent thorough contempt for popularity. He was, in truth, one of those individuals fully determined to compound for faults to which he was prone, by condemning in others what he had no taste for.

'I own,' said Constance, 'a popular preacher is exposed

to many temptations. Even should he escape being spoiled by admiration, there is great danger lest he be puffed up, knowing he deserves it.'

'There be many,' returned Megrim, 'who do not happen to tickle the public ear by gaudy rhetoric, and are yet conscious, though failing in this respect, they possess much more solid and really useful acquirements; which only shows a lamentable state of public feeling, when these are not appreciated.'

A translation of this reply was very obvious, having a personal application to no less illustrious a personage than the Rev. Cornelius Megrim himself. Through what a wide range of character runs that grateful and comfortable reflection, 'God, I thank thee, I am not as other men!' Few possibly, at one time or another, escape its influence. Even the basest and most hardened, fancy there is yet a lower depth where they would scorn to descend.'

'I like a good hard-headed, metaphysical discourse now and then, I must confess,' said Horace. 'But I do not think they answer with the generality; they are not well sort to lead them on to like the truth. Appeals to the feelings or the affections, must, in the long run, be more effectual in bringing the great bulk of mankind to the every-day religion which mingles with every disposition and duty we have to perform. As long as man is made up of feeling, and impulse arising therefrom, so long must we employ means adapted to his state. Beginning too high, we altogether miss our mark.'

'My plan, as you know, is to awaken purer and loftier motives than those usually appealed to. The highest excellence is an utter abnegation of self,' said Megrim.

'Granted,' replied Horace; 'but still such perfection falls not to the lot of frail humanity. The appeals even of Scripture are generally to our love of happiness—our dread of misery, and self as connected therewith.'

'Of course I can have nothing to say against such appeals. But I know we do not agree on these points. I am afraid my doctrines are too exalted, too self-denying for the present age. We may, however, hope for the future.'

'Till then,' said Constance, 'we poor frail humanities must plod on, hoping, fearing, loving, enjoying—and as emanating, I am afraid, from some love of self. Nor do I imagine we shall ever be sublimated to that ethereal, or rather, planed down to the same dull, dismal level—as utter absence of desire, hope, fear, as emanating from ourselves. In that case, I can conceive nothing more dreadful on this side the pit of ruin.'

'I am gallant enough,' said Megrim, with one of his most ineffable grins, 'with all my failings, to allow a lady the last word; and so we leave off, with an armed truce, ready, I suppose, for another encounter whenever we meet.'

'Before you go, may I ask your opinion of O'Brien's beautiful tale, just out?' inquired Constance.

'I would banish all fiction from the world. I must, therefore, be allowed to say I do not like it,—though I never read it.'

'Banish fiction?'

'Yes! what is it but story-telling?—a practice all ought to condemn.'

'Ought to condemn!' cried Constance; 'why, some of our most useful and glorious truths are conveyed to us in this garb.'

'So much the worse; and it betokens a morbid, unhealthy state of mind and feeling, when truth requires such a dress.'

'Then, of course, all parables and allegories whatsoever would fall under this sweeping denunciation.'

'At that period truth was so new, and so much opposed to prevailing opinions, that such media were indispensable. The people to whom they were addressed could not bear any direct appeals. Hence the necessity for such illustrations.'

'And do you suppose mankind are not the same in every age—or that truth ceases to be such—or loses all

of its force by being placed in the most forcible and attractive light to the mind?"

'Truth is truth—and fiction I can only look upon as such. But any opinions of mine, it seems, are at present useless. They are, I know, too much in advance of the age—too uncompromising, too self-denying for this Epicurean state of society. I will neither pander to its taste, nor run after every whim and novelty of the day, only to be thrown aside for some new thing.'

What specious disguise can 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' assume! They lurk under the mask of every virtue, and make even their own deformity a pretence of superior or self-denying heroism.

#### BREWER'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE.\*

SOME books, like certain men, are of such a class by general reputation, that, as Burke said of Dr Johnson, you think it honour enough to ring the bell for them: the moment they appear on the stage, they recommend themselves, and you would think it a superfluous impertinence, of which your friends would be weary, to say what are their good points, for what they are precisely fitted, and in what respects their claims are superior to those of others who have previously aspired to public favour. Dr Brewer's rich and delightful 'Guide to Science' is of such a nature, that, could we only get our readers to shake hands with it, we should cheerfully leave it to speak for itself. Its sale has indeed been already so large, that there are few who have not probably in some way heard of it; though being as yet, comparatively speaking, a young work, it will not have reached, except by title, many quarters where its entrance would, we are assured, be one of the greatest boons which educational talent has yet conferred on the young and the self-taught. For those who believe in human progress, this work will not only confirm their faith, but be hailed as an earnest of the resources yet in store for assisting forwards the march of society. By Dr Brewer's Guide you are led into innumerable paths of curious knowledge, in neighbourhoods, you would say, which have lain about you unsuspected, even from infancy: things, at once the most recondite and the most familiar, are explained, by question and answer, in a manner which makes the 'pursuit of knowledge' no longer one of 'difficulty.' The curiosity of most children is at first inexhaustible, but being so often balked in their desires of information, either by receiving no answers to reasonable questions, or by receiving only false ones, carrying no charms, and wrapping subjects in yet more intricate mystery, they naturally grow fatigued of being curious; they forsake fruitful sources of ennobling gratification for pleasures more obvious; what might have been to them from childhood a *truth*, leading to other truths, remains an unproductive *phenomenon*; a state of things which the invaluable work that has originated these observations will, if generally circulated, do a very great deal to make a matter of history.

As a specimen of the manner of this writer, we shall quote a few questions and answers from a chapter on Lightning; premising, however, that a full view of the plan could only be had by excerpting the whole chapter.

Q. What is **LIGHTNING**?

A. Lightning is accumulated electricity discharged from the clouds, like that from a 'Leyden jar.'

Q. What **CAUSES** the discharge of an electric cloud?

A. When a cloud, overcharged with electric fluid, approaches another which is undercharged, the fluid rushes from the former into the latter, till both contain the same quantity.

N.B.—It is generally supposed, that there are two different sorts of electricity—one vitreous, and the other resinous.

Q. Is there any **OTHER** cause of lightning, besides the one just mentioned?

A. Yes; sometimes mountains, trees, and steeples, will discharge the lightning from a cloud floating near; and

sometimes electric fluid rushes out of the earth into the clouds.

Q. What produces **ELECTRICITY** in the **CLOUDS**?

A. 1st, The evaporation from the earth's surface; 2dly, The chemical changes which take place on the earth's surface; and 3dly, Currents of air of unequal temperature, which excite electricity by friction, as they pass by each other.

Q. How **HIGH** are the **LIGHTNING CLOUDS** from the earth?

A. Sometimes they are elevated four or five miles high; and sometimes actually touch the earth with one of their edges: but they are rarely discharged in a thunder-storm, when they are more than 700 yards above the surface of the earth.

Q. How high are the clouds **GENERALLY**?

A. In a fine day, the clouds are often four or five miles above our head; but the average height of the clouds is from one and a half to two miles.

Q. Why is lightning sometimes **FORKED**?

A. Because the lightning-cloud is a long way off; and the resistance of the air is so great, that the electrical current is diverted into a zig-zag course.

Q. How does the resistance of the air make the lightning zig-zag?

A. As the lightning condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side, in order to pass where there is the least resistance.

Q. Why are there sometimes **TWO** flashes of forked lightning at the same moment?

A. Because (in very severe storms) the flash will divide into two or more parts; each of which will assume the zig-zag form.

Q. Why is the **FLASH** sometimes quite **STRAIGHT**?

A. Because the lightning-cloud is near the earth; and, as the flash meets with very little resistance, it is not diverted; in other words, the flash is straight.

Q. What is **SHEET LIGHTNING**?

A. Either the reflection of distant flashes not distinctly visible; or else several flashes intermingled.

Q. What **OTHER** form does lightning occasionally assume?

A. Sometimes the flash is globular; which is the most dangerous form of lightning.

Q. What are those **BALLS** of **FIRE**, which sometimes fall to the earth in a thunder-storm?

A. Masses of explosive gas, formed in the air; they generally move more slowly than lightning.

Q. Why are **BALLS** of **FIRE** so very **DANGEROUS**?

A. Because, when they fall, they explode like a cannon, and occasion much mischief.

Q. Do these **BALLS** of **FIRE** ever run along the ground?

A. Yes; sometimes they run a considerable way along the ground, and explode in a mass: at other times they split into numerous smaller balls, each of which explodes in a similar manner.

Q. What **MISCHIEF** will these balls of fire produce?

A. They will set houses and barns on fire; and kill all cattle and human beings, which happen to be in their course.

Q. Why does **LIGHTNING** sometimes **KILL** men and beasts?

A. Because, when the electric current passes through a man or beast, it produces so violent an action upon the nerves that it destroys life.

Q. When is a person struck **DEAD** by lightning?

A. Only when his body forms a part of the lightning's path; i. e. when the electric fluid, in its way to the earth, actually passes through his body.

Q. Why are **MEN** sometimes **MAINED** by lightning?

A. Because the electric fluid produces an action upon the nerves sufficient to injure them, but not to destroy life.

Here follows a beautiful explanation of thunder, and everything about it which could interest even the very curious; but fully to appreciate the value of the work, it is necessary to advert to two things, more especially: First, there is nothing introduced into an answer which does not explain itself, if needing explanation, in some other question and answer; hence, the curiosity, perpetually excited,

\* London: Jarrold & Sons.

is perpetually gratified. In the second place, if a topic, or some particular of it, is more than usually difficult, it is resorted to again and again, at different stages, till the reader cannot rise from the work without being perfect master of its contents.

No feature of our times is so exhilarating as the appearance, at intervals, of such works as this of Dr Brewer's, taken in connection with the movements for popular education. The school-books and methods of these days startle even the youngest of us who have escaped from the authority of the pedagogue; for things in schools are changing every year; the appearance of Bacon's 'Organon' and Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' did not produce more sudden revolutions in the departments of science and political economy, than the well-directed experimental efforts of educationalists are now effecting in tuition. The old crabbed mode of hedging every department of knowledge round with thorns, so that only the very bold and persevering could hope to make any acquisitions, is giving way to the more genial method of tempting even the indolent to activity, the weak to put forth the hand, and the naturally adventurous to grasp at the last results of inquiry. If information were substituted for education, we might fairly doubt the value of a plan, which filled without strengthening and developing the youthful mind. But it is the peculiar triumph of modern tuition that it combines the maximum of knowledge with the maximum of education—that it tends to form wise as well as learned men—and that, whatever yet remains to be improved, we have hopes, in the excellence of its method, that it is in a fair way towards correcting it. Dr Brewer's example will encourage others to do a similar service for other departments of knowledge; so that, in recommending his work to wider notice, we would trust that its excellence will be felt both in the immediate benefits which it confers, and in the impulse which it may communicate to workers in cognate paths of useful inquiry.

#### THE SABBATH.

The institution of the Sabbath, whether regarded as of human policy or divine sanction, is one of the most beautiful and blessed inheritances of man. It has a divinity in its adaptation to the material necessities of the race, as a day of rest, on which to refresh and recreate the wearied energies of the body; but its higher divinity lies in the divorce it brings to the spirit from the pursuit and care of temporal and corrupting things, leading it to a clearer and nearer contemplation of God, its relations to the immaterial, and its destiny beyond this fleeting life. Its periodical frequency grasps the soul in firm bonds, and, hemming it round with associations in unison with its acknowledged sacredness, has done more to discipline the mind, and purify the heart of society, than all the problems of proud and shifting philosophy put together. Like the sublime lessons of Christ, the Sabbath contains the profoundest proofs of its origin in the wisdom and goodness of God, in its common acceptance by man, and the fulness of satisfaction it gives to his body and soul longings. Between nations and races who observe, and those who do not observe the Sabbath, there is drawn a line, on the opposite borders of which, alike, rest the evidences of its beauty and beneficence. On the side of the Sabbath, are civilization, intelligence, industry, art, science, peace, and prosperity—man elevated truly and nobly in the image of God. On the other side are barbarism, ignorance, superstition, war, and misery—man degraded in the image of God. The Sabbath is not arbitrary or conventional. The more intelligently it is observed, the more necessary, harmonious, and beautiful it appears; and its temporal economy, however great, becomes secondary and insignificant, contrasted with its spiritual. Let any man, let any philosopher contemplate the obliteration of the Sabbath, and see what a picture society must soon present. Philosophy tried the experiment once, with one of the most intelligent and philosophic of nations, and the result of the trial taught the world that man cut loose from the Sabbath was cut loose from God.

It is by the acceptance and true appreciation of the blessings God has given to man—and the Sabbath is as manifestly one as is the air or light of heaven—that man comes into close and fraternal communion with God himself. Atheism itself, denying God, has, through its highest apostles, eulogised the institution of the Sabbath, and confessed that human wisdom could not conceive of a more beautiful ordination. But we need not the eulogy nor the admissions of atheism. As members of a Christian community, we have all witnessed and felt the influence of the Sabbath; we have grown up shaped and governed by its associations and suggestions, until it has become interwoven with the deepest thoughts and affections of our lives. It is our special time of forgetfulness of the vanities of the world in the sublimer contemplations of heaven and the future. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age alike share in its hallowing influences, alike owe to it the most exalted conceptions, and the most glowing colouring of life. We pray God the Sabbath may come to be regarded as holy by every human soul. Even if it be but a matter of faith, or a myth, it is purifying and ennobling beyond all that human wisdom can invent to fill its place. Let the experience of the world speak the truth, and no man shall be found to say the Sabbath is not a divine institution.

#### LITERARY LABOURS OF CALVIN.

It is impossible to look without wonder at the literary labours of the reformers, Calvin, Melancthon, and Luther. None of them was far advanced in years, but each has written remarkable and masterly volumes; and amid what cares, distractions, and struggles! All three were employed as academical instructors; two of them as ministers and preachers. Luther brought up seven children, and Calvin had to contend with the most distressing bodily suffering. Calvin's whole life was spirit; the bodily element was greatly subdued in him. But, notwithstanding the shortness of his life, he lived more than many whose course is long, since he lost no time in useless sleep, of which, like other extraordinary men he required but little. When the day had been wholly occupied in business, the quiet hours of the night remained to him, and, allowing himself a brief repose, he would continue his labours. In his later years, his spirit was not in the least degree troubled or weakened, as was the case with Luther in the last weary years of his life. Calvin's weak bodily element was at last almost consumed by the inward fire of his soul. To form some idea of his activity, let us look at the letter which he wrote to Farel from Strasburg:—"I remember no day in this whole year in which I have been so pressed with such a variety of occupations. When the messenger was prepared to take the beginning of my work with this letter, I had about twenty leaves to look through. I had then to lecture and preach, to write four letters, make peace between some persons who had quarrelled with each other, and answer more than ten people who came to me for advice. Forgive me, therefore, if I write only briefly of things." In addition to his literary employments, he had, in Geneva, the customary engagements of which we have spoken—the business of the court of morals or the consistory, that arising from the assembly of the clergy, and his connection with the congregation. Three days in the week he lectured on theological subjects, and every alternate week he preached daily. His excellent memory was a great help to him in all these labours. It is reported that he never forgot anything which pertained to his office, however much disturbed on all sides, or oppressed with applications. When writing a work, he could suspend the labour, devote some hours to the duties of his office, and then resume the thread of his discourse, without being obliged to read over what he had written. An enemy to long speeches and useless words, he had, by the help of his lively genius, which was sharpened by study and the habit of dictation, acquired the habit of giving quick, brief, conclusive, and dignified answers, and of speaking generally, not much otherwise than he wrote. — *Life and Times of John Calvin.* Digitized by Google





*John Franklin.*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, K.C.H.

Is Sir John Franklin alive or dead? This question is one in which Great Britain at this moment feels deeply interested. Indeed, the world at large partakes of the sentiment of curiosity, much to the credit of our common humanity. Sir John Franklin sailed in the month of May, 1845, from the British shores, to attempt anew a north-west passage round Polar America, and, after *five years* of absence, he and his companions in the enterprise remain unheard of. No man can say whether they live or have ceased to exist. Many exertions have been made to discover them, but all have proved unavailing. The most able navigators of the northern seas in these days have devoted themselves to the search, and have perilled their own lives in so doing, but one and all have returned without having once fallen on the traces of the missing expedition, in any quarter whatever, by sea or land. The query, then, is, 'Can Sir John Franklin and his party be still alive?' Our impression is, that they may very possibly be yet in life; and it is an impression founded, *mainly*, on the fact that Sir John Ross, but a short time since, *did return* to his native land after an absence of *four years and five months* in the same regions. Equally despairing of, he survived all difficulties, and came home to record his story, and enjoy his well-won honours. Franklin has not been absent so very much longer than Ross. Why should we doubt absolutely, therefore, of his reappearance?

A consciousness that men are now becoming apt to shake their heads with hopelessness whenever the subject of Sir John Franklin and his fate is mentioned, has led to the preceding remarks. The single case of Sir John Ross, however, we repeat, shows that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Franklin and his associates may yet be alive. And cold-hearted those must be who do not feel interested in the subject, and who would not rejoice to hear of their safe return.

Sir John Franklin was born in the year 1786, and is now accordingly (for we shall speak of him as existing) in his sixty-fourth year. He belongs to a respectable family in Lincolnshire, possessed for several centuries of an estate and position which very probably gave them their name originally. The 'Franklin' was the squire or 'lord of the manor' among the early Anglo-Saxons. The father of Sir John (whose mother was a daughter of Adams Weekes of Weekes-House, County Lincoln) was compelled to part with the paternal estate, and send all his children into active life. Of four sons, the eldest died in early manhood; the second, Willingham Franklin, became a fellow of Oriel College, was called to the bar, and went to India, where he deceased, after reaching the honour of knighthood, and the position of Puisne Judge (or Chief Justice) at Madras, leaving a son, by Miss Burnside of Nottinghamshire, who now represents the family. A third son, entering the army, died as Major in the first regiment of Bengal Cavalry. The fourth son was Sir John Franklin, the subject of the present notice.

Sir John Franklin was destined by his father for the church, or for agricultural pursuits; but he showed so strong a predilection for the sea, that he was allowed to have his way, and entered the navy on the 1st of October, 1800, as a boy on board the *Polypheusus*, sixty-four gunship. He was present at the action off Copenhagen in 1801. Immediately afterwards, one phase of his career of exploration commenced. He was one of the party in the Investigator, under Captain Flinders, destined for the examination of Australia; and he suffered shipwreck with his companions on the occasion, near Cato Bank, in August, 1803. A worthy beginning it was for his adventurous career, self-adopted, and carried out so nobly in after days. The Earl Camden, an East Indianman, conveyed Franklin home, and the latter distinguished himself highly even on this incidental passage, aiding in the

repulse of the French squadron under Linola. Bonaparte was then contesting the seas with us, most futilely.

As signal-conductor in the *Bellerophon*, the subject of our notice was present at Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805; and during the succeeding years, rising to the rank of lieutenant, he served at Flushing, and afterwards at New Orleans (1814). During the engagements at the latter place, of unfortunate memory, he commanded some of the boats of the British squadron which captured the strong gun-boats of the Americans, after a hard struggle and severe losses. In short, in the joint capacities of sailor and engineer, Franklin won an enduring share of repute in the service at the affair of Orleans, and particularly by his planning and cutting a canal across the entire broad neck of land betwixt the Bayou Catalan and the Mississippi. The attempted siege ended unhappily for the British, as is well known; while it procured for the American leader, according to the Anglo-French song of Matthews, the actor, the name of the famous

'General Jackson,  
Whom de English turned der backs on,  
He was always ready for action.  
O! General Jackson was de boy.'

To Franklin the siege of New Orleans brought a more solid reward, in the shape of a strong recommendation for immediate promotion. He had, indeed, not only proved his merits professionally, but he had shown himself to be a man of ready resources in all departments of action. He had, in short, given an inkling of those general and superior abilities which afterwards came more fully to light during his arctic explorations.

Franklin, after serving in the interval as first lieutenant of the *Forth*, at length made his debut in the field of Northern Discovery in 1818. At this period, Captain David Buchan, of the *Dorothea*, 870 tons, had been instructed to attempt (as Parry did afterwards) a *direct northern* passage, that is to and through the very centre of the polar circle; and Franklin, his chosen colleague, was nominated to the command of the *Trent*, a hired vessel of 250 tons. The enterprising navigators set sail in the spring of the year mentioned, and made for Spitzbergen. On arriving there they endeavoured several times to pass northwards, but could not get beyond latitude 80 deg. 15 min., where they were locked up for three weeks in the ice. They tried the east coast of Greenland on being released, but were again baffled by the ice. Many beautiful arctic phenomena were observed on this voyage, which, however, added little or nothing to our knowledge of the lands in these latitudes. It gave worthy occasion, at the same time, in which to try the patience and courage of Franklin. The dangers undergone were inconceivably great. Buchan and his colleague re-arrived in England in October, 1818.

The eyes of the British government, as well as of all interested in arctic discovery, were now fixed on Lieutenant Franklin, as a man possessed of every leading quality requisite for conducting these honourable and perilous northern explorations. In 1819, accordingly, he was selected for the great enterprise of descending the Coppermine River, which, like Mackenzie River, carries a portion of the waters of Arctic North America into the Polar Ocean, and the course of which had never before been specially investigated. The mouth of the Coppermine once reached, Franklin was directed to make his way along the vast and yet almost unknown line of coast to the westward, or towards Behring's Straits. This task, involving a guideless peregrination of immense length, and in a climate of surpassing severity, was certainly one of the most formidable that could be undertaken by man; but with his admirable coadjutors, Lieutenants Back and Hood and Dr Richardson, Franklin manfully girded up his loins for the adventure. On the 23d of May, 1819, he set sail in a ship belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, crossed Hudson's Bay safely, and arrived at York Factory on its western shores. Here a strong boat was built for the party, and, on the 9th of September, they began to ascend Hayes



River on their inland route to the Coppermine. Seven hundred miles of river transit were accomplished by them at this period, a feat rendered alike difficult and perilous by falls, rapids, swamps, and countless other obstacles. A valuable chart resulted from this part of the journey. Reaching Cumberland House, a station on Pine Island Lake, at the close of October, the setting in of the ice compelled Franklin to pause till January, when, accompanied by Back, and a faithful seaman named Hepburn (to whose fidelity and hardihood the whole party afterwards owed themselves to have been more than once indebted for their lives), the commander moved westwards for another eight hundred and fifty miles, and reached Fort Chipewyan on the 20th March. Another important inland chart was the product of this excursion. The station of Fort Chipewyan is situated on the Lake Athabasca, into which Slave River flows from the great Slave Lake. The locality lies towards the centre of Arctic America, or about latitude 110 deg., and was reached by Franklin chiefly by the aid of dogs and sledges. Many interesting observations were made about this period by Franklin, Back, Hood, and Richardson, on the Cree, Chipewyan, and Stone Indians, and on the native features and productions of the country generally; while Lieutenant Hood also indefatigably pursued a course of meteorological and other scientific inquiries. But attention must be confined here mainly to the contributions of Franklin to geognostic science.

All this while Franklin was drawing near to the upper part of the course of the Coppermine, and, being joined at Fort Chipewyan in July by Richardson and Hood, he entertained strong hopes of wintering at the mouth of the river mentioned, the grand object of his enterprise. Having obtained three canoes and various supplies of food and ammunition, the whole party started briskly for the north, along Slave River. Six Englishmen (Mr Wentzel of the Fur Company having joined the corps), seventeen hired Canadian voyageurs (all French or half-breeds), and three interpreters, constituted at this period the expedition; and a considerable number of Indians, also, were engaged as guides and hunters, under the leadership of a chief named Akaitcho. All went well for a time; deer were shot plentifully; but as the party moved northwards the hardships of the route grew severe, and food more scarce. All that Franklin could accomplish that season was merely to behold the Coppermine River. Fain would he have borne all risks, and attempted its descent, but Akaitcho told him that he would do so only to perish. 'I will send some of my young men with you if you persist in advancing, but from the moment that they embark in your canoes I and my relatives shall lament them as dead.' The English commander was therefore compelled to settle in winter quarters, which he did at a place termed Fort Enterprise, near the head of the Coppermine, and distant five hundred and fifty miles from Fort Chipewyan. The adventurers had now advanced about one thousand five hundred and twenty miles, in the course of 1820, into the heart of these obscure and perilous regions.

As strong a winter-house of wood being erected as possible, the party passed their time for some months mainly in shooting and fishing. But, though the rein-deer were pretty numerous, and nearly two hundred fell before the hunters, the influx of famished Indians to the station greatly lessened the stores and curtailed the provisions. The ordinary condition of the poor native people may be guessed from their own words. Sometimes they generously gave the whole of their own game to the strangers, saying, 'We are used to starvation, you are not.' At this time fresh supplies of ammunition and other articles were indispensable to the progress of the enterprise, and Back undertook a foot journey to Fort Chipewyan to procure what was requisite. Perhaps his passage of the intervening five hundred miles, in the midst of an arctic winter, when noon is almost midnight, formed one of the most severe trials of this whole journey. At a distance of a few feet from the house fires, the thermometer stood at fifteen below zero, and we may thus conjecture what Back had to endure while camping nightly out of doors. He and

his comrades were even exposed to painful changes of temperature, causing a French-Canadian to say, '*Mais c'est terrible*, to be frozen and sun-burnt in one day.' The heavy snow-shoes, too, galled their feet and ankles, till they bled profusely. Nevertheless, Back managed to return safely to Fort Enterprise, with four sledges laden with needful goods and supplies. Others followed, and still more were promised for prospective necessities.

In the beginning of July, 1821, the party approached and began to descend the Coppermine River, two frail canoes being their sole means of conveyance. At the outset Akaitcho and his Indians accompanied them, and, by hunting on shore, kept up a decent supply of food. After a painful route of three hundred and thirty-four miles, one hundred and seventeen of which were accomplished by dragging the canoes over land, Franklin at length found himself (19th July) on the shores of the great Northern Ocean. The Indians had now gone back, partly alarmed by a meeting with a small Esquimaux party, their enemies. Provisions now ran low with the expedition, and the Canadian voyageurs expressed great fears at embarking on an unknown sea in frail bark canoes. But, after having made all possible preparations (through the returning Indians and Mr Wentzel) for obtaining food at different land stations on the way back, Franklin boldly launched on the polar main, and moved westwards, or in the direction of Behring's Straits. It is unnecessary to dwell on the toils and dangers of the subsequent sea voyage. They advanced only six degrees and a half along the coast, in a direct line, though bays, and gulfs, and islands lengthened their actual route to six hundred and fifty miles. Necessities of all kinds at length began to press upon the party, and compelled Franklin to turn back. He resolved to make his way to Fort Enterprise by a river which had been passed on his advance, and which he had called Hood's River. But the expedition had only ascended this stream for a few miles, when they were completely stopped by a magnificent cataract; and they then set to work to make two new and small portable canoes, with which they might proceed inland, taking to the waters when they found it practicable, or crossing them when necessary. They counted their direct distance from Fort Enterprise to be no more than one hundred and forty miles, and all were in high spirits at the thoughts of rest there and good food. This journey, however trifling seemingly to what they had before performed, was destined to be a terrible and fatal one. It was commenced early in the month of September, and during the first few miles they were ominously met by a snow-storm, which absolutely drove them to hide under their blankets for two entire days. Their preserved meat failed them, and they had no resource, when they resumed their path, save to eat *tripe-de-roche*, a sort of lichen or moss found on the rocks. The deer rarely appeared in their way, and still more rarely could they kill them when seen. All the band began to feel the horrors of starvation and to sink under the clime. Their bodies became miserably emaciated, and a mile or two formed a heavy day's journey. The Canadians grew unmanageable through despair, and at length both canoes were lost, or rather wilfully destroyed, the men refusing to drag them along. The consequences of this conduct of the Canadians, against which Franklin remonstrated in vain, became too plainly apparent when they did finally reach the Coppermine. For eight days the famished band stood shivering on the banks of the river, unable to get across, though its width was but one hundred and thirty yards. The brave Richardson finally offered to swim over with a line, which might have got a raft across, but, after going half way, he sank and had to be pulled back, nearly dead. At last, a sort of wicker boat, lined with painted cloth, took them all safely over the stream; but, in their wretched condition of body, supported by almost nothing save *tripe-de-roche* (which could scarcely be called nutriment, and injured many of the eaters), they could only advance by inches, as it were, though Fort Enterprise was now within forty or fifty miles of them, in a direct line. Snows and rains fell upon them incessantly; they had stream after

ream to cross; and fuel often failed as well as food. Two of the men dropped behind, sinking on the ground, benumbed with cold and incapable of motion. Dr Richardson and Hood, with Hepburn, resolved, for the sake of these men, to encamp for a time, and allow Franklin with the rest to go forward, in the hope of procuring aid at Fort Enterprise on the part of the Indians. The adventures of Richardson at this encampment are thrillingly interesting. The two men who had fallen behind perished, but the doctor and his friends were joined by one of the voyageurs, who had fallen back, finding himself (as he said) unable to go on with Franklin. This individual, an Iroquois or half-breed voyageur, named Michel, grew strong, comparatively, and was able to hunt. He brought to the tent pieces of flesh, which he said had been part of a wolf killed by a deer's horn. Later circumstances led Dr Richardson to the conclusion, however, that this flesh was actually part of the bodies of the two stragglers, found by Michel in the snow, and possibly found not yet dead. Michel became gloomy and sullen, awakening the suspicions of his companions, and adding fresh horrors to their already horrible situation. He watched the Doctor and Hepburn so closely that they could not speak a word to one another, while poor Hood lay in the tent incapable of motion, and seemingly near his end. At length, on the 20th of October, when the Doctor and Hepburn were severally employed out of doors, a shot was heard in the tent, and they there found Hood killed by a ball through the head. Michel, who was about him at the time, declared that he must have slain himself, or the gun must have gone off accidentally; but Richardson saw clearly that the shot had certainly been fired from behind, close to the head. Notwithstanding his assertions as to the cause, Michel could not refrain from exclaiming, 'You do not suppose that I murdered him!' Indeed, he was not scathed by any such charges. His companions, than whom, perhaps, two men were never more unhappily placed, dared not utter a word on the subject, as Michel had strength enough to have overpowered them both openly, and with ease. That he would do so at the first opportunity—that he would never return to Fort Enterprise with them—they now also felt as a thing indubitable. By a great and appalling exertion of moral courage, Dr Richardson saved himself and his friend Hepburn from the fate impending over them. On the third day after the murder of Hood, the three companions set out for Fort Enterprise, and on the way Michel, staying behind under the plea of gathering some *tripe-de-roche*, allowed the two Englishmen to speak alone for the first time. Their natural sense of being doomed to almost instant death proved so strong as at once to determine Richardson on his course. On Michel coming up, the doctor put a pistol to the head of the wretch and shot him dead on the spot. The Iroquois had loaded his gun, but had gathered no *tripe-de-roche*. It is scarcely possible to doubt that but for this erratic step, Richardson and Hepburn would both have been sacrificed, and most probably on that very day. Michel durst not permit them to go alive to the Fort, to tell their sad and accusing tale.

On the 11th of November, Franklin had reached Fort Enterprise with five companions, but their joy at reaching this shelter was sadly damped by the desolation of the place, and by the want of food. It was found from a note that the unwearied Back (who had moved on in advance) had been there, but, seeing the condition of matters, he had instantly set off in search of the Indians, to procure supplies against the arrival of his famished associates. With this hope before them, the party of Franklin set to grubbing for bones to pound and make soup of. On this diet and *tripe-de-roche* they lingered out their existence (with one or two exceptions) till Richardson and Hepburn came up, on the 6th of November, only to bring starvation into the midst of starvation. The skeleton figures, the ghastly faces, and the sepulchral voices of the adventurers, prognosticated, indeed, a speedy end to all as regarded this world, when the arrival of the Indians (7th November), sent by Back, snatched them from the grasp of the grave.

On the 15th December they were strong enough to start on their journey eastward, and, being joined by Back and his party, they safely reached the Hudson's Bay Company's stations early in the summer of 1822. From these stations Franklin and his friends had an easy passage, where they arrived after having journeyed by water and by land (including the navigation of the Polar Sea), the immense distance in all of *five thousand five hundred and fifty miles*.

Though the grand point of traversing the arctic shores of North America, from the mouth of the Coppermine River to Behring's Straits, had not been fully accomplished, Franklin, in addition to the new information collected by him relative to the interior, had also at least rendered it extremely probable that the continent presents to the Polar Ocean a direct and pretty regular line of coast the whole way west of the Coppermine. But Franklin, nothing daunted by his past sufferings, was determined to have the honour of clearing up the matter fully, knowing that, by tracing the shores in the direction of his former enterprise, he would acquire the merit of narrowing the north-west passage question to the mere discovery of an inlet to the Arctic Sea on the eastern shores of North America, either through Hudson's Bay or Baffin's Bay, or their various channels, straits, and sounds. He therefore proposed to the British government to undertake an overland journey to the mouth of Mackenzie River, by which plan he would shorten his course along the coast to Behring's Straits. He was satisfied of the continuity of the land from the Coppermine westward to the Mackenzie. The British government embraced the gallant offer of Franklin, and the latter, now captain, was fortunate enough to obtain anew the company of Richardson and Back, his well-tried friends. Recollecting the previous difficulties in regard to boats, he had three constructed at Woolwich, the materials being mahogany with ash timbers; while he also prepared a portable one, only eighty-five pounds in weight, and of which the substance was ash, fastened plank to plank with thongs, and covered with Mackintosh cloth. All was ready in the beginning of 1825, and the expedition sailed from Liverpool on the 16th of February. It reached New York on the 16th March. Their further progress northwards affords nothing of novel interest, until they reached the Great Bear Lake, at the head of Mackenzie River—so called from Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who descended it in 1789, and who lived to give Franklin the benefit of his friendly counsels on the occasion of his first journey. When Captain Franklin arrived at Great Bear Lake, he set a party to work on a winter residence, and, eager to advance the objects of his expedition, proceeded in person with a few companions down the Mackenzie to look at the Polar Sea in that region, and prepare for its navigation.

Franklin and his party reached the north-eastern entrance on the 14th August, in latitude 69 deg. 14 min., longitude 135 deg. 57 min., and rejoiced at the sea-like appearance to the north. Observing an island in the distance, the boat's head was directed towards it, and hastening to its most elevated part, the prospect was highly gratifying. The Rocky Mountains were seen from S.W. to W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N., while to the north the sea appeared in all its majesty, with many seals and whales sporting in its waves. On the 5th September they returned to their winter quarters on Great Bear River, which now presented a lively, bustling scene, from the preparations necessary to be made for passing eight or nine months in what was appropriately called Fort Franklin. With full employment for every one, the time passed away very cheerfully. On Christmas-day sixty human beings assembled in the little hall to do honour to the usual festivities—Englishmen, Highlanders, Canadians, Esquimaux, Chipewyans, Dogribs, Hare Indians, Cree women and children, all talking at one time in their different languages, and all mingling together in perfect harmony.

On Tuesday, the 28th June, 1826, the whole company re-embarked in the boats, on the Mackenzie, and proceeded on their voyage down that river until the 8th July, when, on arriving at the point where the river branches off into

several channels, the separation into two parties took place—Captain Franklin and Back with two boats (one of which had been built at the fort) and fourteen men, including Augustus, a faithful interpreter of the former journey, were to proceed to the westward; while Dr Richardson and Kendall, in the other two, were to proceed with ten men to the eastward as far as the Coppermine. We shall, however, first follow Captain Franklin and his party.

On the 7th he arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie, where he fell in with a very large party of Esquimaux, whose conduct was at first very violent, but by great command of temper, and some conciliation, they were at length brought to restore the articles pillaged from the boats. Captain Franklin, however, speedily discovered that all their protestations of regret were false, and nothing but the greatest vigilance on his part saved the party from a general massacre.

On the 13th his progress was arrested by a compact body of ice stretching from the shore to seaward; and on landing for shelter from a heavy gale, another party of Esquimaux was met with. On the 15th, having passed this barrier, they arrived off Babbage's River, but again were they involved in an icy labyrinth, which, added to the dense fogs here found in the highest degree of perfection, owing to the barrier opposed to their progress south by the Rocky Chain, made it tormentingly slow. A month—one the most favourable for arctic exploration—had passed in this manner, while only 10 deg. (three hundred and seventy-four miles) of west longitude had been attained, and another 10 deg. still lay between them and Icy Cape. Thus situated, and ignorant that a hundred and fifty miles further west a boat was awaiting him from the Blossom, which had been sent to Behring's Straits, under Captain Beechey, Captain Franklin justly came to the conclusion that they had reached a point, beyond which perseverance would have been rashness, and their best efforts fruitless. On the 18th August they, therefore, set out on their return, giving to their extreme point, in latitude 70 deg. 24 min. north, longitude 149 deg. 37 min. west, the name of Return Reef; and, with the exception of a violent storm near Herschel Island, reached Fort Franklin on the 21st September, without any material danger.

By Captain Beechey, in the meantime, an important addition had been made to our knowledge of the arctic shores of North America. Franklin had made it clear that from longitude 115 deg. to 149 deg. west, or from Coppermine River to Return Reef, these shores were open and navigable; and Beechey had advanced a considerable way eastward from Behring's Straits, till checked by ice. Having been instructed to avoid being shut up, he sent forward his barge under Mr Elson, who examined the coast up to a point only one hundred and fifty miles from Return Reef. These were great accessions to geognostic science and, as before remarked, necessarily narrowed materially the question of a north-west passage.

Being joined by Dr Richardson, who with his party had made valuable and extended observations on the Coppermine River, as well as on its Esquimaux and Indian tribes, and the native productions of the country, Franklin and his friends returned once more to Britain in September, 1827, to enjoy their well-won repute. Not only his own land but Europe generally recognised the high deserts of Franklin. The Geographical Society of Paris presented him, immediately on his return home, with a valuable gold medal, thereby stamping him as the greatest geographical discoverer of the year preceding. On the 29th April, 1829, he received the honour of knighthood, and, shortly afterwards, the degree of a D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. In 1830, Sir John was employed, in his naval capacity simply, to command the Rainbow on the Mediterranean station, and for his exertions while there in furthering the interests and quieting the troubles of Greece, he was decorated with the order of the Redeemer of Greece.

The next prominent post held by Sir John Franklin

was that of Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania or Van Diemen's Land. His appointment took place in 1836, and he had previously been created a knight of the Guelphs or Hanoverian Order. He held his governorship nearly up to his entrance on his last explorations.

Having done so much to clear up the mysteries of the northern shores of the New World, it is no wonder that on a new voyage in search of a north-west passage being resolved upon by the Admiralty, Sir John Franklin should have been selected for the task. Nor need we be surprised that he, though now almost a veteran, should have accepted it. Satisfied of the existence of a great navigable sea to the west, he could scarcely fail to entertain the hope of penetrating to it at some point or another, and thus winning the laurel so long struggled for, and by many able rivals. Danger, and perhaps death, he knew lay in the way, but beyond shone the inviting crown of a deathless celebrity. Two ships were placed under the command of Sir John Franklin for this fresh service in the Polar Seas, namely, the Erebus and Terror, both of which were fitted with small steam-engines and propelled by Captain Crozier, who had been Parry's lieutenant in the Hecla, was nominated to the command of the Terror. The directions of the Admiralty were, generally, that Sir John should enter Lancaster Sound through Baffin's Bay, and descending southwards, seek an opening into the western Polar Ocean. He set sail on the 26th May, 1845, and was last seen, by a whaler, in Baffin's Bay, on the 26th July, at which time he was moored to an iceberg, and waited calmly till the ice would allow him to enter Lancaster Sound.

Since that period, neither Sir John Franklin nor any trace of his gallant company, has been discovered. Three formal expeditions have gone in search of the missing explorer, the first commanded by Captains Kellett and Moore, the second by Sir John (Dr) Richardson, and the third by Sir James C. Ross. Whalers innumerable have kept an outlook annually. Stores have been deposited under landmarks at many points on the arctic coasts. Public and private men have subscribed funds to promote the finding and return of Franklin. Foreign nations, even, have shown a deep interest in the fate of the brave British seaman, and have projected enterprises for his aidance. All has hitherto been in vain. Yet men have not tired of hoping; and, above all, Lady Franklin, the wife of the eminent explorer, has shown a regard for her husband almost surpassing 'the love of women.' Offers of reward have been made by her to whalers and others to stimulate their ardour in the search for Sir John and his party. But, in truth, the sympathies of the country have been still are too strongly awakened to require rewards of this nature. Amid the various projects now on foot, either to relieve the missing expedition or ascertain its fate, one of the most prominent is that in which the veteran Sir John Ross has taken the lead. In the month of May, 1864, a fine schooner, called Felix, after Sir Felix Booth, was launched at Ayr, Lady Franklin being present, and her daughter naming the vessel. At the close of the same month, Sir John Ross left, with Commander Phillips, on their hazardous enterprise. They started from Lochryss, entering directly on the Atlantic passage. Another vessel has been fitted out from Aberdeen on the same errand. Other expeditions have started, or are in progress in other parts of Britain. A sailing party has been organised in like manner at New York, Congress having ordered a supply of officers, men, and instruments. Russia, we believe, has also fitted out an exploring party. All are hopeful that the brave Franklin and his company may yet live. For reasons already given, we deem this supposition far from impossible, and indeed not even improbable. Heartily we pray, in conclusion, that the general wish may be fulfilled, and that the last days of Sir John Franklin may pass peacefully in the bosom of his family.

Sir John Franklin has been twice married. His first wife was the daughter of William Porden, Esq., architect, and died the year after their marriage, a few weeks after the departure of her husband upon his second land expe-

dition in 1825, leaving a daughter, lately married to the Rev. J. P. Gell, late warden of Christ's College in Tasmania, which institution owes its origin to Sir John Franklin while governor of the colony; and, secondly, he married, in 1828, Jane, daughter of John Griffin, Esq. This union has also been productive of issue.

Various proposals have been made for discovering and relieving Franklin and his companions by rather unusual means. Mesmerism has been resorted to, to find out his real situation; and one can scarcely help blushing for human credulity, on finding the soporose maunderings of poor epileptic creatures assumed as serious and semi-divine revelations on the subject—as springing, in short, from a mystic power that can travel over space at will, and set time at defiance. Our own mesmeric experience has not been very great; but the most palpable hit made by a very famous clairvoyant, whom we saw under exhibition, was, that from a *bridge* he saw a *water*. No ghost from the grave could have vented a more acute conjecture; and it was accordingly held by the believers present as redeeming hundreds of blunders. Let all men, however, enjoy their hobby-horses; we quarrel not with the belief in clairvoyance, though taking leave to think it very unlikely that Sir John Franklin will be either discovered or aided by any such means.

Other parties have proposed to find him out by very different ways. One gentleman has offered to visit the Arctic Regions in a balloon, and thus solve the problem so interesting now to Britain. It is well-known that powerful balloons can be constructed, and that such an enterprise might at least really be commenced. But the coldness of the northern atmosphere would, we imagine, render any and every undertaking of the kind utterly futile in practice. Even in the skies of temperate Britain, serious dangers have been very recently incurred by the ascent of aeronauts into the cold aerial regions. Yet another proposition has been made for the discovery of Franklin, and one so far of a novel kind. A gentleman offers (by advertisement in 'Times,' of May, 1860) to construct a flying-machine, with which to go in search of the missing explorers. All that he asks preliminarily is the sum of £8000 to construct his vehicle. Admitting this proposal to be chimerical, as regards the present purpose, we may remark, by the way, that the construction of a flying-machine does not seem to us to be altogether impracticable. The two desiderata in the case are, an elevatory force and a propulsive force. The first power we clearly have in the ordinary balloon, and the second as distinctly in the steam-engine. The balloon would but require to be large enough, and the engine small enough, to serve the purpose. The propulsion might be effected by revolving vanes, to be acted on by the steam-power, and so framed as to open and close at every revolution, cutting the air anteriorly with a sharp edge, and striking it posteriorly with a flat surface. But though we may believe in the possibility of making such a flying-machine, we have fears about its real and practical utility. Above all (the chief point here) we must doubt of the discovery of Franklin in any such way.

One closing word may be added. Many not entirely uneducated persons are apt to ask, 'What good end the discovery of a north-west passage will serve?' They give force to their question, by assuming it as undeniable, that the passage, even if fully made out, could never be used for trading purposes, or any others truly beneficial. The last point must so far be granted—at least, while our maritime resources stand in their present condition. But who will venture to set bounds to our advance in this or any other department of human exertion? The time may come, when human ingenuity shall have conquered climate—when the heats of Central Africa shall be no obstacle to the navigation of the Niger, and the brumal colds shall not impede the traversing of the Polar Seas. At the same time, these are but possibilities. At present it must be allowed that science (and not commerce) is more deeply, or at least directly, interested in the arctic exploration. Yet let not the merchant, who sends out his ships to bring him gain from the four quarters of the globe, imagine,

that, as being a scientific question chiefly, the exploring of the Arctic Circle is a matter in which he has no positive concern. The safe voyaging of his vessels hangs upon the compass—the mysterious root of whose power and utility lies in the heart of the boreal regions. Let the merchant consider what would be the chances of safety to his barks without that instrument, and not undervalue those labours of science which have done so much for him before, and which have even now his final good in view, did the settlement of the magnetic pole form their whole and sole object. Let the practical man of business also reflect, that to the north-west passage question we owe the discovery of the New World. Columbus sailed simply to find a western route to the Indies; the Americas only fell in his way by mere accident, or at least unexpectedly. Let any one who scouts northern exploration as useless, meditate on this one grand fact, and be silent. On the further general and scientific points connected with the subject it is needless to enter here. They are numerous, and involve the welfare of our kind deeply.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART III.—THE FUTURE.

#### CHAP. III.—A SEA-NYMPH.

ON one of the widest parts of the Cornish coast, where the waves rush into a little bay or cove, bounded by rocks of prodigious height, stood a fisherman's hut, sheltered by rugged crags from the attack of many a rude tempest. It was built in a huge cleft, the rocks scarcely sloping to their summit, its sides looking as though rent asunder; and if again closed, the whole would fit tightly together—all but the debris which time and weather had split from the rock, and rolled in fragments to its base. A few stunted shrubs on the ledges and crevices of these mighty barriers, a few ferns, and patches of lichen, softened, in some measure, the aspect of that sterile spot, and gave a more cheerful character to the whole. Towards the higher end of the ravine, a little grass imbibed the moisture that trickled through, affording slender sustenance to a few animals that found their way thither.

The hut alluded to was a tolerably accurate specimen of its class; often affording materials for the sketcher, both pen and pencil.

It was at the close of a wild and stormy afternoon, towards the close of autumn, that an old fisherman was labouring up from the beach with a burden of drift-wood for the night's consumption. Aged and infirm, he tottered over the loose shingles towards the cleft, disappearing behind a projection, on the other side of which his hut was built.

Old Michael, in his younger days, had been one of the most active and hardy fishermen on the coast. Age, and loss of craft, had, however, driven him to seek a precarious subsistence from a few accessories, just enough to keep him on the verge of starvation.

The sun was going down. From one long opening in the clouds, he shot forth a red and angry glance on sea, sky, and shore. Every object within reach was lurid and indistinct; but every wave tipped with radiance, save in the distance, where lowering storm-clouds hung wild and heavy over the deep, which here reflected only the dull, leaden hue of the sky above. To the right, a huge rocky promontory stretched out far into the main; its dark, rugged outline standing out in bold relief against the masses of cloud beyond. Against this invincible barrier, the waves rushed in terrific lunges; breaking into showers of foam and spray, even to the summit, when the wind brought a fuller swell of waters to its base. A circular sweep of foam marked a sandbank beyond the bay, which aught but fisherman's craft seldom crossed. Two or three now lay anchored on the beach. The boom of the distant, and the dash of the nearer waves, were only interrupted by the shriller cry of the gull, the wail of the sea-mew, and the caw of choughs, who had made that rock a resting-place

for ages. Not another living thing was visible, save a female, who, perched on the very summit, seemed to brave the elements as unconcernedly as the rock itself. She turned her eyes seaward, as though on the look-out. Not a sail was in sight; the fishers' boats had crept into nooks and bays, not liking the aspect to windward. As a last gleam swept over the broad crest of the breakers beyond, she turned away, descending by a narrow ledge, that a more inexperienced eye had scarcely detected, but which she trod fearlessly and securely, without even heeding her steps. Indeed other duties seemed to claim her attention.

She looked anxious and hurried, as she leapt lightly on the sand towards the ravine, where old Michael's hut was situated. She was just in the full dawn of womanhood, and dressed in more becoming fashion than the rude peasantry of the district. Her figure was fragile, slightly formed, but of exquisite symmetry; her face a perfect model of beauty and expression, illustrated by a pair of witching eyes; her complexion bright, but pale, with long dark ringlets by way of contrast. The usually arch expression of her mouth had now a melancholy cast, that, at times, diffused itself over the whole features. Her hair, gathered into a large plaited knot behind, threw a graceful contour over the folds of a thick shawl thrown round her head, leaving the face more exposed, probably, than had been deemed requisite, were another individual within sight. She plunged through the loose sand above high-water mark, and soon arrived at the hut we have just described. On entering, she could scarcely distinguish the interior, in consequence of a thick atmosphere of smoke from the newly arrived fuel.

'Are you there, Michael?' said she to the dim outline of a figure squatted on a low stool, trying to warm his hands at an abortive attempt towards a blaze.

'Here I be, miss,' replied the old man; 'my rheumatis' catches the weather sadly.'

'I dare say,' she replied. 'But, maybe, another blanket wouldn't be amiss, and a cup of warm gruel I've brought.'

'Thank ye, thank ye, miss. There be none to care for such an old, worn out creature as me, save yourself;' and the old man drew nearer to the fire, now flickering into a few tongues of flame, that darted in and out of the bars, revealing, for a moment, all the strange jumble of the interior.

'Have you heard anything of ——.' Her voice faltered; and the inquiring, anxious eyes of the maiden bent suddenly on the floor.

'I've heard as how the brig will be in port again to-morrow.'

Ellen Pendarves bit her lip—a paler cheek disclosed some deeper conflict than words betrayed. 'It was not he I asked about; and you know that, Michael. I am abandoned.'

She lifted up her eyes, for a moment, with an expression almost amounting to despair. It was a brief, but harrowing look, and the feeling, we suspect, as transient—a longer endurance would have crushed its victim. She quickly regained her wonted manner, and a proud heart withal to sustain her. She sat down opposite the old man, who seemed ruminating on some matter that deeply concerned him.

'I think, Miss Ellen,' said he, after a long silence, 'everybody be going at cross purposes wi' one another—yavin' an' throwin' just by contraries; so that if one say yes, t'other says nay. If I say this, they're sure to do that; and so all through. I' place of helpin' an' comfortin' one another, every body schemes like as how they be able to cross an' spite everybody else. So wags on this blessed world!'

'True enough, Michael, and more's the pity. One half the misery might be spared, would we help, in place of doing our best to thwart, each other.'

'Why, there's yourself, miss, will have nothing to do with that brave captain yonder, wi' more money in his pouch than I care to tell on; but must be hankering after somebody, nobody knows who—that doesn't seem to make

no account on ye, no more nor if ye were a done up this like me; while Captain Bromley, that worships the very ground ye walk on, is huffed, and sent off about his business.'

'Michael! are you taking part with my tormentors? What has made you turn on me in such fashion, who use to cheer and encourage, instead of trying to dishearten me!'

'Because I see the young un cares little about your more shame on his handsome face. Haven't you been two long weary months without e'en hearin' from him and didn't he promise long since he would wed his darlin' Ellen? Out on it. I used to think, if such as he turn false, nobody ought to be trusted. Oh dear, dear, that should ha' lived to see it.'

'Do hush, Michael. I came down for a little comfort and get nothing but what my own thoughts say, sad drearly, the long day through. But whate'er betid Bromley shall never be my husband.'

'Ay, ay; just so wi' ye all; them that would, you turn up your noses at; while those that mock and ill treat ye why, you'd run through fire an' water for 'em.'

Ellen was silent at this snarling reply. She appeared not to notice it, pretending to look out through a round hole of a window, just at her side, while he recommenced as follows:—

'I do verily think old Simon be the best interpreter of woman's humours after all. 'Michael,' says he to me one day—we were workin' here at a tarpaulin—'de see,' says he, 'that screechin' thing yonder, they want drive into the sty. Well that's just the way o' the women folk. Now, if Biddy there—who was doin' her very best to drive him on—would just pull the brute contrary way by the tail, he'd go the right road straight enough;' and i' truth old Sim knew un well enough for he was owner o' three wives, an' but missed a fourth by takin' to his bed wi' a terrible rheumatism.'

'Excellent! and probably as true of woman's character as most descriptions are. But I did not come here to have my likeness taken; so let us to business. My uncle who favours the captain so, now says, if Cecil comes back in any reasonable time, and can find me a comfortable home, he will give his consent. But he neither comes nor writes; and London is a great way off. They say too, if I went there I shouldn't find him. Did you see the guard if he knew anything about where he lived?'

'I did; and he but laughed at me.'

'So long, too, since I had a letter—and he never sent me a word as to whereabouts he lives, nor anything else which I might find him. He said he would be sure to come here in three weeks from the day he last wrote and oh! how I counted the hours—nay, the minutes, until then; but day after day, week after week, are gone by. My heart sinks, and I sometimes fear I shall go beside myself, when I think on it. Oh, Michael! can't you give one word—one little word of comfort, as you once did, and say you was sure I should marry Cecil, and be a great lady? But I don't want to be a great lady. If I would but come, I'd tell him so—and—he should never go back again.'

Ellen Pendarves was the only daughter of a Cornish mine-owner, who died very poor. She was then a child and having lost her mother, was left to the care of an unmarried uncle, who had been tolerably successful in his speculations, and could leave a handsome dowry to his niece. She was a true child of nature—simple, unsophisticated. Her home was on the rocks, and her companions the winds and hollow surge, as untamed as herself. She loved to associate with inanimate things—to invest them with her own capacity for sorrow or enjoyment. On Michael had been her playmate, her preceptor. He had taught her to use an oar, to fish, and make nets. His temper was ardent and affectionate, but wild and wild as the tempest she loved to brave. She longed for something beyond her present limited circle of vision. She scorned the common herd that surrounded her, and looked forward to an unknown world, whose boundless gratifications could only equal her capacity to enjoy. Such he

on the dream of years. Her young heart was just ripe for sympathy; but none she had hitherto seen could make the yet dormant passion. At length the arrow came, and with it Ellen's peace of mind departed.

One sunny summer evening, she stood on the rocks—her usual station, almost from childhood—when she was aware of a boat beating up for the little bay, which she felt sure was unskillfully managed, by the way in which it swept over the breakers at the entrance, without any of the usual precautions; and the consequence was, as she forew, the vessel swamped, filled, and upset. Ellen had summoned Michael to her assistance. Along with him she took an oar, and they were soon pulling out from shore to the rescue. They found one adventurous voyager only, struggling for life. Had they not arrived, however, his efforts would probably have been useless. Ellen led the way homeward, and soon got him properly attended to—the boat moored on the beach, and all carefully arranged. It appeared the occupant was from a neighbouring port, whence he had hired it, trusting to his unaided nautical skill. He had merely intended to fish a mile or so from land, but confidence and mismanagement led to the catastrophe just mentioned. Cecil Harcourt, for so he gave a name, was much struck by the appearance of his fair deliverer. He invented daily excuses for delay. They strolled on the beach—on the rocks, glens, and creeks along the coast; boating frequently beyond the bay, in which employment Ellen proved an expert colleague. In fact, he felt, to his dismay, that his heart was irrevocably gone—that his departure would be a source of intolerable anguish, and he knew not what course to pursue. To stay, was impracticable, and to go, despair. The wild, roving creature he looked on, was evidently enamoured of his presence—every look, every gesture, unpractised in guettry or concealment, told too plainly the hold he had gained. He felt she was beneath him in rank, as well as education—that he could not introduce her into society here he ought to move—that her untaught and wayward temper would probably expose both him and herself to the scorn and censure of a world, which resents more a breach of etiquette than of moral rectitude. He was just working his way into what is called 'good society,' and a match like this would be the death-blow to his expectations, not ruin to all hopes of rising in the scale. These, though objects of anxious deliberation, when alone, yet, in the presence of the siren who ensnared him, flew like chaff at the first glance of her eye. Fly he could not, and to stay as fraught with daily increasing danger. The conflict was long and fierce. Mr Pendarves was pleased with his genteel manners and accomplishments—nor would the old man have objected to him as the husband of his niece, had he not consented to receive, in that capacity, the captain, and part owner of a light brig that traded to and from the French coast. This individual was reckoned wealthy, and as over head and ears in love with Ellen. She, however, would not listen to his suit, and treated him both with ridicule and disdain. Cecil heard of this obstacle. The fear of losing her only rendered him more determined to proceed. He plunged headlong, wilfully, into the very anger he feared. He told his tale of love, and vowed a life of devotedness. The artless maiden confessed her own; and he two lovers were as happy as circumstances would allow. But Cecil must depart. Business called him to town. His present home was in London. He excused himself from telling her precisely where. His peculiar situation for a while forbade it; but he promised to write often. It would be his only solace; and this he did, punctually, for some time. Michael had been her confidant, her adviser—to him she told all; and his old withered, dried up affections, seemed once more to gush forth.

'And when this disagreeable captain comes,' said Ellen, 'I must endure his persecutions, and uncle's continual talking; but I am determined, rather than give way, I'll go to London. A good Providence will, maybe, guide me to Cecil. Any how, I shall be in the same place with him; and I'm almost sure, unless he be dead, he'll find me out.'

Poor innocent, she little knew the world she sought.

'Ah! my pretty Ellen. Here where I left you last,' said a person, just entering the hut. 'Good even, Michael. How I envy you such nice company!'

This intruder was none other than the dreaded captain himself. 'I have just been at the Mount yonder, and as you were out, followed your usual walk hither. Excuse an old seaman looking out for port, and a lovely girl into the bargain.'

'I am not at all pleased at your following me, Captain Bromley—and had much rather you would allow me to be mistress of my own movements. I am free yet, I hope, and mean to follow my own will as long as I choose. So pray, pass on, sir. My intention is to return alone.'

'And this is always the welcome after a voyage.'

'You will meet none other, until you give up annoying and persecuting me;' and Ellen turned disdainfully from him.

Captain Bromley, as he was usually styled, was a stout seaman, whose age, though considerably more than that of the fair being he addressed, did not prevent him from looking tolerably young and well-favoured. His complexion had a warm sunny tint, set off by a profusion of reddish brown hair, so exuberant that Ellen often accused him of wearing a wig, which he as stoutly denied. He had, moreover, an ample display of both whiskers and moustache. His lively grey eye had a penetrating expression, that showed he was not devoid of talent—indeed his whole aspect denoted intelligence, and a most devoted admirer of the opposite sex. His forehead, perhaps, too narrow for any profound range of intellect, yet he would have been a dangerous opponent to play with, were his powers called forth. He would have hesitated at little that stood in the way of his gratification. He had won the game where many a brighter intellect would have been foiled. The vessel he commanded was often suspected of putting an honest penny into the owners' pocket, by supplying his majesty's subjects with those indispensable luxuries our neighbours on the opposite shores are so willing to offer; and thus, by a benevolent reciprocity, assuage the wants and longings of all who participate in these comforts. Such suspicions, however, might have their origin in those ill-natured guesses, which so generally attach to individuals of the like profession; though some were bold enough to declare, that many a bale of silk and tub of cogniac had found their way into and out of the brig 'Good Intent'—all of which were quite innocent of the expense attached to a custom-house permit. Be this as it may, Captain Bromley, who had not very long traded in these parts, was supposed to own a moiety of the vessel, and to have made a good round sum by his trade. He had set eyes on Ellen, and was resolved, if possible, to win her. Many a 'Babylonish garment' had found its way to Mr Pendarves, at the Mount, and many a cask of 'the real' into his cellar; but hitherto, without telling one jot in the captain's behalf. He watched Cecil with a wary eye, and strove, by every possible means, to frustrate his intentions. But Ellen's heart was gone, and nothing remained but any chance advantage which absence might throw in his favour.

'I've been in London, Ellen.'

Ellen turned sharply round. Her lip was paler than before, but her eye lighted up with expectation.

'I thought those eyes would look brighter at the news,' said Bromley, 'and—I've seen—'. These words, slowly enunciated, made Ellen's heart throb. She was silent—hoping, yet fearing what was to follow. He, too, was silent for a space, ere he answered—'You know who—and—they say—he is about to be married to—a grand lady.'

'I don't believe it!' cried Ellen, her eyes flashing at the bare surmise. 'Never, never!' Her wild, untamed temper burst forth into a magnificent rage. But the heroic captain bore the assault unmoved. 'Tis one of your base, unmanly inventions.—Cecil! Oh no, no!' and she hid her face. Then, darting a fierce look at her informant, 'I see it all,' she said—'a plot of your own. Just a make-believe you think will serve your own ends. But, I tell



you '—Here she rose, and, in a voice almost choking with rage, cried out—' Even should it be true, I will never be your bride—never !'

She sat down, exhausted with the terrible agitation that literally shook her frame. The seaman tried to smile, but his features would not yield, while saying he could easily satisfy her as to the truth of the report. Ellen did not deign a reply, and he forebore to provoke her further. He soon took leave. A chill and portentous silence was the result. She sat—the picture of one to whom fate had done its worst. Michael relit his pipe, and sat puffing on, at a much more rapid pace than usual, the nature of his thoughts, probably, as hard to be understood as the expression of his features.

It would have been difficult to find, within a reasonable circuit, two characters so totally different, and yet similarly affected by the terrible announcement just received. On Ellen there had fallen the first blight, and she withered at its touch ; for, though professing to discredit what she heard, she could not conceal from herself that Cecil's prolonged absence gave but too much cause to fear its truth. The very supposition was madness. Her brain reeled, and, had opportunity occurred, in all likelihood she would have perpetrated a summary revenge. She started up. She would go forth and upbraid the author of her misery—tell the world his perfidy, and either die at his feet, or perform some more fearful catastrophe.

'Michael,' she said, in a tone that made the old man start, 'you shall go with me.'

'Where? But don't look so, an' then I'll go anywhere.'

'To London.'

'To London! Deary me, I don't know a foot o' the way.'

'Never mind, Michael. We'll ask along the road. Somebody will tell us. I know it lies almost due east—by the way the coaches come. Cecil went that road.'

'But what be we to live on—and—'

'Oh! I've money; and, now I think on't, we'll not walk all the way, but take coach; and, don't you see, we shall not need to inquire then.'

'But I know your old housekeeper said they were always out a night or two afore they get there; an' if true, it's a woundy long lane, that same road to Lunnun?'

'I don't care; all will be right when we get there.'

'But, then, how be we to find out Master Cecil? I've heard say it's such a place for bigness, as nothin' can be like it. Why, miss, it would take us days to get through, if we're to ask at every house; and then, too, who be we to ask for?'

After a little study, she came to the determination of worming out the secret of Cecil's residence from Bromley, and would again endure his presence, whilst this desirable information was procured. She bade Michael good e'en, and retraced her path homewards—but with what different feelings! When she left for the cottage, hope lay in the dim future; now, blighted affection—the shadowy purpose of revenge—a thousand nameless things from the abyss she feared to look on. How terrible the conflict when this ungovernable passion gets the mastery! Once yielded to, and we seem the sport of circumstance, its victim and its slave.

The very next day—her impetuous temper could ill brook the few hours that intervened—Ellen sought an interview with Bromley.

'Ah, ah! my little tormentor,' said he, 'what news agoing?—an unlooked-for pleasure this.'

'No doubt. I come—', and here words almost failed her.

'To make up matters—eh?' inquired the captain.

'I came to ask where you happened to meet with—'

'Why, as for that—a mere chance. To be sure, I did wish to meet him, and know something about his meaning towards you. But, as I say, it was mere hap-hazard that threw me upon the very man I was on the look-out for.'

'Then, of course, you can guide another to the same place.'

'And may I ask wherefore?'

'You can surely guess.'

'Probably I might. But then it would not be proper you should either see or write to him now.'

'And why? Is he not my own? pledged the same, every whit, as though he were my husband?'

'Not so fast, my pretty maiden—not so.'

'Weil, well, never mind,' said she, interrupting him; 'I want to know, for a purpose I don't choose to tell.'

'Nor I,' said the imperturbable skipper.

'Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll find it out without you, and so—'

'Stop, stop, my most magnificent heroine. One thing for t'other. A bargain's a bargain. Now if I bring you proof under his own hand of what I told you, will you marry me, then, my pretty maiden?'

Ellen tried to dissemble by saying—'I will marry no one else.'

He looked steadily on her for a little space; then said—'Agreed; and in a few days I make no doubt but I can bring what will satisfy you.'

Ellen left him, and the captain looked on her already as his own.

## SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY FÆDEUTES.

INLAND from Flamborough, the country assumes an elevated character. This rise, dilating gradually on both sides, as it penetrates into the interior, extends at last from Malton, that is, the *town of meal and malt*, all the way almost to the Humber. This district, like a similar one in Kent, introduced in Johnson's 'London,' is called the *Wolds*, i.e. a tract of country *without wood*, as *Woldsbury* in Wiltshire signifies the town on a *hill without wood*. It is well known that the marine blasts are unfavourable to the growth of trees. This denudation, however, is not confined to this Yorkshire coast. It extends, maritimately, with few exceptions, all the way from Humber to the extremity of Caithness, or the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients. Yet, that this district must, at no very remote era, have been largely wooded, or rather forested, may be inferred from the fact that here was the famous hospital of *felicitous* appellation *Flixton*,\* which is a synocopated form of *Felixton*, a happy town, founded in the time of Athelstane, to give shelter to pilgrims and travellers from the wolves, which then infested those parts, 'that they should not be devoured by them,' as the erudite Camden has it. Now, these ravenous animals only inhabit large forests. The spot on which the hospital formerly stood is now occupied by a farmhouse called to this day the *Spittle-house*, still significant of the fact. These hospitals, still frequent among the Alps, were generally appendages to religious houses. To the same source are referable *Spittie*, a hamlet in Cheshire; *Spital*, a small town in Austrian Illyria; *Spittlegate*, a post town in Lincolnshire, on the great north road, *Hospitals*, in Sutherlandshire, the patrimony of a family of the appropriate name of *Gilchrist*, i.e. *Christ's servant*; and *Spitalfields*, London, which *Aspitium*† was originally a pendicle of the priory of St Mary.

\* *Flixham*, in Norfolk, is synonymous with *Flixton*. To take this word simply as it spells and sounds, or to consider how fond the homely folk of this rural county are of streaky and racy *roashers* broiled on the embers, and to see the walls of their kitchens lined and garnished with whole sides of *fitches*, and cushions (as they rednefly yelp the shoulders) of immense porkers, cured and salted, one would be disposed to say, that the elements of this word are *fitch* and *ham*, which, however, is all *gammol*, for it is a corrupted form of *Felixham*, i.e. the *home of Felix*, who was a Burgundian, and the first bishop of the East Angles.

† The first hospital on record for the sick and needy (*nosocomion*) was founded at Rome, A.D. 400, by Fabiola, a lady highly commended by Jerome. Whatever may be said of the uselessness or positive mischief of some hospitals, as degenerated and perverted, the founders in general had noble objects in view—such as the encouragement of learning, the relief of the indigent, the education of orphan and destitute youth. One curious and commendable diversion of an hospital from the original design of the founder occurs in the case of *Choles*, intended by our James VI. as a College (and still called in consequence *Cholesa-College*) for *polemical divines*, but fortunately for the peace of society and reputed heretics, it was converted into a receptacle for disabled soldiers. 'Fundatum fuit a Jacobo primo, ut illis theologi aleretur, quorum officium est, ut publice opposuerant *novas hereses*.'—*Jortin's Eccles. Hist.* vol. II. p. 18. Henry and withers of were the two *bogles* that haunted the imagination of the pedantic monarch whom Scotland gave to England.



Here sermons or homilies were wont to be delivered on the Easter holidays, whence in the Church of England discourses preached for eleemosynary purposes are still technically termed *Spittal sermons*. The *Spittal* sermons of some of the dignitaries of that church, such as those of Atterbury, Butler, and Sherlock, are perhaps the noblest specimens of pulpit oratory extant, enforcing the soundest livinity in doctrine and practice—divinity at once fervent, rational, and evangelic. This of the *Wolds* is a very dry, cold, and exposed tract, but nevertheless very productive of corn, which satisfactorily accounts for the name of the town of *Malton*, as above analysed. By the by, it once had the honour to have the illustrious Jeffrey for its representative—the ablest critic and forensic orator of his age. Its full title is *New Malton*, which, of course, implies, as there really is, like our *Old* and *New Aberdeen* 'awa, an *Old Malton*. As further corroboratory of the *cereals* fertility of this district, it may be remarked that it contains several towns that rejoice in the genial and congenial appellation of *Burton*, i.e. *Beer* or *Ale town*, such as *North Burton* (so called in opposition, we conjecture, to *Burton upon Trent* in Lincolnshire, just as we say *North Berwick* in contradistinction to *Berwick upon Tweed*), *Cherry Burton*, *Burton-Constable*, the seat of a family of the name of *Constable*, *Bishop's Burton*, and *Burton-Agnes*, or *Annas-burton*. From the predominance of the *Burtens* over the *Maltons* in this quarter, and, indeed, from their being pretty rife over the Three Ridings, we would argue, if our Yorkshire friends will pardon a jocular proverb of the Land of *Cakes*, it would seem that 'the *malts* at times gets above the *meals*' here, as elsewhere. But, jesting apart, the home-made bread of this district, baked in their commodious brick ovens, for fairness, sweetness, and digestive lightness, far surpasses anything we ever saw or tasted. 'Panis longe pulcherrimus,' as Horace, in his *Brundisium* trip, has it of the loaf of the *Apulian* town he could not *lnead* into verse. So much for their solid staff of life; as for their ale, or liquid food, as connoisseurs love to call the *cerevisian* beverage, it is at once a wholesome and a potent drink, and withal right *nappy*, so much so, that the weary traveller stinks his potatoes to a pint or so, unless he be so fortunate as to light upon very intelligent and conversable company indeed—a thing, however (and we speak knowingly), in 'canny' Yorkshire of no rare emergence. They drink it out of bi-ansated cups, or *tuggies*, as we call them in Scotland, which we have observed practised nowhere else in merry England.

By the way, as it is in keeping at once with our present theme and general scope, we may as well here explain the term 'nappy ale,' so frequently applied to John Bull's favourite beverage, which, if the reader will excuse a pun, he imbibeth even as the thirsty ox drinketh the water-brooks. We mean, of course, honest, unsophisticated John Bull—than whom a nobler specimen of the *genus homo* treads not mother earth, and looks erect on heaven. This term *nappy* is often employed, but seldom understood. Neither Milton's 'spicy nut-brown ale,' nor Thomson's 'brown October,' will help us out here, with all their inspiration. *Nappy ale*, then, means, that it is not only generous and strong, but fat withal, and mild as *nap*, or the soft down on cloth; just as a genuine Highlander says of his darling whisky when it is the 'real cratur,' and drinks at once potent and mellow, 'that it gangs east, or over his craig, like *lamb's woo*.' It is from the same word that we have *naps*, the joint of the neck behind, because that part is covered with a soft pile that feels like down or the *nap* of cloth.

The following graphic, though ludicrous description from the 'Old Ballad'—that faithful reflector of antique times and usages even to the nicest minutiae—is no dull commentary on these remarks, while it bears a striking, direct, and emphatic testimony to the accuracy and authenticity of the pictures which the modern topography of a territory, as illustrated by the light of a curious and penetrative etymology, enables us to draw of the exploded modes and obsolete habits of its ancient inhabitants.

'An old patch coat the beggar had on,  
Which he daily did use to wear;  
And many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made Robin to him repair.  
Good speed, good speed, said Robin Hood,  
What countryman, tell to me,  
I am Yorkshire, sir, but ere you go far,  
Some charity give unto me.  
Why, what wouldst thou have, said Robin Hood,  
I pray thee tell unto me.  
No lands nor livings, the beggar he said.  
But a penny for charity.  
For here I have a bag for my bread,  
So I have another for corn,  
I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
And one for my little horn.'

Robin Hood and the Piggie.

## DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

### THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

To be interrupted in the midst of one's studies by ordinary trifles is a sad trial of patience, and it requires much self-command to receive every visitor with courtesy. People really ought not to bring all their little matters to their pastor. The want of thought manifested by some persons in this respect is truly annoying, and the lives of not a few ministers are a daily martyrdom in consequence. I have known the public usefulness of several worthy men entirely destroyed by that unwise amiability which patiently listens to every paltry tale that idleness gathers up and circulates. There was my friend, the excellent Sydney Jones of Mossington, who fancied that he should best promote the great end of his profession by allowing himself to be accessible to everybody at all times. His dwelling became a 'house of call' in consequence. He had to put a new knocker on his door every six months. A quiet meal was out of the question; and as he could not afford to keep more than one servant, she did little else than attend at the door. This course of life could not last always. In proportion to his desire to keep the peace with everybody, Mr Jones found the rumour of war increasing; and finally a crisis came, the immediate cause of which was of no less importance than the price of Miss Saffron's new bonnet! Poor Jones was as innocent of any participation in the bonnet question as he was of mixing mortar at the tower of Babel; but the confusion of his congregation had some distant likeness to the supposed babbling on the plain of Shinar; and Jones resigned his charge and went to a distant part of the country, where he pursued a very different course, and is in consequence loved and respected by an intelligent congregation. I take some credit to myself for having given him the advice which has become so practically valuable.

Sometimes, however, these interruptions are of so peculiar and interesting a nature as to fix themselves upon the memory, and to form a sort of epoch in one's life. Of this character is that which I now commit to paper, under the title of the 'Mysterious Visitor.'

In answer to Mary's peculiar rat-tat at the study-door, I said, rather impatiently, 'Come in, Mary. What new annoyance is this?'

'A gentleman wishes to see you, sir.'

'Name?'

'I don't know, sir. He refuses to give his name; says you would not know his name.'

'Oh! tell him I'll be down presently.'

'Very well, sir.'

Descending to the room, I beheld a very remarkable figure. Buttoned to the throat in a long black surcoat, which had evidently seen some service, there stood a slender personage, more than six feet tall, with grey locks, thinned either by care or age—probably the former—with deep-set, flashing black eyes—a noble expanse of forehead—a nose slightly hooked, and very prominent—and a firmly set mouth, giving at once the idea, 'that man is not easily driven from his opinions, whatever they are.' Gracefully bowing, he apologised for his intrusion in the following extraordinary style:—'Gentlemen devoted to the investigation of the Celestial Book ought not to be summoned to take part in the deniable farce

of the myriads that crawl upon the bosom of this venerable earth, causing it to utter an incessant groan for deliverance from the weight of their iniquities—a groan which has reached the palace of its Creator, has been interpreted as the prayer of inanimate creation, and will be answered speedily, to the terror and confusion of the monster scepticism that belts the globe with its Erebus curse; and, therefore, had I not known two things, first, that you are reputed to have sympathy with the elect few whose eyes pierce the heavens in fervent expectation of the dawn of a new day for wrecked humanity, and, secondly, that what I have to say has little in common with the conventional inanities of this era of dotage, I should not have presumed to call you down from the tower of vision, where doubtless you have beheld sights well fitted to give potency to faith, and vitality to hope.

Either a prophet or a madman, thought I; but recollecting how often the blind world has branded true prophets with madness, I felt a momentary blush at the association of ideas; and, resolving to give him credit not only for sanity, but for power and light, I begged him to be seated, assuring him that no apology was needed, and that I should be glad to attend to what he had to say; at the same time hinting that he had not yet favoured me with his name.

'Name!' he replied, 'what's in a name? To shield one's self behind a name is folly; to boast of a name is weakness; to toil for the attainment of a name—a shadow, a breath, a vapour—is the most laborious and profitless of the pursuits to which the sons of struggle have addicted themselves. One man acquires a name by anticipating the sun and wasting the midnight oil, exhausting intellect, prostrating the physical powers, encouraging the approach of disease, and the scythe and hour-glass of the pale foe; and then, if successful in the strife, he puts forth his hand to grasp the prize, when that hand becomes suddenly rigid in death. His name is forthwith inscribed upon a stone erected over his cold earth-bed, and the few who discover his virtues and regret his privations, when it is too late either to reward or to succour him, laud his memory, and appropriate his thoughts, which they dilute with their own whey and sell to the public journalists at so much per page; whilst the multitude catch the name, as it floats like a feather on the breeze, and either use it in their every-day twaddle, giving persons still more grossly ignorant than themselves the notion that they are conversant with the thoughts of the illustrious dead, or else they make it a byword and a jest, intimating that the opinions of the departed, good enough for the last generation, cannot be tolerated now side by side with the march of modern intellect. Names, sir! How has the world used the names of those who now shine like the glorious stars, the suns of the galaxy? or, rather, how did it use their wearers whilst they remained tenants of the earth? How did it use the great prophets of nature—the explorers of her tremendous secrets—the men who spanned the earth, and winged their way through the heavens, and proclaimed the system of the universe? What treatment did it extend to the prophets of Gentilism, who arose, the witnesses of the Divine unity, in lands of universal polytheism? and how did it receive the accredited prophets of the Most High—Noah, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Paul, and John—names which now irradiate the canopy of Paradise. Nay, how did it receive *ONE* whose name is above every name, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come?' As the speaker gave utterance to this question, his frame actually dilated, his eyes sparkled with intense brilliancy through tears, and, spreading out his hands toward heaven, he exclaimed, in a loud but most melodious and reverend voice, 'Yes! name—great name!—come thou who bearest it, and set thy foot upon this great globe, and proclaim in the hearing of all its inhabitants, the living, the dying, and the dead, that it is *ALL THINE OWN!*'

I confess that I was carried away by this burst of enthusiasm, and found myself unable to repress the emotion which it had excited. We both remained silent for some time, when, looking at me with an earnestness which coun-

pelled me to turn aside from his gaze, he proceeded, slowly, and in a soft voice as follows:—

'I know your thoughts, sir. You judge me an impostor acting a part, or a lunatic escaped from his keepers, or a harmless idiot at whom boys may cast stones to see him run, or servant girls laugh, whilst the wise and the good express their pity by an inaudible sigh and 'poor creature!'

'I beg, sir, you will not do me the injustice to—'

'Nay, interrupt me not, if you please,' said he, earnestly. 'I repeat, these are the thoughts which naturally arise in your mind. I say *naturally*, meaning by that the false nature which conventionalism has ingrafted on poor humanity. This conventionalism required that I should either produce letters of introduction, or give my name, and mention the object of my visit to you. This conventionalism has changed human society. It abounds everywhere; it pervades the earth; it stifles the voice of genuine humanity; it struts in the field; it walks the highway; it promenades the park; it dwells in the workshop; it lives in the court; it resides in the college; it freezes the domestic circle; it measures the accents of friendship; it rules the utterances of love; it gloves the hand of benevolence; gives its oracles in the sanctuary; and stands in the pulpit by the side of the minister of truth! The age is artificial; everything is out of course; real nature has departed; men are masked; society is upon stilts; the world is dressed for a ball-room, and the end of the farce will be a terrific tragedy! Sir, there is no liberty, though we proclaim its universality. Men worship opinion, not truth; vindicate habit, not reality; toil for hire, not for heaven. Speak for God, forgetting man, and you are booted; avow a new reading in divinity, and you are shunned; be yourself, instead of a unit in the mass, and you are prescribed. The faithful minority have found this, and they will find it more as the day approaches. Has your party a written symbol? you must only be a commenter. Does it reject written creeds? you must vindicate the tacit series of propositions. Does it discard patricianism? it must bow to the vulgar. Does it deny democracy? it must venerate the fathers. Every party has its dictator, be he man, committee, or mob. The press, boasting of its liberty, is the daily illustration of the power of party; this journal is the organ of that, the other of this, political, commercial, or religious sect. And if we examine those periodicals which eschew all party and seek the suffrages of the whole people—the multitude—is the matter improved? Alas, sir, what a terrible price *they* pay for this liberty of speech! It is nothing less than a systematic rejection of the name and government of the Eternal One. They must not offend 'religious prejudices'—such is the cant phrase under cover of which they launch upon the open sea of infidelity. And these prophets of the myriads send out their hebdomadal sheet fifty times a-year, to the coasts of the earth, from the printing presses of this great, baptised land, without an intelligible reference to the Redeemer and Prophet of an alien and ignorant race of beings glorying in the doctrine of immortality! Sir, is it not a glaring and daring absurdity? is it not a folly and a crime? is it not preparing a catastrophe which will make the ears of the nations tingle? is it not sowing seeds whose noxious harvest will ere long wave for the sickle of the destroying angel? A few men, both in England and Scotland, whose clear vision sees far into the future, and whose hand takes hold on the heavens, have prophesied all this for some time. By some their faith is doubted; by others their soundness of mind; by a third party the integrity of their purposes—the old price, you know, which the world's chapman demands of those who venture to exhibit wares of novel texture within sight of his crowded stall. These men, whose faith in God has been strengthened in proportion to their want of faith in man, have stood up, and declared their high purpose to sprinkle the salt of Christianity upon the intellectual feed prepared for the crowd; by indomitable courage they have opened the way for future operations; and, though they should be destined only to occupy the place of voices in the wilderness, the heralds of a light clearer than any that yet

shines in the horizon, the pioneers of a power stronger than nerves the right arm of the children of men, shall we not hail them with the sympathies of brotherhood, and bid them unroll their testimony before the gaze of a scoffing generation?

'Assuredly,' I replied, 'the mission of these men is great and glorious, and it has been my desire for years to see their number multiplied and their power increased.'

'And yet,' said he, sorrowfully, 'they will not succeed to any extent. No, it may not be. The world requires another and a different lesson yet from any she has received. She has worn out experiments, having tried every thing, like a child with its toys, and nothing suits—nothing meets her case; and nothing will but the decided remedy, the return of the King to reduce to order a race of anarchists, and to sway his righteous sceptre over a renewed world, made glorious by his presence, and happy in his inexhaustible love. Adieu! think of me as a shadow, and of our interview as a dream.'

### A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.\*

\* The time, high noon; the summer's sun  
One half his destined course had run,  
The gentle flowers, at early morn,  
That woke to life on dewy lawn,  
Now lay all withered, scentless, dead—  
Their beauty and their odour sped;  
The bird had sought the leafy bower;  
Ev'n man confessed the blighting power;  
And nature sunk in stillness quite,  
As solemn as the deep midnight.'

Penn in mouth and book in hand, one afternoon I lay stretched in luxurious ease upon the floor of the cosy piazza of a Texian cottage. The dreamy god, far from coy, and requiring but little wooing, was fast stealing upon my senses, drawing the mantle of oblivion over them; and no wonder. Upon my moist brow the soothing sea-breeze gently breathed from off a beautiful prairie, an oasis—a perfect bijou of a thing—enamelled and bedight with flowers of all forms and colours, and their hues mingling, to my half-closed eyes, made the *tout ensemble* before them look for all the world like a vast assemblage of Joseph's coats bleaching upon the rich grass, or a second and enlarged edition of the gaudy Spanish blanket upon which I lay my lazy length along.

The hands of the clock, had there been such an article about the premises—which, as the country was yet uninvaded by Yankee pedlars, there was not—*would* have been upon the hour of one, and the '*sonans æs*' doubtless, had told the same tale, but the shadow of a pillar arriving at a certain mark upon a graduated scale inscribed on, and cut in the porch floor, answered every what as well.

The day was one of the kalends of July, and a person acquainted with the semi-tropical summers of Texas must know that this combination of annual and horological time necessarily superinduces an universal drowsiness. All nature, in fact, seemed asleep. The monster grasshopper of the country had ceased his shrill 'Italian' note; the corn-crake was mute; the tree-toad emulated their silence; the goats, who, browsing about the enclosure, usually filled the air with anything but melody, were quietly snoozing under the shade of the gin-house—no relation to gin-palace, but simply a building like a cider-mill, with an upper story, and used to gin, *i. e.*, extract the seed from cotton—or beneath the projecting and protecting limbs of some large oak:—'*Recubans sub tegmine fagi*.' Happy am I to have the opportunity to so aptly quote the above line, as it is the only one of the entire '*Ecloques*' impressed upon my memory, though not exactly in the usual method; for the impression was not imparted through the head, but quite the reverse—the fact of the matter being that a peculiar dislike to the use of an able but interesting work of Mr Ainsworth's, and a too great reliance upon my own philological attainments, frequently induced me to render certain passages and words '*con amore*,' perhaps, but not

'*secundum artem*.' So it fell out, upon a *dies infesta*, that I translated *fagi* as *fig* tree, and received as testimonial, from an unappreciative pedagogue, the application of sundry twigs of the other tree—known to the learned as the '*betulla*'—upon a portion of my corporeal system, whose name bears a striking similitude to the correct rendering of the obnoxious word. After all, I was quite as near the mark as the poet, who thus gives the passage:—

'O Tityrus, reclining 'neath the shade,  
By an umbrageous wind-mill swift revolving made.'

As I was saying, prior to my striking the trail which led to the foregoing episode, my senses were just tottering upon the narrow confines that divide reverie from the land of nod, when a heavy step near me recalled my fast-departing wits, and a voice, in the once-familiar but long-forgotten tones of my fatherland, smote my ear: 'Hello, mister! how de den? bin well? plaguy hot day; Curnil tu hum? you sint him? No! jest what I was thinkin' on! folks all smart? Guess I'll set down, cheap settin' standing.'

At the opening of this extraordinary volley I had jumped up, and saw before me a truly surprising figure for a new country. The owner of the voice was a ponderous individual, the roseate hue of whose face was rendered ruddier yet from the reflected tint of a huge and flaming red bandanna, with which the owner was endeavouring to check the perspiration which was not *dropping*, but fairly *streaming* down his hemispherical cheeks. A black silk hat, with narrow brim, adorned his head, and, despite the great heat of the day, he wore a heavy, new, and shining black over-coat, black frock-coat, black satin vest, and black woollen pants, the latter *rolled up*, displaying the white cotton lining, instead of being '*mors Texano*,' tucked in his ponderous 'pot metal' boots. The arm that wielded the bandanna was tucked through the handle of a plethoric carpet-bag, and the other sustained by the means of a huge and nearly rounded paw at its extremity, an extra pair of boots, and an umbrella.

Here was a rig for a July day in Texas, with the thermometer at 105 deg. in the shade! and it is not in the least surprising that, when at length I found my voice, I broke out with, 'Who are you, and where did you come from?' Whereat my comfortably-clad friend again opened his mouth and spoke.

According to his story, which was delivered in the richest vernacular of down-east, a brother of his wife had years previous settled far in the interior of the country, and after having written to him at intervals, describing in glowing language the beauties and fatness of the land, the excellence of the timber, and the manifold blessings attendant upon a residence there, at length himself experienced one of them, in the form of a congestive fever, and went off in a jiffy to explore another country. Our friend—who bore the very significant name of Green—much affected at his fate, started immediately to see after the effects, with a brain inflamed by floating visions of shingle mills, white oak staves, free pasturage, and last, not least, an abundance of buffalo, bear, and deer, which had been represented to him of almost as accommodating dispositions as the roast pigs in the story, who ran about ready roasted, seeking customers to eat them. There is a tale told in the 'Arabian Nights' of a certain prince—'what's his name?'—who, having placed himself astraddle of a wooden horse, was suddenly and incontinently landed, without any previous preparation, in a strange country among strangers. Not that this was either the first or the last time that a man's riding his hobby a *peg* too high has rendered a sudden change of climate equally agreeable and necessary. Green was in a precisely similar fix. He had lived for forty years in a secluded part of Vermont, knowing nothing of the world except the limited amount of experience picked up at home; and suddenly, with but a day or two's notice, had started for an eastern port, found a vessel loaded with lime and notions up for Texas, embarked, and after a short passage landed in Galveston, as verdant a specimen of humanity as ever probably, at the mature age of forty, escaped from the maternal apron string, or a wife's petticoat government.

\* From the New York Literary World.

A gentleman in Galveston, to whom he had obtained a letter of introduction, persuaded him to abandon the idea of settling far 'up country,' and advised him to establish himself in or near the town, and work for a while at some one of the manifold trades which he professed to understand. The merchant, however, soon discovered his protégé to be an intolerable bore, and to get rid of him inoculated his brain with a flaming idea of the immense profits which would indubitably attend a shingle speculation, and providing him with a letter to Colonel P——, begging him to set him to work at something or anything, packed him off 'up the Bay.'

For a time, Green's excessive ignorance and curiosity, combined with a professed knowledge of everything, afforded much amusement; and as there were two bright lads of the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen in the family, ripe for mischief, he had rather a hard time of it. The difficulty with him seemed to be, that so many flattering opportunities of realising a fortune presented themselves, that, not knowing which to choose, he appeared in some danger of enacting again the fable of the ass and the bundles of hay. He was advised by the colonel to look about him well ere he plunged into business of any kind, and informed that he would be very welcome to remain with him as long as he pleased, and that horses, guns, &c., were at his disposal.

Strange as it may appear, the new comer had never seen a mule until his advent to Texas; and one—a fine and spirited saddle-beast, with enormous ears—attracted his particular attention. He even went so far as to endeavour to 'trade' for him, and although warned by all of the caution necessary to be observed by every one unaccustomed to the horses, and particularly the mules of the country, yet he persisted in his assertion, that *he* could ride any of them 'bare-back.' He tried it. One morning he thought that a ride up the bayou would be beneficial to his health; and having had Brandy (the aforesaid mule) driven up, came into the porch in quest of a saddle. Unfortunately, every one was in use; but the colonel provided him with a light snaffle-bitted bridle, wherewithal to lead the mule to a near neighbour's, for the purpose of procuring the needful trappings, at the same time warning him to be very careful, as he might expect a severe fall.

About the middle of the afternoon, as the lads and I were standing in the gin-house, in full sight of the road, Brandy made his appearance, trotting along very gently; then stopping a moment to crop a mouthful of anything at hand; then raising his ears, shaking his head, and trotting on again. A few rods behind followed Green, evidently in a passion, now shaking his fist at his quondam pet, now throwing a club at him, and again attempting to draw nearer and seize the bridle, which was dangling from the mule's head. In the latter attempt he was eminently unsuccessful, for Brandy was determined to keep his former rider at a respectful distance. What had happened was self-evident; and I could not help joining the roar of laughter with which the boys greeted this first result of Green's attempt to astonish the natives with his wondrous horsemanship. He was much irritated at his reception, and inquired, 'if that was decent behaviour to a feller-critter that had just escaped the jaws of destruction, and might yet die from his hurts.' I finally appeased him, and persuaded him to tell his tale.

He had not succeeded in obtaining a saddle, and foolishly started off without one. 'He couldn't get the critter,' he said, 'out of a walk to save him, and when he tried to git a limb to whip a trot out of him, he'd jerk away, and when he wanted to get off he'd jump, so he jest had to let the consarned beast have his own way.' At length, however, he reached his journey's end, and leaving the mule hitched at the bars, went into the house and remained some hours, which did not in the least improve Brandy's temper. 'I got a big gad,' continued he, 'expectin' to work my passage home, but he went off like a greased streak, and I couldn't do nothing but holler, and stick like death to the mane, what there was of it. We went through the woods like a steam-engin', and when we went into the pa-

rara I looked around for a place to light, but bimeby I lit fore I was ready, and about a rod off, too; and don't you think arter he'd chucked me slap onto the ground and broke, I guess, much's five or six ribs, he jest went on a piece and stopped, and went to feedin'. Then when I cum up near, he moved on, and he sarved me all the way hum, and I've had to walk much's five mile all smashed up as I be, and the mean critter keepin' jest ahead, tantalinin'.'

We tried to soothe his alarm, telling him that such things were of ordinary occurrence; but this only irritated him the more, and he persisted in considering himself to be morally and physically a deeply injured individual. To bed he went, and *would* have a doctor sent for, even his habitual economy in this instance failing of its duty; and a remark that the visit would cost him a cow and calf—the currency of the country—or ten dollars, merely elicited the remark that 'he guessed he could beat the doctor down, and make him take it out in trade.' The doctor, however, laughed at his fears; but Green *would* be and *was* bled, blistered, and dosed, although a second visit from the medicus he could not obtain. The soreness occasioned by the fall remained but a day or so, yet his bleeding and dosing produced a temporary weakness; and, insisting upon being dangerously ill, he kept his bed for a fortnight. At length, one fine morning, permitting himself to be persuaded that none of his bones were broken, and that he had received no internal injury likely to prove immediately fatal, he ventured out, took a short walk, and returned in time to breakfast with the family. He seemed big with thought; something evidently was weighing upon his mind, and several times during the meal he suspended operations *in toto*, seeming lost in calculation. I imagined that he had discovered some prominent point upon the bayou suitable for one of his manifold projects; but this idea was 'shooting very wide of the mark.' He was only meditating revenge. At last he broke forth. 'I've been thinkin', curnil,' said he, 'if that consarned long-eared critter was mine, and warn't worth too much money, I'd shoot him.'

'Indeed,' replied the colonel; 'perhaps I would part with him if you cannot ease your mind in any other way. I have always considered his value to be twelve cows and calves, but, under the circumstances, you may have him for a hundred dollars.'

'I couldn't stand that, curnil; but I wouldn't mind givin' fifty cents for a chance to give him a right down good lickin', and make him feel cheap, the nasty beast.'

'Well, sir, if it will really relieve your feelings, I have no objection to your administering a practical lesson to Mr Brandy upon the glaring impropriety of his conduct—although I must decline your fee.'

Our Yankee jumped at the offer, and, seizing a long-lashed cow-whip that hung in the hall, made directly for the stable-yard, which was near the house, the back-doors of the negro quarter opening upon it.

'Now,' said the colonel, 'step into my room a moment, and let us listen. After he is fairly warmed up with his work he will not mind our seeing him; there will be some fun, depend upon it.'

Brandy having finished his morning repast, had been turned loose, and was standing very complacently in the centre of the yard, when Green, whip in hand, clambered over the fence, and the following dialogue ensued, for monologue it was not, since Brandy sustained his part with much spirit.

GREEN, *loquitur*.—'Well now, you nasty, tobaker-lef-eared, hypercritikle critter, don't you feel cheap, eh?'

BRANDY preserves a dignified silence, intimating, by the flapping of his ears, that he perfectly understands what has been said.

GREEN.—'There, take that,' attempting an application of the whip, and only succeeding in getting a smart rap with the snapper upon his cheek. 'Rot these fool whips!'

After various attempts, Green began, as he said, 'to get the hang of the thing,' and then commenced a race around the lot, the Yankee cracking away at the mule and getting rather the larger share of the lash himself, until he finally cornered his antagonist in a kind of *cut-de-sac*,

formed by the junction of the fence and stable at a very acute angle.

GREEN.—'There, now, I guess I got you, and we'll begin to settle up.' (Crack, crack, crack.)

BRANDY lays his ears back perfectly flat, and drawing his hind feet half-way underneath him, quivers all over with rage.

GREEN.—'Ah, you don't like it, do yer? 'Tain't quite as good fun as chucking me a rod into the parara, is it now?' (Crack, crack, crack.)

The mule drew his fore-feet back, until they joined the hinder ones, a peculiar twitching motion of his latter end betokening to an experienced eye that something might shortly be expected from that quarter. At this moment our friend's lash caught round the mule's legs, and the stock was jerked from his hand. He stepped forward and stooped to pick it up, when, quick as lightning, the mule let fly a pair of heels, which sent Green's hat a perfect wreck, spinning across the yard, then turning short in his tracks, dashed out of the corner, knocking Green head foremost into a pile of fresh manure.

Green jumped up in a moment, perfectly maddened with rage, and jerking a rail from the fence, made at the enemy.

'Look out, man, that mule will kill you!' cried the colonel—but too late. Green had already struck at the mule, who parried the blow with his heels, knocking the weapon over the fence, and the man under it, and then open-mouthed rushed at him.

How the Yankee evaded him I know not, the whole thing was done so quickly; but evaded he did, and dashed across the yard, where an open doorway (through which protruded any given number of young negroes' heads, exhibiting an extensive assortment of ivory) offered shelter. Through these he rushed, making a general average of broken heads and bloody noses, and his foot tripping, he plunged headlong, catching with both hands the rim of a huge washtub, which was at that moment in the use of a big, greasy wench, and pulling it, its contents, and the wench, above all, right upon him. Dripping like a naiad, he emerged from the other door of the cabin, his courage completely cooled by the wholesale administration of warm, oleaginous suds, although perhaps not perfectly satisfied with the hydropathic treatment of the complaint.

A day or two after this escapade, I happened to be in the field near the fence, with but a small strip of cane intervening, so that I could distinctly hear any person who might be speaking on the other side, while remaining myself unseen. Presently I heard Green's heavy step, tramp, tramp, upon the hard trodden path. Then it ceased—a halter-vently—then a prolonged whistle, which always with him betokened astonishment—at last came the voice.

'Oh, git eaut! Now aint ye a beauty? What do you call yourself when you'r to hum, and what was your name afore you come to Texas? Show yer teeth, and grin like a chesny cut, will you? Why don't ye travel? Are ye sick or tired? I swanny if you don't travel, I'll make you—there, take that!' A *sugging* sound here intimated that somebody had kicked something; and then the voice again—'Well, if he ain't dead already; whoever see the beat of that? If it ain't a rat, ater all; what a powerful tail! ain't that a mouth! guess I'd like to see the egg big enough for you to suck; if you didn't smell so strong, I'd carry you hum! Well, I never! if this don't beat all.' Here another whistle was heard, whose lengthened sweetness, long drawn out, assured me the oration was finished; and off he went.

I stepped up to the fence, and there upon a little knoll lay a poor possum, rolled up like a ball, to all appearance as dead as a mackerel. Presently, however, one little bright eye half unclosed, then opened entirely; then the other; the head was turned in the direction of the retreating enemy, and no danger appearing from that quarter, first one paw, then another, was put forth, as if to ascertain the extent of damages received, and apparently not finding them severe, the poor thing, in its humble way, commenced sneaking off. A sharp rustle in the cane checked its career, and—like Kirby—it died again. There

we left it, determining to be in time to enjoy Green's account of the new mare's nest which he had discovered.

The man had been so laughed at and quizzed by the lads (indeed no one could have listened to the tales of wonder, and witnessed his mode of 'acting em eaut') that, tired of their ridicule, when he had anything to tell, abandoning the parlour, he sought refuge in the kitchen, for tell them he must, or die of suppressed marvels, and he preferred a negro audience to none at all.

The kitchen in the evening was the rendezvous of a queer patriarchal old negro, named Tom, and his family. There were Old Tom, and Young Tom, and Little Tom, and the dog Tommy, one more than Marryatt's Dominee discovered; but in compensation they claimed a less number of tails; always to be found after supper, when not engaged in hunting.

The old man had been the 'hunter' upon a large plantation in Alabama, and had not forgotten the art, although two of his sons, Tom and Buck, now killed the most game. There was one singular thing about them. Tom never failed when geese, turkeys, or anything that wore feathers was in question, but had never shot a deer. Buck, on the contrary was the most skilful deer-hunter in the country, yet always missed the birds.

This was the society which Green sought, to unburden his overtasked bosom of the miraculous events of the day; and it was a perfect study to see the old grey-headed negro leaning his head upon the 'mantel tree,' gazing in the fire, to prevent the commission of so gross a piece of disrespect as laughing in the man's face, yet quivering all over with the attempt to prevent it. Tom and Buck, after listening awhile, usually adjourned to a neighbouring grove, and there woke the night with their long-suppressed shouts. On the outside of the cabin the colonel's sons stood, so as to listen and peep through the crevice, enjoying the scene, but unobserved themselves.

Green soon announced his intention to go out and kill a deer, and accordingly borrowed a rifle; the dogs he could not borrow, for we had all seen too much of him to intrust them to his care. Resisting all efforts upon the boys' part to accompany him, he started off early in the morning, crossed the bayou, and went on the large prairie, where deer are more plenty than I have ever seen them elsewhere. However, despite their abundance, he returned at night without game, and in a great rage, denouncing a certain Captain White who lived some distance down the bayou, as the 'stupidest fool he ever see.'

It appeared that our friend had found several fine droves of deer, and tried the very original mode of walking up sufficiently near to shoot them, but finding that this would not do, he conceived a new and brilliant idea. As, to all appearance, they were very tame, and when startled by his proximity ran but a short distance, and then stopped, he imagined there would be no difficulty in uniting the droves in sight, and then driving all into White's cow-pen, there to make a regular battue. After manoeuvring and walking and running all day, he at length succeeded in getting a large number very near the desired spot, and keeping not more than an eighth of a mile behind them himself.

But White, who was sitting on the fence, wondering what 'that fool stranger' could be doing now, disregarded all his signs about letting down the bars, and when the deer, giving the pen a wide berth, trotted off into the wide prairie, and Green came up in a rage—he was well laughed at. All that we could say would not convince him but that the deer would have gone quietly into the pen and remained peaceably.

The last of Green's performances that I witnessed was his sudden exit from the back of a spirited 'Creole' pony which he *would* ride, in the hunt of a wild mule. His horse, perfectly trained to the business, was close upon the mule's heels, and seeing the latter turn, wheeled in his tracks, while Green went on. This was upon the edge of a water-hole, and our friend received a good ducking, and some bruises.

As long as he remained upon the prairie, his excessive

vanity and extensive knowledge led him into fresh difficulties; he started a brick-kiln, burnt a coal-pit, cut cord-wood, bought a market-boat, and tried trading upon the bayou, and finally was forced to return to Galveston, and go to hard work as a blacksmith, in order to earn money enough to pay his passage home.

Ye who would settle in a new country, be content for a time to learn, and do not condemn everything that may appear new or strange to you.

## OUR NATIVE FLORA.

### WOODLAND FLOWERS.—NO. I.

'The sun yrisen hath,  
The Birdes bin singen cleve,  
The Larke with cheere laye  
Awakes the blushing morne.  
Up, up, mie love, no longer staye,  
But through the verdaunt meades let's straye—  
Or ble the babbling brook,  
Or mid the foreste danks,  
And gather as we go  
The gemme flowers that growe,  
Now all besprent with dewe.'—*Old MS.*

In previous volumes of the INSTRUCTOR a series of articles appeared under the title of 'Wild Flowers of the Months and their Associations,' wherein the history and characteristics of native plants were detailed according to the order in which they appeared throughout the year. We venture to hope that these papers have been instrumental in diffusing to some extent a love for these humble things that deck our native hills and fields, and which are day by day gaining increased attention, as their beauty and interest are brought into notice. We now present to our readers the first of a series of papers, in which we purpose bringing our NATIVE FLORA under review in a different aspect, and without interfering in the slightest manner with what we have already published on native botany. Our object is to direct attention to the native wild flowers of our land, according to the different *habitats*, or situations of growth which they prefer, considering, under respective heads, the flowers of the woodland, the mountain, the wayside, the cultivated field, the artificial garden, the lake, and the ocean—for the ocean, too, has its bright and beautiful flowers, flourishing as well in its dark depths as the bright blossoms that festoon the rocks lashed by its foaming waves. By this means we hope in some measure to foster that taste for the picturesque and the beautiful in nature, which has recently been gaining ground among us, and in the advancement of which the works of Humboldt have proved so successful—for truly, indeed, it is to the bright array of vegetable forms that our world owes much of its beauty. No one who has devoted any attention to the subject can have failed to observe, that to the peculiar character of the vegetation of a country, and of particular situations, is due the general appearance which they present to the eye, when viewed in a comprehensive manner. Humboldt remarks: 'If the characteristic aspect of different portions of the earth's *surface* depends conjointly on all external phenomena—if the contours of the mountains, the physiognomy of plants and animals, the azure of the sky, the form of the clouds, and the transparency of the atmosphere, all combine in forming that general impression which is the result of the whole, yet it cannot be denied that the vegetable covering with which the whole earth is adorned, is the *principal element in the impression*. Animal forms are deficient in mass, and the individual power of motion which animals possess, as well as often the smallness of their size, withdraw them from our sight. The vegetable forms, on the contrary, produce a greater effect by their magnitude, and by their constant presence. The age of trees is marked by their size; and the union of age with the manifestation of constantly renewed vigour is a charm peculiar to the vegetable kingdom.' The same illustrious naturalist, after describing the different forms of vegetation which characterise the landscape, gives a practical application to his

remarks. 'It would,' says he, 'be an enterprise worthy of a great artist to study the aspect and character of all these vegetable groups, not merely in hothouses or in the descriptions of botanists, but in their native grandeur in the tropical zone. How interesting and instructive to the landscape painter would be a work which should present to the eye, first separately and then in combination and contrast, the leading forms which I have enumerated! How picturesque is the aspect of tree-ferns, spreading their delicate fronds above the laurel-oaks of Mexico, or groups of plantains overshadowed by arborescent grasses! It is the artist's privilege, having studied these groups, to analyse them; and thus in his hands the grand and beautiful form of nature which he would portray resolves itself (if I may venture on the expression), like the written works of men, into a few simple elements.'

The merry months of joyous summer-time are garlanded in love and beauty. Everywhere around us the green world is full of life and vigour; the fresh sward is enamelled with many a blossom—the fully expanded leaves of the forest-trees are brighter, too—and the gay wild-flowers have their beauty as yet unmarred by autumn sun. The glittering insect world are merrily dancing through their swift and sunny hour, and the beautiful songsters on the leafy trees are still pouring forth their wild melody in sweetest strains: all nature unites in one universal song of joy!

It is impossible for us at this season to step on the mead or the moorland, the sunny hill or sunless vale, without meeting with a host of summer beauties; but in an especial manner are the traces of Flora's footsteps visible in the woods. It is there, beneath the leafing bough, and nursed amid the long waving grass and the dead leaves of last autumn, that summer's first flowers appear; and we therefore choose the present as an appropriate time to give some account of our native woodland wildlings.

First in Flora's flowery train comes the 'pale Primrose.'

'Starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of Ash and Oak.'

It is one of the gayest flowers of the season, and decks many a shady bank with its golden glow of clustering stars; but the poets, one and all of them, seem to regard it as a modest unobtrusive thing, that seeks not to attract the gaze of the heedless passer-by. It indeed often chooses a lonely and hidden nook to put forth its attractive blossoms, and often have we seen it hid beside a little prattling brook, or beneath a shading cliff, and nursed by an oozing spring, where no one but the prying naturalist would seek for floral beauty; but it must not be supposed that this is always or often the case with the Primrose. It is most generally found in the open parts of the wood, or the gentle slopes of the half-sunny half-shady dell, in which situations it has every advantage for displaying its gay beauty; and the golden glow of a Primrose bank is a scene of loveliness such as no man could view without unqualified admiration; not even Peter Bell, of whom the departed laureate has said:—

'A Primrose by a river's brim,  
A yellow Primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.'

Occasionally, however, as we have observed, is a lurking Primrose to be found in hidden beauty in some secluded spot unknown to the heedless eye; and the poet Nicoll has beautifully portrayed its modest and retiring character in a poem he has indited to its praise, while he delights in the idea of its universal distribution throughout our land:—

'The Hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
The Primrose hides below,  
And on the lonely passer-by  
A modest glance doth throw!  
The humble Primrose' bonnie face,  
I meet it every where;  
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,  
It comes and nestles there.  
Like God's own light, on every place  
In glory it doth fall;  
And where its dwelling-place is made  
It straightway hallows all!'

On field-paths narrow, and in woods  
We meet thee near and far,  
Till thou becomest prized and loved,  
As things familiar are.

I love the fireside of my home,  
Because all sympathies,  
The feelings fond of every day,  
Arround its circle rise.  
And while admiring all the flowers  
That summer suns can give,  
Within my heart the Primrose sweet,  
In lowly love doth live!

The Primrose has had many a poetic lay dedicated to its beauty, and the poets have thrown around it a halo of delightful associations. While the Snowdrop is regarded as the 'early herald of the infant years,' the Primrose is looked upon as a pledge that spring has already come, and its appearance in our early woodland walks calls up the pleasing recollections of that season of rural beauty.

'Cold is the heart  
That, bending o'er the first seen flower of spring,  
Feels not the glow of joy and thankfulness  
Through all his senses gushing. Spring's first blossom!  
It seems a pledge of blessing manifold  
From Him who is all love and mercy.'

But a detail of the Primrose's poetical associations appeared on a former occasion in the INSTRUCTOR, and having now discussed its peculiarities in the choice of a woodland home, we are constrained to pass on to other gems.

Of the same lovely family as the Primrose, flowering at the same season, and often found beside it in the woods, are the Cowslip and the Oxlip, two names not unfamiliar in the language of poetry, although the flowers themselves are much less generally known than the Primrose. The chief difference which distinguishes them from that flower (to the ordinary observer) is, that they produce several blossoms on one common flower-stem, while the Primrose has only one. The Oxlip is the gayer of the two, having flowers very similar to those of the Primrose; but the Cowslip is altogether a more modest and melancholy thing, with its much smaller blossoms gently drooping and often hid from view. The early appearance of its beautiful drooping flowers sometimes brings the Cowslip into the churchyard to mark the spot where a beloved one lies; and admirers of the much-lamented William Thom, the weaver-poet, who may visit his grave in spring-time, will find a Cowslip blooming there, planted by the hand that now writes, before the green grass had grown over the poet's grave.

Another beautiful gem of the woodland is the tiny plant called by botanists the *Oxalis acetosella*,

'The Wood Sorrel, with its light green leaves  
Heart shaped and triply folded, and its root  
Creeping like beaded coral.'

It is a very delicate little thing, with pale whitish-pink flowers, and loves most to creep along among loose green mosses on the old crumbling wall, the shelving rock, or the half-rotted trunk of some forest giant, fallen in his strength. The Mountain Speedwell is often associated with the Wood Sorrel, generally seeking similar situations for its growth: its flowers are of a blue colour; but it is scarcely so conspicuous as a nearly allied species, which more frequently occurs by the waysides and hedgebanks. Last year we found a lovely variety of the Mountain Speedwell with bright *rose* blossoms, in a flowery wood to the south of the Pentland Hills.

Early in spring-time

'Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.'

begin to bloom in the woods, although some of the kinds are peculiar to other situations, and may even at the present season be found flowering profusely on the mountains and moors. The Violet of the poets, the Sweet Violet, or *Viola odorata* of botanists, is truly a woodland flower; and delightful indeed it is to meet with it, as it is often to be found, decking a sylvan shady bank with its modest loveliness, while its delicious fragrance pervades the air we breathe, and a thousand woodland bees, invited by the

sweet odour, wander from flower to flower, gathering nectar such as no other blossom but the 'Violet in her green-wood bower' could give. The Violet is a universal favourite among the poets. We find even Byron pleasantly inditing stanzas to this humble blossom; and it is impossible to read much of the writings of those poets who have sought to delineate the fair and flowery scenes of nature, without meeting with frequent allusions to the Sweet Violet. It is essentially a *modest* flower, and is always to be found in some shy retreat, carefully concealed from the common gaze—often, indeed (to borrow the words of poor Wordsworth),

'By a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.'

Every line that has been penned by poet or prose in Viola's praise will bear us out in considering her one of the most modest of Flora's daughters; but certainly we think that Emma Prior pays her no compliment when, in delineating her modesty, she places her as a meet companion for the Primrose, whose claims on the score of modesty we have already set aside to an extent beyond what may be readily approved of by our poets. Emma's words, in addressing the Violet, are:—

'Thou liv'st unseen and quite retired,  
By all thy kindred unadmired,  
Save the pale Primrose, who, like thee,  
Lies hidden in obscurity.'

The Sweet Violet is most frequently found in shady woods and banks, sometimes by the level margins of softly flowing streams, and most generally in the neighbourhood of old ruins or more modern buildings; hence it is supposed by some writers to be an exotic production escaped from cultivation in our own country. In England, however, it does really seem wild, although we believe most, if not all, of its Scottish stations are dubious. It is decidedly a southern plant, and decreases rapidly in its frequency as we travel northwards. In the counties of Edinburgh and Fife, for instance, it is found at a considerable number of stations, and is by no means unfrequent within a dozen miles of the south banks of the Tay; but when we cross that river, we find the Sweet Violet almost entirely absent to the northwards, and when found, it is only in the character of a garden escape, and thus does not really belong to our northern Flora. Nearly approaching to the Sweet Violet in structural character is the Hairy Violet; a species principally confined to the chalk and limestone districts of England. It must be considered a rare plant, and, like the preceding, decreases in its progress northwards; the most northerly station yet found for it being, we believe, in Kincardineshire, where it was detected by a Montrose botanist two or three years ago. The true Wood Violet is the most common species in the woodlands, and is hence denominated by botanists *Viola sylvatica*.<sup>\*</sup> It is this one that in spring and early summer time decks the green and grassy banks in the woods with its lovely profusion of bright blue blossoms, so profuse, indeed, in many instances, that the verdant carpet is in many places completely covered with their clustered masses. The flowers appear very early in the spring; and although they are unlike the Sweet Violet in having no fragrance to breathe on the morning air, yet they are much more showy than the flowers of that modest plant, and never fail to win the admiration of the woodland wanderer. A more meet companion for the Primrose and the Cowslip could not well be chosen from the gay throng of spring-time's flowery train; and in our own wanderings have we many

\* The Wood Violet (*Viola sylvatica*) has long been confounded by botanists with the Dog Violet (*Viola canina*), to which it is nearly related, and it has hitherto been the general rule with British authors to include the former plant in their descriptions of the latter. The Wood Violet seems, however, to be really distinct, and deserving of an independent existence in botanical books: it is, moreover, found to be the commoner of the two in many places; and, we believe, were local botanists generally to inquire into the matter, this would be found to be the universal rule all over the country, while the true Dog Violet would prove to be in reality a rare plant, and seldom indeed found only in the woods.



a time leisurely lingered to look upon and admire those three early beauties in close companionship, lending their loveliness to adorn some of the freshest and fairest scenes that ever smiled beneath the radiance of a May morn's rising sun.

Among the many beauties that throng our woodland path in early summer, there is one gentle lowly gem that is behind none other in interest to naturalists and lovers of nature; while it is widely known in the annals of poesy. This is the Lily of the Valley, whose beauty is alike esteemed, whether seen in the sylvan shade or beside the more flaunting flowers of the garden border; nor is it less admired amid the gaiety of the drawing-room, where its little bells put the purest pearls to the blush.

'Fair flower that, lapt in lowly glade,  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,  
Our England's Lily of the May,  
Our Lily of the Vale!'

The Lily of the Valley is one of a family of beautiful plants, four of which are natives to this country. They only grow in shady situations, such generally as woods and copees, and often, indeed, in valleys—hence the name which our little plant has got, Lily of the Valley. The generic name *Convallaria* is derived from the Latin *convallis*, a valley, in allusion to the localities in which they are found. The *Convallaria majalis*, or true Lily of the Valley, may be said to be peculiar to England as a wild plant; for although found in many woods especially in the south of Scotland, it does not seem to be indigenous to the Scottish Flora, having, no doubt, been planted in many places by admirers who loved to see it in their morning walks. Being likewise much cultivated for its beauty and fragrance even in the humblest cottage gardens, its creeping roots would readily enable it to spread and establish itself in a seemingly wild condition in shady places suitable to its growth. The Lily of the Valley is so much esteemed in its character of a garden flower that it is regularly forced in all horticultural establishments where the forcing of early flowers is carried on to any extent. It is well adapted for forcing, and, by a gentle heat, may be brought into blossom in a very few weeks after planting. There is little of poetry, however, in the forcing of these 'moral teachers' into existence before their time, and, moreover, the circumstances that the early forced Lily of the Valley generally produces flowers without any accompaniment of leaves, would nullify the description of many a poet; in particular, it will be seen that he who confines his observations to the forced flower can never realise Orol's beautiful description and emblematical representation, contained in the following lines:—

'White bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,  
The colored cheek as pale as moonlight snow,  
Thou seemest beneath thy huge high life of green,  
An Eremit beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lover's thing—  
The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.'

#### NECESSITY OF STUDYING RELIGION.

Let the enemies of religion learn, at least, what religion is, before they oppose it. If religion boasted of having a clear view of God, and of disclosing him without a covering or veil, then we should oppose it, were we to say, that nothing in the world discovers him with such evidence. But since, on the contrary, religion teaches that men are in darkness, and far from God; that he is hidden from them, and that the very name which he gives himself in the Scriptures, is, 'a God that hideth himself;' and in fact, if it labours equally to establish the two maxims, that God has placed in his church certain characters by which he makes himself known to those who sincerely seek him; and yet that he has, at the same time, so far veiled them, as to render himself imperceptible to those who do not seek him with their whole heart, what advantage can men gain, when in their negligence in the search

of truth, they complain that nothing displays it to them; since this obscurity under which they labour, and which they bring against the Christian church, does but establish one of the points which she maintains, without affecting the other, and, instead of ruining, confirms her doctrine. —Pascal.

#### EARTH THE NATURAL FRIEND OF MAN.

The great Roman naturalist, Pliny, in one of the most beautiful passages of his elaborate history of nature, observes—It is the earth that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born. It is this alone, of all the elements around, that is never found an enemy to man. The body of waters deluge him with rains, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations; the air rushes on in storms, prepares the tempest, or lights up the volcano; but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty, returns with interest every good committed to her care; and though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote, though constantly teased to furnish the luxuries of man rather than his necessities; yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over, she piously hides his remains in her bosom.

#### Original Poetry.

##### FLOWERS.

###### TO A SISTER.

Let others boast of Dahlias fine,  
Brilliant with almost every hue,  
Nor rest content, but restless pine,  
For the grand prize—a Dahlia Woe.\*

O! this is not the love of flowers  
Implanted in the human breast:  
It is a simple taste like ours  
That can to flowers their charm impart.

It is a heartless, poor employ  
To search for flower with gaudier glow;  
And when 'tis found, 'tis but the joy  
Of gazing at a rare-show.

Sure man delights in being teased—  
A most inexplicable creature—  
With nature's charms he wot be pleased,  
But longs for charm that's not in nature!

My sister, we, to childhood true,  
Behold these with indifference shine,  
And fondly turn from them to view  
The flowers endear'd by auld lang syne.

The Hawthorn is as sweet and fair  
As when we roved by parents' side,  
When its rich fragrance fill'd the air  
Of summer gloamin' far and wide.

The Wild Rose, bright in beauteous birth,  
Still wins the passing burst of praise,  
And seems almost too pure for earth,  
And worthy of an angel's gaze.

And still before the cottage-door,  
Beside the bee-hive, stately stands  
The Hollyhock, the attendant flower  
Of vision'd home, in distant lands.

The Heath-flower, still to freedom dear,  
Its glory sheds on mountain's breast,—  
And well may Scottish maiden wear  
The wreath that graced her Wallace's crest.

From yonder crags an income comes,  
As through the rocky dell I roam—  
It is the dear bright Whin's perfume,  
Breathing the sweetest pledge of home,

MAJOR VETCH.

\* A prize of one thousand pounds awaits the person who can show a Blue Dahlia.

## L A C O R D A I R E.

## FIRST PAPER.

FRANCE has given birth to orators of the highest order. At the bar, in the senate, before the popular assembly, in the professorial chair, in the literary closet, in every department of the art, she has produced men of surpassing eloquence. And such she still produces—witness Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, to name no more.

But there is, in particular, one kind of oratory which the French at one time brought almost to perfection, and in which they still greatly excel—the oratory of the pulpit. The names of the logical Bourdaloue, of the puissant Bossuet, of the elegant Flechier, of the tender Fenelon, of the graceful Massillon, are known to every one; and the tradition of these great names has descended to worthy successors in the present day, for the high character of French pulpit eloquence is well maintained by preachers such as Monod and Coquerel of the Reformed Church, by such as Ravagnan, Dupauloup, and Lacordaire among the Romanists.

The last mentioned is a remarkable man, and that not merely as a preacher or a rhetorician. His other qualities and his previous history are singular and striking. He is, moreover, the type of a class; and, as such, his biography is far more instructive than his sermons, and far more impressive than his eloquence. Farther, the history of Lacordaire has been so intimately connected with that of his church since he joined it—he has been so much mixed up with the movement which has taken place in it—the vicissitudes of Romanism in France, during the last twenty years, are so resumed in those of the individual, that, to mark the course in which he has floated, is to understand the current of the stream. We propose, therefore, to devote some space to this remarkable man, confining ourselves, however, rather to a sketch of his life and of his opinions, than entering into any systematic review of his works or upon any regular criticism of his oratory.\*

Henri Lacordaire is, as Bossuet was, a native of Burgundy, having been born in the village of Recce-sur-Ouche in that province. In 1812, being then ten years of age, he was sent to the Lyceum of Dijon, where he sufficiently distinguished himself, more especially by his success in the study of rhetoric. From this school, being destined for the bar, he was sent to the 'Ecole de Droit' of Dijon. Here he studied law with considerable success; but the tendency of his mind and of his pursuits may be gathered from the sage advice he received from the Dean of Faculty, 'not to apply too much to metaphysics.' But to metaphysics he nevertheless did apply, and that with ardour; the consequence was what might have been expected from a youth of his age, in a university, where, to use his own subsequent expression, 'he breathed scepticism with the very air.'

Drinking, but not deeply, of philosophy, and drawing only from the sources of the Voltaire school, he became, naturally enough, a convert to the superficial doctrines of the last century; and in the Société d'Etudes, a debating society which existed in the college for the discussion of 'public law, history, philosophy, and literature,' the future monk was known as the stoutest defender of deism. And to the defence of deism in religion, he joined that of democracy in politics; so that, if a few years back he certainly recorded his opinion 'that France could only be a monarchy or a chaos,' he did no more, after all, when he took his place as a representative of the people in the National Assembly, to the cry of 'Vive la République!' than testify his return to his earlier opinions.

Lacordaire having finished his law studies in 1822, immediately went to Paris. There he began to practise as an advocate, and he soon had some trifling causes to plead, in which, moreover, small as was the opportunity, he ap-

peared with considerable distinction. He became remarked, and M. Berryer, it is said, even predicted him the first rank at the bar, 'if he did not abuse his facility of speaking.' His ambition began to rise. Although he was then living 'in a little room only six feet square,' splendid dreams visited him; the highest rewards his profession offered appeared in the distance; his imagination clothed him in the first magisterial robes; 'hope sprinkled favours manifold' on the aspiring lawyer; the springs of life were still fresh in him; the idea of the celibate or the cloister would have made him shudder. But it was not to last. Within eighteen months after his appearance at the bar, Lacordaire entered the seminary of St Sulpice. In that short time the sceptic became not only a convert to religion but a candidate for the priesthood. How did this come about?

We find that the young advocate had not long entered on the practice of his profession, when a kind of melancholy took possession of him, which neither present success nor brilliant prospects could chase away. He grew sick of law; 'this fire of enthusiasm and imagination'—so he says in a letter of the time—'was not given me to be extinguished in the icy chills of jurisprudence—to be stifled under those hard and positive meditations.' A splendid future ceased to allure him. When his fancy had pictured to him all the honours his ambition aspired to, he asked himself *what then?* and the answer was, 'all is vanity.' He thus writes to a friend:—'I have little attachment to existence, my imagination has worn that out; I am satiated with everything without having had the experience of anything. If you only knew how sad I am becoming! They speak to me of the glory of authorship, of public office, but, to be frank, I find glory a pitiable thing, and I can scarcely conceive how men can take so much trouble in running after such a silly little fool.'

'Who would fardels bear' if mere fame were the only recompense, was the sum of Lacordaire's reasoning. He sighed for tranquillity, obscurity, and ease; he longed to resume his literary pursuits; all he wished was 'to live quietly at his own fireside, without pretension and without noise. I shall never be content,' he goes on, 'till I have three chestnut-trees, a potato-field, a corn-field, and a cottage in the depths of a Swiss valley.' This 'babbling of green fields, of course, boded the death of his progress at the bar.

In this sickly state of mind, 'feeble, discouraged, solitary in the midst of eight hundred thousand men,' Lacordaire became acquainted with a certain abbé, a man 'with a voice full of honey,' to use the words of M. Lorain, who employs the expression in a favourable sense. The result could scarcely be doubtful; the prize was too tempting, for the abbé was the correspondent of the Dijon debating society, and so knew the value of his man; and the opportunity was but too favourable, for Lacordaire was weak, yearning for sympathy, unable any longer himself to suffice for himself, disgusted with the world, not *although* he had seen nothing of it, but *because* he had seen nothing of it—quite ready, in short, to listen to a 'voice full of honey,' whatever that voice might say. The abbé worked skilfully and quickly. We find Lacordaire writing in the month of February in such a tone as this, 'I am working, I am taking patience, I have the future before me.' But on the 15th March he writes, 'A strange idea took possession of me the other day—I seriously thought of becoming a village priest.' It is true that he continues, 'Illusions of the moment, phantoms that immediately vanish!' but the idea existed—how had it been suggested? To a young man in a morbid state of mind, declaring that he longed for a tranquil life and a cottage in a Swiss valley, a single word would suffice, without alarming him, to give the hint of the similar blessings which a country priest enjoys. He would work out the idea himself. And so, in fact, Lacordaire did; for it was on the 12th May, being in less than two months after treating the thought of becoming a priest as an illusion and a phantom, and within three of his expressing his determination to struggle on resolutely at the bar, that he entered the seminary.

Not in this all. This hurried story was taken not only

\* We have, once for all, to express our obligations to the notice of Lacordaire, published by M. Lorrain, ex-doyen de la Faculté de Droit de Dijon, and to the 54th and 55th numbers of the 'Galerie des Contemporains' (Paris).

without the consent but without the knowledge of his family. His only surviving parent, who had hoped very fondly of him, resigned herself to the blow, only after the lapse of several months and the interchange of many letters; yet this poor mother, whom the proselytising abbé must have known to be ignorant of her son's intention—if, indeed, he was not actually the cause of her being kept so—was, according to M. Lorain, 'of a simple and firm piety,' and, therefore, as 'a good Catholic,' not likely to have opposed her son's views, had she thought the step calculated for his welfare. But she was also 'a woman of sound and strong reason, of a judicious and elevated character'—quite sufficient grounds for her being kept in the dark.

Such was the secret and precipitate way in which Henri Lacordaire retired from the world, and was lost to France. We say retired from the world, because, though the entrance into a seminary has nothing final in it, nevertheless, to a man of his stamp, it was impossible that, having once adopted such a course, he should not pursue it to the end. And we say that he was thus lost to France, because that course was inevitably to lead him to belong to Rome, to whose interests, henceforth, not only all his energies and abilities were to be devoted, but his personality and national feeling were to be sacrificed. Henceforth in Lacordaire there are two natures, and we see a perpetually renewed struggle between them; the victory, however, always declares for the same side; and though ever and anon the man and the Frenchman in him rebel, the priest in every case succeeds in putting down the insurrection.

In the seminary, Lacordaire pursued his theological studies, sometimes cheerful, sometimes sad; but, when sad, reasoning away his sadness by such thoughts as that contained in the following fine passage:—'Where do we not at times experience sadness? It is a dart that we bear about with us in our soul; we must try not to lean upon the side where it is planted, but we must never attempt to draw it out. It is the javelin of Mantinea in the breast of Epameinondas, not to be removed but with death and our entrance into eternity.'

On the 22d September 1827 he was ordained, and soon after he was appointed almoner to the convent of the Visitation. He preached his first sermon at the College Stanislas. In 1828 he was made almoner adjunct to the College Henri IV., but his ardent mind soon conceived the idea of entering on a sphere where his energies would have more scope. He formed the project of going out to America as a missionary. He was even in communication with the Romanist bishop of New York, when the revolution of July broke out, altered his plans, and was the means of bringing him into notice. Instead of becoming a missionary he became one of the editors of a newspaper, and entered upon the scene of public life.

This newspaper was the 'Avenir,' founded by M. de Lamennais. That remarkable man had some time previously made a convert of Lacordaire; though, according to the latter, it was long before he had been able to come to any conclusion on the doctrines of the priest-philosopher, and he had finally adopted them more from weariness than anything else. And here, in a few words, we must advert to these.

When, in 1817, the first volume of the famous 'Essai sur l'Indifférence' appeared, the heavy blows which it dealt on incredulity, and the fierce attack it made on Protestantism, were hailed with intense delight in the Vatican, and its author was regarded as the very champion of the church; but when, two years afterwards, the second volume was published, and in the attempt to reconcile Romanism with philosophy, Romanist tradition, instead of being considered as the sole and sufficient ground of belief, was sought to be allied, if not subordinated, to the tradition of human reason, in other words, to the doctrines of common sense, the case was materially changed. When Lamennais declared that this common sense—*sensus communis*—was to him 'the sole and only seal of truth,' and that 'his fundamental principle was, *What all men agree in believing to be true is true*,' Rome,

well foreseeing, and instinctively dreading, the way in which such a weapon might be turned against her if she acknowledged its legitimacy, became grievously alarmed at the imprudence of her advocate, and, without authoritatively condemning the work, showed sufficiently her repugnance to its principles. A large proportion, however, of the younger clergy in France, and great numbers of those among the laity who occupied themselves with such things, hailed the new system with enthusiasm. Among its supporters was ultimately Lacordaire, who, after six years, as he says, of irresolution, finally became one of its most ardent and valuable disciples.

This was the ecclesiastico-philosophical question raised by Lamennais; there was also to be an ecclesiastico-political one, which, as will be seen, had more practical results. Be it remarked that Lacordaire, when he shuffled off his deism, still retained his republican opinions.

The attachment of Lamennais to the Church of Rome, far from being damped by the untoward reception his attempts to reconcile her dogmas with reason had met with from the higher clergy, had been pushed to extreme Ultramontanist; in his work entitled 'Religion Considered in its Relations to Civil and Political Order,' he vigorously attacked the famous declaration of 19th March, 1682, restrictive of the limits of the pope's jurisdiction in France, and possibly only waiting a fitter opportunity to vindicate for the see of Rome as much power as it possessed under Innocent III., he laboured in the meantime to establish that its authority, at least in spiritual matters, was absolute, universal, and supreme. Impelled by such ideas harassed by a prosecution for the work we have just mentioned, disgusted with the state of things which preceded 1830, and probably anticipating the coming revolution, he had weaned himself from his attachment to the monarchical principles he had previously so stoutly defended, and ready to transfer his support to the democratic party, he only waited his time. That time came with the revolution of 1830, and the 'Avenir' was founded, upon what principles may easily be inferred.

As the 'Essay on Indifference' had attempted to harmonise reason and faith, so the 'Avenir' was to attempt to harmonise democracy and Romanism. The sovereignty of the people was to be upheld, and the sovereignty of the pope was to be upheld. Undoubtedly, if it had been possible to get rid by any means of this *people*, if the universal authority of Rome could possibly have been openly declared, if a theocracy with the pope as God's vicar upon earth could at once have been set up in opposition to a republic or a new dynasty, it, and nothing else, would have been supported. For, while the sovereignty of the people in temporal matters was upheld, and that of the pope in spiritual, who was to define their respective jurisdictions? The question was never broadly stated by the 'Avenir,' and of course no solution was ever attempted; but what it would have been is plain; the pope, though a party, would have been the arbiter; in other words, all that the papacy claims would have been conceded to it, and the lever would have been placed in its grasp wherewith it could move the world. At a later period, M. de Lamennais, having become still more a democrat and still less a churchman, declared that the system of the 'Avenir' was erroneous, and only postponed the difficulty; but this was evident from the very first to any calm observer.

Started with the principles we have stated, the 'Avenir' preached various practical means to bring them into operation. As an organ of Ultramontanist, it called for the abolition of every law regulating the relation of the Gallican Church to the Papal see, characterising as 'odious and base' the declaration of 1682—the work of Bossuet—which laid down the limits of the pontifical power; it condemned all concordats, holding that the supreme authority of Rome should never part with 'disguised schism'; it demanded the complete separation of church and state, the rejection by the former of all endowments, and the renunciation by the latter of all interference, direct or indirect, with the nomination of bishops, and with ecclesiastical affairs in general.

At the same time, as being also an organ of democracy, the 'Avenir' claimed absolute liberty of conscience, absolute liberty of the press, absolute liberty of association, universal suffrage, and, what was going perhaps much farther, it denounced the 'fatal system of centralisation,' and advocated 'the independence of each department, each arrondissement, and each commune.' And if it seem strange that such extremely radical doctrines should be maintained by a journal which secretly hoped for the re-establishment of the pope's supremacy, it must be remembered that Lamennais, who was its life and soul, was sincere in his belief that Rome could be adapted to the wants of the age and the progress of modern liberty. When his eyes were opened, and he had to choose between his attachment to democracy and his obedience to Rome, we shall presently see that he did not long hesitate how to decide.

The chief contributors to the 'Avenir' were, besides Lamennais, the Abbé Gerbet, Count Montalembert, M. de Coux, M. Rohrbacher, and Lacordaire. It may easily be supposed that the last-mentioned, recalled to an active and exciting life, and restored to communion with a busy world, soon became a very different being from the hypochondriac young man he was when he took refuge in the church during a fit of melancholy. Did he now repent of that hasty resolution? We do not know—it is his secret—but he took a step which looks very like it. On the 24th December, 1830—Christmas-eve, he it remarked—a strange time for a Romish priest to think of such a thing—he addressed a letter to the proper functionary, informing him that he intended to re-appear at the bar. This attempt was, however, unsuccessful; for an answer was returned from the Council of Discipline to the effect 'that the indelible character with which the abbé had been clothed was incompatible with the exercise of the profession of an advocate.'

Nevertheless, in less than a month after, Lacordaire did appear at the bar. It was, however, at another bar from that he sought. He and Lamennais were prosecuted for two articles they had published in the 'Avenir' against the nomination of a bishop, and so obtained what they very much desired, an opportunity of preaching in open court the novel alliance of Romanism and democracy. The jury, whom the nature of their defence probably greatly puzzled, acquitted them, and they retired in triumph. 'There was only one doubt among the audience,' says Lacordaire, in a letter which he soon afterwards addressed to the pope on the subject of the 'Avenir': 'is it really true, they asked each other, that such is the Catholic religion?' A most natural doubt—we shall soon see how it was resolved.

This first success emboldened the party. They determined on a new trial of strength with their opponents. Lacordaire, who had already been advocate, priest, and journalist, was to figure in the new character of schoolmaster. Liberty of instruction had been inscribed in the charter of 1830, but no law to regulate and define its exercise had yet been promulgated; to open a school without the authorisation of the government was therefore at the time illegal. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1831, De Coux, Montalembert, and Lacordaire opened one without such authorisation, after having boldly and publicly announced their intention of doing so. A few days after, when Lacordaire was in the midst of his instructions to the some twenty children who had been recruited among the poorer class, a commissary of police made his appearance, summoned the unlawful educationist to retire, and on his refusal to obey, turned him and his pupils out of door, with the aid of some *sergens de ville*. This, of course, led to another prosecution; but Montalembert being called to the peerage by the death of his father, the case, this time, was brought before the *Chambre des Pairs*. There, in the highest court of the realm, Lacordaire, as well as De Coux and the young count, had the satisfaction of delivering fine speeches on their favourite topics; but the noble assembly, less intelligent or more so than the jury, pronounced their condemnation, and imposed a fine upon them.

This was a trifle; the 'Avenir' would have survived all similar prosecutions, and doubtless some new move in ad-

vance would have been made, when dangers of a different kind assailed the intrepid journal. It had raised a division among the clergy in France, and had made no small commotion among the people at large. The episcopate and the older members of the priesthood were furious at seeing a pretended Catholic publication attack their revered Gallican Church, and those institutions which she had declared 'were to remain for ever unshaken'; many of the younger clergy, on the other hand, admirers of the masterly works of Lamennais, and fond, besides, of any new thing, were enchanted with speculations which, besides being novel, seemed based on a philosophical system; the adherents of the Orleans dynasty and the partisans of Legitimacy equally regarded the democratic 'Avenir' as dangerous, the one because it attacked monarchy in the abstract, the other because it assailed their visionary 'best of republics'; while the mass of the people were mute with astonishment, and could no more understand the advocacy of liberty of conscience and liberty of the press than Ananias could at first believe in the conversion of the persecuting Saul.

Things at last came to a crisis. Rome was entreated, and that by both sides, to give a decision on the subject; but Rome at first refused. She neither approved nor condemned. The opposition of the senior clergy to the 'Avenir' waxed hotter. The position of its editors became at last untenable. The temporary suspension of the journal, which had existed only a year, was resolved upon; and in November, 1831, three of its chiefs, Lamennais, Montalembert, and Lacordaire set out for Rome, to ascertain in person in what light their principles were regarded at head-quarters. It is plain they had their misgivings.

Before the suspension of the 'Avenir,' its editors had published in it a declaration of their principles; at Rome they presented to the pontiff a memorial from the pen of Lacordaire, expletive of this declaration. This done, and their views thus clearly explained, they waited for a judgment on them.

But in vain. Rome was then sufficiently hostile to the Orleans dynasty, but she feared to compromise her authority in France by any very open countenance of its assailants; she was ready enough to assault the spirit of independence which the Gallican Church had so long displayed, but she doubted if a principle struggled for by Gerbet, asserted by Saint Louis, formerly ratified in 1682, and ever since fully acted on, were to be best attacked by a war of newspapers, particularly when the real-devoured journalists were in her own eyes far from being beyond suspicion. Farther, the critical position of political affairs in Europe, and more particularly the state of Italy itself, threatened as it was both from within and from without, not to speak of the traditional and natural horror which she entertained for such doctrines as liberty of conscience and of the press, rendered it completely impossible for her to reply approvingly. But on the other hand, however she might be dissatisfied with the Liberalism of the 'Avenir' and its injudiciously open attack on the Gallican Church, she was too much pleased with the crusade of her strange auxiliaries on her own especial behalf, and saw too well the importance of retaining the services of such men in case of need, to run the risk of extinguishing their ardour by a direct condemnation. What she really had wished was that the 'Avenir' should continue, but without her sanction, so that at any time she might have been able to disavow and sacrifice it. This desire the unwelcome appearance of the three pilgrim editors disappointed; nevertheless, hinting disapprobation without saying what she disapproved, she pursued her policy of gaining time. It was only after Lamennais and Montalembert had set out on their return to France, the former proclaiming loudly that, since the pontiff would decide nothing, he was about to resume his journal; that Rome pronounced a decisive censure. Fearing, probably, that the re-appearance of the 'Avenir,' after the visit of its chiefs to the Vatican, might give rise to the suspicion that they had met with secret, if not with open encouragement there, the pope made up his mind at last, and issued his famous encyclical.

cal letter of 15th August, 1832. Lacordaire, who had anticipated such a result, had left Rome four months before his companions, expressing his resolution to take no part in the resurrection of the 'Avenir,' and already somewhat estranged from his master, whose discomfiture he foresaw. Possibly with a view to avoid him, he took a journey into Germany, but Lamennais and Montalembert were returning to Paris by a circuitous route, and Lacordaire met them accidentally at Munich. It seemed as if they had encountered each other expressly, that they might receive conjointly the thunders launched against them, for it was while they were together at Munich that they heard of the encyclical letter. The thunder was thunder indeed; aghast they hastened back to Paris, and the day after their arrival they published in the newspapers a distinct and formal declaration of their submission.

This was as complete and humbling as their enemies could have wished. They who had defended liberty of conscience with so much zeal, now gave in their adhesion to the papal declaration, that liberty of conscience was 'an absurd and erroneous idea,' which 'flows from that most stinking source, Indifferentism'—*ex hoc putidissimo indifferentismi fonte*—if it be not rather an insane raving—*deliramentum*. They who had so stoutly advocated liberty of the press, now acquiesced in words which qualified liberty of the press as 'a most pernicious, never-to-be-sufficiently execrated and detestable thing'—*deterrima illa ac nunquam satis execranda et detestabilis libertas artis librariae*. They who had striven so hard for the promotion of papal sovereignty, who had endeavoured so zealously to connect it with what they conceived to be the rising cause of democracy, and to detach it from the sinking fortunes of kings, in the firm conviction that so they were doing their church some service, now humbly submitted to be characterised by its supreme head as 'arrogant,' as 'madmen,' as 'troubled with a wild lust of forming opinions for themselves,' and as guilty of most 'base inclinations,' not to speak of the insinuation that it was 'only a desire of novelty and of promoting universal sedition which lay concealed—*simulata in religione pietate*—under the mask of a pretended piety.'

Lamennais, defeat on his brow and bitterness in his heart, retired to the shady woods of La Chesnaie, his favourite retreat in his native Brittany; Lacordaire returned to his former humble position in the convent of the Visitation, where he prepared himself for preaching, and 'read St Augustine with all his might.' In the winter of 1838-39, he preached at the College Stanislas; his 'Conferences' were very popular, but they were not altogether to the taste of his superiors, and he was even severely censured for them. Nevertheless, as his fidelity to the holy see was beyond suspicion, while his fame as a preacher was already very considerable, he was regarded as a safe as well as a valuable instrument, whose remaining errors would disappear if he were allowed time.

With Lamennais it was very different. While all thought him subdued and silenced, he was recruiting his strength at La Chesnaie, dismissing his scruples, and preparing to come forth as the champion of philosophy and democracy. And accordingly, in May, 1834, despite of the remonstrances of M. de Quélen, the then archbishop of Paris, he published his 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' and cried, in a voice that rung through Europe, that there his gauntlet lay. This remarkable work, which, were it only for the poetry of its conceptions and the energy of its style, deserves a place amongst the highest productions of modern literature, terrified the one party and produced unbounded enthusiasm in the other, by its popular, undisguised, and vigorous Liberalism. Rome, of course, very speedily took cognisance of the 'Scriptural Marseillaise,' and it being intolerable that such things should be uttered with impunity, more especially by a priest, the little work of a few score pages was honoured with a special anathema. In an encyclical letter of 7th July, the pope declared to his 'venerable brethren' that he was 'struck with horror at the very first glance he cast on this book, so small in size but so immense in its perversity, that his heart sunk within

him as he read on, and that it would be too painful, therefore, to pass in review all that this wickedest offspring of impiety and audacity heaped together, with a view to the disturbance of all things human and divine.'

And so the Abbé Lamennais, whose portrait Leo XII. had placed in his oratory, whom he had called the last Father of the Church, and on whom he would have conferred the cardinal's hat if the disinterestedness and modesty of the simple man had not made him decline the offer, was deposed from his priesthood and excommunicated by Gregory XVI.

Besides all this from Rome, the 'Paroles d'un Croyant' brought against their author an attack from his old disciple. Lacordaire, whom anathema had convinced and maranatha converted, seemed to think it necessary for his own justification to give some reason for his change of opinion. The 'Paroles,' which he probably regarded as a defiance to his church, afforded him an opportunity, and he published his 'Considerations on the Philosophical System of M. de Lamennais.' This work was intended to refute the system developed in the 'Essay on Indifference.'

Lamennais had argued with great effect in favour of common sense. Starting from the point 'that the first act of reason is necessarily an act of faith,' and that as created being is in a position to say *I am*, unless he begin by saying *I believe*, inasmuch as consciousness itself is not an act of reason but of faith; and having shown from this that the individual reason of any one man can only conduct him to profound and universal doubt, seeing that 'he cannot even prove himself'—cannot by reasoning establish even to himself his own existence—and that he is able at most to say, 'it is probable that I exist'—he goes on to establish that 'the unbroken tradition, the universal agreement of mankind, is the seal of truth,' that (we have already quoted the dictum) 'what all men agree in believing to be true is true,' and that 'the reason of any one man is only the reason of the human race of which he forms a part.'

He thus first insists on the weakness and insufficiency of individual reason, and then goes on to assert that what is admitted by general reason, that is, by the united and consistent reason of the whole human race, has an absolute certainty, by which the reason of each individual becomes possessed of a sure guide and rule for the appreciating and testing of its own proper workings.

When, as he thinks satisfactorily, Lamennais has thus shown the true and only grounds on which reason rests, in trying to demonstrate that it begins by faith, and depends on the common and perpetual consent of mankind, he goes on to maintain that faith, in its turn, must to a certain extent be subject to reason, and that in all our belief a rational judgment must be exercised, the rational judgment of the individual being, however, always dependent upon and responsible to the principles of infallible common sense. The elucidation of the proper relations between reason and faith thus constitutes his whole end and aim.

At this philosophy he had arrived in the effort and hope to prop up Romanism. Exasperated at the attacks so long and so vigorously made on his church by the arms of reason, he had accepted the combat and defied his adversaries at their weapons; the concluding part of his argument is therefore devoted to an attempted proof of the harmony he discovers between the Romanist dogmas and the dictates of reason or the voice of common sense. Here, however, we do not follow him, as the controversy between him and Lacordaire turns entirely on the doctrines we have endeavoured to sketch above.

Lacordaire will, as regards his church, have nothing to do with reason. He rests her claims on other grounds. The general reason of the human race he, therefore, will by no means admit to be the source, as Lamennais says it is, of all authority. 'To pretend to prove the authority of the church by the authority of the general reason of the human race, in making this general reason the source of certitude, is to adopt Protestantism on a greater scale, for, according to such a system, every belief whatever will depend originally on general reason; which seems contra-

dictory of the existence of an authority out of, beyond, and superior to it.'

This is the essence of all Lacordaire's reasoning. He thought he had demonstrated a fatal contradiction in the system of his old master. Lamennais would deduce the authority of the Roman Church both from her own traditions, and from the general traditionary reason of mankind; he held that her tradition was to be believed for and by itself, and yet maintained that all belief whatever flowed from something else. 'If general reason,' asked Lacordaire in triumph, 'be as you say the source of all belief, how can belief in the church's authority be independent of it?'

To this Lamennais retorted that, according to his antagonist, 'Catholicism is radically out of the pale of human reason, that thus we should believe in it—believe in the Scriptures—believe in the church—without any reason for so believing; that, in the second place, these truths henceforth rest on nothing, or only on an internal impression produced by God himself, who thus forms in the soul, by his omnipotence, that faith which he demands of men that they render.'

Such was the debate. It is evident that the opponents have not detected the ambiguity of the term *belief*. There are two kinds of belief. There is an intellectual belief—the belief of which Lamennais speaks—the belief which forces itself even on the devils—the result of reason, be that derived from common sense or elsewhere; but there is another belief, on which Lamennais only stumbles, which is not an intellectual belief, which may be wanting where intellectual belief exists, and which mere intellectual belief can never produce. This latter was the belief which Lacordaire, a passionate admirer of St Augustine, would fain have elucidated, but which, as his principles unfortunately forced him to connect it with faith in Romanism, he was far from showing in its true light. But as our object is merely to state the controversy, on this subject we are of course do not enter.

Lacordaire had renounced deism, he had recanted his former philosophic opinions, he had shown unqualified submission to Rome, he had declared 'he belonged only to the church and to the archbishop, his natural superior'—still he was not yet entirely to be depended upon. It was thought by those in authority over him, that the air of Rome would do him good. To Rome, accordingly, he went, or was sent, the effects of which we will endeavour to trace in a succeeding article.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART III.—THE FUTURE.

#### CHAP. IV.—A DECLARATION.

We now return to our friends in London, requesting our readers to run back a few weeks, from the occurrences related in our last chapter, to a period shortly after that long conversation with the Rev. Cornelius Megrim.

O'Brien had been a tolerably frequent visitor, and Constance began to look for his appearance with more interest than she could well understand. The gossip, Megrim somewhat spitefully retailed, she despised and—forgot? O'Brien's conduct did not at all corroborate the report; he treated her with an air of deference and kindness, which always made his presence agreeable. He had great talent for social conversation; aptness, vivacity, and a sort of pleasant humour pervading all, made his company quite a relief, and a sure antidote against ennui. He spoke frequently on religious topics. His views were sound, his observations full of interest; and an air of truthfulness, unimpeded by affectation, ran through the whole, which made his remarks always appear unobtrusive; nor were they rendered offensive by the least approach to 'cant.' Constance, whilst growing partial to his society, had not the most remote idea that she was nourishing any warmer feeling. Had even a suspicion of this nature crossed her

she would have looked on it as absurd. Thus she threw herself without hesitation into danger, and the very circumstances, which, in nine cases out of ten, lead to the event O'Brien would, doubtless, have desired.

At length leaving town was talked of, and in some measure arranged. To her surprise she felt a strange reluctance at the idea of returning even to her beloved Grange. She was sorely puzzled at the first; and, being in the habit of examining and analysing even every source of feeling, she soon sat down to the task. But the more she tried, the more bewildered she became. She had evidently not hit upon the right clue;—no wonder, for she tried every thread but the right one, and was in the midst of it all, when the Rev. Mr O'Brien was announced. She received him with feelings ill at ease, and, for the first time, with evident constraint. She was exceedingly dissatisfied with her own behaviour, and could hardly put on her usual show of kindness. O'Brien, too, seemed as disquieted as herself; and, together, they made but a sorry attempt at conversation. Not a topic could be started to yield materials, or relieve their embarrassment. Constance was just wishing an early goodnight, when O'Brien said—'I have had intimation that you are likely soon to leave town.'

'I believe so. In the course, probably, of two or three weeks.'

'It seems a somewhat sudden determination.'

'Quite the reverse. We have already stayed longer than our first intention. Our dear home at the Grange will, I hope, soon be a source of delight—too long absent, and, I trust, not weakened by town attachments.'

O'Brien looked up at Constance. Why she coloured, and looked out at the window, we cannot say, nor probably could she; but so it was—and he had some difficulty in saying—'How delightful must home and the country appear, after the din, dissipation, and bustle of town.'

'I don't know; but, I must confess, I do not look on our return to Hampshire with that superabundance of pleasure I could have wished, or indeed expected. I hope my relish for rural life has not been spoiled, or changed by the flititious, artificial mode of life we have for the last few weeks been pursuing. I almost tremble lest I return unfitted for, and scarcely able to discharge, the duties of home.'

'No fear of that. Your mind will soon clear itself from all it has contracted. Your participation here has not been of that engrossing nature as to injure the due exercise of those duties; though in the world you have not been of it.'

'I don't know, indeed,' she replied, thoughtfully; but fear I have imbibed too much of its influence, else why this reluctance—I am sorry and grieved to own—at parting?'

During this confession their eyes happened to meet; and, in such collisions, truth sometimes flashes out. She was more disturbed than ever, and wished her visitor would depart. She would have given anything for a few moments alone, but, as Mrs Morton and Gertrude were absent, she could not leave. O'Brien stammered out a few words; then said in a hurried manner—'There may be other causes of reluctance, than a mere indisposition to leave society which has rendered itself so agreeable.'

Constance shrunk instinctively from this surmise. It was the very solution she now began to apprehend; and the remark came too closely home. This bow, drawn at a venture, had reference to one or two flatterers who, at the time, had been more than commonly assiduous. It had penetrated the joints of the harness, where, hitherto, she thought herself secure; and she in a moment felt probed to the quick. She writhed at the discovery, and her whole manner changed. She had great difficulty in concealing her agitation; and O'Brien, continuing his observations, every word was a new source of alarm. She could scarcely tell what course to pursue, terrified at the bare suspicion that an enemy had probably invaded the citadel, while she was merely strengthening the outworks. Hardly knowing what she replied—'I am quite unaware

of any such cause you allude to;' and here she stopped, unable to conceal her embarrassment. She would almost have given the world for a few minutes' respite; but none came, and she was forced to endure. O'Brien was equally confused, and a more uncomfortable pair of visitors could scarcely be imagined.

'Miss Constance;' and here he paused—his voice faltered, and his tongue, for the moment, refused to do its office. She did not dare to look towards him. With a desperate effort, he resolved to end an agony of suspense too long endured. 'I have long, long felt even your loss would be preferable to the protracted agony I have suffered.' Another fearful pause. Constance could not reply; her emotion being almost as great as his own. 'I cannot bear it longer, Constance;' and here he turned on her a look which, had she observed, would have alarmed her. 'Too long, I have borne it all in silence—my very life consuming in the anguish that preys on it. I indeed love you more than words, or even your own thoughts can suggest. The wildest dreams of romance could not equal the intensity of my devotion to one I prize more than all on earth.' Constance was still silent. He continued—'What I fear is, that my rash confession will entirely prevent further intimacy, and render me, perhaps, odious to you. I could not, however, exist under my present feelings; and must ask you to pardon a folly that perhaps will only accelerate and increase my misery.'

He paused, waiting, with averted glance, the answer he dreaded; but Constance was too bewildered by this unexpected declaration to reply. She could hardly trust herself to speak, but sat almost overpowered by an occurrence so unlooked for. It was impossible she could give any answer, except a vague expression of surprise, for she felt he was not indifferent to her; but then love was a thing she did not imagine had any place in her present emotions. At length she said—'Mr O'Brien, I cannot give any other answer to this unexpected avowal than by saying, I am not just now in a fit state of mind to ascertain my real feelings towards you. I promise, however, that you shall have as speedy a decision as it will be in my power to give. Rest assured I will not lightly hazard either your peace of mind or my own. And now, good morning,' she continued, extending her hand. 'You must leave me—I have need, for a while, to be alone.'

O'Brien was in ecstasies at this almost unlooked for reprieve, and stammered out his acknowledgments in words scarcely coherent. He took his leave with a promise that he might continue his visits as usual; but every allusion to the present subject was interdicted, until Constance had finally decided. This she would not lead him to expect during her stay in town; but, in the calm and retirement of the Grange, no doubt her determination would soon be formed.

#### CHAP. V.—LOVERS.

We pass over a short interval. Constance was enjoying her old haunts and associations—but with what different feelings! What a change does one deep felt emotion produce! Everything wears its semblance. Even nature puts on the same garb, and becomes part of our own existence. She could hardly have believed in the possibility of such a change.

The result may be foreseen. An invitation was conveyed to O'Brien that the family at the Grange would be glad of a visit—and—but we forbear; words would fail to convey his rapture, as he quickly prepared to avail himself of the privilege. His prospects were satisfactory, as far as worldly matters were concerned, and, at length, he was fairly recognised as the affianced of the blushing but happy Constance. At this stage of their proceedings lovers are most particularly tiresome, except to those especially interested, and, we presume, those of Constance and her lover did not form an exception.

Time wore on,—the marriage dawn loomed in the bright perspective. Before it took place, it was thought best that Gertrude, accompanied by her sister, should make another, and a longer tour, along the southern

coast. The former was always much improved by change of air and exercise; so that it was advisable the opportunity should not be lost, while Constance was able to accompany her. Horace was applied to for conveyance; and he promised the next vacation, then at hand, should be devoted to their escort. He heard of the engagement perhaps with feelings of deeper origin than regret; but these had long been schooled by severe discipline, so that he now trusted he could look on with composure, which a longer and more intimate intercourse with Constance might, perhaps, have rendered impossible. Her extraordinary likeness to his first love, her beauty, her high and noble principles, and, above all, her unaffected and simple demeanour, would have made hers a dangerous proximity, under any other than a resolute determination to check the least outbreak of feeling in this direction.

The party set out by easy stages from Southampton, taking every object in their route that could either interest or instruct. Weeks elapsed ere they left the shores of Devonshire and entered on the more sterile and wider district of Cornwall. In a few days they came to the village of T—, near to a picturesque-looking bay, shut in by rocks, whose rugged outline afforded many a happy sketch for the painter. Constance was delighted with the scenery, and they purposed staying a few days to explore the neighbourhood for shells and sketches.

The following morning—a bright, balmy foretaste of spring, the air so mild and genial, that life, under its benign influence, seemed one continued sense of enjoyment—the freshening pulse, a gush of irrepressible delight—her heart beat high. Life presented a glowing vista of the future; visions of glory in that wide hemisphere, too bright to last.

As she descended with Horace the narrow, unguarded ledges of a rock, for the purpose of gaining a good point for a sketch, she spoke, in the wild exuberance of feeling, of that happy future she hoped was in store for her, and that glorious morning, as a foretaste and anticipation.

'I would not willingly dim that future,' said Horace, 'by the least foreboding of evil; but remember—and I have ever found it good to bear in mind—that joy is a plant not nurtured in nature's soil; and even what little we do experience is commonly a prelude to some darker sorrow.'

Constance felt disheartened at these words. They seemed to throw a shadow over the prospect.

'Don't mistake me,' continued Horace; 'it was only when I saw you expecting too much, and in danger of committing your hopes of bliss to earthly keeping, that I ventured to warn you, ere a change should make the loss more poignant. We are not forbidden to rejoice, but with that wholesome fear only which will keep us from being too much elated with the one, or cast down by the other.'

Constance understood this gentle rebuke, and her eyes filled as she said—'I am always benefited by your caution. You have indeed been chastened and schooled in the paths of adversity, and can well admonish those whose sunny way, like my own, has hardly known a cloud. Sometimes I shudder lest either I am not one of those whom affliction purifies, or that, when it does come, I shall not 'kiss the rod and Him who hath appointed it.'

'Oh yes—you will;' and he looked significantly at her. 'At the first I chafed like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, but was gradually subdued, until I could say, 'Thy will be done.' I have felt such comfort in affliction that I would not have been without it if I might.'

Thus subdued, Constance felt her spirit rising to holier and calmer exercises of thought than a burst of mere animal spirits could afford.

They descended to the beach, where a graceful sweep of the bay, the waves whitening the yellow sand, an old boat, and two or three of more modern build, a few stumps, and poles for drying nets, made up a tolerable foreground; while in front, the bold profile of rock, where it met the soft silvery sky beyond, gave breadth and deci-



sion to the whole, the general expression of which Constance tried to convey by a rapid sketch.

Just as she commenced, a female figure appeared on the right hand summit of the rock, and Constance pointed out the 'accident' as one particularly effective in the composition.

'I was,' said she, 'just going to ask you to place yourself in a becoming situation, though men's sprawling figures are not the best adapted to such a purpose; but yonder I have a fine broad mass of drapery set off in excellent relief against that bright, sunlit cloud behind.'

The subject was rapidly dashed on paper, and down came the object alluded to, almost or ere the feat was accomplished. She seemed to skim the very face of the precipice, and in an incredibly short time had gained its base, where a bed of shingles, accumulated by the wear and tear of ages, had fallen from the rock. She waded through the heavy sand, until she came and stood beside the little camp-chair on which Constance sat. The intruder was rather carelessly clad; but a coarse grey plaid, thrown over the head and upper part of her person, could not conceal the extreme elegance of her figure. Her long, jet-black hair hung in profuse disorder, yet falling in natural beauty and luxuriance round her pale and anxious features—lovely almost beyond description. Her dark, lustrous eyes were intently fixed on Constance, as, without noticing Horace, she accosted her as follows:— 'Did not I dream a sweet lady from London would come; love and pity me, for I am very—very wretched.'

Here she placed one hand on a brow white as marble. They thought at first her mind was deranged. She seemed to understand this.

'No, no; I am not what you think, though I have suffered—suffered wrong that would have turned many a maiden's brain. I have indeed been cruelly dealt with; and here she covered her eyes. A burst of tears relieved her; while Constance, with a voice like that of mercy, spoke kindly to her. She suddenly looked up.

'I knew you would. You are the same kind lady I saw. Heaven has sent you to keep this poor deserted heart from breaking. I've none to pity me beside, save yonder old man. Do you see that bit of smoke climbing so quietly up the rock. 'Tis from his hut. Do come in. Don't—don't go, lady.' Coming closer, she said in a quick, sharp tone, which startled Constance—'Were you ever in love? I know you have. But have you known what it is to be deceived?—the plighted vows, and words you have lived on, flown away on the winds? You have not waited weeks and weeks for his return, and at last—a cruel letter—like this; and she drew a crumpled paper from her bosom. She gazed at it with such earnestness that Constance trembled for her. 'There—there—go back—witness to his perjury. He has gotten him another lady, and left her he doated on—to despair!'

Constance was shocked at the excruciating, hopeless agony every movement betrayed. She tried to soothe her, but an attempted smile only rendered her distress more visible.

'No, no,' she cried, 'you never felt misery like mine. But you will come yonder, sweet lady; will you not?' and she said this with such anxiety that Constance promised they would follow, when the sketch was completed.

She left them with the air of a subdued child, when its grief is soothed by some expected gratification.

According to promise, Constance, accompanied by Horace, sought the rude hut, previously mentioned as the abode of old Michael. Ellen and he were seated by the scanty embers, the former occupying a dilapidated chair, and Michael a low stool, enjoying his pipe, the reeking atmosphere rendering any distinct view of its inmates out of the question.

For a while, the new comers felt much inconvenienced, but soon became accustomed to the smoke, their attention occupied by what they heard.

'Sit down, gentlefolks,' said Michael, 'if ye can find a smut in such a poor hovel.' He placed another and his

own seat at their disposal. 'You see poverty and starvation can give but a sorry welcome.'

'Pray, don't make an apology,' said Constance, 'we know well what both are. We often visit abodes like this. Such discomforts are not confined to your own.'

'Well, well, you be very kind, lady. We're like to have a hard time on it, I'm feard; an' you see I've nothin' to take to i' my old age but just odds and ends I can pick up.'

'Oh that I were old!' said Ellen; 'but there's a long and weary life, I fear, before me—a cheerless future. If 'twere not for this old man here, my lot would be desperate.'

'You see,' replied Constance, 'Heaven always puts some sweet into the bitterest cup. The darkest part of the night is usually before dawn. We have all reason to be thankful that our lot is no worse.'

Ellen trembled whilst she replied—'I spurn at comfort; but from you, lady, sweet words are pleasant; what a happy lot is yours—to be loved and made happy by those you love!' and here she looked at Horace, fancying such a lot were his. But Horace, though fully appreciating such a destiny, felt it was not for him—and a momentary pang shot to his heart.

'She has been cruelly dealt with,' said Michael, in a tone that showed more feeling than could have been expected from one rendered almost callous by want and misfortune. 'She has, indeed, and more pity. A fine handsome, pleasant gentleman—a stranger to be sure i' these parts fell in love with her. They were to have been married long ago; but he left, and got entangled, I dare say, wi' some flaunting piece o' Lunnun finery; an' so poor Ellen is thrown by, as sweet and pretty a thing as ever walked. Wasn't he a villain, miss?'

'He was, indeed,' said Constance. 'But did he give no reason for this behaviour?'

'Yes he did,' replied Ellen, suddenly interrupting them, 'and I'd read it to you; but I know it all off by heart. Hearken, 'Dear Ellen'—'dear Ellen, indeed!—and at these too well remembered words the proud heart of the deserted one throbbed almost to bursting. Her eye flashed—a glance of scorn shot forth; but immediately the expression changed, turning inward, as though on the well known writing she carried in her bosom.

She continued as if reading—'I am sorry our connection must cease. I have long weighed the chances of happiness in the marriage state. The difference of our station, utter dissimilarity of pursuit—let alone the rank of my connections and expectations in life, which I must forego, if I fulfilled my hasty promise to you—render it quite impossible that any lasting felicity could be the result of our union. I deeply regret that such an inconsiderate and ill-chosen attachment in both of us should have caused what will, doubtless, for a while, be a source of unpleasantness to you as well as myself. I conclude, with hearty wishes for your future welfare, and that you may speedily forget the love of CECIL.'

She repeated this calmly, and without hesitation; but in a tone that made the listeners shudder. It was like the expression of absolute, hopeless despair.

Constance was the first to break the silence that ensued. Picturing to herself the horror such a cruel, unfeeling epistle would have produced, had it been hers, she said—'And you never heard anything more?'

'Oh yes!' said Ellen, with an expression of deep resentment; 'the captain told me that Cecil was just agreeing to be married; but not a word of it in the letter, you see; was not that base?'

'Most atrocious,' said Constance. 'Do you know where he resides, or anything more than what the letter contains?'

'Nothing. He never hinted whereabouts in London he lived. He was a fine, bright, gallant gentleman as ever you see; and I felt too happy to win such a heart, to be much anxious about anything else.'

'Who is this captain you speak of?'

'Oh! it's Captain Bromley, who sails to and from the

French coast with the brig 'Good Intent.' He'll be here to-night, I expect—and I fancy is glad enough now the match is broken off, for he would fain make me his bride; but I'll not wed with such an one, nor with any other, now!"

Light seemed to dawn upon Constance, as she said—'And are you sure the captain is not playing you false? Is not there a likelihood that that very letter may have been written by himself, to suit his own purposes?'

'I never thought of that. The traitor!' said Ellen, starting from her seat, as this unexpected vision of hope flashed upon her. 'I'll seek him this very night, and lose my life but I'll find out the villany.'

She thanked Constance for this ray of comfort. But ere she left, a sudden suspicion crossed her. If he weren't faithless, why has he not written to me for so long? Oh it must—it must be true! and the unfortunate girl burst into tears.

'Come, come, cheer up,' said Constance. 'All will, perhaps, be well yet; and if any efforts of mine can avail, pray command me.'

Ellen again expressed her thanks, and they shortly separated—Constance and Horace to talk about this strange occurrence, and Ellen to take measures for ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the captain's communication.

Before retiring to rest, Constance wrote O'Brien a detail of the transaction, concluding as follows:—'And now, dear O'Brien, though I do not often call names, you will agree with me, that the fellow who would act thus must be a heartless, worthless scoundrel; and oh! how I do wish he could be hunted out, and unmasked before the world. In such a wish I am sure you will heartily join; and, who knows, whether or not, with your help, this desirable event may not be accomplished. I have a strange presentiment we shall, at one time or another, succeed. I have taken a great liking to the poor girl, and so would you, could you but see her. To strengthen my hopes, there is a certain Captain Bromley here, who says he knows this gay deceiver; and, if he thought proper, could point out his locality—somewhere in London, I believe. More anon.'

#### INSTANCES OF PRESERVATION.

HUMAN life is but a chapter of incidents, and few men, I believe, have reached threescore and ten without having on their remembrance many marvellous instances of the interposition of Divine Providence in their deliverance from perils and dangers of some kind. Indeed, I believe the story of almost any man's life, were it fairly and ingenuously recorded, would furnish a very instructive volume, particularly to the individual himself. But, although these perilous adventures are soon forgotten while we are immersed in the active pursuits of life, yet when time has sobered down the effervescence of youthful blood; and the age of reflection draws on, disposing the mind to a more serious consideration of bygone events, the remembrance of them returns, accompanied with feelings very different from those they excited when they took place. Now, in recording these events for the consideration of others, we perform a very grateful duty both to God and our fellow-men; for it is no less an offering of gratitude to our Divine Preserver than a demonstration to man of the ever-watchful care of our Heavenly Guardian in averting impending dangers, or snatching us by sudden and miraculous interposition from instant destruction.

Now to men who have been drifting about the world for the better part of their lives, such incidents are by no means uncommon, and in noting down a few such passages in my own life, I only render my mite of gratitude to that gracious Being who has so often protected and delivered me in my hour of utmost need.

Our perils and deliverances partake of two characters—the one arising out of natural causes, progressive in its developments, and obvious in its results—the other sudden, unanticipated, and purely accidental. Of the first

I shall adduce but one instance, and that not so much on account of its unfrequency (for in a tropical climate such events are common enough), but merely on account of the extraordinary circumstances that accompanied it, and the singular effects it left on my constitution.

This was the first instance of preservation that left a serious impression on my mind, and changed the entire current of my thoughts, as it changed my European constitution into a tropical one, which I still retain, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes it has since then been exposed to. It was my first seasoning to a West India climate. I was a good subject for the epidemic, being full of flesh and blood, and inheriting a somewhat sanguine temperament—choice materials for the dreaded malaria to work upon! I omit the sickening detail of its progress. I was three weeks down with it before I believed I was dying; such opposition did an unbroken constitution present to its ravages. Nature at last yielded, and I became careless of life; and with this change commenced those singular accompaniments above alluded to. An indecipherable feeling of peace and security took possession of my mind. While gazing from my couch on the setting sun, as he sunk in refulgent splendour behind the distant woods, I experienced an elation of spirit that made me forget I was yet an inhabitant of this world; and many a time have I since wished that I had then died. The crisis at length arrived, and nature rallied for a last struggle; I became furious—was held down while a gentleman present with a penknife opened a vein in my arm. With the copious effusion the paroxysm gradually subsided. Nature had spent her last effort; I felt as if my spirit was departing, and sunk senseless into the arms of him who held me. I must have remained in this state a considerable time, for it seems they thought I was dead; and truly when my senses returned I felt as if restored from death to life. A most surprising change had indeed passed over me, for everything I looked at seemed new to me—they appeared to me as if I had never seen them before!—I felt that I should live; but it appeared like the beginning of a new life I was entering upon!—and strange as it may seem, the effects produced by that sickness on both my moral and physical system remain with me to this day. For these reasons I consider the above incident as the most singular event in my life.

The two other instances of preservation I shall quote are of that description commonly called accidental, and as mere accidents they are, I fear, only regarded by the generality of people. The first of these occurred in my attempting to leap from one ship to another at the port of Quebec. I was in the outer ship, between which and the wharf lay several others. The ebbing of the tide produced a rolling motion in the vessels, causing an incessant opening and closing of the space between them. Not being sufficiently watchful of this roll, I miscalculated my distance, and dropt between the two ships, clinging with my fingers to the projecting plank of the adjoining vessel. Fortunately, my Quebec friend was on the spot, and instantly seizing me by the wrist, drew me up just in time to escape the returning roll of the ship, which in another moment would have squeezed me as thin as a lath. Before the sun of that day had set I had forgotten the circumstance!

The last instance I propose to communicate was accompanied with circumstances so apparently miraculous, that I gave it a place among many others in my journal, from which I now abridge it. This marvellous event happened on the banks of that same lake so often referred to in my paper on 'Presentiment.' All acquainted with American timber are aware of the prodigious growth and formation of the hemlock tree. In a decayed state its long horizontal limbs are commonly snapped off by the action of the winds to within a few feet of the trunk, and these projections are so hard and inflexible as to resist the keenest edge of the woodman's axe. Now, in going down to bathe, I often observed one of these ancient giants, with his roots completely exposed by the surging of the lake, and supported, as I imagined, by the low but precipitous bank

on which he appeared to lean. He was of a prodigious girth, and encircled to the top with these broken limbs, now peeled and pointed into horns. Had I been more conversant with woodcraft, I would soon have discovered that it was not on the bank he leant, but on the head of a tall beech sapling that grew on the top of it. Now this beech sapling stood directly in my way to my bathing-place, and, without dreaming of any danger, I proceeded one morning to cut it down. Every blow of the axe produced a quivering motion in the tree, which would have sufficiently alarmed a more experienced axeman, but I paid no attention to it. Down at last it came, and with it the old giant hemlock, with all his bristling fangs! He fell right on the top of me, and yet not one of these horns had touched me! But when I had recovered from the shock, and vomited a sufficient quantity of water, I found myself completely pinned down to the soil by these horns, and the enormous mass suspended by them only a few inches over my body! There was no help near, and I felt myself in a very awkward predicament. Fortunately the soil was of a loose sandy description, so that, after a world of scraping and scratching, I was enabled to release limb after limb, and finally my head from this singular bondage; and when at last completely extricated, and looking at these dreadful spikes, which instead of piercing me had borne up the ponderous trunk but a few inches over me, I could scarcely believe my senses that I was safe.

These reminiscences require no comment. They speak for themselves, and that more eloquently to the reflecting mind than any form of argument, for the ever watchful care of Divine Providence over his blind and reckless creatures.

D.

### Original Poetry.

#### LINES ON THE MOMENT 'NOW.'

ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN ENIGMA.

Thou art here, and thou art there,  
Thou art present everywhere;  
Space no bound doth set to thee—  
Thou dost fill immensity.

Seraphs revel in thy light,  
Devils wither in thy blight,  
All things lean upon thy might—  
Heaven, hell, and mind, and matter;  
Silent rest, and motion's clatter,  
Would fail, and fade to nullity,  
Without the force that springs from thee.

'Tis strange that thou should'st have such power,  
For 'tis not near one little hour  
Since existence smiled on thee,  
And in an hour thou wilt not be.

Let me study thee whilst here,  
For I see and feel thee near.  
To slight, abuse, or mock at thee;  
Is essence of insanity:

Thy favour or thy frown on me  
May haunt me in eternity.

In thee I see a power divine;  
The eye of God through thee doth shine:  
A smile from it is clothed in light;  
A frown, in shadows of the night.

Bless me, O thou living one;  
Teach me true wisdom e'er thou'rt gone;  
To thee I look, to thee I bow,  
Though, swiftly passing, thou art Now.

J. C.

#### SMALL TALK AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MRS. CROWL.

It was a beautiful April day; there had been one or two soft showers in the morning, making the turf greener, and filling the young trees with life; and now every leaf and blade of grass was basking in the broad mid-day sun that inundated with light the lawns and shrubberies of West-

following morning there was to be a wedding. Frances Willoughby, the only daughter of the family, and the heiress of £10,000 left her by an aunt, who had lately died, was to give her hand to Edmund Anson; and on the evening of the present day the settlements were to be signed. Some of the party were in their own apartments, or in the drawing-room; others were strolling about the grounds in companies of two or three, and amongst the latter were a lady of the name of Field, and Mr George Willoughby, the elder brother of the bride.

'You need not congratulate me, I assure you,' said George, in answer to some civil speech of Mrs Field's; 'it's no marriage of my choosing.'

'Indeed!' said the lady. 'I thought you were all very fond of Mr Anson.'

'I can't say I ever particularly liked him,' answered George; 'and certainly, in a pecuniary point of view, it's a very bad match.'

'Of course, he can't have much,' returned Mrs Field. 'I believe his father had not above a couple of hundred a-year, besides his pay, if so much.'

'My father was very much averse to the connection,' said George; 'but Frances has a pretty strong will of her own, and as she got my mother to side with her, they carried the day.'

'How came they acquainted? I was not aware you knew the Ansons.'

'Neither did we; my sister met him at her aunt's, and we never heard his name till after the old lady's death, when he followed Frances here, and made his proposals.'

'Then you know nothing of his family?'

'Nothing whatever; except that his father was in the army, and was killed at Waterloo.'

'Hem!' said Mrs Field.

'Indeed, he says he has no relations surviving.'

'I dare say not,' replied the lady. 'You know he had a brother, I suppose?'

'Yes, but he is dead. It appears that his mother was alive when Frances formed the acquaintance, and our aunt, Mrs Luxmore, was extremely attached to her.'

'Then, I suppose, she encouraged the intimacy betwixt the young people?'

'So they tell us.'

'I rather wonder at it,' said Mrs Field.

'She was a somewhat romantic person,' returned George; 'and having suffered much from the disappointment of her own first love, she all through life retained an unwillingness to inflict the same pain on other people.'

'She should not have allowed the attachment to be formed,' said Mrs Field, significantly.

'On account of his pecuniary circumstances, you mean?'

said George, not without some degree of curiosity.

'Oh, yes, of course,' answered the lady, in a falsetto voice.

'You don't allude to—any—other—circumstances?' said George, looking round at her inquiringly.

'You are aware, of course, of the family malady?'

'What malady?' inquired George.

'Insanity,' answered Mrs Field. 'His grandfather and his brother both made away with themselves. His father did not, certainly, but he fell in battle a young man, you know.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed George. 'How very wrong of my aunt! But perhaps she didn't know it.'

'She ~~must~~ have known it,' replied Mrs Field; 'but she was so much attached to his mother, and indeed to himself, that she would be blinded to the consequences.'

'If there is a thing in the world my father has a horror of, it is a connection of that sort,' said George. 'Surely my sister must be ignorant of these circumstances.'

'I dare say she is, poor thing,' said Mrs Field; 'and it would be cruel to damp her joy by mentioning to her now.'

'I'm not sure of that,' answered George. 'Mightn't it be more cruel to let her take such a fatal step, and not warn her of her danger? Mightn't she justly reproach me afterwards for not speaking whilst there was yet time

to draw back? Besides, I can't conceal such a thing from my father; he'd never forgive me.'

The effect of the intelligence on Mr Willoughby was exactly such as his son had anticipated; he was both shocked, alarmed, angry, and disgusted. Mrs Luxmore's encouragement of the attachment, he pronounced infamous; whilst he looked upon his daughter as a victim, unless, indeed, she was acquainted with the lamentable circumstance; but that he could not believe. However, on summoning her to a private conference, he found himself mistaken. Miss Willoughby proved to be well aware of the hereditary affliction of her lover's family.

'It is true, papa,' she said, 'I knew nothing of it when I first became acquainted with Edmund, nor when I became attached to him.'

'No doubt, he took care you should not till your affections were involved,' said the father, indignantly.

'He never sought my affections; he rather avoided me than otherwise,' answered Frances.

'A cunning feint to awaken curiosity and attention,' said the father.

'You are mistaken again,' replied Frances. 'Edmund is so sensitive on the subject of his family affliction, that to awaken curiosity is the last thing on earth he would desire. No; he avoided me, as he systematically did every woman to whom he felt himself at all attached; and but for an accident, I should have quitted Leighton without suspecting that Edmund entertained the same feeling for me that I did for him.'

'A well-contrived accident, no doubt,' said Mr Willoughby, contemptuously.

'No, papa: a veritable accident, which betrayed my attachment to him, not his for me. This brought about an explanation, in which, so far from confessing that he shared my feelings, he declared that he considered himself debarred from love and marriage, and candidly avowed the reason. But his confession had a totally opposite effect on me to what he expected; I only loved him the more because I pitied him.'

'Is it possible you are not aware of all the misery that awaits you in such an alliance?' said the father.

'We may escape: some members of a family often do,' answered Frances.

'But your children?' said Mr Willoughby.

'We may have none,' answered Frances, blushing. 'At all events, be that as it may, I love Edmund, and am resolved by my affection to sweeten the bitter cup that Heaven has allotted him; and since any interference now could have no possible effect, but to cause pain and exposure, I trust, my dear father, you will say nothing on the subject.'

All arguments proving insufficient to shake this resolution, the settlements were signed, the marriage solemnised, and the young couple drove away from Westbury Lodge, followed by the good wishes, we must hope, of all the assembled party, but certainly by the evil auguries of many amongst them.

How the first few years of their wedded life were passed, does not immediately concern our tale; suffice it to say, that after passing some time on the Continent, we find them the parents of one little boy, and settled in a provincial town called Wilton, situated in one of the midland counties of England. Though not without marks of care and anxiety on her features, Frances Anson was still a handsome woman; neither had her husband lost those graces of person and manner that had first touched her young heart, though a deep shade of sadness was remarked both in his countenance and demeanour, together with a sensitiveness which some people called shyness, and others pride. They had a good house and a well mounted establishment, and as far as the external appliances of life were concerned, lived better than anybody in the place. They were the only inhabitants of the town that kept a carriage, and the few entertainments they gave, were in a somewhat superior style to those of their neighbours. The usual consequences followed; the women were envious and spiteful; and whilst they were glad of a drive in the carriage, and eager for invitations to her parties, Mrs Anson

was the object of all manner of ill-natured remarks. The addition of rank to the advantages she already possessed would have excused the others. She might have been forgiven her money, had it been graced by birth; but that was not the case. Mrs Colonel Riddle, who happened to have been at the same school with her at Clapham, declared that she had been frequently in Mr Willoughby's shop in Cheapside, and that Frances Willoughby was looked upon as a mere nobody in the school, for they all knew that her father stood behind his own counter; and Mrs Luxmore, whose fortune she had inherited, was the widow of a London grocer. As Frances was extremely good-natured, and as it had never occurred to her to value herself on her money, one would have thought the Wiltonians might have forgiven her the possession of it: but no; people must have compensations and safety-valves for their jealousies, and this was theirs.

'I suppose we shall meet you to-night?' said Mrs Riddle to Mrs Renton, as they met at the door of the circulating library.

'Oh, certainly,' answered Mrs Renton. 'I should never have been able to show my face again if I had not had an invitation. I hear it's to be something supergrand! Of course you are going,' she added to another lady who just then joined them.

'Going where?' said the latter, with an air of absurd indifference.

'To the Ansons' ball to-night, to be sure,' answered Renton.

'Oh, dear, no,' said the lady, whose name was Pemberton. 'I am not at all ambitious of the honour, I assure you.'

'Are you not going? Why, I thought everybody was to be there,' said Mrs Riddle.

'Not I, I assure you,' said Mrs Pemberton, with an air that implied absence to be a distinction. She really seemed to feel a certain degree of contemptuous pity for the degraded spirits who could condescend to the hospitalities of the Ansons.

'Dear me; I thought that you and Mrs Anson were great friends,' said Mrs Riddle, with a slight tinge of sarcasm.

'Never that I know of,' returned Mrs Pemberton. 'She was constantly wanting me to drive out in her carriage, and one can't always refuse, you know; but I really cannot stand Mrs Anson's airs and graces. One week you're all in all to her; and the next, though she doesn't pretend to be either sick or sorry, she'll be *not at home* to you if you went to her door seven days running. So the last time she served me so, I just told the servant that I should relieve her mistress from the trouble of denying herself to me for the future, by not calling any more.'

'Quite right,' said Mrs Riddle. 'I had a great mind to do the same thing last year when she served me so.'

'But I haven't told you the best of it,' added Mrs Pemberton. 'Happening to cast my eyes up to the second floor, as I was turning away, who should I see but Mrs Anson standing at the window in close conversation with Henry Markham!'

'Oh fie!' exclaimed Mrs Riddle, laughing.

'You made a mistake; it must have been Mr Anson,' said Mrs Renton, with an affectation of candour.

'It was no such thing,' answered Mrs Pemberton; 'for, to say the truth, I had seen Mr Markham pass that way as I was standing in James' shop, and as he did not return, I was pretty sure he had been let in; so as she had been denied to me the day before, I thought I would just go to the door and try: and, lo and behold, *not at home* was the answer. She could be at home to Henry Markham, though!'

'He's singularly intimate there, certainly,' said Mrs Riddle, significantly; 'and no doubt he's a very fascinating person.'

'I wonder how Mr Anson likes it,' said Mrs Renton.

'He's obliged to like it, poor man, I suppose,' rejoined Mrs Riddle. 'Her fortune's wholly in her own power, and he hasn't a sou that he can call his own, I fancy.'

'But if he had the spirit of a mouse, he wouldn't put up with it,' said Mrs Pemberton, growing warm with the glow of her own imaginations.

Mrs Renton shrugged her shoulders; and Mrs Riddle remarked that spirit was certainly a fine thing, but so was a man's bread and butter; and when he had to choose betwixt the two, it might not be very easy, and so forth.

From this time forward, Mr Markham's name became the *chocoré des batailles* of the discontented ladies of Wilton in general, and of Mrs Riddle in particular; and truly a great comfort and solatium it was to them; Mrs Anson's behaviour being in the main so inoffensive, that, previously to Mrs Pemberton's fortunate discovery, it was difficult to find anything to lay hold of.

In the meantime, the intimacy that gave so much offence seemed to continue uninterrupted by the strictures of these envious and meddling neighbours, some of whom consoled themselves by the reflection that Mrs Anson's fallacious security was not at all surprising, since the person most nearly concerned was always the last to hear a rumour of the kind in question; whilst others, amongst whom was Mrs Riddle, revenged themselves on Mr Anson's provoking blindness, by pronouncing it wilful and interested. They did not, however, the less accept Mrs Anson's invitations, nor deny themselves the convenience of her carriage; and even the indignant Mrs Pemberton herself was not long afterwards to be seen snugly ensconced in a corner of it.

Matters continued in this state for some time, without anything remarkable occurring to vary the monotony of society in a country town, and then, as is usual, after a long cessation of events, there came a shoal of them that set all the Wiltonians a-talking, and made them very lively indeed. The first windfall was, that Mr Blackwood the stationer, who kept the circulating library, and whose shop was the favourite lounge of those who considered themselves the aristocracy of the place, fell down suddenly and expired behind his own counter whilst serving some ladies; and Mrs Pemberton being fortunate enough to be one of the number, she felt herself called upon to enter upon a series of morning visits for the purpose of faithfully rendering the details of the catastrophe to her various friends and acquaintance. But her satisfaction was not of long duration, for while she was engaged on this benevolent mission, her own daughter found opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of a lawyer's clerk, whose addresses had been forbidden by the mother, and one fine morning it was discovered that the young people had run away and got married. Then Mr James, the fashionable silk mercer, and the most plausible of men, to the astonishment of everybody became a bankrupt, and was found to have defrauded his creditors; and finally, poor Edmund Anson, after being some days missing, was found in the canal, wherein, it was asserted, he had voluntarily drowned himself. Here was something to talk about indeed! They had not only to discuss how he did it, but why he did it—a most interesting point to decide; and the more so that they were in fact utterly ignorant of his motives. But what did that signify? It was easy to supply them. It was now discovered that for some considerable time past everybody had remarked the deplorable state of his spirits, and the only question that remained, was, whence did the depression arise? A few liberal people ventured to think it might be constitutional, but the ladies of Mrs Anson's immediate circle, with Mrs Riddle at the head of them, did not scruple to affirm to each other, or confide to their intimate acquaintance, their absolute conviction that it was the levity of the wife that had broken the heart of the husband, and driven him to seek refuge from his wretchedness in death.

Poor Mrs Anson was in the meanwhile absorbed in grief, for she had dearly loved her husband; and as it shortly became known that Mr Markham was left executor to the will, and trustee for the child, the scandal had not a leg to stand upon; and as Mrs Anson was a rich woman still, whose sorrows would naturally heal with time, and admit of her renewing her hospitalities, her

friends met her with sympathising faces, and permitted themselves to forget all the evil things they had attributed to her, and the ill-natured ones they had circulated. But a calumny has a principle of vitality in it that renders it extremely difficult to trample it out of the world altogether, when once it has sprung up. As the seeds of noxious weeds are borne on the wings of the wind, so does a scandal fly from place to place; and long after it is forgotten by those who have first uttered it, it starts up in some distant spot to do its wicked work.

For the present, however, all looked fair and well. Mrs Anson was devoted to her little boy, a well disposed spirited child, who never occasioned her a moment's uneasiness, except from the apprehension that he might inherit the malady of her husband's family, till he approached the age when it was necessary to decide the direction his studies should take, and then he declared such a strong predilection for the navy, that his mother, after vainly endeavouring to combat it, was at length compelled to yield to his wishes, and get him rated as midshipman on board a king's ship. It was a sad day for her when this darling of her heart left home, and it was several weeks before she could rouse herself sufficiently from her depression to receive her visitors as usual, but at length Mrs Riddle insisted on being admitted.

'Come, come, my dear,' said she, 'this will never do. One would think nobody ever had a son leave home before. Why, look at me; you can't be fonder of your boy than I am of my Godfrey, and hasn't he been these three years abroad with his regiment? and I know not when I shall see his dear face again.'

'But you have your husband, and you are used to the separation from your son.'

'Now I am, but it was as hard to me at first, I assure you, as it is to you. He left me when he was eighteen: and never shall I forget the day or what I suffered. I am used to it now, certainly, but not reconciled, though I bear up because it is no use grieving for what I can't alter; and to say the truth, I have another trouble on my mind just now that somewhat diverts my thoughts from my boy.'

'What is that?' inquired Mrs Anson.

'Why, Riddle is not well; he hasn't been well for some time; and I am afraid Dr Pearson is not satisfied about him.'

Mrs Anson hoped this was needless alarm, but it proved not without a just foundation. The seeds of a fatal malady were beginning to develop themselves, and although he survived these first indications of mischief three or four years, Colonel Riddle died when little past the prime of life, leaving his wife and daughters in very embarrassed circumstances, his half-pay and pension expiring with him.

As we have mentioned, Mrs Riddle and Mrs Anson had been schoolfellows, and although there had never been sufficient congeniality of character betwixt them to establish a *friendship*, an intimacy had existed, and now that the former was in distress, the latter did not hesitate to acknowledge the claims of old acquaintanceship. Everything that kindness and liberality could do, delicately administered, she did. Her son amply provided for, and inexpensive herself, she had plenty of money to spare; and unknown to everybody but Mrs Riddle, she paid for the education of the younger girls, and contributed in many ways to the support of the family. In short, now, in their time of need, she was their good angel; and Mrs Riddle, subdued by affliction, and overcome by the genuine kindness of her old schoolfellow, forgot her foolish jealousies, and became sincerely attached to her. Under these circumstances it was impossible but that some self-reproach should occasionally visit her breast—an uneasy consciousness that she did not merit all the kindness she was receiving; and it may be conceived how much these remorseful feelings were aggravated by a confidence which, in consequence of the friendly relations existing between them since Colonel Riddle's death, Mrs Anson was at length induced to repose in her. It arose out of a conversation regarding Mrs Riddle's children, and her anxiety respecting their future provision.

'If anything happened to me,' she said, 'my poor girls would be without a protector in the world.'

'They have their brother Godfrey,' said Mrs Anson, 'and he, you say, is very much attached to them.'

'Oh, yes, very much, poor fellow, though betwixt school and Sandhurst it is little he has been at home since he was quite a child; and little he will be at home for the future; though, to be sure, it is a comfort that the regiment is getting through its turn of foreign service now, for in two years more it will be home, and then I hope he will have a long leave.'

'How happy you will be to see him!' said Mrs Anson.

'Oh, yes; he's such a good boy, and bears such an excellent character in his regiment. But I wish he was in some other profession. It is a miserable thing to have one's only son always away.'

'What is it when its one's only child?' said Mrs Anson, with a sigh. 'Think of me and my poor boy.'

'But there's no necessity for your separation; you who have plenty of money could keep him at home, if you liked.'

'No,' said Mrs Anson, gravely shaking her head.

'I know he had a great fancy for the navy,' returned Mrs Riddle; 'but you might have talked him out of that; or if you had positively refused his going to sea, he would have taken to something else.'

'It is not impossible, certainly,' said Mrs Anson, 'but I did not dare to try the experiment. Oh, my dear friend, there are greater troubles in the world than poverty, believe me.'

'What troubles?' inquired Mrs Riddle, opening her eyes with astonishment. 'I thought Charles was everything you could wish.'

'So he is, poor dear boy,' responded the other; 'but you little guess the cruel anxieties I suffer about him, for all that. I dare say, now, Ellen, when my poor Edmund was alive, you thought that if there was anybody in the world free from anxiety, it was me?'

'I certainly did,' answered Mrs Riddle.

'Ah, how little we can judge from outward appearances the internal condition of any family!' exclaimed Mrs Anson.

'You perfectly amaze me, Frances,' responded Mrs Riddle, whose mind began to recur to her former tittle-tattle about Mr Markham. 'What can you allude to?'

'You must promise me never to mention what I shall tell you to anybody in the world, except Mr Markham,' said Mrs Anson.

'I certainly will not,' answered Mrs Riddle, whose curiosity was excited to the highest pitch.

'Now that he is away, I have no one I can speak to on the subject, though it's the one that ever lies heaviest on my heart,' continued Mrs Anson.

'What can be coming now,' thought her friend.

'It's hard never to be able to speak of that which is never absent from one's mind,' said Mrs Anson.

'But what is it?' exclaimed Mrs Riddle.

'Did you ever remark that there were certain intervals during which you were not let in when you called—not you alone, but when I was denied to everybody?'

'To be sure, I did,' answered Mrs Riddle, opening her ears wider than ever, at the same time that a conscious blush suffused her cheeks.

'And you never guessed the reason?'

'No; how could I? You never said you were ill; and, indeed, we used to see you driving out at the very time nobody could get within your door for a fortnight together—except, indeed, Mr Markham.'

'Yes, he was an exception, an exception that grew out of an accident, but great was the comfort of it to me. My poor Edmund became so fond of him, and he was so kind in our days of trial!'

'Trial about what?' asked Mrs Riddle, utterly perplexed.

'You would never have suspected that Mr Anson was subject to attacks of the most fearful malady.'

'Fits?' inquired Mrs Riddle, quite disappointed that the secret was not of a more interesting character.

'No, much worse; insanity—hereditary insanity,' an-

swered her friend. 'The attacks came on almost periodically, and at those times I never durst leave him. His horror at the idea of his malady being known, too, was beyond anything you can conceive. It was on that account he wouldn't allow me to say he was ill, lest the truth should be suspected.'

'What a dreadful thing! But was he in that state when you drove out with him?'

'Yes; but under his cloak he had a strait-waistcoat on, and I seldom ventured to take him out, except when Mr Markham could accompany us. Nothing promoted his recovery so much as those drives.'

'Poor soul! how little we guessed your affliction!' cried Mrs Riddle, her heart smiting her for her past unjust imputations.

'And now you can understand my anxiety about my poor boy, and why I was afraid of crossing a proposition so strong, that the protraction of his wishes was already beginning to affect his health and his sleep.'

This confidence naturally augmented the friendship between the two ladies. Mrs Anson had many strange and interesting experiences to relate, and Mrs Riddle was touched with pity and remorse whilst she listened to them. Their sons, too, furnished an inexhaustible subject of conversation, which suddenly received a fresh accession of interest from the early prospect of the two young men meeting. Mrs Anson received a letter from her son, announcing that the Thunderer, which had been some time cruising about the Indian Seas, was ordered to the Cape of Good Hope.

'How fortunate!' exclaimed Mrs Riddle. 'Then he will see my Godfrey; for the 88d is quartered at Cape Town. I'll write, and desire him to seek out your Charles directly.'

'They will probably have met by this time,' said Mrs Anson.

'Perhaps not,' returned the other. 'I had better write; for there are so many officers there, naval and military, that, not being acquainted, they may never meet, if I do not.'

So there was a letter written by each lady, recommending the young men to each other's good offices; and many a pleasant chat the mothers had, figuring to themselves the friendly intimacy that would spring up betwixt their sons; and the pleasure it would give both to see a neighbour in that far land. So time went on, and at length they began to look for letters which should give them tidings of the happy meeting; the mail was daily expected, and each morning Mrs Riddle, when the postman had passed her own door, threw on her bonnet and shawl, and went to her friend's house to inquire if she had any news.

'Well, Martin, any letter from India yet?' said she to Mrs Anson's butler, one morning that she went on this errand.

'No, ma'am, there wasn't no letters to-day; only the newspaper.'

'How strange it is! Surely the mail must be in! Where is your mistress?'

'When I took her the paper she was in the summer-house. Shall I let her know you are here, ma'am?' asked Martin.

'No; I'll go to her,' said Mrs Riddle; and, passing through the house to the garden, she proceeded to seek her friend. 'Frances, are you here?' said she, opening the door of the little thatched building, overgrown with woodbine and clematis, in which Mrs Anson was wont to pass many of her hours. 'Frances, dear, what's the matter? Are you ill?' she exclaimed, as she perceived her friend stretched on the floor, with the newspaper lying beside her. But Mrs Anson made no answer, and when Mrs Riddle attempted to lift her up, she found she was quite insensible. She opened the window, sought for water, and finding none, ran back to the house and summoned the servants. What could it be? Nobody could imagine. She had been very well just before, and had eaten her breakfast as usual. She had met Martin at the door of the summer-house, to ask if there was a letter, and seemed disappointed that

there was none; but he had not remarked any symptoms of illness. In the meantime the doctor was sent for; but before he could arrive, Mrs Anson's senses began to return. She opened her eyes, and put her hand to her head. 'Do you feel better, dear?' said Mrs Riddle, tenderly supporting her.

For a moment or two Mrs Anson remained silent, looking about as if seeking to recollect herself, till her eyes met Mrs Riddle's face hanging over her. Then she clasped her hands, uttered a deep groan, and sunk back from their arms to the floor again.

'What can it be?' exclaimed the latter.

'There can't be nothing in the newspaper, sure!' said Martin.

'Something has happened to Charles,' thought Mrs Riddle, to whom this hint at once furnished a clue to her friend's condition, and, snatching the paper from the ground, she eagerly ran her eyes over it. There it was!

*'Extract from the Cape Town Journal, 11th May.—Lamentable Occurrences.—A duel was fought here yesterday, arising out of a quarrel at the mess-table of the 83d regiment, which has unfortunately proved fatal to one of the parties.'*

She could read no more. The paper fell from her hands. It was not Charles Anson, then; it was her own Godfrey that was killed!

Alas! it was; but he had died by the hand of her friend's son. Almost immediately after the ship had entered Table Bay, two or three of the officers were invited to dine at the mess, and amongst them Charles Anson. As we mentioned in the beginning of our tale, the boy's grandfather had been in the army and fell at Waterloo; and some casual reference to his name made by a senior officer who had known him, resulted in Godfrey Riddle's remarking, from the opposite side of the table, that his son, Edmund Anson, had made away with himself, in consequence of the ill conduct of his wife, &c., &c. The sound of his own name had caught the ear of the young midshipman, who was seated at some distance, and he heard the cruel scandal associated with that of his mother. When the company dispersed, he quietly followed Godfrey Riddle from the room, and challenged him. A meeting ensued; and the death of the thoughtless, but innocent repeater of his mother's calumny paid the penalty of her *guilt*—for no milder term can be applied to such wanton aggressions on a woman's reputation as that we have instanced.

The misery and the suffering that ensued to the mothers, and the fatal effects of the quarrel and its catastrophe on the excitable mind of Charles, we need not dilate on; but such were the bitter fruits borne by those wild words sown upon the wind!

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.\*

### CAMEL RIDING.

THE Arabian camel, as you know, has a large hump upon his back,† which would seem to forbid the idea of attempting to mount him. To obviate this difficulty, a large pack-saddle of straw is fitted on his back, so as to raise his sides, so to speak, to the level of his hump: on top of this saddle a wooden framework is placed, by means of which loads of merchandise are secured upon the camel, or heavy panniers are hung upon its sides. The arrangement for riding is a little different; the wooden frame has two short, round pieces of wood, reaching up in front about eight inches, and the same in the rear, making a surface or saddle for the rider about two feet in length between those short posts; here are placed cushions, or something of the sort, on which the traveller sits, and the pieces of wood, both before and behind, prevent his sliding

backwards or forwards, and often save him from falling off the camel's back. I may mention here, that the animals trained for riding are usually termed dromedaries, but are in no other respect distinguishable from the ordinary camels. Well, then, the dromedary having been properly fitted for your use, you make your first essay in mounting. Unlike a horse, as well in beauty as in speed and intelligence, the camel stands too high to be mounted by means of stirrups; consequently, it is compelled to kneel and bring its huge body nearer your own level before you can get upon its back. The driver standing at its head makes a singular clicking or gurgling sound in his throat, which the animal understands, and, after a few moments and some growls of discontent, falls upon the knees of its fore-legs, then bends its hind legs partly under its body, and finishes by stretching out its fore legs upon the ground, and remaining thus, its belly touching the sand, as long as may be wanted. In this position it is easy to mount, and being fairly astride, the camel gets up again. It first raises its hind legs, and then scrambles up on its fore legs. The effect of this, as you perceive, is to give you a sudden pitch forwards and almost as sudden a pitch back again to a level position: unless you are very careful and have got perfectly secure on your seat, you are almost certain to be thrown over the camel's head (as I was on one occasion), which is no trifling matter, I can assure you. In general, persons ride without stirrups, but we thought that they would prove serviceable in resting our legs, which, otherwise, would be dangling all day without any relief. Consequently, we had these useful articles attached to the fore-part of our wooden saddle, and found them very excellent for the purpose intended. At first you are apt to feel that your position is rather too elevated for comfort; and it is not to be wondered at if you look somewhat anxiously at the height from the ground, and think very seriously of the chances of a broken head, or neck, it may be, in case you are pitched off unawares. But a little experience reconciles you entirely to this arrangement, and when you have spent a hot day in the desert, where on the sand the heat is intolerable, but on the camel's back there is usually a nice and free circulation of air, you feel the value of a lofty elevation like this, and are glad, at any price, to purchase some exemption from the power of the burning sun. All being ready, the camel-driver leads the dromedary forward, and you immediately find that the motion produced by its long strides and peculiar gait, is by far the most singular of anything you have ever experienced. Now you pitch forwards, now backwards, now sideways, and now you have a movement consisting of a mixture of all three. For a while you are in great terror of falling off, and grasp the pommels, if so I may term them, of the wooden saddle with desperate earnestness; and if your head is not good, or you are easily affected with nausea, you *may* feel something of what is commonly called seasickness; ladies, I have been told, not unfrequently suffer in this way. But supposing that you escape this mishap, you are some little time before you dare look around you, or try to enjoy the novel scene. You still feel suspicious; you are uneasy at the growling and unpleasant noises of the camels; you do not yet understand the habits of the animal, and you suspect that some dreadful accident will most certainly occur before you are through with the matter. By and by, too, your back begins to ache, and you find this perpetual see-saw sort of motion, which is not discontinued for a moment, so unnatural and so hard upon the muscles of that part of the body, that you are soon fatigued, and feel convinced that you can never endure it for any great length of time. And when towards evening you dismount, running the same risk of a fall as when you went through the operation of getting upon your camel's back, you ache all over so badly, your limbs are so stiff, and you are so completely, fagged out, that you are ready to lie down almost in despair, and groan bitterly over the prospect before you.

This is usually the first day's experience. On the second you find camel-riding more tolerable; on the third, you become quite reconciled to it; and subsequently, when you

\* By the Rev. J. A. SPENCER, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam.

† The Bactrian species has two humps or humps, one on the shoulders, and the other on the croup. His height is said to be considerably greater than that of the Arabian camel.



are entirely at home in your place, riding in any one of a half-dozen different positions which you may choose—forward, backwards, sideways, cross-legged, and so on—and are so much at ease as to read comfortably, and even make notes as you go along, you get rather to like this kind of locomotion, and actually find that you can go through more on the back of a camel than on horseback; you are convinced, too, that for a long journey, the former is preferable to the latter in many respects, and has advantages which cannot be attained in any other way.

#### RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

We met with an adventure which was more vexatious and dangerous than pleasant. I have not yet been able to find out how or why it was that we did not follow the more usual plan, and pass outside of the walls to our proposed place of encampment beyond; but we did not, that is certain, as I have had too much occasion to remember ever since. When we came near the city of Nablus, at the eastern entrance, an officious young scamp was very ready to show us the way, and as Antonio was in advance, he ought to have known better than to have followed him; however, in our simplicity, in we went after the boy, and at a slow pace proceeded through the main street, where most of the shops are, towards the gate at the opposite end of the city. Perhaps it was mere fancy, but I think now that I saw a twinkle of the eye, as though our extemporary guide had succeeded in getting us into a scrape from which we could extricate ourselves no better by turning backward than by going forward. The street was full of people, and just wide enough for us to advance in single file; at first, they looked at us rather spitefully, which we did not mind a rush; then they began to use abusive language, which we did not particularly care about, and could have endured; next, the children and half-grown boys and girls began to shout words and songs of insult against 'Christian dogs,' which was very vexatious and annoying, but of no great consequence; the result of all this, as you may suppose, was, that very soon a considerable excitement was got up against us in this fanatical city. The old people, and parents in general, began to come out to the doors to see what it was all about, and as, by their smiles and laughs of encouragement, they pushed the younger ones on to extreme steps, so it happened, and matters did indeed proceed to extremities. You will recollect that we were advancing at a walk, one behind the other, and, as ill fortune would have it, we were alone, except the dragoman and a Nubian slave, who had one of the horses in charge; the muleteers were some miles distant, coming on at a slow pace: Antonio was ahead, Mr P. next, the Nubian next, and poor I last of all: I mention this particularly to show you that the severest trial by far came upon me, in consequence of my situation behind. Well, then, the noise, and confusion, and insult, and contumely, did not seem to satisfy the Nablus people; so, as we were a small party, they ventured upon another step, which was more serious; some boy or other took up a few stones, shook them at us, and emboldened by nearness to his own door, had the audacity to throw one; this time no one was struck; but the evil was begun; other boys picked up stones, and in a moment or two a whole volley of these was fired; several struck me with much force, but as they came from behind I could not tell who threw them; and, as the odds were too much against us, a whole city against three or four persons, I knew that we must get out of it the best way we could; so I shouted to Antonio to push on, feeling, I must confess, a strong desire to punish the young vagabonds for their outrage against quiet travellers like ourselves, and grasped my stout stick with an energy that would have been dangerous to any one of them had I caught him within my reach. On we pushed, every now and then struck by a stone or two, but happily all the time getting nearer to the end of our sore trial; at last we reached the gate, when the uproar ceased, and we passed out in comparative safety, on the whole, glad that it was no worse, and rather rejoiced that we had not given way to our indignation to such a degree as to use

fire-arms in our defence: in that event, the Nablus folks are not a whit too good to murder a man outright, which, considering our small party, they might have done with certainty; had they got their passions sufficiently roused. I do not recollect the exact time that we were walking, not running the gauntlet, but it seemed to me an hour at the least; and had I had it in my power, I would have administered a little wholesome discipline upon this city, which should have taught it hereafter to respect the rights of the traveller and the stranger, no matter of what religion or nation he might chance to be.

#### OUR NATIVE FLORA.

##### WOODLAND FLOWERS.—NO. II.

THE Orchis family, being almost peculiar to the woods, deserve especial notice here. The *Orchideæ* form one of the most extraordinary orders of known plants, the various species—of which there are upwards of two thousand—rivaling all other tribes in their fantastic forms, colours, and odours. The most wonderful kinds are, however, confined to the warm regions of the globe, where, beneath the impenetrable shade of the thick tropical forest in all its primeval grandeur, they luxuriate in the greatest profusion, principally seeking their nourishment from the moist atmosphere with which they are surrounded, and suspending themselves from the branches and trunks of the trees, clasping and covering the entire girth of the bark with their epiphytous roots. The foliage of these tropical epiphytes is in most cases of a very meagre description; but the flowers are generally of great splendour, and in their forms and colours fantastically mimic the animal creation. Birds, butterflies, bees, spiders, flies, and other insects, all have their representatives in the vegetable kingdom among the Orchids; and in numerous instances so exact are the resemblances, that trust-worthy travellers tell us that many of the mimicked insects when feeding or gathering honey from the flowers, shun those flowers that seem so like individuals of their own race. Speaking of the Bee Orchis, however, the author of 'Wild Flowers of the Year' (a delightful little volume, published by the Religious Tract Society) remarks:—'The blossom is nearly as large as an humble-bee, and so like that insect in form and colour, that it might mislead the passer-by into the belief that a bee was hovering on its stem. It never deceives the bee himself, for, on a warm day of June or July, a number of these busy creatures settle upon it, and rob its nectary of the sweet juice which it contains in abundance.' The Bee Orchis is a native of this country; and these curious freaks of nature are likewise shown in several other native species, such as the Spider Ophrys, the Fly Ophrys, the Lizard Orchis, and, we may add, the Lady's Slipper. This last-mentioned flower is one of the most beautiful and one of our rarest British plants; and although recorded in botanical books as growing in the woods in the north of England, it is very seldom met with indeed, and the *Herbaria* of British botanists are generally supplied with specimens of it from the Continent. There are several fine exotic species of Lady's Slipper; and, on showing a fine flowered plant of one of these to a lady friend the other day, and expecting her to admire Flora's beautiful slippers, she complained that they were *too round in the toes, and not of the polka fashion!* Ah! my dear ma'am, nature doesn't do things in the ball-room style. Our own mind is that the flower-slippers are meant for the feet of the fairies, and what poet ever shod them with pinching polkas in their flowery dances? *Cypripedium* recognises not the fancies and follies of fashion.

Although the bulk of tropical Orchids are epiphytous, growing from the branches and trunks of living trees, and sometimes on decaying timber, yet all our British species are terrestrial, and generally occur in moist shady situations, particularly in old woods. They are generally bulbous, or more correctly speaking *tuberosous*, rooted plants; but the roots of some of them are as fantastic in their structure as the flowers. Thus we have the *Coral Root*

*Orallorhiza innata* of botanists\*), a beautiful species, is a lovely coral-like structure of whose root gives the plant its name; and there is the *Listera Nidus-Avis* or Bird's Nest, the thick fibres of the root of which are collected together in such a manner as to resemble the nest of a bird. Both these interesting Orchids are rare, the Coral root being we believe confined to Scotland, while the Bird's Nest is also found in England. The latter, however, seems year after year to become rarer at some of its Scotch stations, the result no doubt of modern enterprise in rural affairs clearing away many of the old woods and rich vegetable soils to which the plant is peculiar. Being itself of brown hue, similar to the withered leaves of the forest, requires a keen eye to detect it in the woodland.

Of all our native Orchids, perhaps, the early Purple Orchid is the most common. It is the *Orchis mascula* of botanists, belonging to the section of the family having two divided tubers at the root; and in the month of June, the woods and shady pastures of some districts are quite a glow of beauty with the showy spikes of its beautiful purple flowers, varying in the intensity of their colouring according to the situation of the plant. Before the flowers appear, the curiously spotted leaves are by no means in- conspicuous objects among the early herbage. Hooker tells us that the flowers are sometimes fragrant: this the writer has never observed; but in respect to odour this species must in any case fall far behind its congener of the Heath and hillsides, the fragrant *Gymnadenia*. The *Gymnadenia* is likewise occasionally found in the woods, especially in the north, and in open places of fir woods, especially, have we seen it in the loveliest profusion, delighting the eye with its tall spikes of rosy purple blossoms, which shed a fragrance upon the air that spreads far away from the flowers themselves and seems to sweeten every green leaf around us. The Spotted Palmate Orchid and the Marsh Orchid are likewise not uncommon, the latter being sometimes found with flowers of the purest white. Some of the kinds, such as the Dwarf Dark-Winged Orchid, the Great Brown-Winged Orchid, the Military Orchid, the Monkey Orchid, the Large White Helio-orchis, and other species, are entirely or chiefly confined to the chalk districts of England. Kent is especially rich in these treasures; and the Lax-flowered Orchid, together with another species, is, we believe, exclusively confined to some wet meadows and bogs in Jersey and Guernsey. Before leaving the Orchideæ, we must not omit to mention the creeping Goodyera (named in honour of John Goodyer, a botanist of Gerard's time), a beautiful though not showy species, which we have seen in great abundance in some of the northern fir and larch forests; and gallantry calls us to notice another little gem, the fragrant *Lady's tresses*\*, which produces its little white blossoms, spirally arranged on their delicate stalks, in August and September, in the hilly parts of England.

The *Linnaea borealis* is an interesting flower indeed to the naturalist, commemorating as it does the memory of one whose name (whatever may be said of his system) will long be venerated above all others by the votaries of natural science. Sir James E. Smith, in describing this plant in his *English Flora* (iii. 142), is quite enraptured with its beauty, and even in the midst of his scientific description, admires it as a meet though humble monument to the memory of the 'immortal Swede.' In detailing the habit of the species, he says:—'A trailing, somewhat shrubby plant, the only known species, of an elegant aspect, and rendered most interesting to a botanist on account of the name, given with the concurrence of Linnæus by his friend Dr J. F. Gronovius, whose letters to Dr Richardson, with many particulars concerning him and his works, may be found in the *Linnaea Correspondence*, v. 2.' Finishing his account of the lowly gem, Sir James remarks:—'Such is

the 'little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early,' which Linnæus selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few could have been better chosen; and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the *Linnaea*.' It is a very beautiful little plant, with small trailing shrubby stems, and these, entwined together and spreading in all directions amongst the thin grass of the wood, form bright green leafy patches from which the pendent rosy flowers are generally produced somewhat sparingly, but sometimes in abundance. The flowers are said to be very fragrant at night with the scent of Meadow-sweet. Smith tells us that it was first found in an old fir wood at Inghimaldie, on the borders of Mearnsire, in 1796, by Professor James Beattie, jun. We have ourselves gathered the *Linnaea*'s flowers at this favoured spot; but since Beattie's day many new situations have been discovered for the plant in different parts of Scotland, more particularly in the counties of Perth, Inverness, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Forfar, &c. Only one locality is, however, recorded for it in England, viz. in a plantation of Scotch firs at Catcherside, in the parish of Hartburn, Northumberland, where it was first found by a lady botanist, Miss Emma Trevelyan. Long may *Linnaea* flourish in our northern woods, a lasting monument to the unparalleled zeal, perseverance, and love of nature that characterised the 'Father of Naturalists.'

\* These botanists trust

The lingering gleam of their departed lives  
To floral record, and the silent heart;  
Depositaries faithful and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph; for if those fall  
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame—  
Who rather would not say—men that feel  
This mutual confidence; if, from such source,  
The practice flow—if thence, or from a deep  
And general humility in death?  
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring  
From disregard of Time's destructive power,  
As only capable to prey on things  
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.'

The wild Hyacinth or Blue-bell is likewise a woodland flower, appearing in the 'merry month of May' in the loveliest profusion, and decking the deeply shaded banks of the woods with its bright array of drooping bells that

'Rival the azure of the sky.'

This is the Hare-bell of the poets, so named from the ringlet-like racemes of flowers. Botanists call it the *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*, and Hooker thus gives the origin of the name:—'Named from the youth *Hyacinthus*, who, being killed by Apollo, was by him changed into a plant, whose foliage bore in dark streaks the initials of his name. Our only British species having no mark or figure on the leaf (such as the eastern plant is said to have), was hence called *non-scriptus*.' The common perforated St John's Wort, and the Hairy St John's Wort, are both often found in the woods in the months of July and August, but prefer thickets and bushy places for their growth. The St John's Wort—the Balm of the Warrior's Wound, as it is termed—is a very showy plant, with erect wiry stems and a great profusion of flowers, in allusion to which we find the following poetic notice:—

'Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies, clothing its slender rods  
That scarce a leaf appears.'

The dusky Crane's-bill or Geranium is a beautiful though dingy flowered plant, but cannot be considered really wild at half of the places where it is found. Our woods being all artificial plantations, and under the immediate control of man, human operations have tended in a great measure to introduce many plants into our woodlands that have been originally brought to this country for ornamental and domestic purposes; and although these flowers grow luxuriantly, and with all appearance of being wild, in our woods, yet they cannot be looked upon as having equal claims to British soil with the Mountain Heather, the Wild Rose of England, the Scotch Thistle, or our 'bonnie Blue-bells.' The Yellow Balm, or Touch-

\* The generic term is formed from the Greek *Κοράλλιον*, coral, and *ῥίζα*, a root.

\* Some people corrupt the name of this plant into *Ladies' tresses*, for what reason we know not, unless it be on account of its rarity and small size rendering it difficult of detection in the herbage, and likely to elude the unpractised eye.

me-not (*Impatiens Noli-me-tangere* of Linnaeus) comes into the category of intruders to our woodlands, as well as the gay Leopard's Bane, with its golden flowers, that bear too much the look of another clime; and with them may be reckoned the Orange Hawkweed, the Sylvan Tulip (which we are almost tempted to claim as a gem of our native Flora), the Rampion Bell Flower, and the charming little Star of Bethlehem.

One of the most specious of our native woodland flowers that can be deemed truly wild is the Giant Bell-Flower, whose elegant form will be familiar to those accustomed to visit our Scottish glens. The Campanulas are a very showy family of plants (generally having *blue* flowers); but the one we refer to is behind none of the species in its elegance and gaiety, and is certainly far superior to any other British bell-flower. The numerous family of Hawkweeds are likewise very gaudy; but as they have long formed a *quæstio versata* of the most perplexing kind for British and Continental botanists, it will be well not to dwell upon them here, where there is no pretension to clear up the scientific difficulties that have invested these plants in the hands of all naturalists who have handled them.\*

Scattered through the woods in April and May, the flower-gatherer will find a profusion of friendship's own flower, the lovely Forget-me-not; but we need not detail its history here, as that has already been fully given in the INSTRUCTOR.†

### LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is an invention to facilitate the diffusion of ideas. Its mission is to convey to the general mind the discoveries of art, science, and philosophy, and to reveal in the most facile, expressive, and simple manner human desires, sentiments, and emotions. Spoken language is the common medium amongst men of immediate mental communion; written language is the medium through which the living few address the many, the distant communicate with the distant—through which the past and present speak to posterity. Without language and memory, man, with his magnificent, organic, intellectual powers, would always have been an infant; he would have been the mere elemental type of a great being, whose latent faculties were in chaos, waiting for the light of speech and of recollection to quicken and illumine them. Language has been modified with wondrous facility to suit those general forms of thought peculiar to nations; and rhetoric has been with ready diversity adapted to the expressions of the ideas of individuals. We have the French, Italian, Spanish, and English languages, which are merely modifications of certain original sounds and signs, adapted to the development of the peculiar minds of four nations living apart from one another; and we have, more particularly in rhetoric, poetic language, conversational language, and philosophical language, expressive of the modes in which men convey to one another their loftiest imaginings, their common desires and sentiments, and the results of their most abstruse thoughts and deepest researches. All language, however, we may repeat, was originally intended to facilitate the intercommunion of men's ideas: the inventor of a word widened the sphere of general thought, and opened up one other view of nature; he created for the world of mind a symbolical equivalent for some object in physics or metaphysics, and increased and elevated human intelligence. The increase of general knowledge would at first produce a loose and ill-digested form of rhetoric, which, in order that education might be

facilitated, was necessarily classified and arranged. Poetry, as civilisation advanced, assumed a peculiar diction, and certain regulated forms of composition; and science, divided into its multitudinous departments, was distinguished by its various technical vocabularies. Mankind, in their state of barbarism, are on a general equality in the path of knowledge; their only distinctions are those of animal strength, cunning, and a rude, meagre eloquence. In their progress in civilisation that general equality begins to disappear; and finally, as in our present condition of civilisation, we find individuals with the most darkened minds, and others with the most enlightened spirits; some with a paucity of language-insufficient to develop the simplest abstract idea, and others masters of all forms of elevated, chaste, and harmonious rhetoric, as they are grand-masters of the most sublime and elevated thoughts. As may easily be supposed, a Galileo and a Newton, in interpreting the sublime mysteries of God in nature, spoke a language to which humanity in the general was a stranger, and uttered a revelation acceptable only by the few; they, like all the great in thought, whether poets, philosophers, or sages, spoke in the fulness of their souls a language which, in truth, was only the beginning of knowledge to the great family of mankind. They were the 'Moses' to whom God had revealed the hidden glory of his majesty in physics. They received the law, and wrote it down in the everlasting language with which the sublimities that they saw inspired them; and it was necessary, and we say the words humbly and respectfully, that they too should have an Elias to expound that law. If in the word prophecy we comprehend the interpretation of the hidden laws of the universe, every scientific discoverer has been in some respects a prophet. He has looked into nature critically, has marked its motions and analysed its parts; and then generally, in the language of the schools, he has made mystery more mysterious to the wondering people, by multiplying the grand total of recondite ideas.

### THE OLD DIVINES.

Let all read them for instruction, not for criticism. Here they will see the life struggling out through other forms of dogma; and while these other forms are meeting, and perhaps neutralising their own, the image of Christ will shine out more clear and simple than they ever saw it before. They will see him as he lives in all his followers, and, loving them with a new spirit of catholicity, will worship him with a new sense of oneness with him and his redeemed. And I anticipate no danger in this free communing with the devotional spirit of the disciples of our Lord, under other and repugnant forms of opinion. To behold the inner light with a Fox and a Gurnall, and with them to be in the spirit; to look into that deep well of spiritual thought which God has uncovered in the sainted pages of Tersteegen; to steal into the cell of the old monk, Thomas à Kempis, and weep with him; to follow to his exile the great archbishop of Cambrai, that most luminous and loveliest of teachers, that most beautiful, most Christ-like, and, to human judgment, purest of all living characters since the days of the apostles—O! if this be dangerous, likely to unsettle our opinions or dissolve our formulas, still may God grant that the effects of such kind of license may appear as soon as possible, and in the largest possible measure.—*Dr Bushnell.*

### SELF-CONQUEST.

All weighty things are done in solitude—that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, or in any violent designs, for these cool, and cool very soon, but in patient practising for whole long days, by which I make the thing clear to my highest reason. Reason works longer than feeling, and enlightens more, for it remains after the other has departed. We must first overcome the little faults, and be easy in this exercise of self-conquest, before we drive away the greater; and yet, after all this, a man is only in an outer court of the Most Holy, and preparing to whip out of himself the old Adam.—*Richter.*

\* Professor Fries, of Upsal, has devoted his attention for many years to these plants (*Hieracids*), and has recently given the result of his labours into the public hands in a most elaborate work embracing a complete history of all the European species, with their geographical distribution, and a searching revision of the synonymy of the family. We understand Mr Babington is shortly to apply these researches to the elucidation of our British species, and we may therefore hope to get them reduced into something like order in course of time.

† Vol. III, New Series, pp. 146, 198

## GEMS OF MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.

PETER BELL.

EVERY one has had visions which, like Paul's, were unspeakable. Every one has felt emotions which were unutterable. Reason instructs us that we live on the border-land of the spiritual world; and there are experiences in every man's life of the veil being drawn aside for a moment, giving him a glimpse of the soul of beauty. But it is only for a moment, like lightning in the dark night—

'Like the snow-flake in the river,  
A moment white, then lost for ever.'

It is only for a moment, but the experience is universal. Only for a moment, in the case of the mass of men; but on this momentary experience, repeated ever and anon, presented in various aspects in youth, and reflected by memory in riper years, the poets found their successful appeal, and lay hold of the universal sympathies of men. They are dowered with the power of seizing and retaining what in others is evanescent, and enshrining it in language, in stone, or on the canvass. Is this your vision? Is this your thought? they ask; and multitudes respond, It is our vision, it is our thought, it is our lost treasure!

We should be disposed to accept him as a true poet, and that as true poetry, which brings those reminiscences before us, fixed and crystallised in any of the forms of art. Note, that poetry must be true and natural, but withal supernatural, for so are those visitations which it is its province to seize and embody. If we might venture to add another to the many tentative and unsatisfactory definitions of poetry, we should say that it is the blending of the idea and the ideal—the clothing of thought, in any of its forms or degrees, with the supernatural or spiritual garments in which, in our moments of inspiration, it is presented to us. Here, we conceive, we shall find the reason why truths which merely delight us in logical tracts, stir us like a trumpet, or wrap us in Elysium, when brought before us in the garb of poetry.

The tale of 'Peter Bell' furnishes a notable illustration. The theme of it is familiar to us all. It is this, that there is a redeemable element in the human heart, and that sorrow is the agency by which that latent power is awakened into life. It is the theme, we might say, on which hang all the law and the prophets. It is proclaimed from a hundred thousand pulpits on every recurring Sabbath. It is old, and is ever new, as the world; it is familiar, and it is mysterious, as life or death. Old and familiar; yet Wordsworth deemed it a fit theme for a standard poem, and poetry a fit vehicle in which to present it, as is manifest in a dedication to Robert Southey. 'The tale of Peter Bell,' he says, 'which I now (1819) introduce to your notice and to that of the public, has, in its manuscript state, nearly survived its minority, for it first saw the light in the summer of 1797. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception, or, rather, to fit it for filling permanently a station, however humble, in the literature of my country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the art not lightly to be approached, and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.'

Here we have an estimate of the poetic art by one who has laboured in the poet's vocation through a long life. An art, he says, not lightly to be approached; the attainment of excellence in which may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit—if a man have the high commission from Heaven. It amounts to this, that he who has the seeing eye and the constructive talent shall do well to watch for those evanescent visions which bless and beautify our humanity, and enshrine them in human vehicles, for the benefit of the race. That such an one is in his proper place, and at his true work, will

be readily and joyfully acceded by the unpoetic many, so often as they call to remembrance their own delightful but transient visions. We can all imagine how much better and happier we should be were our best thoughts to become whispering voices to us in the routine of common life, or even in our devotion. This is the aim of the poets, and the tendency of true poetry. To hallow all things, even the highest; to clothe reality with the ideal, with that supernatural transcript of it which is written more or less distinctly on every living spirit, is the vocation of the poet, and is the aim of Wordsworth in the tale before us. A few volumes of rhymed sentences comprise the greater part of his labours. Might we suppose that he looked upon them with complacency, and could say to his own heart, I also have done something for my fellow-men? Highly gifted by the God that made him, his life was contemporaneous with others highly gifted also; and there is his work, and there are theirs. There are the rhymed volumes of William Wordsworth; and there, partly written and printed, and partly written only on the life and circumstances of the millions of Europe, and of millions beyond it, are the works of Napoleon and Wellington, of Peel and Russell, of Richard Cobden and Robert Stephenson, and a host besides, of captains, navigators, statesmen, mechanists, chemists, and agitators, under whose hands old things are passing away with a rapidity of which the railway is the type or symbol. A few rhymed volumes, and the treatises of Vienna; 'Peter Bell,' and the railway system; the 'Ode on Immortality,' and the Reform Bill; sonnets, and the repeal of the Corn Laws; elegies, and the electric telegraph—these are not comparisons, but contrasts.

Thus, in parallels, in the world of matter and of mind, is the work of the ages carried on, and the scroll of providence unfolded. Apparently, there is nothing in common between these two classes of workers. Yet none of them are really isolated, but are mutually stimulated by each other. On a tide of influences, not originated, but swollen into a spring-flood, and lashed into commotion by the statesmen and discoverers of our age, we all live and work. Ideas, long ago sown in the seed-field of time, flowered and bore fruit in their minds; and now they are embodied around us in statutes and systems, hemming us in in one direction, and urging us onwards in another. They are a power upon us, and co-operate with our own free-will in shaping our life and destiny. But there are other powers besides acts of parliament; other forces make and mould us besides railways and electric telegraphs. We own the sway of other masters besides those whose sphere of work is the material world, and are indebted to other benefactors than those who mound the valleys and tunnel the mountains, to make a swift and easy way for our material life. There is a higher sphere of activity and duty than that of warriors and statesmen; there is a region of purer enjoyment than that of the senses. There is a material and there is a spiritual world; and there are master-spirits and discoverers in the one and the other. We alternate pleasantly and profitably between them; and from the hissing of engines on long-drawn rails, we can pass at pleasure to the soft chimes of our poets; from the wonder of the Britannia Tunnel to the simple tale of 'Peter Bell.'

Both are good in their place—the rhymes and the rails, and each were incomplete without the other. Railways and telegraphs give us much, but much also they take away. They minister to our temporal wants, but turn our old world of ideas upside down; and while drawing counties, kingdoms, and continents together, they rob us of our old dear individualities. The heaven of repose which lies nestling on the consciousness of our first ten summers has no more its counterpart in the world without us; but all is whirl and commotion, and it would seem as if time itself had caught the new impetus, and were hurrying with us more rapidly to eternity. We admire and wonder, but can hardly accept the new order of things as a final issue. It wants completeness. It is the embodiment of great ideas; but we feel that a greater still is

needed to sanctify and solemnise it. On these winged trains we ride swiftly, only to find that *yonder* is the counterpart of *here*: the same green earth is around us, the same blue heavens are above us, the same longing heart is within us. But after all, we accept, in thankfulness and hope, the keys of modern science, by which we have access to new storehouses and treasures of the world. There is hope in this, cheering and strengthening hope; for we stand on a pediment of earth in our holiest communings with heaven, and through the senses stretch forth to that which is invisible. We can speak of the blessed curse of labour, and yet add, that the ignorance which prevented the nations from enjoying the fulness of the material world was also a hindrance to their intellectual and spiritual life. But now they are entering upon a new era; and down the vista of the coming time the eye of faith can descry the genius of mechanism and the spirit of poetry working harmoniously together; the one filling the horn of plenty, the other sanctifying the feast, and filling up the leisure hours with the exhaustless treasures of ideal beauty.

To our seers and strong brothers we are indebted for those discoveries and adaptations by which our outward comfort is promoted, and a basis laid for the superstructure of a higher civilisation; and to another class of seers we are more deeply indebted for bringing before us spiritual truths in the diviner light of their own conceptions. The former link our agriculture and commerce to the primeval forces; the latter bring our consciousness into communion with the realities of the invisible world. The former teach us how to avail ourselves of the munificence of nature; the latter say grace for us over the bountiful meal. Both link the little to the great, or teach us that there is no little, but that all are parts of the great whole, and that in its union with the whole the part is exalted. The progress of civilisation is a process of discovery. There is no new thing under the sun. There is clearer vision, thanks to our seers; but the things seen now for the first time were there from the beginning. All these discoveries in science are revelations, not creations. The world of our day is the same as the world of Adam's; the 'Cosmos' of Humboldt is the cosmos of the sixth morning. The skyey influences and the vegetable powers were wedded from of old, and the hunters and shepherds of the first ages might, had they known it, have been as good agriculturists as the Lothian farmers of the nineteenth century. The new world existed since the flood; but the navigators of the old world could not take possession of it before the polarity of the magnet was revealed to them. The elf in the legend was baffled to make ropes of the sand on the sea-shore; but in process of time it was found to have adhesive qualities, and became glass. Men could now at once keep out the wind of heaven, and let in the light of it, to their temples and habitations. But while artificers were cutting it into squares and fitting it into common windows, cunning artists were rounding it in circles and ellipses, grinding and polishing it, and fitting it up in other windows, to let in the light of knowledge, through the decaying eyes, to the soul within. Nor was this all. Patiently laborious, they fitted it into curious instruments, by which human vision was indefinitely extended, and the infinitude of creation, both upwards and downwards, was revealed. There were dewdrops on the flowers of Paradise; there were rivers in Eden; there was latent fire in the stones of the garden, and in the balmy air of the sinless world; there was atmospheric pressure from the beginning, though the early fathers did not know or feel it; and imagination pictures thunder and lightning at the completion of the mortal sin original; but a century has not elapsed since the primordial forces of fire and water were yoked together in the steam-engine, and it is but yesterday that we learned to hold intercourse, through the medium of the elemental fire, with our distant kindred, with the rapidity of thought.

So then the railway and the electric telegraph are only new forms of old things, and it is a new form of an old thing that is brought before us in the tale of 'Peter Bell.' It is composed of the rudest materials which human life

could furnish. The hero is a rogue and vagabond, a hawk of earthenware—

'A carl as wild and rude  
As ever hue and cry pursued,  
As ever ran a felon's race.'

But 'what's in a name?' 'Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.' Peter Bell, 'the ruffian wild,' will suffice as well, or better, than another to point a moral; for men are not angels, else some of the saddest yet sublimest things had not been known to us.

The tale opens with a prologue, in which Wordsworth playfully ridicules the notion that the poetic is to be found only far away, or in the supernatural. His favourite canon is the reverse of this. He is a dweller at home; and waiting and working there, with open and loving heart, the kingdom of heaven comes down to him, and he entertains angels, not unawares. For twenty-one years, he tells us, he kept 'Peter Bell' in manuscript, touching and re-touching it, 'to fit it for filling permanently a station, however humble, in the literature of his country.' A long and loving companionship, yet how dissimilar the companions! The large-hearted Wordsworth fondling this wooden block of a Peter! The poet who dwelt in the beauty and open secret of nature lingering for one-and-twenty long years in yearning love over such a mechanism of a man!

Peter was a dweller out of doors; he and his asses had traversed the island from Cornwall to Inverness,

'But nature ne'er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.'

His insensibility to outward beauty might have been forgiven, or lamented by one who loved him, as a misfortune; but Peter was positively bad, as well as negatively insensible—'he had a dozen wedded wives!'

'But how one wife could e'er come near him,  
In simple truth I cannot tell;  
For be it said of Peter Bell,  
To see him was to fear him.'

When we reflect upon Peter's misspent opportunities among the shows and forms of nature; that for two-and-thirty years 'the soft blue sky did never melt into his heart'; that he wanted courage, but, instead, had cunning and impudence, and had joined the vice of the city to the 'unshaped, half-human thoughts which solitary nature feeds'; we shall be ready to think that his patron-poet had an intractable subject of him, if not one altogether irredeemable.

But it is the prerogative of genius and of love to transform the deformed, to elevate the humble, to ennoble the mean, to irradiate the dull routine of life with the beauties of heaven. Peter Bell is introduced to us as an alien from goodness, cold, impassive, encrusted with selfishness, seared with sin; but we part from him weeping like a child; for sorrow had penetrated to the recesses of his being, and nature had,

'Through a world of death,  
Breathed into him a second breath,  
More searching than the breath of spring.'

The leading idea of the poem, as we have said, is, that there is a redeemable element in the human heart, and that sorrow is the agency by which this latent power is awakened into life. It is an old and great truth, and has been presented at different times, in various phases, to the human race—now dimly adumbrated in the ways of providence and the consciousness of earnest natures, now symbolised in the Jewish ritual, and latterly proclaimed with no uncertain sound in the Christian dispensation. An old and wide-acknowledged truth, and sufficiently important to warrant one so highly gifted as William Wordsworth to devote the leisure intervals of half a life to write a rhymed sermon for its illustration. It is the theme of themes—the story of the turning-point and upward progress of a human spirit from the abyss of sin. But in that abyss there is a divine possibility. Down in the unfathomable depths of our nature, embedded under hemlock growths and thick-ribbed ice of wickedness and selfishness, are sympathies which sin may touch, but cannot wholly extinguish. They may long remain inert and passive, like seeds in the earth, which yet do not die, but

spring up and bear fruit when, in the revolutions of providence, the superincumbent mass is cleared away, and the skyey influences are let in upon them. So also those elements of life in the human heart. Season after season may pass away, unblest harvest after unblest harvest meanwhile coming to maturity, and the unprofitable husbandman eating of the apples of Sodom. More and more luxuriant is the produce, more ample the deadly feast, and less satisfying to the eater. But the redeemable sympathies are not yet blotted out; the good seed is not yet dead; the divine spark is not yet extinguished; the divine impress is not wholly erased. After the outworks are captured and the city spoiled, the citadel holds out, and there is a possibility of deliverance. This is the idea on which the structure of 'Peter Bell' is built; or might we say that the twin ideas of a redeemable element and redeeming sorrow are the cherubim over the mercy-seat, with outstretched wings towards each other, around which are reared the altar, the veil, and the outer courts of this symbolical temple?

We can give only a very brief sketch of the tale. One moonlight November night, Peter Bell, wandering alone in a Yorkshire dale, stumbled upon an ass, and resolved to steal it. But the ass would not move from the spot, beat it as Peter might. As he continued to make his sapling ring upon its hide, it quietly lay down on the brink of the river. Irritated and disappointed, he stooped down to throw it into the stream; but in the act of doing so, something met his eye, and, 'with a loud and frighted shriek, he drops a senseless weight, as if his life were flown.'

The dead, with lack-lustre eye, had looked up to him. The master of the ass lay drowned in the river. Peter sets about to pull out the body, upon which the ass suddenly rises, and, stooping down, licks his hand. Here was the solemnity of death and the light of affection, though only the affection of an ass. It was the first step in the redemption of Peter Bell.

Mounting the ass, which stooped down to invite him, he went away, under its guidance, to the cottage of the drowned man. Strange twitches have begun to pass through his brain. In the gloom of a thicket a voice was heard, at which the ass stopped for a moment, and then, turning aside, went away after it. It was the voice of a little boy, searching for his drowned father. It died away, and the ass retraced the path to the familiar cottage. Peter began to feel strange compunctions and to see strange sights, for the spirits of the mind were busy with him. The rocks and trees on either side towered upwards, 'like mosques, and spires, and abbey windows;' and as the two pursued their way,

'The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell.'

He is now fairly within the sphere of the sorrowful-benignant influences; but there is a struggle between them and his confirmed habits. As for stealing the ass, the devil must have put it into his head, for he was not the man to think such an ass worth the stealing; and, at all events, but for him the drowned man could not have had Christian burial. But this self-exculpatory logic would not do. Memory was stirred to its depths; conscience was touched; and the rocks and trees preached accusing sermons. They assumed strange shapes—that of a ruined chapel, among others, suggesting that

'In the shire of Fife,  
'Mid such a ruin, following still  
From land to land a lawless will,  
I married my sixth wife.'

From the marriage of his sixth, Peter is transported to the death-scene of another of his dozen wives—'a sweet and playful Highland girl,' who left her mother at sixteen to follow him—a good and pious girl, who took Peter's evil ways sore to heart, named her unborn child Benoni, and died ere it was born.

'Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspens play).  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway.

And stretch'd beneath the furze he sees  
The Highland girl, it was no other;  
And hears her crying, as she cried  
The very moment that she died—  
'My mother, oh my mother!'

The vision sends an agony through Peter's heart; but after the bruise comes the balm. In a chapel by the wayside, a preacher is proclaiming repentance, and promising forgiveness. Peter hears; he weeps for joy; and

'Through all his iron frame is felt  
A gentle, a relaxing power.'

At length the ass stands at the cottage-door of the drowned man. There were a few moments of awful stillness. A little girl steps out and exclaims, 'My father! here's my father!' The mother heard within, and 'her joy was like a deep affright.' She rushed out, and 'saw it was another!' She fell down insensible at the ass's feet. Peter succeeds in reviving her, and, sadly perplexed, tells his tale. The widow talks to the ass, calls it by its name; and as she bemoans her loss, Peter's

'Heart is opening more and more;  
He feels what he for human kind  
Had never felt before.'

The little girl cries without; she wakes an infant, who cries within; and the mother sighs, 'Seven are they, and all fatherless.' Peter retires to a neighbouring thicket, and communes with long-past years. The little boy who had sought his father in the woods comes up the lane; he sees the ass, and nothing living had ever such a fit of joy.

'This Peter sees, while in the shade  
He stood beside the cottage-door;  
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
Sobs loud—he sobs even like a child—  
'O God, I can endure no more!'

A neighbour soon arrives with his horse. The body is brought home. The faithful and affectionate ass long helped, by its labour, to maintain the widow and her family; and thus the tale closes.

'And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, forsook his folly,  
And after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.'

The 'Ancient Mariner' was the subject of our last paper under this head. A comparison between that remarkable poem and the one before us shows that the leading theme of both is the same, only that in 'Peter Bell' Wordsworth deals with but one half of it. The 'Ancient Mariner' is a type of the whole history of humanity, a complete Pilgrim's Progress; whereas the author of 'Peter Bell' begins at the lowest depths, without tracing the descent, and gives us only the restoration or *exaltation*. Upon the whole, 'Peter Bell' is a milder version of the story of human life, even in that phase of it which falls within the scope of the poem. In the 'Ancient Mariner' we are presented with the sublimities of personal atonement; in 'Peter Bell' we see the lost wanderer drawn upwards and melted to contrition by a *foreign* sorrow. There is wonderful truth and depth in both poems, and both demonstrate the admirable adaptation of poetry to convey and illustrate the loftiest truths of Providence and Christianity.

## CALIFORNIA IN THE LAST MONTHS OF 1849.

### PART I.

We are in thirty-five degrees north latitude, steering under a fresh breeze, towards the neck of water which conducts into the bay of San Francisco. For him who has just escaped from the long martyrdom of a three years' residence under the scorching sun of the tropics, nothing is more agreeable than the first sensations of sharp cold. Everybody on board the *Poursuivante* is besides to-day in perfect good humour. The voice of the commander, usually so piercing in its tone, is perceptibly softened. The crew manage the ship with more than ordinary alacrity. The very passengers, who have missed for so long a time a topic of conversation, are awakening from their

lethargy, and engaging among themselves in animated discussion. This is because we are approaching one of the most interesting and mysterious parts of the globe. We are on the eve of seeing the resolution of a question which has kept for fifteen months the new as well as the old world in strange perplexities. It remains to be seen whether the mines of California, so much vaunted, are not a huge cheat—a Yankee puff—for attracting colonists and capital into an unhealthy and inhospitable country, or whether they are real and tangible. One thing struck us \* during the passage, which was, that in proportion as we neared the end of our voyage doubts thickened on the subject of California. Thus, at Valparaiso, there was full proof of the existence of the golden mines; but the report was general that the country was insalubrious, that neither laws nor government existed among the population, and that it was a common occurrence for one to pay with his life for a very paltry return. At Taïti, a point distant only forty days' sail from San Francisco—at the Sandwich Islands, lying still nearer, we found the same doubts, the same distrust, and the same curiosity. Everybody was on the *qui vive* for news when any vessel arrived from the Eldorado—everybody was on tip-toe for fresh information, and nobody could assure himself of the exact state of affairs at the mines.

We are now not more than thirty leagues from the coast, and we already recognise, in the number and diversity of flags crossing around us, the neighbourhood of some important centre of affairs. To larboard is seen a French three-master, out on the horizon, which is hastening to end its long passage at the same time as our own; here, to starboard, is an Englishman from Shang-hae, with a whole colony of Chinese on board. We can distinguish the pale skins and regular contours, as well as the squat figures of these subjects of the Celestial Empire, while they crowd upon the bulwarks to look at us, and admire the elegant bows of our splendid frigate. Nearer us are several Chilean ships, which salute us as they hoist their flags. Among the passengers covering the decks, we remark many signorinas, and hear their cry, '*Muy lindo! Muy lindo!*' while the Pursuivante majestically moves alongside of them. Alas! among the hearts there, exulting with joy and hope before us, how many, sad and disenchanted, will have ceased to beat before the end of the adventure on which they are engaged!

The wind suddenly drops, which forces us to anchor, before night, at a short distance from the Farrallons, two detached islets which, like to the dragon in the fable, mount guard before the garden of these new Hesperides. While we are thus arrested here against our wills, our ship rolling heavily on the breast of a strong swell, we have the necessary leisure for watching the manoeuvres of several companies of whales which are sweeping around us. Nature seems to have intended that everything about California should have a character of its own. Thus these cetaceous sea-animals differ from other members of the great family to which they belong. Besides, whales of a size three times larger than these, allow themselves to be harpooned and taken, without much resistance, by two or three seamen embarked in a frail boat, which it would be the easiest thing possible for them to sink with one stroke of their tail. The Californian whale is of a much less accommodating nature: from the moment it sees its foes, it turns resolutely upon them and gives them the chase. Surprised and alarmed by courage so new to them, the whalers are very soon wearied of their attempts; they have finally abandoned the field of battle, leaving their terrible antagonist in peace. Thus, while the species is multiplying on the coast of California, it tends, on the contrary, to disappear in the regions where defence is not thought of. At the present day the Russian whale is pushed into the remote seas of Japan and Okotak; and even in regions of difficult access, it does not succeed in finding refuge from its audacious persecutors. Has not this example its moral, like

many others furnished by the animal kingdom? To carry war into the camp of the enemy—to take the first step with those who would attack you, is the surest means of safety for nations, as it is for individuals.

The entrance of San Francisco greatly resembles that of Brest. It is sufficiently narrow to permit the forts which it is proposed to raise on each side to cross their fires and command the mouth. It contains, besides, sufficient water to float ships of the first class. Arrived in front of this neck, the voyager sees spread out before him, not a port or even a lake, but a Mediterranean in miniature. The port of San Francisco would easily contain all the fleets of the earth—a precious treasure for our brother Jonathan; and one might wonder why so important a point has been so long left unoccupied. An inlet situated in the interior of the bay, at a little distance from the mouth, is evidently destined to receive a battery. This will be a new element of force and security to a port which already possesses so many of them.

*Herba Buena*, otherwise called San Francisco, rises to the right, on entering the bay, a little on the other side of the old Spanish fort. At present it is a town of fifty thousand souls, and promises to become in a few years the capital of the Pacific Ocean. Forests of masts, which spread away out of sight, recall Havre and Marseilles. There are at this moment more than three hundred and forty merchant ships moored near the town, without counting a very considerable number of brigs and schooners. All of them, without exception, have lost their crews, and there are many from which even the captains have deserted. An American corvette, on board of which the flag of Commodore Jones floats, is the only watch over this immense property.

We land without difficulty on a jetty thrown up at the foot of the ancient fort. There are here no custom-house officers to rummage your pockets or grope their way through your trunks and packages. Imports are perfectly unknown among this people, for whom time has a value as well as merchandise, and who deem everything which abstracts a part of it without evident necessity, an infringement of their rights as free men.

At San Francisco, where, fifteen months ago, you would not have seen anything but half-a-dozen rude huts, you find at present an exchange, a theatre, churches for every creed, and a great number of sufficiently handsome dwellings. Some of them are built of stone, but the larger part are of wood or *adobe*. The fronts of the houses are whitened or painted, the streets are tolerably regular, and the whole has rather a pretty effect. From the two sides of the town, on a line with the shore, some ranges of tents stretch away out of sight, forming a view of a new description, and not wanting in a certain air of originality. These districts constitute the rendezvous of the emigrants of both worlds—including the Chinese, the Malays, and all that population which swarmed not long ago in the different archipelagos of the ocean, and for which Botany-Bay served as a point of departure—where they repose themselves awhile before taking flight for the mines. You find here the former minister of justice for the king of Kamehameha, now the most notorious brigand in California. Here are reunited assassins, parricides, highwaymen, buccanniers, on whom the hand of Divine justice has not yet fallen. Comedy and the drama—the last especially—would here find ample materials of support. Incredible escapes, and adventures such as our most fertile novelists have never dreamed of, await at this place their future historian.

The town of San Francisco already resembles a vast hive, in which a perpetual humming reigns. Carriages, carts, waggons, circulate pell-mell, crossing one another and jostling on all sides. I pity the philosopher or the dreamer of any description who goes astray on the streets of San Francisco; for at every step he runs the chance of being crushed to pieces while abandoned to his meditations, and before one can cry '*beware!*' Big fellows, mounted on strong and heavy vehicles, and surmounted by sugar-loaf shaped hats, whip and rear their horses,

\* We translate from a paper by M. Patrice Dillon in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'



without paying the slightest attention to the foot-walkers. On each side of the road you see a mute and pre-occupied crowd pressing along, directing their way either towards the Douane, a large pile situated at the bottom of the town, or towards the Exchange, an edifice rising between two gaming-houses, and before which permanent groups of greedy speculators are seen attending.

All the nations of the globe are largely represented in the commerce of San Francisco; but it must be added that the American element predominates. The American legislature permits every one to establish himself according to his wishes; consequently you have brokers, commission-agents, bankers, money-changers, auctioneers—several even following these different professions at the same time. We do not know whether the shipowners and merchants who send goods on consignment to San Francisco are making a good penny of it or not; but this is certain, that the agent who receives the merchandise does not go to ruin. It is right, however, to acknowledge, that the agent of San Francisco has, on his side, heavy charges to support. Thus, besides the dearness of material life, in a country where an egg often brings as much as five francs (4s. 2d., or so), and a potato not less than three, the rents vary from 150,000 to 300,000 francs a-year. There are houses, sufficiently numerous, which yield to their proprietors a return of 800,000 francs yearly.

However important might be the fruits of the Californian mines, and however numerous the resources of San Francisco as a centre of commerce, it is impossible that such a state of things can endure for any length of time. That which seems to give for the moment a factitious and exaggerated value to the property of San Francisco, is the great number of its gaming-houses. All the exiles of Frascati, from numbers 36 and 113 of the Palais Royale, and from the analogous establishments of London, Berlin, and Vienna, appear to have found refuge in this land of promise for gamblers. The moment that a house is to let, it is seized, at any price, by some of these gentlemen, and a bank is installed with all the necessary apparatus. There are actually at San Francisco more than a hundred establishments of this sort, where a crowd of vagabonds, Sandwichians, Mulattos, Chinese, Malays, and adventurers from every country, miscreants of the first order, press and elbow one another every evening. All the populations of the globe have poured a portion of their scum into this sink of humanity.

There is nothing more strange than the spectacle presented every night after eight o'clock by these play-houses. Without, an immense crowd obstructs the doors; within, the eager gamblers force their way to the table of *monte*, and in their furious impatience often come to blows. In California, an insult, or even the slightest mark of contempt, is instantly resented by the poignard or the pistol. 'Silence there!' cries one from the bank, accompanying the command with a pistol-shot and some horrid oath. As soon as a new-comer has reached the gaming-table, fresh from the diggings, he unbuckles his girdle of yellow leather, and gives it a slight shake, placing one of the ends of it on the green tapis. Several pieces of gold roll forth on the table. The head-manager stretches out his large and bony hand, seizes and weighs them in a balance placed at his side, and then declares their value in ounces of eighty-five francs each. The play begins: the same bony hand lifts the piece; the play is resumed, with the same result. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the girdle must be unloosed once more. It rarely happens that the fool withdraws before the bank has spoiled him, in one night, of the fruit of several months' toil and privation.

We had just dined with one of the most lucky speculators in San Francisco, an American, who, an old bankrupt of the Union, arrived in California six months before, and already found himself possessor of a fortune valued at a million of francs. Among the guests there were some officers of the American army and marine service. Dinner continued far into the evening, having been seasoned with toasts and speeches. One of the officers, on

going out, kindly proposed to serve us as cicerone in the town, a proposal which we accepted. We entered into one of the most prosperous of the gaming-houses. Having arrived at the green table, not without great difficulty, we drew from our pocket a piece of a hundred sous, and threw it on the table like one in despair. A man still young, with long beard, grave and effective air, and aristocratical manners, presided. At the moment of turning the wheel he paused, regarded us for an instant, then, picking up the piece, returned it with a polite smile, saying, 'I see, sir, that you are a stranger, and not yet well acquainted with our usages. Here we play, not in pieces of five francs, but in ounces. Will you be so obliging as recall the *cent sous*?' He rested slightly on the last two words. Struck with the manners of so amiable a president, we waited for a favourable opportunity of entering into conversation with him. He yielded to our desire with great readiness. 'You wish to know,' he said, 'if our bank is doing business to advantage. I will be frank with you. Our success is passable. I should except this evening, however, which has been detestable. We are going to close instantly, for I doubt whether our gains since eight o'clock will have reached 200,000 piastres (100,000 francs). Happily, we succeeded better the preceding nights. Had it not been so, we should have been to be pitied; for not to gain more than 20,000 piastres in an evening is for a bank in this country as bad as if one were stripped in a wood.' Our interlocutor told us afterwards that he had played an important part in one of the clubs of Paris up till the events of June. 'We lost our play then,' added he, 'and that was the reason why I changed my theatre of operations.'

The passion for play was not imported into California by the Americans; in all times the inhabitants of this country have abandoned themselves to it with frenzy; and in Mexico it is still the same at the present day. The game called *monte* is that which attracts most lovers of play; but the wheel has also its partisans, as well as the game styled *des bêtes*, in which animals placed at the bottom of a capstan, furnished with moveable rods, receive a rotatory movement, and then stop above certain cases containing animals which correspond to them.

## THE THREE SISTERS; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

### PART III.—THE FUTURE.

#### CHAP. VI.—'SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?'

THE same day Bromley arrived in port, and about nightfall visited Mr Pendarves, who was always glad to see him, hoping that his niece's foolish attachment to Cecil, and aversion to the man of his choice, would wear away; and he always encouraged the captain in this idea. Bromley accosted Ellen kindly, and was surprised at the alacrity and interest she displayed on his arrival. This was a good omen; he took her hand. She did not as heretofore withdraw it, though he felt it tremble within his. When they were alone, she took out the letter. Looking steadily in his face, she said, with great solemnity—'Now swear, if you dare, that Cecil, and Cecil alone, wrote this, and gave it you.'

She felt on the rack until his answer. Without showing the least repugnance, he said—'I do swear it, Ellen. He, and he alone, wrote and gave me that letter. Does that satisfy you, dearest?'

The poor girl's last prop seemed to give way. She sunk on a chair, speechless, and pale almost as the paper she held. Better had it been not to have indulged this expectation, than subject herself to another disappointment.

'But who has put such a strange thought into your head, Ellen? I'm sure I could not have imagined so wicked a thing.'

Ellen did not answer for some time. At length she said—'There is a beautiful lady I saw this morning at

the cove, and she fancied, perhaps, that foul play might have been practised.'

'Do you know her?'

'Indeed I do not; but I thought she was an angel sent for my comfort. There was consolation in her very smile, and so kind—so full of witchery, I think; for I cannot tell you how my very heart drew towards her.'

'And did she suspect me of such a scurvy trick? I should much like to see her, and let her know that I'm not the man she takes me for.'

'She will be at the hut again to-morrow, and inquire what you say.'

'To-morrow, then, I'll go with you. But do compose yourself—you take on so about this affair. It cannot be helped, you know. If you don't alter, you will drive your poor uncle into his grave.'

'Where, I'm sure, I shall not be loth to follow.'

'Nay, nay. Don't fret, my dear, dear Ellen; you have, I hope, a long yarn to spin yet; so put up your handkerchief and ha' done.'

The captain then left, promising to be down at the cove in the forenoon.

Next day Horace and Constance (Gertrude again preferring to stay indoors) bent their steps towards old Michael's hut. On their way they saw an individual pacing to and fro on the beach, evidently scrutinising them with no little interest. He looked askance as they passed by. When out of hearing, Constance said—'What a strange sensation I feel at the sight of that man! Depend on it he's the fellow who, I suspect, is playing false between Cecil and Ellen. There's something in his expression, and particularly that eye, which gives me pain. If yonder individual has not rogue written in his face, I never saw one.'

Horace, too, was not at all prepossessed by his appearance. They both agreed, in the end, that he had basely deceived Ellen, and were prepared to assert this when she appeared. They saw the captain accost her; but he went another way, as she turned towards the ravine. When they arrived, the hut was just pouring out a newly raised cloud of smoke through both door and window—the chimney being quite subsidiary to these, the main exits. They could scarcely muster courage to enter, but stood outside, waiting for Ellen.

She did not hesitate one moment to enter, beckoning them to follow. With some hesitation they plunged into the murky abyss, which, once entered, did not seem so utterly unbearable as their previous apprehensions led them to imagine.

'Was not that your gallant captain we met just now?' inquired Constance.

'Yes. I understood he wished to speak with you; but he said he was afraid of intruding, and is gone away.'

'And what is the result of your inquiry?'

'Oh, my dear lady, it is, indeed, but too true!'

'So we thought,' said Constance, with great vivacity; 'and now, I hope, all will be well.'

'Well!' cried Ellen, looking up with surprise.

'Yes,' returned Constance, 'I trust so, as you have now found out the captain has been deceiving you.'

'Deceiving me?' said Ellen, hastily interrupting her; 'you mistake. Bromley swears that Cecil wrote, and gave him the letter with his own hands.'

Constance looked at Horace, who merely said—'His face much belies him then.'

'We did intend,' said Constance, 'to have tried our best with him as to his knowledge of the party. I have taken a most unaccountable desire to sift this matter. Do you think we could have any chance of meeting with Bromley by returning to the village?'

'I think not,' said Ellen; 'his movements are very little known—at least by us. What do you think, Michael, will be the best plan for our friends to get a word or two with him?'

Michael studied a while, with a few whiffs by way of help—'I can get him here, I dare say. I've a bit o' business to do at times for him; and if you could send to

his lodgings, and say he was wanted at the hut about seven or eight to-night, I'm pretty sure he'll be here.'

The proposal was immediately acceded to, and, ere the party separated, Constance said—'You may depend on it, dear girl; we will do our best for you in the matter. Cheer up. Let us have one smile from that disconsolate face of yours. Come to us in the morning at the inn. I should like to see you before we leave.'

The kind sympathy of Constance seemed to afford her a little comfort, and, with a promise that she would attend, Ellen left for her home at the Mount.

The day wore on gloomily. A thick, heavy atmosphere had overspread both sea and sky; the rocks were half-way shrouded in mist, and the unceasing moan of the restless deep only added to the dull, dreary monotony, the sombre feeling thereby induced. As evening approached, a vivid gleam shot athwart the dull expanse, lighting up with one glad moment every thing within reach, ere it disappeared.

They took another route to the hut, preceded by a guide carrying a light—a needful adjunct they found to their journey. Their way led down the head of the ravine we have described, and over a somewhat slippery zig-zag, through dirt and debris, to the cottage—a dark and lonely way, often rendered dangerous by loose pebbles and the insecure nature of the footing. They could just mark the rugged outline on each side, enclosing a small space of sky above. A feeble light gleamed across a few bushes from the window of the hut as they passed by.

They dismissed their guide for the present, fixing a period for his return. Knocking at the door, it was slowly opened. As far as could be discerned, another individual besides Michael was present, whom they could scarcely distinguish; candles being a luxury seldom or ever indulged in by the old man, who usually guided his movements by the sun.

'Good e'en, my lady,' said he. 'Hearty glad to see you. Come in—come in; nobody but the captain—and we've just finished.'

'Hope we don't intrude on business,' said Horace, taking his cue from Michael, who evidently wished it to appear as though a chance visit.

'Not at all,' said Bromley. 'But I must be going—I'll not hinder yours.'

'We have nothing particular going forward,' replied Horace, 'save that, being strangers here, we want all the information we can get; and Michael, I dare say, will do his best for us among the old traditions of the neighbourhood. Perhaps, as a dweller in these parts, you can give us a few particulars.'

'I have not lived very long about this coast, though I've known it, off and on, from a boy.'

'We are greatly interested in yonder ill-used girl—Ellen Pendarves, I think, they call her. A miserable fate her's, for one so young,' said Constance, trying to lead him to the subject they were anxious to enter upon.

'Ay, ay,' said the seaman; 'and more the pity. 'Tis a grievous shame on those that deceived, and then deserted her; but I hope she will not always be thus. Time and absence work wonders, as the saying goes.'

'You have seen the gentleman, I understand.'

'I have. I saw him here when he first made acquaintance with her. My mind sadly misgave me that no good would come on it. They seemed mightily taken with one another, I own.'

'I understand you are acquainted with his present residence.'

'I am; but not at liberty to tell.'

'Indeed! Then it is secret.'

'I cannot just say that; but then, you know, it would not be fair to turn spy and informer on a young fellow, just on the point of marriage.'

'It is your duty, sir,' replied Constance, 'to unmask a villain, both for this poor girl's sake, and her's who is about to be led into such a disastrous union. For the sake of the innocent, do not screen the guilty.'

'And what if that innocent, as you call her, had done

somebody I know grievous wrong, blighted his fairest prospects, and spurned him?"

'Why, then, the more noble and needful your interference.'

Here the captain burst into a smothered laugh.

'And is revenge so distasteful,' said he—'so little akin to pleasure, as that anybody would forego it for a fair word and a prudent maxim?'

'Then, I think, you are the worse of the two,' said Horace, eyeing the man with a look of disdain, that made the fierce blood boil in his veins.

Bromley shaded his eyes with one hand from the now flashing embers which Michael had just replenished.

Constance gazed, it might be in disgust, on the object before her. She did not speak; but Horace saw there was something which had suddenly moved her. He did not make any remark, but kept a watchful eye both on her and the sailor. He felt her tremble, when, as though escaping from some terrible fascination, she leaned on his arm, saying—'Let us away from this place. There is no need to stay longer.'

Horace attributed this agitation to fear of a quarrel arising from the sharp words that had just passed; and her haste to depart seemed to favour this surmise.

'Our guide has not yet arrived,' said he, 'and we cannot find our way alone.'

'If you will accept of escort,' said the captain, 'I will see you safe at your quarters.'

'Oh, no, no!' said Constance, hastily; 'we will wait—or go alone.'

Bromley looked on her with a suspicious glance, as he replied—'As you will. I suppose as how your gentleman thinks I'm too big a villain to trust yourselves with. You are quite safe though, I assure you.'

Horace was determined to avoid a quarrel, and answered quietly—'I did not suspect anything of the sort. We had, however, best keep in good humour, if possible. Our guide will be here in a few minutes, I see.'

The words were scarcely uttered when the man made his appearance.

They immediately left, and once outside, Constance, as though a weight were removed, said hastily—'Have you no suspicion as to the character of our new acquaintance yonder?'

'Why,' replied he, 'I could not help surmising that he is one of those who supply their country with luxuries in the most patriotic manner possible—to wit, duty free.'

'A happy guess;' and she whispered a word in his ear, to which he made no reply. It appeared his determination was to arrest the smuggler, for he called the guide, and ordered him to make all haste to the village—where there happened to be a coast-guard station—and say their services were immediately wanted at the hut.

'But what are we to do in the meanwhile?' said Constance, alarmed at the idea of a *fracas*.

'We must go back to the cottage.'

'Return! Oh no, I would prefer staying here, alone, rather than that.'

'It is absolutely requisite—at any rate, for me. But I do not like leaving you here. Do conquer your aversion, and go in. Besides, my object is, if possible, to keep him in conversation yonder, until the arrival of our friends. It will excite less suspicion if you return.'

Constance saw the propriety of this arrangement, and, for once in her life, acted the heroine.

They entered the hut, where they found Michael and the smuggler in close conversation. A look of surprise, if not suspicion, passed between them on the re-appearance of the visitors.

'We just came back to ask a question or two respecting Ellen's lover,' said Horace, seating himself. 'It would seem, though you don't choose to betray him, there might be means used to come at this knowledge without any act of yours.'

'Which you are very welcome to use,' said the smuggler, doggedly.

'It is, of course, no business of ours: yet, if any plan

could be adopted to bring them together, perhaps it might be for the advantage of both.'

'And why couldn't she be happy with me?'

'You know women have odd fancies in these matters.'

'Granted, sir,' said the captain, sharply, 'and our business, as far as maybe, is to control such idle humours. I dare say, now, the lady there has whims and likings you would alter if you could.'

There was a malicious leer in those bright, grey eyes, while he said this, which did not escape notice.

'You seem rather knowing in such affairs,' retorted Horace, 'and, no doubt, have had great experience.'

'More, mayhap, than I would care to tell. Rude as you see me, I have mixed in society, perhaps, equal to your own.'

'You are not, then, what you seem?'

'Yes I am—a tough, weather-beaten tar, who has seen nought but the rough ring of life, without ever coming at the kernel. But, whatever your business, I must away. Mine here is done.'

'A few minutes only,' said Horace, trying to detain him.

'I cannot wait; I have work elsewhere.'

Horace, fearful of escape, tried by every possible means to induce him to remain. He did not like to risk a personal encounter. His opponent was a stout, strong-built man, braced by hard and constant work; so Horace felt that he might come off the worst; besides, the presence of Constance rendered him loath to make any direct attempt to seize him. The smuggler was, however, determined to go, and Horace as determined, either by stratagem or force, to detain him until the expected reinforcement, which could not be long.

Horace stood between him and the door. On attempting to pass, the former said—'I wish that, by any means, we could induce you——' when the other interrupted him with a sardonic grin, saying—

'After Cecil's marriage, sir, you will find me sufficiently communicative, quite as much as you can wish—and now, good night.'

The smuggler was about to push him aside, when Horace, who could no longer restrain his impetuosity, took him by the collar, saying—'You are my prisoner. I arrest you in the king's name, as Edward Fitzosborne.'

In a moment, with the rapidity of one always ready for emergencies, the smuggler tripped up Horace's heels, and he lay at the mercy of a man no doubt used to outrage, when requisite for his own safety.

Constance did not scream, as most fair ladies do, especially when there is any one to hear. She contented herself by entreating Michael's assistance; but the old man was evidently too much afraid of the sturdy assailant to attempt any such thing.

'One of those thickest ropes there in the locker,' said Fitzosborne. 'Make haste; what are you staring at? and I will thank you, Miss Constance, to keep away from the door. Take the advice of an old friend.'

Horace did not attempt to struggle, merely saying there was no occasion for any violence, as he would give his word not to escape.

'Fast bind, fast find, you know. Do make haste, Michael; what are you fumbling about? Miss Constance, I will thank you to stand away from the door, or I'll make a sure end of it.'

He drew out a pistol, and his savage nature, now roused, threatened the safety of his victims.

Michael found the requisite materials, and Horace was firmly lashed to a stout post—one of the supports of the cabin.

Constance listened eagerly for the expected help. The lapse of time seemed an age. She conjured up a thousand mischances, and felt that the cruel and vindictive spirit of the being before them would resort to any measures for his own security; goaded on, too, by revenge for the injuries he had sustained.

He seemed to gloat over the distress of his victims. They were now in his power. Constance shuddered, as

she ventured to address him—'And may I ask your intentions?'

'Pretty plain, I think,' said he, as he tightened the cords.

'I mean, sir, your ultimate ones?'

'Why, of course, to get off safe—and punish meddlers.'

'No doubt; and by what means?'

'Just for your satisfaction I will inform you. In an hour or two my brig will be under weigh, and yourselves aboard, on a trip to the opposite coast. You don't suppose I let you remain here, and so have a race with the revenue cutter—eh? Two of my men will have a boat below, in no time, after I leave. I'll come with 'em, you may be sure, and we'll have a jolly trip of it.'

True to his word, Fitzosborne departed, locking the door. He put the key in his pocket—first making himself somewhat merry at their expense.

When he was gone, Horace intreated Michael to release him.

'I dare not,' said he.

'And why? Will you stand by, and see such an outrage perpetrated under your own roof?'

'F.h., good master, you little know them as we have to deal with. Why, the captain yonder cannot be taken, he says, and has as many lives as a cat. Him as doesn't obey orders, if he war a thousand miles off, they'd nail him. That's what it is.'

Horace found the smuggler was regarded with almost superstitious dread, and did not urge him further.

With great exertions, Fitzosborne got his men together. The brig was soon ready, and a boat, with himself and two comrades, dashing through the breakers towards the cove. They landed cautiously; the boat was made fast. They approached the cottage—all was silent. The key was applied, when out rushed an armed party, who soon disarmed the new comers. The latter, along with Michael, were marched off to jail. The old man begged hard for mercy, which Horace promised. His appearance, however, as a witness, was particularly desirable; and, lest he should not be forthcoming, it was requisite to keep him in confinement.

This unexpected occurrence detained Horace a few days longer, and as he could not now accompany Gertrude and Constance further, when matters were arranged, they prepared to return.

Constance had again detected Fitzosborne by a glance at his hand, whilst shading his eyes from the light. He had resorted to his old habits, thinking himself secure from detection.

#### CHAP. VII.—AN ABRUPT CONCLUSION.

Ere Horace left, the jailor came to him with an open letter in his hand. 'We have an odd sort of thing here, directed to our bird Captain Bromley. None of us can make anything of it, but I thought best you should see it before you go.'

The wary official handed it to Horace, who read as follows:—

'You say Ellen has got some acquaintance whom you know. I am fearful of mischief. Should you betray me I am ruined. She has told them all, you inform me; everything but my name, and where I live; and they are very anxious to find that out. Luckily I did not tell her. I throw myself on your mercy; and remember it is only in the event of my marrying that you can have any chance with Ellen. I think I can trust both to your generosity and discretion.—CECIL.'

Horace said he would keep the letter, as something might perhaps be gathered from it. He showed it to Constance. She pointed out what was pretty obvious, that the handwriting was feigned: thus showing the writer's caution and extreme dread of discovery. She took it into her own possession, hoping something might arise from it.

Another unexpected incident occurred. Ellen, who had been inconsolable for the loss of Michael, begged hard that she might accompany them to town, where the

ladies purposed staying a few days, previous to returning home. She had now no expectation of being able to accomplish this journey under the protection of Michael, but felt sure she should find out her lover, and that, if once she set eyes on him, he would not leave his once-loved Ellen.

Her artless simplicity prevailed, and, after a hard-wrung consent from her uncle, she was permitted to accompany them. But, on arriving in town, the bewildered girl was almost dumb with amazement, as street after street was traversed, and yet no termination to their journey; and still more so, when they told her what she saw was not a tenth part of what remained. Her heart sunk, as she felt the remote possibility of ever disentangling such an isolated unit as her own Cecil from this almost illimitable mass of human life.

Constance had written O'Brien that 'La belle Sauvage' was with them, and she should be happy to show her to him ere they left for Hampshire. She fully expected him, therefore, on the morrow after their arrival; but a note informed her that a sudden and rather severe attack of the throat prevented him from going out, and, he feared, too, for duty on the following Sunday. He requested, if possible, a call from Constance; and she, along with Gertrude, shortly made him a visit. Both of them were much struck with his altered looks—a languor and nervous irritability were but too obvious, and Constance really felt alarmed.

After the usual inquiries, she said—'We must make our visit short, though long enough, probably, for an invalid. We have left our companion in the carriage—we could not, of course, under present circumstances, introduce her.'

'I could not, indeed, my dear Constance,' said he, 'have borne any additional excitement. My medical attendant tells me that all, but what is absolutely requisite, must be avoided. Is your protégé going down with you into Hampshire?'

'I hardly know yet. When she has satisfied herself as to what I am afraid is a fruitless search, probably she may feel wishful to return home. These untutored children of nature do often pine, when away from their native wilds.'

'True,' said O'Brien, 'and I feel little doubt but she will soon be miserable, even here.'

'I have not yet shown you this,' said Constance, taking out Cecil's letter. 'Pray read it, and tell me what you think of the handwriting. I am pretty sure it is feigned.'

'Most likely,' replied the invalid, just glancing it over, and returning it. 'One could hardly suppose he would commit himself on paper in his own proper hand.'

'We have Fitzosborne in jail yonder, as I wrote you word. This was brought to Horace by the keeper.'

They soon took leave, and rejoined Ellen, who looked rather disappointed at not being invited in, to see the future husband of Constance.

'I should so much like to see Mr O'Brien,' said Ellen. 'Oh what a happy man he is, to win so fair and kind a lady!'

'You are soon infected,' said Constance—'soon taught flattery. But we must now show you a few sights, Ellen, as we can only make a few days' stay.'

And away they went to see the lions. But Ellen's eyes were directed to other objects. She kept a quick and wary eye on the countless individuals who passed by, and wherever they went, kept a sharp look-out for him, whose every feature and expression were engraven into the very essence of her being. When going home about dusk, she leaned back in the carriage, sick and disappointed.

She began to feel that her search, in all probability, must be utterly futile. On entering the house, she burst into tears, and, in a fit of hysterical sobbing, expressed the hopelessness she felt.

'I will not be troublesome to you long, my dear kind friends; but I cannot help crying—indeed I cannot.'

They attempted to soothe her, but she refused comfort, and her wayward heart began to rebel. Her nature was

kind and docile, but all untutored and unchastened by that moral discipline so essential to our well-being. The rank weeds of self-will had been left to encumber the soil, which, under other and more judicious training, had rendered it both fertile and profitable. Constance saw that any interference at present would be worse than useless, and wisely forebore either solace or advice; resolved to take the earliest opportunity for 'a word in season.'

A day or two afterwards, Ellen went up stairs, and put on her outdoor dress, unobserved by the ladies. It was her intention to take a stroll by herself. She succeeded in escaping unnoticed.

After a considerable time, Constance became aware of her absence, and felt alarmed lest some accident had befallen her. These fears were considerably increased, when hours elapsed, and yet no tidings. She knew not how to act. Nothing was taken away but her usual walking dress, and, consequently, the girl intended to return. She knew the name of the street, and might have found her way back, had nothing unforeseen happened. In great anxiety Constance despatched a note to Horace, requesting he would, if possible, come to them immediately. Night was drawing on ere he arrived. He found her in the greatest alarm, and lost no time in making inquiries.

He applied to the first policeman on the beat. He had not seen anything of such a person, but referred him to another, from whom he gained intelligence that an individual answering to the description had been seen crossing the street above, in the direction of Cavendish Square. Thither he directed his steps, and, from another, he traced her into Wimpole Street. Here his informant said that a person like her had been seen knocking at the door of the Rev. Mr O'Brien, but thence he lost all clue.

Horace thought best to consult Constance, before inquiring there for Ellen, as it might be considered both strange and impertinent. Accordingly he communicated the result, and she immediately sent a note to O'Brien, stating the circumstances, and requesting to know whether he had seen or heard anything of her. Ellen's movements were very eccentric, and Constance remembered she had expressed a great wish to see her intended husband; so that it was not at all unlikely she might have gone with some excuse, or pretended message from Constance, for this purpose. This was her only hope, and she remained in the greatest anxiety until the return of her messenger. The answer came—O'Brien was not within.

'I thought he was confined to the house,' said Horace. 'So he was,' said Constance; 'some case of emergency, no doubt. A sick person, I apprehend. You know he does not let a little keep him at home, when his presence is absolutely required.'

'He does not know anything of the girl, I presume?' inquired Horace.

'Not the least. He has not even seen her.'

'Tis very strange; but we must make an effort to see him this evening, if possible.'

Almost ere the words were out his mouth, the door-bell rung, and in walked Ellen. Her countenance, the index to a heart almost rent with agony. She did not speak; but, throwing herself on a sofa, sobbed as though her heart would break. Not a word could be got from her, and it was thought best to wait until the violence of her agitation had in some degree subsided.

In a while she appeared more calm. Constance took her hand.

'My dear girl, where *can* you have been? and what could make you distress us so? We have been excessively terrified on your account. We hear, too, you made a call at O'Brien's soon after you left us.'

'I did;' and immediately commenced another outbreak.

'And for what? It would be considered a positive breach of decorum.'

'I wished to see him.'

'Probably so. But then it was a very improper way to satisfy your curiosity. You really must learn better,

child. It was very wrong to go without letting us know. I daresay something unpleasant has been the consequence.'

'I have seen Cecil.'

'Cecil? and where?'

'That I am not at liberty to tell.'

'You have had some strange adventure, child, no doubt.

That odd disposition of yours is sure to bring you into some scrape or another. We must, however, positively forbid you going out by yourself in future. I hope you found Cecil in a more pliant mood than might have been expected. If, however, you wish to see him again, pray invite him hither; on no account shall we allow you to do this elsewhere. It is not prudent.'

'I don't wish to see him again.'

'I am very sorry to hear it,' said Constance; 'I was in hopes an interview might have produced a different effect on both parties. Do you wish me to see him for you—and—'

'No,' said Ellen, with a resolute air. 'Never will I put eyes on him again. He wanted to persuade me to go home without seeing you, and, I believe, would have accompanied me; but I was too—too proud—and thank your good Providence, my dear kind friends, that I came with you to London. I could not resist the temptation to steal out, and see your intended. I framed a message from yourself, and, in the Rev. Mr O'Brien, saw—my own—perjured Cecil!'

We draw a veil over the scenes that followed. Constance suffered keenly. For a long time all seemed one hopeless blank, until God, in his providence, assuaged her grief, and she could look calmly on the Past,—with submission on the Present; and with a firm reliance on Him for the Future. Horace's Future was brighter than his Past. 'At eventide it was light.' He lived to call the noble-minded, gifted Constance, his own.

## LACORDAIRE.

### SECOND PAPER.

In December, 1836, Lacordaire wrote his letter 'Sur le Saint-Siège,' a work which we shall shortly notice here, for, though it was not published till two years later, it is the composition and not the publication which marks the era in the author's principles.

After a fine description of Rome, and a poetical glance at the position of Italy, geographically and politically considered; after paying his tribute of gratitude to Charlemagne, as being the 'founder of pontifical liberty' by his confirmation of the pope's temporal power; and after some panegyrics on the pontiffs themselves, which, were their real history lost, would lead men to suppose that they had constituted an unbroken succession of meek beings, distinguished by their learning and virtues, by the absence of worldly ambition and the purity of their love for the truth, he comes to what is the real argument of the letter, and propounds it by proclaiming his discovery 'that there is war in Europe!'

The seat of this war, however, and who the belligerent parties are, it is apparently not so easy to find out; for a long time Lacordaire looks about him in vain, and puts every possible case of contention before he arrives at the true one. There is no war between the peoples; there is no war between the monarchs; there is no war between the peoples and the monarchs—between monarchy and republicanism, that is to say; there is no war between tyranny and liberty. Nor is the sought for war to be found between opposed ideas, between particular points of doctrine. 'In France,' says Lacordaire, contemptuously, 'our authors write dramas and romances, our journalists articles for and against every possible ministry, but no one troubles himself about ideas.'

At last, he tells us where the war is carried on, and between whom:—'It is in a higher region than those of ideas, kings, and peoples; it is nothing less than a war between the two forms of human intelligence—it is between faith and reason, between the power of Catholicism and that of Rationalism—both as old as the world,

but contending now on a grander scale, because both have arrived at a point which will no longer admit of a war of outposts, but demands a decisive issue. All know the history and the doctrine of Catholicism; it descends from God by the patriarchs, by the Jewish people, and by Jesus Christ; it teaches that human reason does not suffice of itself in any order of things. Rationalism, too, is of long descent; it comes from the devil, through all those who have imitated his pride, and its doctrine is, that human reason suffices for itself in every order of things, both for living and for dying. To arrive at being, in the intellectual world, the absolute sovereign of its own ideas—in the moral world the last judge of its own actions—in the social world to recognise no other authority than that which it has directly elected—in the material world to conquer the elements, and to draw from them the only real happiness; such is the aim of Rationalism,\* and the charter it destines to the human race. Its success is evidently possible only by the destruction of Catholicism, which professes doctrines diametrically opposite.

Such was the new declaration of Lacordaire. It is evidently nothing more than a following out of the controversy with Lamennais. The latter tried to harmonise reason and faith. Lacordaire declares that the struggle between them shall be one for life and death. Their harmony, indeed, is what he dreads the most, for in its essence it is nothing else than Protestantism, which he considers even 'worse than Rationalism, and more dangerous than the Greek schism.' A Romanist like Lacordaire cannot, of course, see that while we trust to faith as the sure and only 'evidence of things not seen,' we must at the same time 'be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us.'

Any one attempting to refute Lacordaire would be obliged, in the first place, to destroy his assumptions that Romanism and Christianity are identical, that the terms 'the Church' and 'the Church of Rome' are synonymous, that those who will not entirely exclude reason from religion are Rationalists, and that those who will not admit the 'descent from the devil,' of which he speaks, are Materialists, and seek in the elements their sole felicity. All such points have, however, been discussed over and over again, and will continue to be so while such men as Lacordaire exist. We cannot, however, refrain from here quoting a passage from Bourdaloue, aptly cited by a critic before us:—'Thus to think'—Bourdaloue was combating principles such as Lacordaire's—'is to be wanting in faith, for faith—I speak of Christian faith—is not a mere acquiescing in believing, nor a simple submission of the mind, but a reasonable acquiescence and submission; but now shall it be a reasonable acquiescence and submission if reason have no share in the operation?'

So writes the most logical divine the French church boasts; but as Lacordaire rails at the Gallican spirit of Bossuet, so, perhaps, he may despise the argumentation of Bourdaloue; there remains, however, a dilemma which is applicable to the present subject as well as to his attack upon the philosophy of Lamennais, and from which we do not see how he can well escape. 'If faith,' we would ask him, 'be all, and reason here be nothing, why then reason? Is it not absurd to reason against reasoning?'

Before leaving the letter 'Sur le Saint-Siège,' we must not omit the recantation of his former political creed, which Lacordaire makes in it. The quondam republican writes thus:—'It might even be said that none but monarchical parties exist in France, did we not discover in the sink of society a faction—I scarce know how to name it—which believes itself republican, and of which we want the courage to speak ill, only because it has the chance of cutting our heads off in the interval between two monarchies. The papacy has not to choose between the cause of the kings and that of the peoples. Would to Heaven the question were reduced to so simple terms, and that Europe

were divided into two so clearly defined parties, the party of the good and the party of the evil.'

As Lacordaire was a royalist when he wrote these words it is easy to determine which is his good and which his evil, however differently he may have spoken and acted both before and since. But how shall we explain this passage?—'France is the most monarchical country in the world; the one which in the last thirty years has given her monarchs the most numerous marks of affection' is he laughing at our beads?

The truth is, that Lacordaire was now at his apoplexy from philosophy and democracy, and, as was to be expected from the very eccentric orbit in which he moves, the extremity to which he had shot away was of the remotest. It is probable, also, that very strong language was necessary completely to clear himself from any remaining suspicions as to his politics, and that it was from this cause that the democrat student of Dijon, the ex-editor of the 'Avenir,' and the former friend of Lamennais, was led to speak of republicanism being discernible only in the 'sail of society.' But the expression was unfortunate, for whence had his own previous republicanism risen? and whence was to rise his republicanism of 1848? From the exhalations of the 'sink of society.'

Though Lacordaire might now justly hope that he would for the future be no more an object of suspicion to his superiors, it was to place himself, it is said, to a certain degree beyond their control that he resolved upon an important step, which he carried into execution in 1839. As a Dominican he would be dependent chiefly on the head of his order. Accordingly, with the view of joining that religious body, he entered the Monastery of La Minerva, at Rome, as a novice. Here he wrote his 'Mémoire en Faveur of the Re-establishment of the Order of Preaching Friars,' a remarkable work in many respects.

The memoir is an attempt, first, to clear the character of the order from the charges which have been made against it; more especially from the accusation laid at its door 'in the false relations of Rationalists and Protestants' of its members having been the founders and promoters of the Inquisition; and secondly, having so established its innocence and merits in time past, to show that at the present day, it is, to say the least, harmless. For arbiter Lacordaire appeals to public opinion, 'which is the queen of the world, which from time immemorial has abrogated old laws and made new ones, from which charters themselves depend, and the decrees of which, neglected for a day, end sooner or later in being executed.'

To us it seems that public opinion has already pronounced a most unequivocal judgment on monkery, and that this judgment has been as effectual as it was emphatic. The sequel of the above passage seems unconsciously to admit this. 'Some religious orders do exist in France, and, though they have been frequently attacked from a distance, no insult has ever knocked at their door for forty years, even as no scandal within that time has ever crossed their threshold.'

They have thus been unmolested by legal interference, yet the whole memoir is a complaint that they have been prevented from spreading. What then has prevented them? Public opinion alone.

To return to the memoir. After many pleadings on behalf of the order of St Dominic, Lacordaire goes on to describe its foundation, object, and constitution. St Dominic was a noble Spaniard, of the name of Guzman. His mother, before his birth, dreamed in good old classical style that she had brought forth a dog holding in his mouth a flaming torch, a lively representation, says the author, 'of an order which none has surpassed in eloquence and doctrine.' To our view, however, albeit we pretend not to any great skill in oneiromancy, the prodigy was a much more lively representation of an order which none has surpassed in the getting up and general management of an *auto-da-fé*. This interpretation, however, Lacordaire would by no means admit, for in the course of the work he thinks it advisable to attempt a refutation of the common opinion 'arising from the works of Rationalist and Protestant authors,

\* It will, of course, be observed that the term Rationalism is here employed in its most extended sense, and not in the comparatively restricted one in which it is commonly used in Germany and elsewhere.

which connects their name in an unenviable manner with that of the Inquisition. Into this debate we shall not enter. We content ourselves with remarking that Lacordaire, in his zeal for his church and his order, deals in a very sad way with history, and that, under pretence of drawing his evidence solely from hostile authors, he in-reinuously, though not very honestly, passes over the important evidence of the writer, who, of all others, from his materials and opportunities, was best qualified to give evidence on the subject. We mean Llorente, of whom Lacordaire makes no mention whatever. The only excuse we can make for this mode of reasoning is, that something of the advocate still remains in him; that he considered himself as if counsel in the cause, and so, from the liberty allowed to his function, entitled to overlook or suppress any hostile evidence.

Before leaving the memoir, we may quote one or two passages from it as fair specimens of Lacordaire's taste and style:—

'History has recorded the works of the religious orders. Formidable heresies arose, new worlds were discovered, but in the regions of thought, as on the billows of the ocean, no navigator could go farther than their devotion and their doctrine. Every shore has preserved the trace of their blood, every echo the sound of their voice. The Indian, hunted like a wild beast, found a refuge under their frock; the negro still bears on his neck the mark of their embrace; the Japanese and Chinese, separated from the rest of the world even more by their manners and pride than by length of way, have seated themselves to listen to those wonderful strangers; the Ganges has seen them communicate to the Parish the words of divine wisdom; the ruins of Babylon have afforded them a stone to rest on for a moment, while they wiped their brow and thought of ancient days.'

This passage is scarcely to our liking; we find it inclining to the turgid; and the causes by which the Japanese and Chinese are separated from the rest of the world reminds us of the well known '*mutuo metu et montibus*.' Here is a better picture:—

'That friar whom you met journeying on foot along some commonplace path in your own country has camped with the Tartars along the rivers of Upper Asia, has inhabited a convent of Armenia at the foot of Mount Ararat, has preached in the capitals of Fez and Morocco—he is now on his way to Scandinavia, and then, perhaps, he will go into Red Russia. Many a bead has he to tell before he reaches his journey's end.'

After boasting with justice of the distinguished men which his order has counted among its members, more particularly of Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and him who would have indeed been an ornament to any society, the benevolent Las Casas—all Dominicans; after telling of the artists, bishops, cardinals, popes, and saints, male and female, who have belonged to the institution, and after in particular lauding Fra Angelico among the artists, because 'he never painted but on his knees his representations of Jesus and his Holy Mother'—a position which, by the way, seems to us, augured more for his humble piety than for his professional success—he comes to the architects of the order, and exclaims:—

'Oh happy time! Terrestrial paradise! ruined by despotism and barbarism! All modern civilisation together!—(this must be mortifying to Mr Pugin and the Oxford amateurs)—'cannot at this day construct a Christian Church, and yet three poor friars of the thirteenth century, all unknown to fame, Fra Sisto, Fra Ristoro, and Fra Giovanni, raised at Florence that church of Santa Maria Novella, which Michael Angelo went every day to see, and of which he said that it was fair, pure, and simple as a bride, whence comes the name which the common people of Florence still give it—the sweet name of La Sposa.'

All this happy time, however, was to end, 'for modern Paganism was victorious, Luther was at the gates!'

Lacordaire here evidently wishes to retort and turn the tables on the author, whoever he was, of the famous line in our language, 'The pope, that pagan full of pride.'

We pass to another work of the Dominican, the subject being St Dominic himself. It is, of course, a high eulogy of the holy man. We find, as is usual in such legends, miracles not a few, and also some little *diablerie*. An old woman of Segovia, who had harboured St Dominic, had her house burned, but having fortunately put an old shirt of the saint in a trunk where she kept her valuables, she had all her treasure preserved from the flames, such wonderfully anti-phlogistic properties did the precious relic exhibit. In the same town of Segovia, St Dominic, after a long drought, predicted a plentiful rain, and the prediction was fulfilled; for this Lacordaire would probably rank his patron with Elijah—as for us, we place him beside Mr Murphy.

St Dominic was often plagued by intrusions from the devil, and Lacordaire gives us, from Thierry d'Apolda, a full report of a conversation on one such occasion between the evil spirit and the good man. 'What are you prowling about here for?' said the latter, meeting the enemy in the monastery one day. 'For the good I get of it,' replied the devil. St Dominic then shows him all over the premises, and asks him what advantage he gains in each particular place; the other answers frankly enough. But coming at last to the chapter-house, the devil would fly away, 'for here,' said he, 'I lose all the benefit I elsewhere reap, since here it is that the brethren are admonished, confessed, and absolved.'

When Lacordaire soberly tells such tales at the present day, we see that he has been born centuries too late; as a critic remarks, he has the effect of an anachronism. Such delusions are as much to be pitied as blamed. But what shall we say of stories such as the following, and the way in which Lacordaire views them? He quotes a document relating to a certain Ponce Roger, which begins thus:—'By the authority of the lord abbot of Cîteaux who has enjoined on us (St Dominic) this office, we have reconciled to the church the bearer of these presents.' If, by the way, the saint does not act as an inquisitor, or at least as a deputy-inquisitor—for the Cisterians are admitted to have been inquisitors—we do not see in what capacity he acts at all. But to continue. Ponce was never to eat flesh, eggs, or cheese, except at Easter, Whitsunday, and Christmas, on which occasion he was specially ordered to eat of these viands 'as a protest against his former errors.' He was to keep three Lenten days in the year, during which times he was to abstain even from fish. On three several Sundays he was to walk naked to the middle from the extremity of the village to the door of the church, while a priest whipped him with rods. He was to repeat seventy *paters* every day, and twenty in the middle of every night; and all this, which was to last for the term of his life, was to be done, 'under pain of being excommunicated as a perjurer and a heretic, and of being separated from the society of the faithful.' The penalty was, that he was to be treated as a relapsed heretic—in other words, delivered over to the secular arm to be burnt. So much for St Dominic's 'reconciliation' of a heretic. What says Lacordaire of this instance of refined cruelty? That 'it evinced a remarkable spirit of goodness'—'*un remarquable esprit de bonté*!'

We quote another passage from the life of St Dominic:—'Some heretics (says Thierry d'Apolda) having been taken and convicted in the Toulouse country, were delivered over to the secular power and condemned to the stake. St Dominic fixed his look on one of them, with a heart initiated in the mysteries of God, and then said to the officers of the court, 'Put this man aside, and take care he is not burned'; then turning to the heretic with great gentleness, 'I know, my son,' he said, 'that you require time, but that in the end you will become good and holy.' Adds the old historian, the thing was as benevolent as it was astonishing.'

Astonishing indeed! But more astonishing still is the imperturbability with which Lacordaire recounts the tale, as if the command 'take care not to burn this man' did not imply the command 'take care to burn all the rest'—as if the story did not show that St Dominic had the power of saving from the flames those whom he chose, but that the



fact of his having even once exercised that power was a thing so rare as to be 'astonishing.' Surely in a panegyric of the saints it would have been better and wiser to have said nothing of such very equivocal benevolence.

As a history—and it will be remembered that the biography of St Dominic necessarily includes much of the history of the Albigenses—the work is, as may well be expected, highly partial; as a romance, however, it is interesting enough, and as a literary production it contains many fine passages, particularly some in the descriptive style. The 'Life of St Dominic,' like the 'Mémorial for the Dominicans,' was written during Lacordaire's novitiate; it appeared, however, only in 1841, when its author had already taken the vows. This he had done in 1840 at a monastery near Viterbo, and he at that time added to his former name that of the founder of his order, so that he thenceforth signed himself 'Fr. Henri-Dominique Lacordaire des Fr. Préb.'

On the 15th February, 1841, he re-appeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame at Paris, and delivered a sermon on French nationality. This is a favourite subject with him; he knows the weak side of his audience, and accordingly almost all his discourses resound with the cry of French glory. He has even pushed his patriotic enthusiasm so far as to desire that his countrymen should carry with them some distinctive emblem into paradise!

After another visit to Rome, undertaken probably with a view of receiving a final tutoring, and after preaching in 1842 and 1843 at Bordeaux and Nancy, he again appeared at Notre Dame, and continued in the following years the conferences he has since published. In 1844 he succeeded in establishing a Dominican monastery at Chalais, near Grenoble, from which he doubtless hoped that his order was to go forth conquering and to conquer. We do not know the result of the experiment. In May, 1847, he pronounced the funeral oration of General Drouot; the subject was a fine one—Drouot was a good man as well as a brave soldier.

A fortnight before the revolution of February, Lacordaire delivered his 'Eloge Funèbre on Daniel O'Connell.' 'Beati qui eecroiant et sitiunt justitiam quoniam ipsi saturabuntur,' Matthew v. 6, was the text he took. Its appropriateness to the subject was not clear to us at the outset, nor, notwithstanding his promise that 'the words should re-echo through the whole of his discourse,' did he succeed in enlightening us; for we were present when the eulogium was pronounced. We saw a French friar mount the pulpit of a French cathedral to render 'thanks to God that it was allowed his lips to speak the praises of one of our countrymen; we saw the immense throng that filled spacious Notre Dame to hear these praises; we saw this zeal to do honour to a foreigner, who had, so far as we knew, done nothing for France, and of whose life and doings in his own country we were certain all but a few were profoundly ignorant; we saw all this, and wondered, and asked ourselves why it was so? But Lacordaire soon explained this point. 'That O'Connell was the liberator of an oppressed country were enough to justify all that Rome, France, and the world think of his memory and do to exalt it. But I leave aside—if it be allowable to do so—ideas of patriotism which do not go sufficiently far or high for our subject. I open the vastest theatre on which a human reputation can be placed—the theatre of the Church and of humanity.'

We saw at once. The Romanist Churchman was there to praise O'Connell only in so far as he had been a devoted and useful instrument of the Church of Rome. And the audience, such at least as were not attracted like ourselves merely by the celebrity of the orator, were present to pay a tribute to the great cause of 'humanity.' For Britain being, in the eyes of those Frenchmen who know nothing about her, so completely an aristocrat-ridden country as to be a chief enemy of liberty and progress, any one who had been a thorn in her side must have deserved well of the world. We recommend the 'Eloge' on O'Connell to the consideration of those who would wish to see how O'Connell's career is regarded by foreign Romanists.

At the election of the Constituent Assembly, Lacordaire, though rejected at Paris, where Lamennais, and what is more, where Coquerel, the Protestant pastor, were successful, had the honour of being nominated at Marseilles, in the company of M. Berryer, the distinguished orator, and of M. Astouin, the street porter. Great as his oratorical success had been in the pulpit, Lacordaire did not appear to advantage in the tribune. His career as a legislator was short—he failed, and felt he had failed; after a week or two he sent in his resignation. With his activity of mind it was, however, impossible for him to be a mere spectator of this eventful epoch, and he accordingly founded one of the three hundred new journals which rose like exhalations from the revolutionary flood of February. The 'Ere Nouvelle' turned out not to be quite so ephemeral as the most of these, but its attempt 'to reconcile religion—that is, Romanism—with liberty' was not duly appreciated, and on the 3d of June, 1849, it ceased to appear.

It would be unjust to our subject to conclude without one or two quotations which may serve to show the nature of Lacordaire's oratory. His style is beautiful; Chateaubriand has praised his 'felicity of expression,' and declared 'that his works contain some of the finest pages in modern French literature.' He has, in grouping and scenery, all the spirit of a great painter. For persuasion he possesses the advantage of a perfect sincerity; amongst other sources of attraction two are prominent—his appeals to French nationality, and the measure of philosophy he deals out in his discourses. Never profound, but always seeming so, he inspires his miscellaneous audience with the pleasing idea that they are successfully exploring great depths with him; regardless of the unsuitableness of the theme for the pulpit, he rouses French enthusiasm by a retrospect of French glory, and shouts as loudly as any old grenadier the magic names of Napoleon, Marengo, Austerlitz.

As a picture, take the following from one of his conferences:—'It is now twelve years since I entered Rome for the first time—by the Flaminian gate. I went up to the Capitol—Jupiter was there no longer; I looked for the rostrum whence the eloquent voices of Hortensius and Cicero had resounded—it had been broken down. I traversed the Palatine hill—the Cæsars were absent; they had not even left a Prætorian guard to point out to the curious traveller the spot where their palace was. Not far from that I remarked an immense building, the dome of which rose majestically in the sky; I entered—an old man, before an altar, held between his hands the bread consecrated eighteen centuries before—the crowd was prostrate, they prayed, adored, and wept. That old man was God's representative on earth. In the city he inhabits, poets, artists, pilgrims from all nations were assembled—every people had its ambassadors and representatives.'

The following is a fair specimen of the kind of philosophy he mingles with his discourses:—'Young man of twenty years, I greet thee! Thou canst write—canst already use a vigorous *stylus*, and engrave thy serious thoughts—thoughts worthy, perhaps, to pass to eternity; already it is known what thou wilt be in the church, in thy country, in the world. But, O man! be not too proud of thyself—proclaim not thyself independent; thy reason is a juice which has been infiltrated into thee, a juice which others have made ferment in thee; thy reason is the reason of thy nurse, of thy father, of thy mother, of thy master; the vine hath not the right to pride itself on the cluster it parades—it is the sun, the moon, the earth, the mountain which may do so. O man! it is not thou who speakest—who actest; it is those who have moulded thee, fashioned thee, that through thee speak. What results from this? That we may teach the child error as well as truth.' And so, arguing for his church, he goes on to show 'that it was necessary that Jesus Christ should establish in the world an infallible teaching authority, to be for a remedy opposed to the so many sources of error.'

Here is one of the many passages in which Napoleon figures:—'Bertrand,' said Napoleon, a few days before his death, 'there have been only three great captains—Alex-

der, Caesar, and myself. Alexander and Caesar are forgotten. I shall soon die. For some time some of our old comrades will empty a bottle in my honour, then, in my run, I shall be forgotten too. Bertrand, do you know what Jesus Christ was?—'No, sire; I have busied myself with those sort of things.'—'Well, Bertrand, Jesus Christ is the only man whose memory is ever living, ever young; above all he is the only man who has been universally loved; his name, his life, his death, command a sentiment which none of us—no other life—no other death can inspire. I know men well, Bertrand, and certainly no man was God!' Magnificent words,' adds Lacordaire, which one day will be inscribed on the tomb of Napoleon, and will shine there with a lustre brighter than the sun of Arago and Austerlitz.' Are such anecdotes for the pulpit? Here we leave Lacordaire. He has been comparatively secure since he resigned his seat in the National Assembly; considering his character, however, and the nature of recent present times, we have a strong presentiment that he will yet be heard of. What if the day should come, when, bursting the shackles with which he is bound, he shall be able to give free scope to the many fine qualities of head and heart he possesses?

#### A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.\*

It was on a sunny day in the winter of 183—, that we rapped down the Mersey and took our leave of Liverpool. Our vessel was a new ship of seven hundred tons; and as she spread, one after another, her folds of white canvass to the breeze, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful sight. The scene around was lively and inspiring. Unnumerable craft of all sizes covered the waters far and near; here, a large merchantman moving like a stately swan, there, a light yacht skimming along with the swiftness of a swallow. The sunlight sparkled and danced on the billows; the receding coast grew more picturesque as we left it astern; and the blue expanse of the Irish Channel stretched away in front, until lost in a thin haze on the opposite horizon.

I had been reading below for several hours, but toward nightfall went on deck again. How I started at the change! It was yet an hour to sunset, but the luminary of day was already hidden in a thick bank of clouds, that lay stretched ominously along the western seaboard. The wind had increased to a smart gale, and was laden with moisture. The billows increased in size every minute, and were whitening with foam far and near. Occasionally, as a roller struck the ship's bows, the white spray flew crackling over the fore-castle, and sometimes even shot up to the top; on these occasions a foreboding, melancholy sound, like the groan of some huge animal in pain, issued from the thousand timbers of the vessel. Already, in anticipation of the rising tempest, the canvass had been reduced, and we were now heading toward the Irish coast under reefed topsails, courses, a spanker and jib.

'A rough night in prospect, Jack!' I said, addressing an old tar beside me.

'You may well say that, sir,' he replied. 'It's bad on the Norway coast in December, and bad going into Sandy Hook in a snow storm; but both are nothing to a gale in the channel here,' he added, as a sudden whirl of the tempest covered us with spray.

'I wish we had more sea-room,' I answered, musingly. 'Ay! I'd give the wages of the voyage if we had. How happy you all seemed in the cabin, sir—the ladies, especially, an hour or two ago; I suppose it was because we are going home. Ah! little did any of us think,' he added, with a seriousness, and in a language uncommon for a sailor, 'that we might be bound to another, and a last home, which we should behold first.'

At this moment the captain shouted to shorten sail, and our conversation was of necessity cut short. The ship, I ought to have said, had been laid close to the wind, in order to claw off the English coast, to which we were in

dangerous propinquity; and, as the gale increased, the heavy press of canvass forcing her down into the water, she struggled and strained frightfully. While the crew were at work, I walked forward. The billows, now increased to a gigantic size, came rolling down upon us one after another, with such rapidity, that our good craft could scarcely recover from one before another was upon her. Each time she struck a head-sea she would stagger an instant, quivering in every timber, while the crest of the shattered wave would shoot to the fore-top like the jet of a fountain; then, the vast surge sinking away beneath her, she would settle groaning into the trough of the sea, until another billow lifted her, another surge thundered against her bows, another shower of foam flew over her. Now and then, when a more colossal wave than usual was seen approaching, the cry 'Hold on, all!' rang warningly across the decks. At such times, the vast billow would approach, its head towering in the gathering twilight, until it threatened to engulf us; but, just when all seemed over, our gallant ship would spring forward to meet it, like a steed started by the spur, and the mountain of waters would break over and around us, hissing, roaring, and flashing by, and then sinking into the apparently bottomless gulf beneath us. Meanwhile the decks were resounding with the tread of the sailors, as they hurried to and fro in obedience to the captain's orders; while the rattling of blocks, the shouts of command, and the quick replies of the seamen, rose over the uproar of the storm.

'Let go bowlines,' cried the stentorian voice of the captain, 'ease off the tack—haul on the weather-braces.'

Away went the huge sail in obedience to the order.

'Ease off the sheet—haul up to lee!'

The crew redoubled their quickness; and soon the immense courses were stowed. In a few minutes the ship's canvass was reduced to reefed topsails, spanker, and fore-topmast staysail. By this time evening had set in, though the long twilight of that latitude prolonged a sickly radiance.

But even this contraction of sail was not sufficient. The thick duck tugged at the yards, as if it would snap them in two. Every moment I expected to see the spanker go.

'We must take in that sail,' said the captain finally, 'or she will tear herself to pieces. All hands in with the spanker.'

In an instant the men were struggling with the huge sheet of canvass; and never before had I been so forcibly impressed with the power and usefulness of discipline. In an incredibly short interval the gigantic sail, notwithstanding its struggles, was got under control, and safely stowed.

The ship now laboured less for awhile, but, as the storm increased, she groaned and struggled as before. The captain saw it would not do to carry even the little sail now remaining, for, under the tremendous strain, the canvass might be continually expected to be blown from the bolt-ropes. And yet our sole hope lay in crowding every stich, in order to claw off the English coast. The sailor will understand this at a word, but to the landsman it may require explanation. Our danger, then, consisted in having insufficient sea-room. If we had been on the broad Atlantic, with a hundred or two miles of ocean all around us, we could have lain-to under some bit of a head-sail, or fore-topmast sky-sail for instance, or a reefed fore-sail. But when a vessel lies-to, or, in other words, faces the quarter whence the wind comes, with only enough canvass set to steer her by, she necessarily drifts considerably, and in a line of motion diagonal to her keel. This is called making lee-way. Most ships, when lying-to in a gale, drift very rapidly, sometimes hundreds of miles if the tempest is protracted. It is for this reason that a vessel in a narrow channel dares not lie-to, for a few miles of lee-way would wreck her on the neighbouring coast. The only resource, in such cases, is to carry a press of sail, and head in the direction whence the wind comes, but not near so close to it as in lying-to. This is called clawing off a lee-shore. A constant struggle is maintained

\* By CHARLES J. PETERSON, of America, Author of 'Cruising in the Last War,' &c.

between the waves, which set the vessel in the same track they are going themselves, and the wind, which urges her on the opposite course. If the canvass holds, and the ship is not too close to the shore under her lee, she escapes: if the sails part, she drives upon the fatal coast before new ones can be got up and bent. Frequently in such cases the struggle is protracted for hours. It is a noble yet harrowing spectacle to see a gallant ship thus contending for her life, as if an animated creature, breasting surge after surge, too often in vain, panting, trembling, and battling till the very last.

The captain did not appear satisfied with taking in the spanker: indeed, all feared that the ship could not carry what sail was left. Accordingly, he ordered the topsails to be close-reefed; yet even after this, the vessel tore through the waters as if every moment she would jerk her eyes out. The wind had now increased to a perfect hurricane. It shrieked, howled, and roared around as if a thousand fiends were abroad on the blast.

In moments of extreme peril strong natures gather together, as if by some secret instinct. It was in this way that the captain suddenly found himself near the old topman, whom I had been conversing with in the early part of the evening, and who, it appeared, was one of the oldest and best seamen in the ship.

The captain stood by the man's side a full minute without speaking, looking at the wild waves that, like hungry wolves, came trooping down toward us. 'How far are we from the coast?' he said at last.

'Perhaps five miles, perhaps three, sir,' quietly replied the man.

'And we have a long run to make before we get sea-room,' said the captain.

'We shall be in eternity before morning,' answered the man, solemnly.

The captain paused a moment, when he replied, 'Our only hope is in the topsail-claws—if they give way, we are indeed lost. God help us!'

'Amen!' I answered, involuntarily.

Silence now ensued, though none of us changed our positions. For myself, I was occupied with thinking of the female passengers, soon, perhaps, to be the prey of the wild waters. Every moment it seemed as if the topsails would give way, the ship strained so frightfully. It was impossible to stand up if exposed to the full force of the gale. So we sheltered ourselves in the waist as we best could. The wind as well as spray, however, reached us even here, though in diminished violence, the latter stinging the face like shot thrown against it. It seemed to me, each minute, as if we made more lee-way. At last, after half an hour's suspense, I heard the surf breaking, with a noise like thunder, on the iron-bound coast to the eastward. Again and again I listened, and each time the awful sound became more distinct. I did not mention my fears, however, for I still thought I might be mistaken. Suddenly the captain looked up. 'Hark!' he said. He stood with his finger raised in the attitude of one listening intently, his eyes fixed on the face of the old sailor.

'It is the sound of breakers,' said the seaman.

'Breakers on the lee-quarter!' cried the look-out at this instant, his hoarse voice sounding ominously across the night.

'Breakers on the lee-beam!' answered another.

'Breakers on the lee-bow!' echoed a third.

All eyes peered immediately into the darkness. A long line of foam was plainly visible, skirting quite round the horizon to leeward.

'God have mercy on our souls!' I involuntarily ejaculated.

The captain sprung to the wheel, his eye flashing, his whole frame dilated; for he had taken a sudden and desperate resolution. He saw that, if no effort was made, we should be among the breakers in twenty minutes; but if the mainsail could be set and made to hold for half an hour, we might yet escape. There were nine chances to one that the sail would split the instant it was spread, and in a less terrible emergency he would have shrunk

from the experiment; but it was now our only hope. 'Keep her to it!' he shouted; 'keep her well up. All hands to set the main-course!'

Fortunately we were strong-handed, so that it would not be necessary to carry the tack to the windlass, notwithstanding the gale. A portion of the crew sprung to man this important rope; the remainder hurried up the rigging, almost disappearing in the gloom overhead. It was less than a minute the huge sail fell from the yard, like a gigantic puff of white smoke blown from the top. It struggled and whipped terribly, but the good ropes held fast.

'Brace up the yard—haul out the bow-line!' thundered the captain.

'Ay, ay, sir!' and it was done.

'Haul aft!'

The men ran off with the line, and the immense sheet came to its place. This was the critical moment. The ship feeling the additional propulsion, made a headlong plunge. I held my breath. I expected nothing less than to see the heavy duck blown from the yard like a gossamer; but the strong fabric held fast, though straining awfully.

'She comes up, don't she?' interrogated the captain of the man at the helm.

'Ay, ay, sir—she does!'

'How much?'

'Two points, sir!'

'If she holds for half an hour,' ejaculated the captain 'we may yet be safe.'

On rushed the noble ship, seeming to know how much depended on her. She met the billows, she rose above them, she struggled perseveringly forward. In five minutes the breakers were visibly receding. But hope had been given only to delude us. Suddenly I heard a crack sharper than an explosion of thunder, and simultaneously the course parted from its fastenings, and sailed away to leeward, like a white cloud driven down the gale.

A cry of horror rose from all. 'It is over!' I cried; and I looked around for a plank, intending to lash myself to it, in anticipation of the moment for striking. When the course went overboard, the head of the ship fell off immediately; and now the wild breakers tumbled and roared closer at hand each moment.

Suddenly the captain seized my arm, for we were holding on almost side by side. 'Ha!' he cried, 'is not that dark water yonder?' and he pointed across our lee-bow.

I looked in the direction to which he referred. Unless my eyes deceived me, the long line of breakers came with an abrupt termination there, as if the shore curved inwards at that point. 'You are right, there is a deep bay ahead,' I cried, joyfully. 'Look! you can see the sea whitening around the cape.'

The whole crew simultaneously detected this new chance of escape. Though unable to head to the wind as before, there was still a prospect that we could clear the promontory. Accordingly, the next few minutes were passed in breathless suspense. Not a word was spoken on board. Every eye was fixed on that rocky headland, around which the waters boiled as in the vortex of a maelstrom. The ship seemed conscious of the general feeling, and struggled, I thought, more desperately than ever. She breasted the huge billows with gallant perseverance, and though each one set her closer to the shore, she met the next wave with the same stubborn resolution. Nearer, nearer, nearer we drifted toward the fatal cape. I could now almost fling a biscuit into the breakers.

I had noticed a gigantic roller coming for some time, but had hoped we might clear the cape before it reached us. I now saw the hope was in vain. Towering and towering, the huge wave approached, its dark side almost a perpendicular wall of waters.

'Hold on, all!' thundered the captain.

Down it came. For an instant its vast summit hovered overhead, and then, with a roar like ten thousand cataracts, poured over us. The ship was swept before it like a feather on a gale. With the waters flashing and hissing over the decks, and whirling in wild eddies under our lee,

rove in the direction of the cape. I held my breath we. A strong man might almost have leaped on the same point of the promontory. I closed my eyes shuddering. The next instant a hurrah met my ear. I looked

We had shot by the cape, and miles of dark water before. An old tar beside me had given vent to the 'r'; and then addressing me, he said, 'That was close ping, sir. Another sich would have cracked the hull an egg-shell. But this craft wasn't made to go to y Jones' locker!'

nd with all the coolness imaginable, he took out a piece of pigtail, leisurely twisted off a bit, and began rying with as much composure as if nothing unusual happened.

year ago, when in New York, I met the captain n, unexpectedly, at the Astor. We dined together, n I took occasion to ask him if he remembered our ter night's experience in the Irish Channel ten years re.

ay,' he said; 'and do you know that, when I went out iverpool on my next trip, I heard that search had n made all along the coast for the fragments of our . The escape was considered miraculous.' Sir,' I replied, 'I've had enough of the Irish Channel.'

#### THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

What bringeth a joy o'er thy pallid mien,  
More deep than the prime of thy youth had seen?  
What kindleth a beam in thy thoughtful eye,  
Like the vestal flame from a purer sky?  
Sweet were her tones, as the wind-harp free,  
'The smile of the babe that is born to me.'

What maketh thy home with its noiseless shade  
More dear than the haunts where thy beauty strayed?  
Than the dance where thy form was the scaphyr's wing?  
Than the crowded hall, or the charmed ring?  
Than the flatterer's wile, with its siren strain?  
'The voice of the babe that with care I train.'

What lendeth the landscape a brighter hue?  
A clearer spark to the diamond dew?  
What giveth the song of the bird its zest,  
As straw by straw it doth build its nest?  
What sweeteneth the flowers on their budding stalks?  
'The kiss of the child by my side that walks.'

What quickeneth thy prayer when it seeks the Throne  
With a fervour it never before had known?  
What girdeth thy life in its daily scope  
For the labour of love, and the patience of hope?  
The freedom from self, and the high intent,  
'The soul of the child that my God hath lent.'

Mrs L. H. SIGOURNEY.

#### AN EXECUTION.

the morning of the 1st March, 1408, a crowd was assembled in the courtyard of the Seigneur de Maintenon, at ulant. Every eye was directed towards the doorway ning into the great hall, and every tongue was discussing the event that had brought them together.

'Good day, friend Giraud,' said one; 'come at last! were doubting of thee. Yet who would willingly fail be present at such a solemnity? Oh, it is fair to behold justice of our lord the king enforced by the hands of ster Jehan, our excellent bailie, especially in a matter e the present. A rare sight truly, and an edifying!' d he laughed.

'What else would you have, comrade of mine? It is not ry day such a foul thing is done. To kill the infant of dame Guichard, and then to devour it! What say ye, ighbours?' The speaker shuddered.

'Ah, Simon—husband, Simon, tell me true; what can rthy Master Jehan be doing that he is so long of show- g his comely face? I shall be joyful to see the monster et with her deserts! Sure the evil one must have posed her! Heard ever one the like—our children are

eaten up in the very street! But will they never open the door? Speak, Simon—husband Simon!'

'Silence, wife! Be patient, and hold thy tongue. All will be done in order and due course of law. Our bailie knows his duty well, and will properly perform it.'

These and such remarks showed that the trial of a murderess, and indeed a cannibal, was about to take place.

The door at last was opened, and all rushed into the hall and took their places. As is usual on such occasions, curiosity was depicted in every countenance, almost, indeed, to the exclusion of every other expression; for to the spectators the thing was as good as a play, nor did it seem as if an affair was now in question by which the life of a fellow-creature had been sacrificed, and another life was now at stake. The chatter, too, which had for a moment ceased on their entry, broke out again afresh. The clerk of the court, with much importance, sorted his parchments, and from time to time the scribe cast a glance at the hour-glass on the table, and called out 'Silence!' in a tone of authority, but without effect.

At last some guards appeared at the entry of the hall, and cried, 'Back, good people! Room for Master Jehan, our bailie of Meulant, and Seigneur of Maintenon!' On this the crowd made a lane, the judge entered and took his seat, and silence was at length established.

Orders were then given to the archers to bring in the accused, and all eyes were turned towards the door. After a few minutes the footsteps of the men were heard returning, but presently there was a scuffling noise, as if the prisoner were making resistance.

'She is giving herself airs, it seems!' cried a voice, on which all laughed again; the bench, as the newspapers say, joining in the merriment.

But the archers had overpowered their charge, and now led her into the hall, pulling her by the ears. It was—a great sow. On her appearance the people shouted and screamed with delight. The bailie, however, recovering his usual gravity, restored order by waving his hand, and then the clerk read the indictment. The trial proceeded with all the usual forms; the mother of the slaughtered child was heard as prosecutrix, witnesses were called and examined, and the prisoner was asked for her defence. Nope being forthcoming, the judge ruled that the case should nevertheless continue; and when it was finally closed, he declared the accused guilty, and sentenced her to death.

A fortnight after, the good folk of Meulant were again assembled, but this time in the open air and round a scaffold. All were merrier than ever, for it was indeed a laughable spectacle they were come to see.

'Look, friend Giraud, there is the executioner. Our excellent bailie has had him brought from Paris on purpose.'

'What else would you have, comrade? It is not every day a sow is justified.'

'Oh, Simon—husband Simon, tell me, would you not like to be the man with the rope? He will have the body of the sow when he has done his office on her—enough to furnish him with pork for six months at least. I wish you were he, Simon, husband!'

'Silence, wife! Would you indeed eat of an animal that has devoured a neighbour's child?'

'I did not think of that, husband Simon. But see, here she comes!'

As dame Simon said, the unhappy victim was now approaching, driven by the jailer. His task was not an easy one, for, as if she had a presentiment of her fate, the sow advanced most reluctantly, sometimes standing stock-still, sometimes making a determined bolt to one side, to the great amusement of the crowd. At last, however, she arrived at the scaffold, and the guard of archers, by whom she had been accompanied in procession, formed a hollow square round it. Then the bailie gave a signal to a herald to sound his trumpet, which he did, and profound silence having followed, Master Jehan began to read the sentence.

'By the justice of King Charles, our lord!—but here he was interrupted by the prisoner, whose grunts and

squeaks filled the air, and drowned the magistrate's voice. It was in vain that he spoke as loud and high as he could—not a word was audible; and at length he gave up the attempt, threw away the document in a passion, and ordered the executioner to do his duty. Upon this that functionary came forward, the sow was hoisted upon the platform, and seized by him with his finely gloved hands—a moment more, and the unfortunate creature was dead. Then the crowd dispersed in great good humour, to drink the health of King Charles and the Seigneur de Maintenon, the worthy Bailie Jehan.

A record of 1408 furnishes the historical proof of this singular affair. The following is a translation of it:—

'Attestation by the Lieutenant of the Baillie of Mantes and Meulant, of the charges and expenses incurred by reason of the execution of a sow, which had devoured a young child. By order and command of the said baillie and the procureur-du-roi.

To all those who shall see these letters: Simon de Bandemont, Lieutenant, at Meulant, of the noble Monsieur Jehan, lord of Maintenon, knight, chamberlain of the king our sire, and his baillie at Mantes, and at the said place of Meulant, greeting: We make known that, to do and accomplish justice on a sow that had devoured a young child, it was agreed to incur the charges, mislonea, and expenses hereafter set down—to wit, for expenses incurred by her when in jail, six sols of Paris; *item*, to the executioner who came from Paris to Meulant to undertake the said execution, by command and order of our said master baillie and of the procureur-du-roi, fifty-four sols of Paris; *item*, for the carriage which conveyed her to the trial, six sols of Paris; *item*, for cords to bind her and hale her, two sols, eight deniers of Paris; *item*, for gloves, two deniers of Paris; which items make in all, sixty-nine sols, eight deniers of Paris: and all the above said we certify to be true, by these presents sealed with our seal; and for greater confirmation we have caused to be attached the seal of the Castle of the said place of Meulant, the fifteenth day of March, in the year 1408.

(Signed) DE BONVILLE.'

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

### JULY.

JULY is a month in which men were and are constrained to busy themselves more with the labours of the field than with the formularies of an oppressive and expensive system of superstition. They were required to gather from the hanging boughs of Pomona and the lap of Ceres the fruit and grain that had been the objects of their oblations and numbed ritual, and on that account we find that less time was anciently devoted to fêtes in July than in any of the preceding months of the year. July was the fifth month of the Roman year, and was accordingly designated Quintilius in their calendar. Julius Cæsar was born on the fourth ides Quintilius, however, and, by a decree of the senate, the month was, in honour of him, styled *Julius*, from which July is derived. In July, Dogstar is in the ascendant; curs become rabid then, and shell and other fish, like the corn, improve in bulk and quality. These ideas, which still prevail extensively amongst the general community, are of very ancient origin. An obscure Saxon saint called St Ulric, who had certainly been a connoisseur of fish, was paid divine honours on the 4th of July, and offerings of the produce of the sea were brought and laid at his shrine. It is recorded that nigh to the altar in the chapels of St Ulric, there used to sit an actuary for the saint, who not only sold offerings to be offered by the faithful votaries, but who also received the carps, pikes, and fat mullets that were brought to propitiate the wooden-headed saint. The stock of fish did not necessarily consist of a great amount and variety, for the same offering was re-sold and re-offered an infinity of times without the least demur on the part of St Ulric.

### ST SWITHIN'S DAY.

The day that absorbed the most of the more northern people's attention in July was the day consecrated to the weeping St Swithin. Rain or sunshine at the season remembered as his six weeks of peculiar influence, was of the highest moment to the harvester, and consequently to the general community; and an anxiety and watchfulness for the character of the weather on this day are manifested by the simple peasants of Great Britain.

St Swithin was a Saxon saint. After having been successively monk and prior of Winchester, he was promoted to the bishopric of that diocese in 852, by Ethelwolfe the Dane. He died thirteen years afterwards, and at his own request was consecrated by the pope. He was buried in the common cemetery at Winchester, instead of the chancel of the minster, where the bishops generally were interred. Numerous miracles were reported to have been wrought at his tomb, such as the cure of distempers and the dispersion of witchcraft; and it was deemed proper to remove his remains into the choir. On the day appointed for the solemn procession, a violent fall of rain occurred, which continued without intermission for thirty-nine days subsequently. The idea of removing the remains of the departed holy man was consequently abandoned, in the belief that the proposal was displeasing to him. Latterly, however, it was understood that the saint had relented, and his bones were transferred to the honourable place allotted to the bishops. From this circumstance arose the popular belief that if it rained on St Swithin's day the weather would continue broken for forty days afterwards. The poets make frequent allusions to the 'weeping saint.' Gay remarks—

'How if, on Swithin's feast the welkin lour,  
And every pent-house streams with hasty showers,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fœces drain,  
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.'

'Poor Robin's Almanack' for 1697 contains the following:

'In this month is St Swithin's day.  
On which, if that it rain, they say  
Fall forty days after it will.  
Or more or less, some rain distill;  
This Swithin was a saint, I trow,  
And Winchester's bishop also,  
Who in his time did many a feat,  
As popish legends do repeat.  
A woman having broke her eggs  
By stumbling at another's legs,  
For which she made a woful cry,  
St Swithin chanced for to come by.  
Who made them all as sound or more  
Than ever that they were before.  
But whether this were so or no,  
'Tis more than you or I do know:  
Better it is to rise by time,  
And to make hay while sun doth shine,  
Than to believe in tales or lies,  
Which idle monks and friars devise.'

There is an old saying, in reference to rain on St Swithin's day, that it is the saint christening his apples.

St Margaret, whose day occurs on the 20th of July, was born at Antioch, and suffered martyrdom, A.D. 278. The veneration towards this saint was greatly cultivated in Europe during the holy wars. She was in some measure the patroness of married ladies, who made it an especial point to attend church on St Margaret's day.

St Bridget's day seems to have been variously set down in the calendar; the 23d of July, however, is considered the proper festival of that saint. St Bridget is represented in the history of the saints, as a widow, who made many peregrinations to holy places, full of the Holy Ghost, and who, dying at Rome, her body was removed to Suevia. The observance of this saint's day seems to have been superinduced upon a pagan rite. The Jewish women burned incense, poured out drink offerings, and made cakes with their own hands, in honour of a 'Queen of Heaven,' supposed to have been the Roman Ceres. This custom is still preserved in Ireland. 'On St Bridget's Eve,' says Colonel Vallancey, 'every farmer's wife in Ireland makes a cake, called Bairin-breo; the neighbours are invited to eat of it, the madder of ale and the pipe go round, and the evening concludes with mirth and festivity.'

St James's day, the 25th of July, is well remembered in London, being the first of the season of oysters; and the better to promote the sale of this marine delicacy among the gustative, superstition says that whoever eats oysters on that day will never want money for the rest of the year. The Church used to perform the ceremony of blessing the new crop of apples on St James's day—a custom no doubt deducible from the ancient practice of blessing the gifts which Pomona gave to men at this propitious season.

## COMFORTS OF THE CONTINENT.

A TRUE TALE.

ALANCOCK.—'If it be so, I'll sell my dukedom,  
And buy a slobbery and dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.'—*Shakspeare.*

PEOPLE are apt to think very little of the advantages which they possess. Comforts become common, and common comforts are proverbially disregarded. Perhaps the light of the moon is thought so charming because our nights are not all moonlight. Delightful indeed in herself is our sweet celestial attendant, yet we might not think so much of her were she as much of an everyday attendant as the sun. Is this a phantasy? It may be so, but it is sober truth that present comforts, advantages in possession, are too much unheeded. There are few points on which this feeling prevails more obviously than the island of our abode. A good deal of lip-loyalty, indeed, is common enough as it concerns the place of our nativity. No one loves to boast of the land of his birth more than a Briton; and, what is worse, not a little of vulgar national prejudice exists as it concerns the people of other nations—a feeling, however, which we hopefully believe to be passing away very fast. It will be obvious that to such things as these I do not allude when I repeat the remark, that we are apt to undervalue our national advantages. It is quite possible to render due respect to all that is excellent in other countries—to take a deep and lively interest in every step that the nations make in the highroad of social advancement, and cordially to bid them God-speed in their progress—it is quite possible to look with an eye of sympathy on every sorrow, and a smile of congratulation on every joy, that pertains to the great brotherhood of man—yes, on the broadest and most enlarged scale, 'to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep,' and yet to feel an honest, humble, hearty sense of gratulation in the advantages that our peculiar history, our insular position, our social institutions, our religious freedom, above all, that goodness and mercy have bestowed upon us.

It is common to charge Englishmen with a spirit of surly fastidiousness when they are travelling on the Continent. It is common, and to a certain extent it is true; yet, on the other hand, it is almost, if not quite, as common to meet with Englishmen who find something to admire in everything foreign, merely because it is a foreign thing. Indeed, with the vulgar national prejudices that are so happily passing away, there is some hazard that the opposite extreme may be admitted. If *old* England turned up its nose too much in contempt, *young* England may perhaps turn up its eyes too much in admiration. Britain has its social and political evils—existing evils of appalling magnitude, and the remains of others which, like the bones of Mammoth, show us what monster evils they must have been; but she has social and political advantages still more conspicuous, the work of ages—dear-bought, hard-earned advantages, which it is wise, pious, manly to recognise. We forbear any allusion to the recent convulsions of the Continent—that social and political earthquake which has shaken every tower of European strength, but died away in such faint throbs against the cliffs of Albion, as merely to denote by the vibration what violent shocks they have been; but look at the Continent in ordinary times—times of tranquillity and ordinary peace—and on many accounts we believe that you may turn to England with a glow of gladness. We might enumerate many things—the infidelity of one country, the lax morality of another, the priestly domination of a third, the military predominance of all; but to this last point we would particularly allude, and it is chiefly to this that we specially refer, when we ironically mention the 'comforts of the Continent.' Scandinavia, indeed, as well as our Teutonic brethren of Holland, and some portions of our Saxon *faderland*, are less tainted with this plague-spot than the rest of Europe; yet at the best we can hardly step from the security of our island home without observing the military spirit that prevails. While some nations are more deeply

tinged with the other evils that we have hinted at, La belle France is perhaps the chief scene of military arrogance. Soldiers swarm like locusts; the thoroughfares are dotted in all directions with red, blue, green, and yellow. But not only is the regular military power immense; the genius of the people is essentially military; civic officers, constabulary, custom-house officials, lacqueys, and footmen, every one who can find an excuse for sporting a yellow worsted epaulette, a sash, a belt, or a button, does so. To be sure you may occasionally see a national guard with nothing military about him but his musket—a corpulent elder in a great-coat and green glasses—but this is an exception; the generality of the national guard seem to be cut out for soldiers, not only by the regimental tailor, but by the shears of dame Nature. As it regards regular soldiery, indeed, we must say, though you should set it down to nationality, that the British bear the bell. Just compare any English regiment with the little slovenly French infantry, their swart complexions, pickle-cabbage-coloured trousers, and loose white gaiters. The choice French regiments, indeed, are fine fellows, yet our Life-guards are finer still; but I think it must be admitted, that in what respect soever the English soldier has the advantage, it does not arise from military animus. No; punctilious cleanliness, rigid discipline, steadiness of character, superiority of moral and perhaps of physical force—such are the attributes that render the British soldiery, in figure and in fact, individually if not collectively, superior to that of most nations. But as to national soldiery, just compare the ease with which the national guard slips into his accoutrements, with the honest awkwardness of our yeomanry cavalry! No, no, my fine young farmer, shave, shave! Mustaches on that open, ruddy face are as much out of place as a tiger's whiskers on the chops of a mastiff. 'Use, habit, exercise,' you say, 'might overcome all this.' 'We shall be sorry,' we reply, 'if it ever should!' We have soldiers enough and to spare for all useful purposes, and our jealousy of military power is one of those instances in which jealousy 'leans to virtue's side.' Look at the caution with which the civil authority in this country calls in the military, and, we must add, how very civilly the military generally behave when they are called in. What a specially unpleasant thing it seems to be to read the riot act! Our magistracy are indeed seldom deficient in spirit or devoid of moral, if not of military, courage, yet on such occasions an honest alderman or a demoe sonsie baillie does look as if he thought it a very disagreeable thing to be shot; but to a Frenchman bullets seem to come as naturally as hard dumplings to an English ploughboy. In France, military rule, military maxims, military insolence, recklessness, and impunition are as common as they are oppressive.

But now, my beloved reader, as I have dwelt at much greater length than I intended upon this topic, draw your chair to the window, admit a little of the fresh air, and I will tell you a story in illustration of these remarks. My friend Markill dwelt for a considerable time in a provincial French town. He was a man of leisure, a man of figure, an easy, affable, gentlemanly fellow—in form and figure sufficiently unlike an Englishman to cultivate the 'masculine down' of his upper lip with success and propriety. He soon fell into the idle habits of a provincial French town—learned the language to read the papers, and then read the papers to learn the language; frequented the cafés; stretched his long legs over the back of one chair, while he balanced himself to and fro on another; and allowed the smoke of his cigar to curl lazily away in the clear air, the very smoke seemingly affected by the spirit of laziness which pervaded the place. The theatre was of course a daily, or rather nightly, resort. With our anti-theatrical tastes and sentiments, our essentially domestic habits and feelings, we can hardly imagine how naturally, I had almost said inevitably, an idle man in a continental town falls into the habit of frequenting the theatre. Markill, too, a young man at large upon the world, fond of society, and formed to make himself agreeable in it, with few if any friends in the town, met at the principal café with many officers of

the garrison, and with them he soon achieved a pleasant chatty acquaintanceship; their intimacy, however, being confined to drinking coffee, playing at dominoes, smoking cigars, and going to the theatre. Markill was at an age when the glitter of a gorget charms the eye—when the pride and pomp of military things hide their intrinsic worth—when the excitement and adventure of a soldier's life arouses the imagination; and to a young active-spirited man there is something very fascinating in military matters; he was accordingly much gratified with the acquaintanceships that he had formed, and began sincerely to wish that 'himself had been a soldier.' Of these French officers, two in particular we must specify as being more closely connected with the incident which we would relate. One was the colonel of a regiment, a dark, sallow, black-muzzled man, with a most formidable pair of whiskers; the other a slight and rather effeminate-looking fellow, who, from a peculiarity of gait, and because they knew not his real name, our English residents had nicknamed Captain Dancy. They did him no discredit by the title, for his pace was a kind of amble, which none but the natives of the 'grande nation' can achieve. He was altogether that remarkable hybrid between the soldier and the dancing-master which is solely and peculiarly French.

It chanced upon a bright summer evening—one of those evenings that seem made to bring out the light greens and bright reds of a continental town, that Markill was sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar with some of his military friends, sitting, with continental nonchalance, at the door of an estaminet. They had dined together, a thing not common, and taken enough wine, even of light French wine, to heat their blood, though not to intoxicate, so that the fresh air was doubly agreeable to their fevered brows, and yet so strong was habit that an adjournment to the theatre, as usual proposed, was carried *non. con.* It was a shame to exchange the light balmy air of that sweet summer evening for the hot breath of a theatre, yet to the theatre they went. The vaudeville was nothing new to them—they had seen it many times; and as it proceeded, with true military insolence—in France, mind you—they lounged about the centre box, and criticised the pretty actresses in very audible terms. We say 'in France,' because military insolence is little known here; and, moreover, English officers, save the very young and frivolous, are generally *gentlemen*. The play proceeded; but, as the majority of the audience wished to hear it, the comments of our officers were anything but agreeable, and repeated cries for silence, especially from the parterre, which we should call the pit, occasionally arose. These were returned by the officers with looks of supercilious scorn. At any time they were not the parties to be dictated to; and probably the wine they had taken made them more than ordinarily obstinate; and at least, if not intoxicated with wine, they were so with the 'insolence of office.' The piece was over, and in the interval of the performances people arose to stretch their legs as they commonly do in England. It may be supposed that many an eye was turned towards the principal group of officers, from which no inconsiderable annoyance had proceeded; indeed, they seemed to be the object of general attention—a circumstance which probably annoyed them, for the colonel, impatient under the general gaze, did what, though common enough in this country, is considered very bad manners in *polite* France. He sat down on the front of the box, with his back to the audience—a thing which, as we say, is considered an insult to the house in a continental theatre. Though so considered, it may be that on ordinary occasions it might not have been generally observed, at least it would not probably have called for any marked disapprobation, but in the unusual notice just now bestowed upon the party, there was something of extraordinary arrogance and insult in the act. It was done under the eye of the whole house, in the face of the whole audience. It was evidently intentional, and a perfect storm of hisses and execrations arose from the parterre. It might be that the heaven of liberty was fermenting in some bosoms, for democratic and revolutionary sentiments were not uncommon at that time,

and at all times there have been some quick souls to chafe under the pressure of aristocratic haughtiness and military misrule. One of these, perhaps, is that bright-eyed, open-browed youngster, who has stood up on the seat, and is gesticulating with some vehemence. I mean the young man with the long hair, and the open collar à la Byron. He is the son of Mons. Perigueux the cutler—a frank, free-hearted young fellow, with a spirit to spurn at oppression of any kind, and a disposition to engage in any adventure that promises excitement. The colonel obstinately retained his position despite the opposition of the pit. Perhaps he retained it the more pertinaciously because some of his associates shrank from him; they evidently thought him in the wrong. It is the peculiar excellence of a noble and generous spirit to acknowledge its errors; a wrong-headed or wrong-hearted man will only persevere the more obstinately when he knows that he is in the wrong. A few of the colonel's associates remained, but among these were Captain Dancy and my friend Markill; the former actuated by a sovereign contempt for the pitties, the latter by that English obstinacy which refuses to desert a friend in a fray, even when convinced that he is in the wrong.

Chafed at length by the angry expressions that arose behind him, the colonel turned his head upon his shoulder, and, regarding the audience with a scowl of ineffable contempt, he growled forth, '*Bêtes canaille!*' This made the people in the parterre well nigh frantic. Their indignation was displayed with a vehemence, a vivacity of emotion, to which we more phlegmatic islanders are strangers. They hooted, grinned, and chattered—they yelled, and hissed, and made as they would spit at the offender; in short, they displayed every variety of noisy but impotent ire. Young Perigueux alone, after the first ebullition of anger, stood unmoved, his arms folded upon his breast, but with a smile of scorn on his countenance, which spoke more forcibly than all the noisy wrath of the rest, and was perhaps the only proper way to treat the misbehaviour of the military. At this crisis a *gend'arme* entered the box, and with an air of obsequious civility, began to expostulate with the colonel. Expostulate! Had he been a civilian, he would have been handed off to the police-office instantaneously. What might have been the effect of the official's interposition is doubtful, and must ever remain so, for at this moment the curtain arose to a burst of martial music, and with truly French facility, all eyes were instantly turned towards the stage. The feelings so quickly aroused were as quickly forgotten. *Bêtes-canaille*—these were deadly insults, indeed, and hard to be digested, but, on the other hand, there was a 'spectacle.' The audience resumed their seats, and so did the soldiers. Young Perigueux alone seemed to retain any sense of what had passed. He had not resumed his seat, and he stood at the end of one of the benches leaning with his back against the side of the parterre beneath the lower tier of boxes, and, with his arms still folded upon his breast, he appeared to take less interest in the spectacle than the rest of the audience. Bitter thoughts of degradation and wounded self-respect were possibly passing in his mind. As the play proceeded, his eyes, attracted by the loud remarks which the officers occasionally made, sometimes travelled in the direction of the centre-box, and more than once they encountered the dark stern eye of the colonel. The military chief tried hard to frown him down. Scorn, anger, malice, passed in succession across his swarthy countenance, but still young Perigueux shrunk not from the encounter of his eye. He did not return the colonel's contemptuous glance, he exhibited no emotion, but he was not to be stared down.

The play was over; it was announced for repetition till further notice, amid thunders of applause; the manager bowed pleasantly; the author was delighted; nothing was heard but exclamations upon the splendour of the spectacle. It was all over. Young men who during the last scene had kept their hats ready for a start, made for the doors as if seeing a play were a matter of deep endurance, and going to the theatre a species of disagreeable duty the sooner over the better; while sober citizens who had to wait the shawling up of buxom wives and tippetting of pretty



daughters, fretted at the delay. The play was over; the audience began to disperse. Markill had been accustomed to accompany his military acquaintances to a certain restaurateur's, where a light supper and a cigar closed the duties of the day, but on the night in question, one and all pointedly wished him good night.

Struck by the strangeness of this conduct, his attention was naturally drawn to their subsequent behaviour, and he was surprised to see them all saunter round to what we should call the pit-entrance of the theatre. Instigated by curiosity, my friend followed. From the superior convenience of the box staircase, the officers had all got leisurely round to the pit entrance while the crowd was still welling out of it. Stationing themselves at a short distance the officers awaited the approach of young Perigueux, and when he had got a few paces from the theatre, the colonel quietly slipped his arm within that of the young man; Captain Dancey, dancing upon the other side, did the same; while two or three other officers cloed in behind, and thus they danced him off. The transaction was witnessed by several persons; but it passed so suddenly that no one interfered, no one knew how to act. Least of all did the party principally concerned; he seemed quite confused; turned his head once or twice, but said nothing; and whether he went willingly or unwillingly none could tell. If forced away, you say he might have implored assistance: but a young man of spirit, without time allowed for reflection, would hardly do that; and, as he did not, men did not feel themselves called upon to interfere. If force indeed was used it was of so gentle and solicitous a kind, that it could hardly be called coercion; and, but for remembrance of the recent uproar, men must have thought it but a playful act. At most, the officers might only intend to expostulate with the young man; if generous, free-hearted men, they might admire the spirit of the youth, and wish to bury the matter in a bottle—perhaps they did.

While such thoughts passed through the minds of the beholders, Perigueux and his conductors—captors—friends, whatever they may be called, were gone. The whole event was past so suddenly that it seemed 'like a dream when one awaketh.' Perigueux happened to have no special companions in the theatre on the night in question, or they might have felt themselves called upon to interfere, at least to follow. He had gone to the theatre alone, telling his friends that he should return to supper. As it was, none followed, save one. Markill having seen the beginning of the adventure, wished to see the end of it. A little English curiosity might be mingled in this matter with a little English firmness of purpose; and though we would not for a moment charge the French with cowardice, there was not in the mind of Markill that sense of military importance, military prerogative, military authority, to which we have at large referred, and which might have impressed the spirit of a Frenchman. As Markill proceeded at a swift pace, and the group—perhaps from the unwillingness of one of them—held rather a tardy one, my friend, though in a momentary pause of hesitation and surprise he had at first lost sight of the party, now not only beheld but was perceptibly gaining on them. They had traversed a long narrow bye-street, now, save for them, silent and deserted; but in that silence Markill thought that he could distinguish the voice of young Perigueux, as well as those of his military escort, raised in altercation.

They had reached a cross street, and were evidently about to turn up it, when a pause ensued, the object of which was soon apparent. Markill had been observed by them; and Captain Dancey, disengaging himself from the group, came tripping back again.

'Good night, Mr Markill—good night,' he repeated, pressing the Englishman's arm, and speaking very emphatically.

Markill ventured to say, 'What are you going to do—with the young man?' but he was obliged to exalt his voice in the latter part of the question, for Dancey was already at a distance, and almost before he had finished his words the captain was gone.

The rest of the party had disappeared while Dancey was

returning to my friend, and the latter now stood alone in the street, irresolute, and at a loss. To follow any farther would have been inevitably to fasten a quarrel on these soldiers, of a nature from which a brave man might well shrink; and while he hesitated, even the hum of their voices and the echo of their steps had died away in the distance. All trace of them was lost in the obscure and intricate part of the town into which they had penetrated. What was to be done? What would you have done? This will be answered differently by men of different temperament and different degrees of local information. Visions of policemen, justices, and juries will probably flit before the eyes of an Englishman; but alone, in a provincial French garrison town, imperfectly acquainted with the laws and customs of the country, perhaps most men would have done what Markill deemed it best to do—go home and go to bed. There was a singular sense of loneliness, a peculiarly uneasy feeling of suspense upon his spirit, as he wended his way homewards. A distant hum arose in the stillness of the night from the more fashionable part of the town, but his own footsteps alone resounded in the deserted street as he paced upon the little end-long pebbles with which it was paved. There were a few distant oil lamps suspended from house to house midway across the thoroughfare, but giving each so feeble a twinkle of light as not to interfere at all with the brightness of the moon, which was wading through a heavy mass of clouds, but occasionally bursting through them with a flood of radiance that cut out the figure of the passer, together with those of the many-angled, stepped gables of the old French houses, in great vividness upon the ground. Fearing he knew not what—desirous of doing something, but quite ignorant of what that something ought to be—Markill proceeded. Oppressed by a feeling of unknown evil, he was not sorry to get into the better-frequented parts of the town, where lights still glittered from the cafés and restaurateurs, and cabriolets and façades still rolling about the streets gave signs of continued animation.

Markill got home and went to bed; but here his uneasiness returned. He lay awake listening to the gusts of wind and rain, which began to patter in fitful blasts against his chamber window, for the night set in wet and stormy; and he tried to coax himself to sleep with the persuasion that there was no harm intended to young Perigueux. Perhaps the military had some power of surveillance of which he was unaware, and to some tribunal connected with that power he was to be subjected. But it would not do. Conjectures on the probable fate of the young man kept him awake; and I know not how often he involuntarily followed, while he mentally execrated, the popular air of 'Depuis longtemps,' as it was jerked out of an adjacent belfrey, every half hour, in that capricious way which characterises the *chimes*. As day dawned, and not before, Markill fell asleep.

Busy morning opened upon the town, and men went forth to their ordinary avocations. There was terrible suspense and anxiety in one house, for an old man and his wife doubted and dreaded the fate of their only son; he had not returned home; he had gone last night to the theatre, and no one knew anything more about him—doubt sank into anguish, and anguish degenerated into despair. And what was become of young Perigueux?

My friends, in due time his body was found floating in the river, with three or four small sword wounds in his breast. Well, and what then? Reader—that is all. The corpse was carried to the Morgue, where it was owned and identified by a broken-hearted old man as that of his only son. There was no inquest, no investigation; the body of poor young Perigueux was committed to the grave, but how he was put to death there was no evidence to prove. Whether he was even allowed a chance of defence, so to speak, among those expert swordsmen, or was more literally, though not more essentially, murdered in cold blood, can only be known when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Buoyant with life and health and spirit, in the first flush of youth—full of hope, and rejoicing like a strong man to run his race, young Perigueux perished by the swords

of those truculent assassins; and the grey hairs of his father were brought with sorrow to the grave. The —th regiment of the line soon after marched out of that dull garrison town with flying colours, its officers delighted to quit a place which afforded *no excitement*; and Markill returned to England, having studiously avoided the theatre and the officers, and quite cured of the military mania which was coming upon him. For some time people talked of 'pauvre Perigueux,' and shook their heads ominously, but much more they talked of the grand spectacle that was to be repeated every night till further notice.

My beloved reader, much as this incident may disappoint your ideas of poetic justice—much as it may shock your notions of English equity and jurisprudence—much as it may bear the impress of a romantic fiction, it is *literally true*. In all its leading facts, and bating that little licensed adornment which a writer is allowed, to present a more impressive picture to his readers, in its outline and its details it is essentially true; and it is brought forward to illustrate the remarks made in its introduction on the predominance of military power, military feelings, military insolence on the Continent. In the political hemisphere of England fortunately Mars is not in the ascendant, and we rejoice that such is the case.

These remarks may seem to savour of that national prejudice which we have deprecated, but of such a spirit the writer is unconscious. That he dislikes or would depreciate anything French because it is French he cannot admit. That he views with unqualified satisfaction the increasing cordiality and good-will that subsists between Great Britain and her great rival—rival, it is to be hoped, no more—he maintains; and that even in the point alluded to, there is great improvement, he believes. But all this is consistent with deep gratulation upon the great advantages of this country—advantages which have been the growth of ages, and which it is to be hoped the lapse of ages will never see destroyed. Coincident then with a deep and sincere sympathy with the melioration of the world, may we not exclaim, 'The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have indeed a goodly heritage.'

LOTA.

## THE LUDICROUS SIDE OF LIFE.\*

### PART I.

In a lecture on Wit and Humour, which I had the honour of delivering before this society last winter, I attempted an analysis of those qualities,—exhibited the influence of wit as a political weapon, and alluded to humour as a creator of comic character. On the present occasion, I desire to ask your attention to another department of the same exhaustless subject.—The Ludicrous Side of Life; that is, these aspects of crime, misery, folly, and weakness, under which they appear laughable as well as lamentable. The subject is so philosophical in its nature, presents so many of the more remote and elusive points of character for analysis, and demands so rigorous a classification of social facts, that the audience must pardon me if the amusement suggested by the title of the lecture is not borne out by a corresponding pleasantness in its treatment.

The ludicrous in life arises from the imperfection of human nature, from that perpetual contradiction between our acts and aspirations which makes our ideas everlasting satires on our deeds and institutions. If we consider only the elements of human nature, we can easily conceive them so harmoniously combined as to constitute perfection of character; but the moment we pass from thoughts to facts, we are amazed at the monstrous perversions and misdirections of these elements. Instead of a reciprocal action of co-ordinate powers, we find what appears to be a mad jumble of conflicting opinions and impulses. We see the seemingly self-centred being, who goes under the name of man, whirled continually from his beckoning ideals by a thousand seductive external impressions; chang-

ing from 'half dust, half deity,' into all dust and no deity; and running the dark round of weakness and wickedness, from the besotted stupidity of the idiot to the grinning malignity of the fiend. We turn, heart-sick and brain-sick, to the past, only to find the same moral chaos,—a confused mass of folly and crime, dignified now with the title of expediency, now with that of glory,—Caligulas and Neros, Cæsars and Napoleons, James Stuarts and Frederick Williams, each experimenting on the most efficacious way of ruining nations, each playing off a gigantic game of theft or murder before an admiring or reverential world. Vice on the throne, virtue on the gibbet,—there you have the two prominent figures in the grand historical picture painted on the wide canvass of time.

Now, unless there were in the human mind certain powers, by which all this wickedness and wretchedness could be gazed at from a different point of view than that of passion or conscience, there can be no doubt that thought and observation would drive every good man into insanity. We know this from the manner in which excitable spirits all around us rave and fret at the world's evil, even now. We may not say how thin is often the partition which separates the cautious and reform meeting from the strait-jacket and the maniac's cell; and in how many hearts, on fire with an indignant hatred of oppression and hypocrisy, there burns the impatient impulse of the blind giant of old, to pull down the pillars of the social edifice, that by so doing they might crush the Philistines feasting within its walls. But the human mind cannot long live on stilts, and nature therefore has provided two powers by which the asperities of sensibility may be softened—imagination and mirth: imagination cunningly substituting its own ideals for facts, and smoothly cheering the mind with beautiful illusions; mirth looking facts right in the face, detecting their ludicrous side, and turning them into objects of genial glee or scornful laughter. By a perception of human faults and follies under the conditions of humour, we lose our indignant disgust, and regain our humanity; and by seeing crime with the eye of wit, we find that it is as essentially mean, little, and ridiculous, as it is hateful. The serpent, it is true, still retains its form; but its head is no longer raised, its eyes no longer glitter, its fangs no longer dart poison, but it crawls fearfully away to its foul hiding-place, the trample and spurn of every contemptuous heel—and then it becomes our tam to hiss! What, indeed, can be more pitifully ridiculous than the spectacle of a man, endowed at the best or worst with but a small portion of a demon's venom or a demon's power, setting himself up against God and the nature of things—an insignificant insect in the path of the lightning, sagely bullying the bolt!

Thus the crimes and infirmities of human nature, as manifested in the million diversities of character and peculiarities of action and position, can be made the subject of merriment as well as moralising. Change the point of view, and the things which made us abriek will make us laugh. From Lucifer to Jerry Sneak there is not an aspect of evil, imperfection, and littleness, which can elude the light of humour or the lightning of wit. It would be impossible, in one or twenty lectures, to show the unnumbered varieties of mirth, from which these crimes and infirmities may be viewed. I shall confine myself, therefore, to the two extremes of humour and wit, the jovial and the bitter; and I cannot better illustrate them, than by a consideration of the two great exponents of these extremes, Rabelais and Shakspeare's Thersites.

Between these lie unnumbered varieties of mirth. Rabelais is all fun at human weakness; Thersites, all gall at human depravity. And first, let us look at Rabelais, the wisest, shrewdest, coarsest, most fertile, most reckless, of all humorists. Both his life and works were steeped in fun to the very lips. Fun seemed the condition of his being; his genius, learning, passions, hopes, faith, all instinctively fashioned themselves into some of the various oddities of mirth. Hermes shook hands with Momus at his nativity. The period in which he lived, the first half of the sixteenth century, was one of amazing licentiousness;

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ad he has portrayed it with a vulgarity as amazing. The slyness of that age seemed to consist in the worship of no deities from the heathen heaven, Mars and Bacchus, and two devils from the Christian pandemonium, Moloch and Belial. Its enormities were calculated to provoke a hudder rather than a smile. Yet to Rabelais, the dark intrigues of poisoners and stabbers, calling themselves tatesmen, and the desolating wars waged by sceptred highwaymen calling themselves kings, appeared exquisitely ridiculous. All the actors in that infernal farce, all who led up the giddy death-dance of the tyrants and bacchanals, only drew from him roar upon roar of elephantine laughter. His humour rushes from him like an inundation, fixing the solidest pyramids of human pride, wheeling everything away in a flood of ridicule. All that was externally dignified in the church and state of Europe—kings, queens, nobles, cardinals—he tumbles about like so many mischievous children, and makes them indulge in the most insane freaks of elvish caprice. But here we must distinguish between the resistless mirth of Rabelais, which is compatible with essential humanity, and the monstrous glee of some base and detestable tyrants, who have jeered with human blood, and found a demoniacal delight in laughing over deeds which have consigned them to the execration of posterity. Such was Nero, who saw in the burning of Rome, set on fire by himself, only an occasion for exercising his musical talents. Such was Barrère, that miracle of cruelty and baseness, who, amid all the horrors of the French Revolution, never descended to the weakness of pity, but performed the worst atrocities of oppression and murder with a fiendish glee. Thus, to please an infamous companion, he obtained the passage of a law denouncing the wearing of a certain head-dress as a capital crime against the state. He never told the story, says his biographer, without going into convulsions of laughter, which made his hearers hope he would choke; and Macaulay adds, that there must have been something peculiarly tickling and exhilarating, to a mind like his, 'in this grotesque combination of the frivolous and the horrible—false hair and curling-irons with spouting arteries and reeking hatchets.' Such laughter as this might indeed make

'Hell's burning rafters  
Unwillingly re-echo laughter.'

But such was not the mirth of Rabelais. He could not have laughed with Nero and Barrère; he could not have belied laughing at them.

From the stories told of Rabelais, he must have been in life the same strange, wise, sharp, and mirthful imp, which he appears in his writings. He seems even to have looked death in the face with a grin on his own. As his friends were weeping round his bed, he exclaimed, 'Ah! if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh.' Being pressed by some ravenous relations, who thought him rich, to sign a will leaving them large legacies, he at last complied, and on being asked where the money could be found, he answered, 'As for that, you must do like the spaniel, look about and search.' As he was dying, a page entered from the Cardinal du Bellay, to inquire after his health. The old humorist muttered in reply, 'Tell my lord in what circumstance you found me; I am just going to leap into the dark. He is up in the cock-loft; bid him stay where he is. As for thee, thou'lt always be a fool. Let down the curtain; the farce is done.' Immediately after his death, his relations seized upon a sealed paper, purporting to be his last will and testament, which, on being opened, was found to contain three pithy articles: 'I owe much; I have nothing; I leave the rest to the poor.'

Many eminent, and some virtuous men, have left the world with jests on their lips. Augustus Cæsar appealed to the friends round his dying bed, if he had not very well acted the farce of life. Sir Thomas More joked on the scaffold. The wit of Lord Dorset, in his last hours, surprised even Congreve, the wittiest of English comic dramatists. But Rabelais, in life and death, was the most consistent of all the authors of Rome and France. His jests and

subtlest meditations, his most earnest loves and hatreds, were sportively expressed; and when he came to 'leap into the dark,' it was a jest that lit the way. It would be easy to moralise at much greater length on such a mirthful monstrosity as this; but that is not my business at present. There the old wag stands in literary history, a monument of mirth, with his large unctuous brain, his rosy and roguish face, his fat free-and-easiness: a mad jest lurking in every line of his lawless lips, a wild glee leaping in every glance of his laughing eyes! There is but one Rabelais.

Now Theristes, in Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,' is a man of an entirely different make. He represents the class of wits who hate and deride crime from no love of virtue, and belittle greatness merely to glut their waspish spleen. But he is perfect in his way. He talks a whole armory of swords and stilettoes. His words hurtle through the air like fire-tipped arrows. They seem almost to hit the reader—so keen are they, and sent with such unerring aim. He is the thorniest of all wits. His bitter brilliancy bites into the very core of things. The great-limbed Homeric heroes Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon, look small enough in his stabbing sentences. His railing is more executive than their smiting arms; and he tosses them up and down, riddling them with his satire, almost impaling them with his edged scorn. 'Hector,' he says to Ajax and Achilles, 'Hector will have a great catch if he knocks out either of your brains; a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.' And then how his sharp malice exults over these examples of 'valiant ignorance, these 'sudden-witted lords, that wear their tongues in their arms!' His description of Ajax ruminating is perfect. 'He bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—There were wit in this head an 'twould out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.' Again, he calls him the 'idol of idiot worshippers,' 'a full dish of fool, 'a mongrel cur;' and the richly dressed Patroclus he addresses as—'Thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcent flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou! Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-dies, diminutives of nature!' So fares it with 'that same dog-fox, Ulysses, and that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor.' Every one who wishes to know the height and depth of railing should give his days and nights to Theristes. He accumulates round the objects of his hatred all images of scorn and contumely; and he hates everybody, not excluding himself. Everything in him has turned to spleen; everything that comes from him is dipped in his gall. His criticism of the persons and events of the Trojan war, as they pass before his view, takes the heroic element clean out of them. It is wonderfully edifying to hear him discourse of Paris and Helen. With one stroke of his tongue heroes descend into beef-witted bullies, goddesses dwindle down into silly girls. He buzzes over the Grecian camp like a hornet, and seizes every favourable moment to dart down and sting. No matter how much he is beaten by the brawny fist of his master Ajax—his tongue revenges every blow in a hail-storm of scurrilous words. You can hear them patter on the helmets of the Greeks, like a shower of Trojan stones. Theristes is an everlasting proof of the resistless power of the tongue. He lashes both armies with a whip of words, and leaves his jests sticking in their flesh like so many thorns and thistles. The fine audacity of Shakspeare's world-wide genius could hardly have been more splendidly displayed than thus, in placing the bitterest of human satirists side by side with the most poetical of human heroes.

In looking at the laughable side of life, it might be dangerous to depict it à la Rabelais or à la Theristes. But between these extremes are numberless varieties; and it is from some half-way station, perhaps, that we may obtain the best view. We have already seen that it is from the inharmoniousness and consequent perversion of the human mind that the ludicrous in human life has its source, and in proportion to the vividness with which we perceive

the clearness of our insight into the ridiculousness of the perversions. Now everything morbid, diseased, and one-sided, everything out of its due relations, all excess in the development of any one faculty or opinion, go to make up the vast mass of life's bombast and bathos. The slightest glance at society reveals the most contemptible shams strutting under borrowed names. Nothing in itself good but is transformed by the unerring alchemy of selfishness into some portentous evil or pitiful deception, transparent to the eye of mirth, but full of sacredness to the eye of wonder. There is a great difference, says Coleridge, 'between an egg and an egg-shell; but at a distance they look remarkably alike.' Now, to question these deceptions, to pierce these bubbles with shafts that disclose their emptiness, generally raises the most discordant cackling among the world's geese. Miss Pigeon is so charmed with the attentions of Captain Rook, that she grows amazingly indignant at the voice which forbids the banns. Appearances have so long been confounded with realities, that an attack on the one is too commonly taken as evidence of enmity to the other; and, like the charmed bullet of the hunter, strikes the shepherd, though directed at the wolf. Everybody knows that fanaticism is religion caricatured; bears, indeed, about the same relation to it that a monkey bears to a man; yet with many, contempt of fanaticism is received as a sure sign of hostility to religion. Thus things go moaning up and down for their lost words, and words are perpetually engaged in dodging things; and it becomes exceedingly dangerous for a prudent man to discriminate between a truth and its distortion—between prudence and avarice, acuteness and cunning, sentiment and sentimentality, sanctity and sanctimoniousness, justice and 'Revised Statutes,' the dignity of human nature and the Hon. Mr —; yet it is just in this discrimination that the ludicrous side of life is revealed.

And now let us glance at this heaving sea of human life, with its pride, its vanity, its hypocrisy, its selfishness, its match-making, its scandal-mongering, its substitution of the plausible for the true, the respectable for the good, and pick out a few of its leading falsehoods for comment. The first quality that strikes us here is human pride, with its long trains of hypocrisy and selfishness. 'This comes of walking on the earth,' said the Spanish hidalgo of Quevedo, when he fell upon the ground. Alas! that Tom Moore's bitter pleasantry on the peacock politician should apply to so large a portion of mankind:—

'The best speculation that the market holds forth,  
To any enlightened lover of self,  
Is to buy — up at the price he is worth,  
And sell him at that he puts on himself.'

Now this pride, this self-exaggeration, the parent of all spiritual sins, tracing its long lineage up to Lucifer himself, is as ridiculous as it is malignant. From our well-bred horror of the Satanic, the devil to us is a sublimely wicked object; but I can conceive of Rabelais as rushing into convulsions of laughter at the folly of Satan—at the mere idea of imperfect Evil waging its weak war against omnipotent Good!

What a lesson, indeed, is all history, and all life, to the folly and fruitlessness of pride! The Egyptian kings had their embalmed bodies preserved in massive pyramids, to obtain an earthly immortality. In the seventeenth century they were sold as quack medicines, and now they are burnt for fuel! 'The Egyptian mummies, which Cambysees or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise. Misraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.' Pride and vanity have raised those iron walls of separation between men—that division of humanity into classes and ranks, which neither benevolence nor religion can leap. The artificial distinctions of society, the parents of numberless fooleries of bigotry and prejudice, will probably afford matter of everlasting moralising to the preacher, and everlasting merriment to the wit. 'I considered him,' said a witness in Thurtell's trial, 'I considered him a very respectable man.' 'What do you mean by respectable?' 'Why, he kept a gig!' Rank, birth, wealth, saith the worldling, thou shalt have no other

gods but these. Genius and virtue are good only when they are genteel. The brother of Beethoven was of this creed. He signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, '— Von Beethoven, land-owner.' The immortal composer retorted by signing his, 'Ludwig Von Beethoven, brain-owner.' We often hear in society the magical death-warrant pronounced, 'He does not belong to our class; who does not belong to our set,' as if those words cast out the condemned into another species—as if the class or set included all in the world we are bound to esteem, all whose rights we are bound to respect. The huntsman, in 'Joseph Andrews,' calls off his hounds from chasing the poor parson, because they would be injured by following *vermin*! The ludicrous bigotries, the stupendous stupidities, which this isolation from the race engenders, are often perfectly amazing instances of human folly. 'When a country squire,' says Sydney Smith, 'hears of an ape, his first impulse is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county jail, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped.' In Christian England the feeling of caste is nearly as potent as in heathen India. The nobleman hardly realises that he belongs to the same original species, and has part in the same original sin, as the miner and cotton-spinner; though nothing would seem to be more evident than that

'From yon blue heaven above us bent,  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.'

But we need not cross the Atlantic to discover these division lines between the vulgar little and the vulgar great. The weakness of the American people is the absurd importance they attach to gentility. To gain this, they sacrifice health, strength, comfort, and often honour. As a man here, however, must have power as well as cast, his life oscillates between two ambitions; the ambition to be popular, and the ambition to be genteel. He accordingly puts his 'universal brotherhood' into sermons, his patriotism into Fourth of July orations, and his life and soul into 'our set.' It is curious to see the agency of this gentility in formalising even love and hatred. 'What will Mrs Grundy say?'—this pertinent interrogation has scarcely enough to robe malice in smiles, and freeze affection into haughtiness. As there can be no happiness in marriage without station and style, the old worship of Cupid, the god, is transferred to cupidity, the demon; the test question, not what a person is, but what a person *has*; and the motive, not so much love as an establishment. This has become so common that it is no longer called sin, but prudence. The fact is so glaring that it has even found its way into the weak heads of sentimental novelists. The last result of all this foolery, is that kind of intellectual death going under the name of fashionable life; the declaration that man is not a mysterious compound of body and soul, but of coat and pantaloons; and the final triumph of dandy nature over human nature. 'Nature,' says the coxcomb in Colman's comedy, to the blooming country girl—'nature is very clever, for she made you; but nature never could have made me!'

The two pillars which support this edifice of human pride are impudence and hypocrisy, or shameless pretension and canting pretension. 'Words,' said a cunning old politician, a few days before his withdrawal from the palace to the tomb, 'words were given to conceal, not to express, thought.' Of how large a portion of mankind may it be said, that they do not so much live, as pretend! Raise the cry of any reform, and crowds of sharpers and dunces rush to pick pockets and talk nonsense under its broad banners, and the satirist stands by to declare, with South, how much of this liberty of conscience means liberty from conscience, or, with Colton, how much of this freedom of thought means freedom from thought. Conservatism is a very good thing; but how many conservatives announce principles which might have shocked Dick Turpin, or non-sensicalities flat enough to have raised contempt in Jerry Sneak! 'A conservative,' says Douglas Jerrold, 'is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect for the

'ancient institution,' the old one.' Radicalism, or reform, is another very good thing; but quaintly, says old Dr Fuller, 'many hope that the tree will be felled, who hope to gather chips by the fall.' When Johnson asserted patriotism to be the last refuge of the scoundrel, he said something not more than half true. Would we could aver that he said something more than half wrong. Philanthropy is another very good thing, perhaps the best of all good things; but much of it which we see is of a cheap kind—a compounding of 'sins we are inclined to,' by condemning those 'we have no mind to;' an elegant recreation of conscience, calling for no self-sacrifice, and admitting the union of noble sentiments with ignoble acts. The English merchant professes to be horror-struck at the atrocities of southern slavery; the slaveholder curses England for her starvation policy to labour; the Yankee is liberal of rebukes to both. Now this inexpensive moral indignation may produce good results; but shall we throw up our caps in admiration of the philanthropy of either? No! for on the broad and beautiful brow of true philanthropy is written *self-denial*, *self-sacrifice*. It says, the system which enriches me harms another, and therefore I repudiate it, therefore I will do all in my power to put it down.

This conscious hypocrisy it is very easy to understand; but there is, in a large number of minds, an unconscious hypocrisy, which presents an almost insoluble problem to the investigator. In some cases it is self-deceit, resulting from weakness or ignorance. In others, it indicates the passage of the hypocrite from being false into falsehood itself; the quack believing in his own impostures—the hypocrite, once on the surface, eating into the very soul of the man, and lying him at last into an organic lie. These two aspects of character can be perceived, but not analysed. They baffle the metaphysician, only to shine more resplendently on the page of the humorist. What a Leibnitz or Butler could but imperfectly convey, looks out upon us in living forms from the picture-gallery of Cervantes and Shakspeare, of Addison and Steele, of Goldsmith and Dickens. Without recurring to these, instances can be readily adduced from every-day life. Benevolence and malignity often co-exist in retailers of scandal; persons, who can be fitly described only in the verbal paradoxes launched by Timon at his 'smiling, smooth, detested' parasites—'courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears.' Tears are copiously showered over frailties the discoverer takes a malicious delight in circulating; and thus, all granite on one side of the heart, and all milk on the other, the unsexed scandalmonger hies from house to house, pouring balm from its weeping eyes on the wounds it inflicts with its stabbing tongue. Again, you all know that, a short time since, when a fear was expressed that the Bible would be banished from the public schools, how much horror and indignation thereat emitted itself in the lustiest profane swearing. But perhaps the finest instance of this unconscious hypocrisy is the fact related of the simple southern clergyman. He owned half of a negro slave, and in his prayers, therefore, he prayed that the Lord would preserve his house, his land, his family, and his half of *Pompey*.

## CALIFORNIA IN THE LAST MONTHS OF 1849.

### PART II.

THE population of San Francisco is increased every day by emigrants who arrive by sea from every part of the world. The Sandwich Islands, Taïti, the archipelagos Viti and Fidji, as well as New Zealand and Sydney, have more or less completely emptied themselves of their white populations. All these heterogeneous elements have been successively poured into the mass of workers. Absent at present, the emigrants will all return on the approach of winter, to seek shelter in the town. In fact, the population properly consists only of merchants, ship-captains, and those who, having gathered something at the diggings, return to San Francisco, in order to spend their gains in play or frivolity. The population here is almost exclu-

sively male, and it is nearly quite as much as is possible for those few honest women who have followed their husbands hither to hazard themselves on the streets. However, a noticeable improvement in this respect may already be remarked. Since the element purely American has taken the rule at San Francisco, nobody can insult a female with impunity. Nowhere, as everybody knows, is woman more respected than in the United States.

If we attempt to analyse the elements of the commercial population of San Francisco, we shall find some of them rather curious. All the damaged merchants of New York, all the bankrupts pursued by justice, all the schemers and plotters of adventures in the Union, cast themselves on this land of promise. 'Observe that fellow,' said our cicerone to us, himself a citizen of the United States: 'that is one of our greatest geniuses. Manager of the first house in Baltimore, he conceived the hardy project of monopolising all the fresh meat of the Union, that he might afterwards sell it only at the price which might suit him. He had already got possession of three-fourths of the cattle of the States, and was on the very eve of getting the whole into his hands, when another American, equally a man of genius, applied himself to speculate against him. The struggle between these two giants was terrible and prolonged. The people, who readily appreciate among us anything which has a character of greatness, watched the combat for a long time with extreme interest. The two champions, as it happened, were both ruined. It is true,' added our cicerone, 'that both have since lifted their heads high again. He whom you see there arrived six months ago without a sou; to-day, he has a fortune of 500,000 francs. His old antagonist has succeeded still better. They are already preparing to renew the fight on this other theatre. The personage whom we have just saluted is of the same school. Being a few years ago a banker at New York, he undertook to found a unique and colossal bank on the ruins of all the rival institutions. His plans, pushed with the greatest skill and perseverance, were nearly crowned with success, when the hero of New Orleans, alarmed by this anti-democratic tendency, got a law passed prohibiting the establishment of the new bank. Public sympathy hesitated an instant between these two great men; but General Jackson, without troubling himself more about it, put an arrest on his opponent, who, in order to escape from the general and his creditors, now suddenly risen against him, found nothing so prudent as to beat a retreat and establish himself among us.'

While our guide was thus narrating the noble deeds of his countrymen, a gentleman with a rubicund face and athletic form approached us. He was armed to the teeth, and carried an enormous hunting-knife, behind his back, stuck into his girdle of yellow leather. After this extraordinary apparition had gone some distance off, 'That,' said our guide, 'is Colonel X— of the Mississippi. He has just arrived from Texas, by the overland route, having traversed Mexico in its greatest extent. He met with an odd adventure, which has caused some sensation even here, where we begin to be somewhat fatigued with the marvellous. Here is the story in a few words. The corps which the colonel commanded, being composed of substantial farmers from the west, having arrived at Durango, a fortified town of Mexico, and which reckons more than 35,000 souls, found the population in a state of doleful despair. Some Indians of the Apaches tribe, inhabiting the borders of the Colorado, having appeared the night before to the number of 500, menaced the town with pillage, unless it immediately delivered up to them fifty women and an equal number of young girls. The thought of an Apache makes the degenerate descendants of the Cortes tremble; and the inhabitants of Durango, after some show of resistance, yielded to the terms imposed, and the Indians were gone, leading off the women, and driving along with them all the cattle which they encountered on the way. Learning these facts, Colonel X— offered to pursue the ravishers and bring back the captives, on the payment by the town of a sum of 4000 piastres (20,000

france) as soon as he returned. The town joyfully closed with the proposition, and immediately subscribed a declaration bearing witness to the engagement. Colonel X— set out with his friends, and on the third day reached the quarters of the Indians. The two parties closed in combat on horseback with rifles in their hands. The address of the Indians is such that, holding with one hand the mane of their horse, while at the gallop, they can lie along its flank, and present to the balls of the enemy nothing but the sole of one foot—that, namely, which forcibly pressed against the back of the horse, enables them to maintain this strange equilibrium. The balls of Colonel X—, however, owing to the infallible quickness of the American huntsman, who suffers nothing, be it ever so small, to escape the shot of his rifle, lodged, to the great alarm of the Indians, in the foot which had remained uncovered. At the end of seven or eight days' absence, Colonel X— re-entered Durango. He had lost three of his companions, but he brought back the captives. Far from testifying their gratitude for his bravery, the inhabitants of Durango refused to pay the stipulated sum, and ordered the Americans to quit their town. To this insolent message the gallant colonel replied, that he would not depart till they had remitted the 4000 piastres, and that in the event of its not being done within twenty-four hours, he and the twenty-seven men who yet remained to him would take possession of Durango. The answer had its effect. The alcalde of the town brought next day the 4000 piastres in specie—after which Colonel X—, to use his own expression, *shook the dust from his feet*, and tranquilly resumed his way.

What most surprises one at San Francisco is the rareness of thefts, in spite of the facilities of every sort which offer themselves to the bad instincts of the population collected in the town. Thus, in the courts of private houses, before the doors, in the streets, on the public squares—in one word, everywhere, you come upon some piles of merchandise brought from all parts of the globe, and lying loose, apparently without any protection or surveillance; yet never do the thieves and scoundrels by profession, who are walking the streets, take it into their heads to touch anything. The reason seems to be that in California, as in many other countries of the globe, there is a conventional code of morality received and recognised by everybody. Thus, the infliction of a wound by poignard or pistol, in the caprice of vengeance or rivalry, is looked upon with indifference; but to touch the property of others is viewed as the greatest of enormities. A score of balls issue from surrounding tents and houses after the thief; merchant, miner, boatman, everybody will instantly quit his occupation, and dart off in pursuit; for everybody is interested in preventing theft. There are, however, no police or soldiers to watch specially over the interests of the public. Such a state of things will give rise at the first moment to a sentiment of surprise, almost of indignation; nobody could imagine that a government should be so wanting in its essential duties as not to accord direct and official protection to a country ranged under its banner, but many things which the European can scarcely conceive of appear natural and simple to the Americans. Society, according to them, is nothing but a collection of free and intelligent elements, of which each finds itself drawn, by a sort of special affinity, to its appropriate place. The intervention of the civil power, unless in extreme need, would serve, as they think, only to derange this tendency, to violate this law of gravitation; and it seems to them better to charge themselves with the suppression of certain social disorders, than to abandon this care to the state, and thus put themselves under a species of permanent tutelage.

One extremely curious fact strikes us at San Francisco; it is the popularity enjoyed by those who indicate civic firmness and courage. Thus, in the environs of the Sacramento, at the moment when we visited it, there was an alcalde, whose district had at first served as a general rendezvous for all the vagabonds who sought refuge here from other countries. Outrage and crime were happening

every moment in this district. The brave alone had for one and all delinquents one and the same means of suppression; 'hang!' was his invariable response, short but energetic, when a culprit was brought before his tribunal. The people, who themselves discharged the duties of the occasion, never suffered the word to be repeated twice. The victim was hung, and the executioners dispersed to their usual occupations in a highly satisfied humour. No matter whether the charge was the stab of a poignard or the theft of a pocket-handkerchief or pipe, the sentence was always the same—'hang!' and the order was instantly fulfilled to the letter without remorse. If perchance some one made the suggestion that the culprit might not be guilty, and that he might be heard in his defence, 'Bah!' the alcalde would reply, 'you are well aware, citizens, that there are no innocents among us. If he has not committed the offence in question, he has committed others, here or elsewhere. Hang him!' Those present looked at one another with a smile, and then put the sentence into execution.

At this epoch the ancient Spanish system was followed, which, leaving all power to the alcalde, did not admit of the intervention of a jury. Later, this system was modified, the Americans experiencing an invincible repugnance at dispensing with an accessory which alone prevents justice from degenerating into despotism. It is true that the adoption of the jury did not serve, in the circumstances of the place at that time, but to render the procedure a little more grotesque. Many a time a jury of twelve tipsy men has been constituted to try another in the same condition. The favourite verdict of the alcalde almost instantly followed.

A few weeks before our arrival at San Francisco the people had been summoned to choose delegates for a convention which is sitting at this moment at Monterey. The elections were disputed in the greater number of cases. The alcalde of Sacramento was the only delegate chosen with unanimity: so true is it, that in the United States as in Turkey, under a republic as well as under a monarchy, nothing avails so much for popularity as a firm and energetic character, and a will which expresses itself in bold deeds, and not in vague words. Nothing is so repugnant to the masses as feebleness and indecision. But what proves that the Americans can on occasion unite boldness and decision to love of order, is a recent conflict, of which California has been the theatre. During the first period which followed the discovery of the mines, a body of Americans, French, and English, formed themselves into an association, with the name of *hounds*. Its object was to collect, by voluntary subscription, the means of succouring those of its members who, not having succeeded at the mines, and finding themselves incapable of working, might desire to return into their respective countries. Each member, as a distinctive sign, bore a stripe upon his left arm. For some time nothing was needed for any disturbance but to hire the 'hounds,' who alone maintained order at San Francisco, by lending their force to the authorities on every needful occasion. By and by, however, quarrels arose between them and the Chilis, who, remarkably skilled in extracting the ore and working in bands, easily made a very handsome thing of the matter. The 'hounds' thereupon notified to the Chilis that they must quit the district and return home, and that on their refusal they would give them battle. Beaten in several skirmishes, the Chilis took refuge at San Francisco; the 'hounds' followed them thither; every day some bloody scuffle arose; there was neither peace nor security in the town, for the vagabonds of all countries, inciting the parties in the hope of reaping a harvest from their mutual overthrow, took part in the contest. They sacked the houses, burned the magazines, pillaged the depots of wine and spirits, and all with impunity. The inhabitants of San Francisco, passing by this anarchy, resorted to the Douane, made their purchases, occupied themselves, in one word, with their business as if they had had nothing in common with the combatants, and were no way interested in the quarrel. The English



done, accustomed to a powerful protection on the part of the state, friends by the excellence of their discipline, were astonished and indignant, and protested against the culpable indifference of the government at Washington. Matters were in this condition when the report spread through San Francisco that, in a conflict with the Chilis he might before, the 'hounds' had abandoned themselves to frightful excesses—that they had massacred several women, after subjecting them to the worst indignities in the presence of their husbands—and then, putting fire to the tents, had burned them and the corpses. The news of this atrocity arrived in the evening at San Francisco. Next day, at early morning, a man named Brennan, chief of a sect of Mormons, who had just established themselves in this country, directed his steps to the great square, violently ringing a bell which he held in his hand. The inhabitants awoke and ran to the spot, curious to know what was going on. Brennan instantly mounted on a table, and harangued the multitude, now grown numerous and compact. Being a man of the people, his language was coarse, but frank and energetic. 'Are we miserable and infamous cowards?' he cried. 'Do we remain here tranquil, with our arms creased and our heads cocked, while a band of brigands commit before our eyes atrocities which call for vengeance? Shall we wait till they come to outrage our own wives and daughters? To-day, others have their turn, but ours will come tomorrow. Americans! I am ashamed of you! You are egotists and cowards! As for me, I know how I will defend my family and property. I will return home this instant for my pistols, and I shall blow out the brains of the first 'hound' whom I meet. Let every one who feels his heart beat as mine follow me and do as I do!' The crowd responded to the appeal of their chief. The cry to arms resounded from one end of the town to the other. French, English, Germans, Americans, all enrolled themselves for this crusade. The same evening they seized all the leaders of the 'hounds.' The brave alcalde of Sacramento made a quick disposal of them with his concise and favourite formula, 'hang.' From this moment order has not ceased to reign, not merely in San Francisco but in all the environs. Since the month of September there has existed a regular police at San Francisco, composed of fifteen men, energetic and determined, who are found perfectly enough for their work.

## OUR NATIVE FLORA.

### WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

'There's beauty all around our path,  
If but our watchful eyes  
Will trace it in familiar things,  
And in their lowliest guise.'

'In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings;  
Teaching us, by sweet persuasive reasons,  
How much akin they are to human things.'

Those general lovers of nature who have not inquired into the minute details of botanical science, in most cases show little sympathy with the wayside weeds that adorn our everyday path. These are common things, 'wretchedly common,' as the rarity-loving botanical collector would term them; and accustomed as we have been, ever since the first day that wildflower tickled our infant fancy, to look upon them as the commonest of creation's beauties, we are apt to pass them heedlessly by without seeking to inquire whether there may not be some among the 'gay and glittering throng' worthy of our admiration. Such, too, seems to be the case with a multitude of our floral poets. In twining their wreaths, and gathering their nosegays from the rich Flora of our native land, they have not, in many instances, selected the common wayside flowers that meet us at every step, and lend their beauty to cheer us on our lonely way. The poet delights to revel among rarer beauties; seeking the 'dancing Daffodil' and the Lily of the Vale in the open woodland; in more obscure

and sometimes more lovely retreats, the 'dim-eyed' and odour-breathing Violet; in the placid lake, the fair Queen of the Waters reclining in her 'humid bed'; and on the fierce and rugged promontories of our stormy coasts, the gentle Maiden Pink smiling to the storm, amid the howling of the ocean breeze, the screeching of the wild and terror-stricken sea-bird, and the loud lashing of the waves. Often, indeed, in poetic writings, we find allusions to those commoner flowers with which the liberal hand of Nature has so lavishly decked our green world: the Primrose, the Harebell, the Pimpernel, the Celandine, and many others, not forgetting Burns' 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' which is, indeed,

'Scattered everywhere,  
A pilgrim bold in nature's care.'

have one and all of them been praised in song. But common as these are, they are never at home when found by the waysides; their truly native dwelling-places must be sought elsewhere. The poet loves better to wend his way beneath the sylvan shade, or climb the rocky sides of the mountain, or revel among the gayer gems of the quiet meadow, than to linger on the highway and admire the vulgar flowers that are so freely offered to the gaze of a vulgar world. Let us see if we cannot find something worth looking at among these neglected wayside flowers.

First, then, comes the Dandelion, with its gay golden blossoms and 'lion-toothed' leaves; the *Dens leonis* of old John Ray, the *Leontodon taraxacum* of the Linnæan school, but known under a score of other names by the botanists of the present and of bygone days. No blossom that ever smiled to the summer sun is held in less esteem than the Dandelion, and the sole reason for this seems to be that its gaudy blossoms are so lavishly scattered around us. Had the plant been introduced to our country from some eastern jungle, or the fairy-like gardens of the Celestials, with what interest would we watch the rapid development of its curious leaves, and its more curious golden flowers, as they expand to the cheering rays of the rising sun, and close again when a cloud darkens the heavens! Wonderful indeed are the myriad blossoms that throng beneath the shade of the palm-tree, and are nursed by the bright sunbeams, and fanned by the balmy breezes of the south; but if we would only learn to direct our eyes in a true spirit of inquiry to the common plants that surround our dwellings, we might readily find in them equally wonderful manifestations of the Divine Wisdom by which they have been created; we will, in fact, perceive them only to be modifications of the same forms and structures, guided by the same laws, even in some instances differing very slightly in their appearances. In its distribution, both geographical and local, the *Leontodon* is of peculiar interest. It seems to be closely linked to humanity, following the footsteps of man, wherever he stirs the surface of the soil, to prepare a bed for its light-feathered seeds. With many plants, the varied operations of man, such as ploughing, digging, and building, have a powerful influence in diminishing their numbers; not so with the Dandelion—it loves a condition of civilisation. The uncultivated pasture, the wild heath, the primeval forest, and the spongy bog, afford it only a scanty subsistence. It delights in the rich margins of our corn-fields, is the most pertinacious weed of our gardens, clings to the walls and roofs of our dwellings, and, more than elsewhere, adorns with its brilliant radiance the sides of our highways and byways, and even the streets of some of our country towns; nor is it a rare occurrence to see it greening the causeways of some of the magnificent squares of Modern Athens. It is almost always to be found in flower alike heedless of the parching heats of summer and the freezing blasts of winter; but if you would view the Dandelion in all its glory, repair to the highway on a warm sunny day in May, and there you will see as bright an array of blossoms as ever you beheld before in flower-garden or glowing meadow. And think not that they have no useful part to perform in the grand scheme of nature—think not that the power which has been given to that plant of living under such a variety of circumstances—of biding defiance



to the efforts of mankind to extirpate it from his cultivated grounds, and, above all, of transporting itself over moor and mountain, lake and river, by the beautiful airy feather attached to its seed, which is borne for many a mile on the gentlest breeze that ever fluttered the green leaves of June; think not that such powers as these have been given it in vain. Nor is the Dandelion wanting in its more obvious uses, in supplying the material wants of man and the lower animals. We all recollect how, in our early rabbit-fancying days, the objects of our care used to relish so much the fresh Dandelion-leaves gathered every morning from the nearest wayside. Nor are these leaves relished alone by the long-eared tribes; when blanched in the garden, under a flower-pot or otherwise, like Sea Kale or forced Rhubarb, they make a salad very agreeable indeed to the human palate. But the root is the most important part of the plant, furnishing as it does the article known under the name of Dandelion Coffee, now, it is believed, extensively used in the adulteration of genuine coffee, along with a nearly allied plant, the chicory. The Dandelion root is likewise much used for the production of mannite or manna-sugar; and the milky juice is used medicinally, being a powerful diuretic. Botanists distinguish various varieties of the Dandelion, which, according to the opinions of some, are distinct species. One of these is the alpine form of the plant, which is less robust than our lowland one, but differs chiefly in having the scales of the *involucre* adpressed; another form is found in dry sandy situations, very minute in all its parts, and presenting quite a different aspect from the ordinary appearance of the Dandelion of our waysides.

The Silver Weed (*Potentilla anserina*) is another curious plant of the highway. It seems in an especial manner to love the dust and din of the thoroughfare, preserving its blooming freshness long after many another flower has been burnt up on the beaten path. The Silver Weed, like most plants of the natural order *Rosaceæ*, to which it belongs, has very showy flowers, which are produced in plenty throughout the summer, although sometimes they are not very conspicuous, being hid among the beautiful foliage; the leaves are generally green on the upperside, and of a silvery silkiness on the under, by which the species may be readily known. It is a most likely plant, from its peculiar appearance, to attract the attention of the casual observer, more especially in early summer time, when the long runners (like those of the strawberry) are shot out upon the hard beaten road, seeking to vegetate and diffuse itself where the constant traffic renders vegetation impossible.

Similar in habit, and not very dissimilar in general appearance and structure, to the Silver Weed, is the common creeping Cinque-foil (*Potentilla reptans*), which, although by no means a common wayside plant, is nevertheless frequently found in such situations. It is a very strong growing prostrate herb, and rapidly increases to a great extent, so that in places where the mere traces of it are only to be found in early spring time, it will have increased to an enormous extent by midsummer, forming quite a conspicuous object, the large golden flowers, which are produced in great profusion, contrasting well with the verdant green leaves.

Belonging to the same natural order is the well-known Bramble, whose fruit used to allure us in our school-days to the country. Its favourite place of resort is by the old time-worn crumbling walls of the road-side, or the aged and shaggy Hawthorn-hedge, whose boughs support its feeble, bending branches. However beautiful the Bramble may be to the passer-by, with its long waving shoots and beautiful white flowers, or to the juvenile botanist, when loaded with its plenteous crop of Blackberries, one would not think that this thorny family would present anything of superior interest to attract the eye of the scientific botanist, more especially when we consider that their thick uncouth stems, prickly up to the very flower, form most awkward specimens for the *Herbarium*, and, moreover, that the formidable armoury of the plants render them most

disagreeable subjects for close contact, not even equalled by our far-famed Thistle of Scotland. The Brambles, however, possess an extraordinary interest with the Botanist, and of late years the Bramble brake has been the scene of many a close and keen combat in botanical literature. The result of all the wrangling and wrestling now is, that some of our British botanists have escaped from their prickly subjects with their tempers sorely ruffled; and the number of species of the genus *Rubus* has been extended to thirty-six, according to the last edition of 'Bakington's Manual,' while many 'additional species' have been described since the publication of that volume. We do not expect that our readers would bear with us till we were half way through these three or four dozen species, were we to enter into a detailed description of their various distinctions, real and problematical, in the present page. We shall therefore lay the species-question on the shelf in the meantime, pledging ourselves to return to the subject so soon as the followers of Linnean philosophy reduce the reported legion of *Rubi* into a philosophical form, likely to find interest and importance with, and be understood by the general reader.\* Let us see what the poets have to say about the Bramble. Here and there we find scattered allusions to it in descriptive pieces; but we will content ourselves by quoting Elliot's address 'To the Bramble Flower,' and although we do not admit, with a celebrated authority, that it 'invests this shrub with a deeper interest than any that science could confer upon it,' yet we value highly this beautiful poem as expressive of our own feelings, and, we are sure, the feelings of many a reader, in connection with the plant:—

'Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake!  
Go put thou forth thy small white rose—  
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

For dull the eye—the heart is dull  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are!

How delicate thy gaudy frill,  
How rich thy branchy stem,  
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them!

While silent flowers are falling slow,  
And, 'mid the general bush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush.

The Primrose to the grave is gone,  
The Hawthorn flower is dead;  
The Violet, by the moss'd grey stone,  
Hath laid her weary head.

But thou, wild bramble! beck dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossoming hour.

Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more  
Thou bid'st me be a boy,  
To glad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.'

While enjoying our walk in dewy eve along some lonely wayside, we are often regaled by a delicious, though not very powerful perfume, which, on directing our eyes around us, we find to proceed from some 'bonnie Brier Bush' in the hedgerow. The common Wild Rose too will be found joining it in close companionship, with, in summer time, its gay array of rosy flowers, and in autumn and winter, its profuse crop of ruddy fruit, which afford a grateful morsel to the winter birds, and sometimes to the wandering naturalist too, when hunger overtakes him in his herborising excursions. By the sides of unfrequented

\* It is anticipated that in the sixth edition of Sir W. J. Hooker's 'British Flora' (about to be published), a considerable reduction will be made in the *Rubi*: and we heartily wish it, for the fact that our botanical literature shows the native species of *Rubus* to have increased nearly ten-fold within the last few years, is a great fact worthy of installation to a prominent place in the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation!'

goads the Wild Rose often grows with astonishing luxuriance, rising in stately bushes of eight or ten feet in height, covered with the bright blossoms, which, in picturesque effect, are not inferior to the fine varieties of the garden.

'Author of beauty, spirit of power,

Thou who didst will that the Rose should be;  
Here is the place, and this the hour.

To seek thy presence, and bow to thee.'

On the tops of the turf-capped walls of the road-side may frequently be seen the little Whitlow Grass, whose botanical name of *Draba verna* seems to sound sweeter and more poetical than its English cognomen. The *Draba* is one of our smallest flowers, generally rising only to the stature of one or two inches when its flowers are expanded. Indeed a writer in 'London's Magazine of Natural History' says, he had full grown plants, with sixteen leaves and nine flowers, root, and plenty of earth, growing upon a sump, not a part of the root extending beyond its circumference! The *Draba* is very apt to be confounded with the common Thale Cress, which, when it grows in similar dry situations, diminishes greatly in stature, and becomes altogether very like the *Draba* in general appearance, although its botanical characters are quite distinct.

Growing on the tops of the walls likewise, as well as from the crevices of their sides, is the *Sedum* or Stonecrop, of which there are several kinds; but the Biting Stonecrop or Wall Pepper, as it is called, with its golden flowers, is the most common, and in country places sometimes covers the roofs of thatched as well as slated buildings.

'Above the growth of many a year, is spread  
The yellow level of the Stonecrop's bed.'

The thick fleshy leaves of this plant seem a wise provision by nature to enable it, by the juice which they contain, to withstand the severe drought to which it is so frequently exposed. It continually grows on dry stony or rocky places, and frequently on buildings, with but a slight attachment by its weak stem to the soil, its nourishment being chiefly obtained from the atmospheric moisture.

'Then from his rocky pulpit, I heard cry  
The Stonecrop—' See how loose to earth I grow,  
And draw my juicy nurture from the sky.  
So drive not thou, fond man, thy root too low;  
But, loosely clinging here,  
From God's supernal sphere  
Draw life's unearthly food—catch  
Heaven's undying glow.'

The Dock is well known, and need not draw from us any lengthy remark; and the Sheep's Sorrel is a natural salad, which, in our idle wanderings by green wayside banks, we have all learned to know by its agreeably acid flavour. The Knot Grass and the Nettle are also familiar plants that accompany man wherever he takes up his abode, growing continually near to our dwellings, in allusion to which circumstance the poet says:—

'At the wall's base the fiery Nettle springs,  
With fruit globose and fierce with poisoned stings.'

The Germaner Speedwell, with its gay profusion of blue flowers, so easily scattered by the gentlest breath of summer, is likewise a roadside beauty: the bright blue of its humble flowers is so striking as they appear among the verdant grass, that this plant is frequently mistaken for the true Forget-me-not, although the two plants are remarkably distinct in their botanical characters. The opposite notched leaves of the Speedwell will be found a convenient mark of distinction for those unacquainted with the details of the species.

The Shepherd's Purse, although by no means a showy flower, is interesting as being one of those species that continually grow beside the dwellings of mankind. By every roadside it is sure to grow in profusion, and often it flourishes in the less frequented streets of large towns; it is found in almost every clime where civilised man has placed his foot, dwelling with him throughout the length and breadth of Europe, braving with him the burning sun of India and extending to the southern hemisphere.

The showy Lady's Bedstraw is a conspicuous yellow-flowered plant that grows by dry waysides, and the entire family of *Chenopodium*, including the Wild-Spinach plant, the Mercury Goosefoot or Good King Henry, fall to be

included in our list. These are of little interest, save to the botanist. There are also a host of other plants common by the wayside, which it would be tedious to enumerate; we have selected such as are of especial interest, and may most readily be recognised by the casual observer; and hope that our remarks may be sufficient to direct attention to these much neglected flowers, which we are apt heedlessly to tread under foot, without one feeling of gratitude to our kind Father, by whose bountiful hand they are there strewed for our benefit.

## THE HINDOO PANTHEON.

There exists no stronger evidence of the folly of the atheist's creed than the universality of idolatry amongst the heathens. In spite of all that sceptical eloquence can propose and perverted intellect adduce to prove the absurdity of worship and the vanity of religion, men, from an innate knowledge that there should be a God to pray to, and in the darkness of their ignorance, will make unto themselves graven images, and will fall down and worship them. The principle of religion, which so nearly allied man to God in the days of his primeval innocence, and which outlived that fall which so darkly clouded the morning of his life, has appeared again and again in many diverse forms of mythology, in different countries, and in various ages, in order to show that human nature had not totally forgotten God. The first germ of every mythology was simple, and consequently nearer to truth than when it had become elaborated into absurdity and idealised to disgust. The ideas of a creator, of a destroyer, and of a preserver, are common to all systems of heathenism. The Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, and Scandinavians—those dreamers of a sensual heaven and multitudinous polytheism—seemed to have heard a voice from Eden, breathing of truth at first; and then unilluminated, and proud, and vain, they followed the dictates of their own imaginations, and developed the systems which are the modern poet's dreams and the missionary's sorrow. The fundamental ideas of the various mythologies were intuitive and simple, and only became the wondrous systems that they eventually did, when priestcraft found it expedient to terrify and confuse the human soul with its mysterious juggles.

Those who have profoundly studied the religion of the Hindoos are strongly of opinion that the worship of this people was originally a very different thing to what it now is. They were deists, whose temples, erected for the worship of the Supreme Being, were as simple as their ritual was plain. They had not created intercessory divinities to distract and debase their minds, and they prayed directly to the great spirit of God, *Narayana*, who had neither beginning nor end. The age of mythologic simplicity departed long ago from India, however, and was succeeded by the most elaborate of all mythologies. Independent of the interest which Hindoo superstition possesses to the antiquary and scholar, is the interest which belongs to it as a living superstition. It is only in the fragmentary literature of Greece, Rome, and Scania, that there now exists allusions to the sensual and brutal systems of ideas which distinguished the religions of those ancient nations. Their pantheonic systems of worship, like the temples which they built, have been shattered to pieces, and have become melancholy ruins; but the dark superstitions of India still dominate over the Hindoo mind, and contest the possession of the soul with the Gospel of truth. The Hindoos believe that the world was made by one God, eternal and spiritual; but at the same time, having been told by their patriarchal fathers that that God possesses a threefold form, the parts of which are not separated, and not being able to comprehend this quality and those attributes of the divine nature, they have resolved three incarnate, created gods from the divine essence of the supreme unity. *Narayana* was a spirit, and consequently the genuine allusion of the traditions was spiritual. But the Hindoo priests soon evolved from this sublime thought a system of the most gross and carnal polytheism that ever debased the human mind or excited

the human imagination. Brahma, whom his votaries still invest with the name and attributes of a creator, was himself created from the eternal God, together with Vishnu and Siva. These three were the first created beings in the universe, being produced from the divine essence, and allegorically representing the Almighty power to create, to preserve, and to change or destroy.

Besides these three superior divinities, the Hindoos pretend to the worship of 300,000,000 inferior deities, who are immortal agents of the will of God, and who govern the operations of universal, celestial, and terrestrial nature, under the directions of the Supreme. Immortality is conferred upon those innumerable spirits by drinking a potion called Amrutoo, an idea which the classical reader will be familiar with under the form of the water which was drank by Homer's heroes. A further resemblance to Greek mythology will be found in the Hindoo description of those nine goddesses whose occupations so much resemble those of the sister muses. The Hindoo pantheon is rich in gold and silver images, and in statues of wood and stone, the majority of which are richly ornamented with jewels and precious gems. These are intended to excite and impress the minds of the ignorant devotees through the medium of the eyes; and then legends, clothed in the most romantic language and procreant with the wildest imagery, are invented, in order to produce feelings of the greatest veneration for the sanctity of the idols. The devotee who approaches an idol with the desire of future happiness is required to have the idea fixed in his mind that that god can save him; for this power of salvation is accorded equally to all the Hindoo deities without exception, however varied their images may be. If, however, a Hindoo wishes some peculiar gift, he must apply to the god who has cognisance of the same. Mars conferred courage upon his votaries; and, in the same way, if the Indian desires that quality, he prays for it to Roodra. The glutton directs his appeals to a sort of Ceres called Udittee; and he who desires wisdom addresses himself to Siva. The ideas which have been systemised in the Hindoo pantheon are in the main grossly sensual or merely physical; none of the images there contained symbolise the moral attributes of God. Some divinities are benevolent, some are malignant, and some present both characters in one image. They love their devotees, but hurl the fulness of their wrath upon whoever offends them.

It is not presumed that the Hindoos know even the names of their legions of gods. Those cognisable amount to about five hundred; the rest are merely mentioned in slump in the Hindoo Shasters, or the sacred Vedas. Besides the five principal deities which occupy the chief place in the Hindoo pantheon, the Brahmins have divided Prithivee, which is one of the forms which the earth assumes, into ten parts, and have assigned to each of those parts a presiding divinity. These two deities are next in importance to Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma; and then come the divinities of the heavenly bodies, which are nine in number. The character and number of the most important divinities, and the order and amount of consideration in which they appear, demonstrates the progress of mythologic ideas. At first the idea was of the spiritual and eternal God, uncomprehended and incomprehensible; the next was of the world and nature—of the changing seasons and their phenomena—of the flowers that sprung from death to life, that came from the unknown and invisible to smile for a season in the face of heaven, and then died—of the winds that whispered love-tales to the trees, and then blighted them with their cold and angry breath—of all the mysterious operations of the great and ordinate system of nature, as it appeared on the earth. Next the eyes of the wondering earth were directed to the wonderful heavens, where the sun that bade the flowers to bloom, and the moon that kissed the waters of this lower world, and the stars that sparkled like altar-fires, were seen; and from these physical and outward phenomena—from this comparatively pure type of heathenism, did men descend to the worship of their own passions, and to sacrifice to them. The sacred books of the Brahmins are called the

Vedas. These enjoin the modes and define the extent of worship, and they also present the particular formula to the worshipper. No one can tell their precise antiquity, and of course the Brahmins take care to magnify their glory and honour. The Hindoos generally, like all the followers of a blinded superstition, are almost totally ignorant of the names and attributes of the divinities which they pretend to adore; and the learned Brahmins, who are not at all ardent in the work of proselytism, only impart their knowledge to anxious inquirers in return for money.

As the whole system of Hindoo mythology, with its myriads of gods, has been developed from one God, having three distinct forms and attributes of power, so all those multifarious gods may be again resolved into the three principal ones, Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma, the elements; and the three goddesses named Doorga, Lukshmee, and Surusawatee. Vishnu, the preserver, is represented in the form of a black man with four arms. In one of his hands he holds a club, in another a shell, in the third a *chakra*—an iron instrument of destruction shaped somewhat like a wheel—and in the fourth a water-lily. His seat is on the back of the half-bird, half-man Gurooru, and his garments are as yellow as gold. The Hindoo shasters describe ten appearances or incarnations of the preserver Vishnu, nine of which are past, one is to come. The first is called the Mutsyn incarnation, and is described in the following absurd legend: Brahma, the Supreme—for, like the gods of the Greeks, those of the Hindoos have sometimes hundreds of different names—resolved, after a periodical destruction, to recreate the universe, and, in order to preside over creation, preservation, and destruction, he made Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. While the elements of the cosmos were in their state of temporary dissolution, the four Vedas, or sacred books, which contain all knowledge, were lost in the waters, and these books must needs be recovered before Brahma could be instructed in the works in which he was about to engage. Vishnu was therefore appointed to bring from the bosom of the waters those biblical treasures; so, taking the form of a fish, his first incarnate appearance, he brought the sacred Vedas from the envious deep.

In another incarnation, that of Kuchyupu, he took the form of a tortoise, and poising the earth upon his back, gave it stability. This absurdity is still retained as a fact in the Indian cosmogony. At another of the periodical destructions of the world, the earth sunk amidst the waters, and was lost to view. Vishnu then became incarnate as Vurahu, a boar, and diving into the waters he brought up the earth upon his tusks. Absurdity after absurdity is recorded in the pooranas or writings of the Brahmins, describing the actions and illustrating the character of Vishnu. At one period, as a hermit, he feeds 900,000 people, apparently from the contents of a hermit's larder and the milk of a solitary cow.

Vishnu has a thousand names, each descriptive of some particular attribute or characteristic. He has two wives, Lukshmee, the goddess of prosperity, and Surusawatee, the goddess of learning. The former was produced at the churning of the sea, and the latter is the daughter of Brahma. The heaven of Vishnu is called Voikoonthu; it is entirely gold, and is situated on one of the peaks of the mountain Soomeroo. It is eighty thousand miles in circumference, and all its edifices are of diamonds and jewels; the pillars and ornaments of the buildings are precious stones. The crystal waters of the Ganges fall from the higher heavens on the head of Droovu, they then fall into the bunches of hair on the heads of seven rishis in Voikoonthu, and then they fall to the golden ground and form a river. In the sparkling pools of amber water are red, blue, and white water-lilies, with a hundred and often a thousand petals in each. Gardens full of ever-blooming flowers, which breathe nothing but the most fragrant and delicious odours, surround those sparkling pools. On a seat as radiant as the meridian sun, which is cushioned with water-lilies, sits Vishnu with his wife Lukshmee at his side. From the body of this lady of beauty the fragrance of the lotus extends for 800 miles,

while her countenance shines for ever like a continued blaze of lightning. Devurashées and other inhabitants of this heaven constantly celebrate the praises of the god and goddess, and meditate upon their divine forms; while a sort of seraphim, called the brumhurshees, chant the words of wisdom that are written in the Vedas. The glorified voishnavus, those who devoutly worshipped Vishnu on earth, are permitted to approach him and serve him. The gods who visit Vishnu often join in the chorus of his praises; and Gurooru, the bird god, watches the door of his dwelling-place.

Siva has generally the highest place among the Hindoo divinities, although in official order they are named Brahma, Vishnu, Siva. Siva has many different forms attributed to him. Usually he is described by the Brahmins as a silver-coloured man, with five faces, an additional eye, four hands, garmented in tiger skins, and seated on a lotus; at other times he is represented with one head, three eyes, two arms, naked, and covered with ashes, seated on a bull, having inflamed eyes from drinking intoxicating liquors, and having in one hand a horn and in the other a drum. Siva is the Bacchus of the Hindoos; and, under the form of an image called Lingu, is worshipped in a manner more indecent, and gross, and brutal, than it is possible to describe. Siva is also represented as a smoke-coloured boy with three eyes, and clothed in red raiment. His hair stands erect, and on it is placed a turban woven from this same hair; his teeth are large as an ogre's; and round his neck dangles a necklace of human skulls; his belly is large, and his appearance savagely terrific. In one hand he holds a stick, and in the other the foot of a bedstead. In this form he is called Muhakala, because he destroys all, or, according to the more abstruse idea, absorbs all essences into himself at last, in order to their reproduction.

Every year, in the month Phalgunu, the Hindoos make the image of Siva, worshipping it for one day, and then throwing it into the water on the next. This worship is performed in the night, and is accompanied with singing, dancing, and feasting. Some of the most fantastic, cruel, and bloody rites are performed in honour of this abominable deity. The wife of Siva is named Doorga, in addition to which she has many other names. The god himself, like Vishnu, has a thousand names. The heaven of Siva, according to one authority, is on one of the peaks of the three-peaked mountain Soomeroo; according to another, it is situated on Mount Koilasu, and is called Shivapooru. It is ornamented with gems, corals, pearls, gold, silver, and precious stones, and is inhabited by a great many orders of immortals, who are continually worshipping Siva and Doorga, and dancing, singing, and rejoicing. The flowers of every season are always in bloom here. Cool and fragrant winds are always blowing over them, and diffusing their odours over the mountains. Trees of many varieties are always in leaf also, in the branches of which ten thousand birds are for ever singing, in the most musical tones, the names of Siva and Doorga. The crystal waters of the heavenly Ganges flow through it in purling streams. The six seasons are uninterruptedly enjoyed on these mountains; and, seated on a golden throne, decked with radiant gems, sit the god and goddess.

Brahma, although his office of creator places him first in the catalogue of the gods, is nevertheless the least powerful of the three. Brahma is represented as a man with four faces, of a gold colour, dressed in white garments, and riding on a goose. In one hand he holds a stick, and in the other an alms-dish. He is not of high repute amongst the present superstitious of India, for none of them choose him for their guardian divinity. Brahma, notwithstanding his venerable character, is nevertheless one of the most querulous and quarrelsome of all the Hindoo deities. He was drunken too, and under the influence of liquor attempted several most preposterous and horrible actions. In a dispute with Siva he asserted his superiority to that old naked mendicant, who immediately clawed off one of his faces for his temerity, and reduced him to humility. The heaven of Brahma is described as

800 miles long, 400 broad, and 40 high. A prophet Brahmin, in attempting to describe this place, declares himself utterly incompetent for the task. It would take him 200 years to describe it, for it contained in a superior degree all that was in the other heavens; and whatever was contained in the creation of Brahma on earth, from the smallest insect upwards, was to be found there also.

Brahma first produced the waters, in his vocation of creator, and then he made the earth; he next caused a number of sages and females to spring from his own mind, in order to people the universe. Amongst these was Kushynpu, the father of the gods, giants, and men. Vetidee was the mother of the gods, Detee of giants, Kudroo of hydras, and Vinuta of Gurooru, the doorkeeper of Vishnu's heaven. After the birth of those sages, who were Brahmins, Brahma next produced from his arms, thighs, and feet, three creatures, that completed all the elements of creation.

There is another god which has received a very high place in Brahminical consideration, and he is called Ganesha, the son of Siva and Doorga. He is represented as a little fat man, with a long belly, and an elephant's head. He has four hands, each containing an emblem, and he is seated on a rat. Ganesha has only one tusk, having lost the other in a fight with Vishnu. The latter, under the form of Purusoo-ramu, wished to have an interview with Siva, which Ganesha, as doorkeeper, denied. A battle ensued, by which Ganesha lost his tooth. The story of Ganesha's birth and metamorphosis is strikingly illustrative of the absurd nature of general mythology. When it was known that Doorga had given birth to a son, Shunee and the other gods went to see the child. Shunee knew if he looked at the boy that he would immediately reduce him to ashes; and so he hung his head, and abstained from doing so. Doorga was mightily offended, and reproved Shunee very sharply for refusing to look at her boy, whereupon he became incensed, and glancing in his face instantly reduced his head to ashes. When Doorga saw her son without a head she was mightily grieved, and would have destroyed Shunee, but Brahma interfered, and told Shunee to go and bring the head of the first animal that he found lying with its head towards the north. Shunee found an elephant, the head of which he cut off and fixed upon the shoulders of Ganesha. Doorga was not much pacified when she saw her son with an elephant's head, and Brahma, to pacify her, told her that he should be worshipped above all the gods. In the beginning of every act of worship, therefore, certain ceremonies are constantly employed in honour of Ganesha, and in almost all civil concerns he is greatly regarded. Sir William Jones called Ganesha the god of wisdom, but the Hindoos generally consider the elephant as a stupid animal, and it is not likely that the head of this creature would be taken to represent the shrine of wisdom. Ganesha has two mothers—Doorga and the female elephant to whom he owes his head.

Such are a few of the principal gods or ideas to which, in their ignorance and darkness, tens of thousands of human minds in India continue to do homage. It must be remembered that these are the fundamental, and, consequently, the purer ideas; connected with, and related to them are others so brutal, so gross, and so disgusting that they cannot be presented to the common eye.

In this cursory glance at the Hindoo mythology the reader will see enough to convince him of the necessity that existed and exists for revelation. If it was possible for men to destroy all existing forms of religion and superstition, and to extinguish the light of revelation, they would assuredly again build up to themselves systems like unto this, and darkness would cover the face of the moral world. We whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high are called upon to send the lamp of life to those benighted Hindoos; and it is demanded of us that we seek to dispel the soul-destroying illusions that we have just now presented to our readers, and to which we will return on an early occasion.

## THE LAST OF THE CALIPHS.

## PART I.

WHEN Almanzor the Victorious, flushed with victory, and strong in the attachment of his subjects, looked around for a spot whereon to raise a city worthy of his fame, and adequate in magnificence to be the honoured seat of the Caliphate, the gaze of the conqueror was turned eastward, to where the Tigris enriches with its waters the plains that border on the Persian Gulf. One day, when riding with his courtiers by the banks of that river, not far from the site of the ancient Seleucia, the beauty of the spot called forth the monarch's admiration; and, ascending a swelling knoll, the party halted to survey the loveliness around them. While thus engaged, one of the nobles, straggling from the group, came upon an aged hermit in a moss-clad grotto. Conversing with the venerable recluse, the courtier mentioned his king's design of founding a city in the vicinity. 'There is, indeed, an old prophecy,' said the anchorite, 'that a city is to be built on this spot; but the founder's name is neither Giaffer nor Almanzor, the two titles of your king, but Moolas.' When the courtier rejoined the royal party, he related the words of the hermit. Upon hearing the old prophecy, Almanzor prostrated himself on the ground, and gave thanks to God that he should have been the chosen one to build upon a spot so beautiful. The nobles were in amazement. But the monarch related to them how that, when a boy, for some petty theft from his nurse, the old domestic, in her anger, called him Moolas, after a notorious robber of the neighbourhood, and that ever after she called him by no other name. Here, then, accordingly, he resolved to build his royal city. Bagdad rose—the Queen of the East. It is recorded that it was first styled *Dar-al-Salam*, the City of Peace; but afterwards it was called Bagdad, from the name of the old hermit who had formerly dwelt there.

Bagdad, the city of the Caliphs, the scene of the royal glories of the Abbassides, was situated on the left or eastern bank of the Tigris, and spread out in the form of a semicircle, of which the river was the chord. As is usual in Oriental cities, within the wide circuit of its walls were extensive gardens; trees reared their graceful foliage above the flat-roofed houses, enhancing by their dark-green the dazzling white of the lofty minarets; while, crowning all, rose the palace of the Caliphs, on the eminence where first Almanzor halted to gaze upon the site of his future capital, and to it the luxury of subsequent princes added a *paradise*, or lovely garden, three miles in extent, in which they used to spend much of their leisure in the company of the ladies of their harem. Connected to the main city by a stately bridge, a part of Bagdad spread out also on the western bank of the Tigris. When Almanzor was dying, it is said that he called to him his son, and, among other injunctions, desired him not to attempt to build on the western side of the river, as such an undertaking was not part of his destiny: 'But,' added the dying monarch, 'I know you will do it.' The part of the city on the right bank, though of considerable size, continued always a suburb only, and could never enter into rivalry with that on the eastern side of the Tigris.

Such was the city founded by Almanzor. During his life-time, wars and concerns of state frequently interrupted the progress of its erection; yet ere his death the city already gave promise of its future greatness. Rightly had its founder discerned the advantages of its situation. To it, as to a central emporium, came the merchandise of Persia, the caravans of Damascus and Aleppo; and in its gorgeous bazaars were exposed the silks and the jewels of India. Growing in wealth, the city grew also in magnificence. The Caliphs loved to embellish their chosen seat; and bridge, and minaret, and palace vied with each other in costliness and splendour. Under the Caliph Haroon-al-Rasheed and his sons, Al-Motassem and Al-Mamoon, the city became celebrated for riches and learning, grandeur, and royal and courtly magnificence, to a degree scarcely exaggerated even by the luxuriant fancy of the 'Arabian Nights;' while the unrivalled beauty of the im-

perial residence of Moktader, with its tree of gold and silver adorning its vestibule, calls forth the most glowing panegyrics of Oriental hyperbole. But Bagdad, like Babylon, is fallen. Its myriads have been slaughtered by the hordes of Tartary—by the armies of Persia and Stern-boul; its riches and its gorgeousness have been the prey of the spoiler and the food of the flames; and of all its stately buildings (excepting the tomb of Zobeidah) there remains alone the college of Mostanseriyah—stripped now of all its princely endowments, and degraded to the use of a Turkish custom-house.

Under the Abbasside princes, of whom the founder of Bagdad was the second, the empire of the Caliphs became the most powerful then existing. Syria and Egypt, Arabia and Persia, owned its supremacy; and Haroon-al-Rasheed carried his victorious arms even to the distant shores of the Hellespont. But division and decay, and enemies without, by and by weakened its power. Egypt, though nominally subject, became virtually independent; Arabia was devastated by the Karamites—a sect who declared eternal war against the pomp of the court at Bagdad; Syria was the battlefield of the Crusaders; and Persia, under the Buyide dynasty, overshadowed even the Caliphate. But in the shock of parties consequent upon the irruption of Gengis Khan, Bagdad was almost forgotten; and on the subsequent breaking up of the Seljukian power, the Caliphs succeeded in regaining a portion of their former territory. Bagdad again became the great emporium of commerce; literature and art were patronised by its princes; and a period of peace and prosperity threw a halo round the declining years of the Caliphate. Upon this bright spot in its history, Oriental writers love to dwell; but the gleam of sunshine soon passed away, and with the death of Mostanser, the last act of the drama begins.

Mostanser, the last prince but one of his race, has been eulogised alike by poets as by historians. A patron of literature, reverencing religion, munificent in all his actions, and especially charitable to the poor, no sovereign was ever more beloved by his subjects. Generosity and liberality pervaded his whole conduct, and many anecdotes are recorded of his benevolence and good humour. On one occasion, when visiting his treasury with an old courtier, he unexpectedly found a cistern full of gold and silver; and, pleased with the discovery, he exclaimed in a transport—'Would to God I may live long enough to make a proper distribution of all I have found in this vessel!' Observing that the old courtier smiled at his speech, he inquired the reason. 'I well remember,' replied the courtier, 'that I one day accompanied the Caliph Hasser, your grandfather, to this place, at which time the cistern wanted almost two yards of being full: that prince, from an opposite feeling to yours, cried out—'Would to God I may live long enough to fill it!'' At another time, happening to be walking with his Vizier in an elevated gallery of his palace, a few days before the feast of Belram, he observed a quantity of clothes hung up on the roofs of some adjoining houses, and asked his minister the cause of it. The Vizier replied, that it was some poor people who could not afford to procure new dresses for the approaching festival, and who had washed and were now drying their old ones in order to make a decenter appearance. Upon this, the Caliph ordered small balls of gold to be made, and shot from crossbows on to the roofs where the clothes were hanging, that all his subjects might afford to be happy at so happy a time. But while thus delighting in doing good to his people, Mostanser was by no means forgetful of the external affairs of his empire. A storm was brewing in the north-east; the Mongul hordes were again gathering, and hung like a dark thunder-cloud on the outskirts of civilisation. Foreseeing the coming tempest, the Caliph made preparations to meet its fury; and especially he collected a large army from all parts of his kingdom, and by strict drilling and discipline, rendered it effective and warlike. For a time, however, the danger did not approach Bagdad; and Mostanser descended in peace to the tomb, leaving the Caliphate to his son.

Mostasem, the Last of the Caliphs, was proclaimed the very day his father died. But he was in no respect fitted to discharge the duties of the royal office, or to preserve the independence of the state amid the manifold dangers by which it is environed. Indolent and effeminate, without talents, and destitute of energy to wield the little capacity he possessed, he from the first took little interest in matters of government, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the harem and the company of dissolute courtiers. The people soon found out his deficiencies, which were more felt from the contrast they presented to the virtues of his predecessor; but the revered memory of Mostanser secured respect for his son, and no open insubordination was exhibited by the people. Sensible of his unpopularity, the new Caliph thought to gain the admiration of his subjects by magnificent displays of royalty, by introducing a stricter etiquette at court, and by making himself less accessible. Some of his predecessors, too, had perished under the daggers of the Ismaelian assassins, and the Caliph now drew entirely from public view, and confined himself to his palace. He placed a stone at the gateway, to which honours were to be paid similar to those rendered to the sacred stone at Mecca; and all envoys from foreign courts were only permitted to kiss a part of his black velvet robe, which was put out from behind a curtain of black satin, which hid him from their view; and his replies to them were communicated by his Vizier. The people at first ridiculed the honours paid to the stone, but by and by it came to be regarded as a regular part of their religion. When at any time the Caliph went in procession, he was always attended by a numerous and magnificent retinue, while he himself was veiled from the gaze of his subjects by a piece of black stuff thrown over his turban; and the crowds, which the splendour of the spectacle drew together, served only to increase the vanity of the weak-minded prince. Once only in the year did he thus come forth among his subjects, on the feast of the Eed-al-Fitr, which followed the Ramadhan. He then went in state, riding on a white mule, and wearing the mantle and walking-staff of the Prophet, to the principal mosque, where he performed the customary religious rites, and bestowed his benediction upon the assembled multitude. When the ceremony was over, he returned alone and on foot by the banks of the Tigris to his palace; and his path by the river was always most strictly guarded, to prevent any one from treading in his sacred footsteps.

Although Mostasem was utterly negligent of public business, the affairs of state were at first admirably attended to by his Vizier, Nasser-eddin, who had held the same office under his father; and with such skill did this minister conduct the government, that, though few taxes could be collected in the nominally subject provinces, he managed to replenish the coffers which had been emptied by the munificence of Mostanser. But in the second year of the new Caliph's reign, the good old Vizier died; and he was succeeded in his office by Mouiadeddin-al-Cami—a name fatal to the house of Abbas.

Bagdad was now no longer the *Dar-al-Salam*, the 'City of Peace'; and the population was divided into two antagonistic parties, mutually inflamed against each other by religious bigotry. These parties were the Shaites and Soonites—sects which to this day divide the Mussulman world. The Soonites were generally regarded as the orthodox party. One of the questions in dispute was, whether the Koran was created or uncreated? and in regard to the office of the chief Imaun, which comprehends all spiritual authority, the Shaites maintained that it belonged of divine right to Ali and his descendants, while the Soonites claim it for Omar and Moaouia.

From this antagonism of parties sprang the immediate cause of the downfall of the Caliphate. Mostasem had not sufficient energy to repress the feud; and the Shaites, protected by the Vizier Al-Cami, became overbearing, and raised frequent seditions in the city. The Caliph's eldest son, Abubeker, a youth of great promise, and of a bold and energetic temperament, provoked by the insolence of the Shaites, openly declared for the opposite party, and threatened to inflict exemplary chastisement on their adver-

saries, if they continued to disturb the peace of Bagdad. Supported by the Vizier, the Shaites disregarded his menaces, and continued their insults on the Soonites. Upon this the young prince, collecting a body of troops, seized the ringleaders of the rebellious sect, and caused them to be confined in the common prison. This firmness had the desired effect; the city was quieted. But the Vizier deeming it an insult to himself, went to the Caliph, and endeavoured to get from him a counter-mandate. After repeated attempts he was unsuccessful; and, burning with rage and vexation, the perfidious minister resolved to sacrifice everything to his revenge. The ruin of the Caliph and his whole house would alone satisfy his fiendish spirit. The Monguls were then threatening a new irruption; and to their ruthless hordes he looked as fitting instruments to accomplish his designs.

With this view he wrote to the chief of the Monguls, instigating him to turn his arms against Bagdad, representing to him the great advantages he would derive from winning the City of the Caliphs, and the immense riches it contained, and promising his assistance in the undertaking. Having thus summoned the tempest, he next proceeded to expose the Caliph defenceless to its fury. He suggested to the feeble prince the propriety of disbanding the regular army which had been organised by his predecessor, representing that it was now superfluous, as the Mongul armies were directing their march exclusively against the northern powers, and appealing to his covetousness by showing how great an increase of revenue would be derived from the measure he proposed. Mostasem was at first very averse to this reduction of the army; not from any wise foresight of the danger with which it would be attended, but because he feared that the pomp of his courtly ceremonial would suffer by the withdrawal of so large a portion of the military. The wily Vizier, however, easily overcame his reluctance, by representing that sufficient troops would still remain to keep up the full dignity of the Caliphate; orders were given for disbanding the army, and no less than seventy thousand excellent soldiers were forthwith scattered over the country, never again to be assembled. Thus successful in denuding the Caliph of his troops, the Vizier next proceeded to deprive him also of the wisest of his counsellors; and, by appointing them to offices at a distance from Bagdad, effectually prevented any prudence or military knowledge on their part from counteracting his designs. Having thus completed his preparations, and opened a correspondence with the Mongul chief, Al-Cami, while feigning the utmost loyalty to the Caliph, in secret eagerly awaited the advance of the barbarians.

Mangou Khan was then chief of the Mongul nation. Under his grandfather, Gengis Khan, these nomad tribes of Central Asia had first revealed themselves to the astonished powers of the East, by their impetuous and successful irruption into the regions of civilisation; and under that great warrior's favourite son and successor, Ootai, the empire of the barbarians was still further extended. When Mangou Khan mounted the throne, his supremacy was recognised throughout all Northern and Central Asia, from China to the frontiers of European Russia; and the recent overthrow of the Persians had advanced his territories to the confines of the Caliphate of Bagdad. A warrior like the rest of his race, Mangou Khan soon put his martial hordes again in motion; and assembling two large armies, he placed them under the command of his brothers, Coblai and Houlagou—men trained to war from their boyhood, and of high reputation as leaders. The former was directed to march eastward upon Cathai, or China; and it would seem that this army was accompanied by the monarch in person; while the latter was to invade the provinces of the south and west.

At the moment of Houlagou's departure, his royal brother addressed to him his parting advice, recommending him everywhere to introduce the customs and laws of Gengis Khan, to treat with kindness the nations who should submit to him, with rigour those who should resist. 'Let your subjects,' continued the monarch, 'be always

free from unjust exactions; be careful to repeople the lands that war may devastate. On all occasions do not fail to consult Dokoushatoun, and take her advice.' This Dokoushatoun, who was thus to be the chief counsellor of the conquering warrior, was his wife, or one of his wives; she had been the wife of his father, Toulou Khaa, and on his death had passed, with the whole of his household, into the hands of the son. A singular picture this of Mongul customs! The wife is a slave, forming part of the household, and yet is influential and respected, and gives advice even to conquerors. We may add, that Dokoushatoun was a Christian, or at least she loved and respected the Christians.

Houlagou quickly overran the countries beyond the Oxus, and advanced into Persian Irak, in order to exterminate the Ismaelian Assassins—followers of the Old Man of the Mountains, who for a century and a half had established themselves in Gebal, the mountainous part of that province. Before undertaking this enterprise, however, Houlagou sent letters to all the princes of Asia Minor and Persia, requesting their co-operation against the infidel Ismaelians—guaranteeing the peaceful possession of their kingdoms to those who complied, but threatening to treat like the Assassins themselves those who refused. Instigated by his Vizier Al-Cami, the Caliph sent a contemptuous answer to this request; but no notice of it was at this time taken by Houlagou, who was engrossed in his preparations for the campaign. Rokneddin, prince of the Assassins, soon found himself no match for the impetuous Mongul. Fortress after fortress fell before the invader; and at last Rokneddin was defeated in person, with a loss of twelve thousand men, and compelled to take refuge in the strong fortress of Maimoun. Thither he was rapidly followed by Houlagou, who closely invested the place. Despairing of success, Rokneddin surrendered, and he was forthwith despatched by the conqueror to his brother Mangou Khan, then in Cathai; but when the latter heard that the prince of the Assassins was taken, he sent orders for his immediate death; and the mandate was executed as Rokneddin was entering Transoxiana. With him ended the dynasty of the Ismaelians, after lasting 170 years.

Houlagou remained for some time in the hill-country of Gebal, resting and recruiting his army. His design then was to turn his arms westwards, and march upon Constantinople; but the machinations of the treacherous Vizier of Bagdad succeeded in drawing down the storm upon his own city. There was in the camp of Houlagou a famous astrologer named Nasir-Eldin, a great friend of Al-Cami's, who had left Bagdad in consequence of some disagreement with the Caliph, and repaired to the Mongul court. This person, accordingly, when Houlagou meditated an advance on Constantinople, reminded him of the former insolent answer of the Caliph, and urged him to avenge the slight thus offered to his power. At the same time, a secret envoy came from Al-Cami to Houlagou, inviting him to undertake the enterprise, and apprising him of the disbanding of the Caliph's troops which he had succeeded in effecting. This project was quite in unison with the ambitious spirit of the Mongul prince; the order to march westwards was countermanded, and the whole army prepared to enter the territories of the Caliphate. An officer was despatched from head-quarters to Bagdad, with the following letter to Mostasem:—

'You did not send me soldiers against the Ismaelians, and you have alleged vain excuses. Though your family be ancient and illustrious, though your race be favoured by fortune, remember that the moon only shines brightly when the dazzling sun is hid. You ought to remember to what treatment, from the reign of Gengis Khan to this day, the Mongul armies have subjected the world.'

He then recounts all the empires and dynasties overthrown by the Monguls; and demands that the Caliph should dismantle the ramparts and fill up the ditches of his towns, and declare himself vassal of the Monguls. 'If you have any desire to save your head and your ancient family, give good heed to my advice. If you refuse to adopt it, I shall see what is God's will about it.' Shortly after despatching this letter, Houlagou broke up from the

neighbourhood of Hamadan, and entered Babylonian Irak.

As soon as news spread that the Monguls had entered the territories of the Caliphate, many Mussulman lords hastened to the capital, and, in concert with the grandees of the court, earnestly entreated the Caliph to make preparations for the defence of the city. But Mostasem was deaf to their entreaties; nay, more—by the advice of the wily Vizier, he replied in words of pride to the message of the Mongul. His mind dwelt only on the grandeur and sanctity of the race of Abbas. Invested with the office of high-priest and king of the nation, the Abbassides had a double pride, that of a saintly and of a royal race; but might was on the side of the Monguls. When Houlagou heard the answer of the Caliph, 'The Caliph,' said he, 'shows himself to us as bent as a bow; but, if the eternal God protect me, I will make him as straight as an arrow.' Another letter, also, from Bagdad, fell into the hands of the Mongul prince, which greatly incensed him. A Mussulman officer had been taken prisoner by the Monguls, and, seeing that resistance on the part of the Caliph was useless, he had written to his friends counselling peace. The following was the answer returned:—

'Who, I pray, is this Houlagou, and what authority hath he over the house of Abbas? They hold the sovereign power immediately from God. Whoever maketh war against them will fall of success. If Houlagou had been inclined for peace, he would not have entered the Caliph's dominions, nor committed such great spoil therein. If he would avert the storm of war, let him return to Hamadan, and we will use our endeavour to engage the chief minister to apply to the Commander of the Faithful, who may, perhaps, show so much clemency as to pardon him.'

Upon learning the wrath of Houlagou, Mostasem began to be troubled, and consulted his Vizier. Al-Cami seems now to have changed his advice to his master, in order the better to accomplish his perfidy. Formerly he had counselled haughty answers, in order to enrage Houlagou; now, when he saw that war was inevitable, in order to impede defensive measures, he counselled peace. 'If rich presents,' said he, 'be sent to Houlagou, he will be pacified.' The grandees, on the contrary, who likewise saw that war was inevitable, insisted upon the instant strengthening of the fortifications, and levying of troops; and openly declared that the Vizier was betraying his master, and was in correspondence with the enemy. As if fate had marked him for its own, Mostasem followed the advice of neither party; the feeble prince thought only of the former glories of his race, and took no measures to preserve them. 'What disquietude,' said he, 'ought the race of Abbas to feel! All the monarchs who reign upon the earth, are they not in rank but as my soldiers? Take courage, then, and cease to fear the threats of the Monguls.'

In such state were matters in the menaced capital—a prey to seditious feuds, yet terrified by the approach of the Mongul hordes; passing from panic fears to empty effervescences of courage, and useless recollections of former glory; treason at court; on the throne, a prince enervated by luxury, nervous at the sight of danger; at one time proud and insolent, as if God could not permit the fall of the Abbassides; at another, having recourse to the most cowardly submissions. It is thus that nations perish; thus fall royal dynasties.

#### IMPORTANCE OF A FIRM RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Sir Humphrey Davy, who was no recluse, no fanatic, but a man eminent as a scholar and a philosopher, said; 'I envy no qualities of the mind or intellect in others, nor genius, nor power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a *firm religious belief* to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights: awakens life in death, and calls out from corruption and decay, beauty and everlasting glory.'







*James Hogg*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## BERNARD BARTON.

THE name of Bernard Barton has been sufficiently well known in English literature for the last twenty years. Its bearer primarily attracted public attention, partly by his real and intrinsic merits as a poet, and partly as being a member of a sect supposed to be somewhat adverse to poetical pursuits. Bernard Barton was a Quaker, and the son of a Quaker. The Society of Friends had indeed produced poets before his day, the best known being Scott of Amwell, Lloyd, and Amelia Opie; and many even of the earlier and primitive Quakers wrote verses, usually very bad ones, but still sufficing to show that the 'profane art' of rhyming was not originally discountenanced altogether by the body. However, poetry in drab attire formed a rare enough spectacle, in the young days of Bernard Barton, to give a strong zest of novelty to his first literary appearances, and to win for him the name *par excellence* of the Quaker Bard. Nor did the later entrance into the same field of the Howitta, and other able writers of his own persuasion, deprive him while he lived of that honourable distinction.

Bernard Barton, as we learn from an interesting memoir of him, issued under his daughter's eye, was born in London, January 31, 1784. His more remote progenitors had been yeomen of Cumberland, where the name is yet well known; but the poet's father, who first left the Church of England and joined the Society of Friends, moved southwards with his family, and entered, in and near the metropolis, into various pursuits in life. Finally, he was cut off prematurely, and left Bernard, with other children, to the care of a second wife, who behaved so well to the offspring of her predecessor, that they had actually advanced in years before they knew her to be only their stepmother. This amiable woman, who was of the Quaker persuasion, carried all the children of her deceased spouse to the home of her own father at Tottenham, and there they were brought up in childhood. Bernard received the stamina of his education at an Ipswich school; and, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to Mr Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead, in Essex. 'There I stood,' he writes, 'for eight years behind the counter of the corner shop at the top of Halstead Hill, kept to this day (in 1828) by my old master, and still worthy uncle, S. Jesup.' Mr Jesup became the 'uncle' of Barton through the marriage of the latter with Lucy Jesup, niece of the shopkeeper, in 1807. With one of her brothers, the subject of our memoir entered at the same time into partnership, as coal and corn merchant, at Woodbridge; but the death of his consort, in giving birth to an only child (the well beloved daughter, who long tended and finally survived her sire), threw the still youthful Bernard again loose upon the world, and he engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr Waterhouse of Liverpool. In doing so, he indulged so far his already strong preference for the pursuits of literature; but he was destined, after all, to win his staple living chiefly by the ledger, and not by books of another sort. After a residence of one year at Liverpool, he returned to Woodbridge, and there entered on a clerkship in Messrs Alexander's bank—an office held by him for forty years, or, in other words, up to the period of his decease (February 19, 1849).

Brief as this account is, it comprises all that is interesting in the non-literary career of Bernard Barton. He derived from his post in the bank a sufficiency of income to maintain himself and his daughter comfortably; and he turned to letters mainly as a relaxation, prompted thereto by the stirrings of his natural genius and acquired tastes. True it is (as will be noticed afterwards) that he did years at one time to devote himself wholly to literature, but he was diverted from the attempt by the counsels of friends. It was in 1812 that Bernard Barton published his first volume of poems, entitled 'Metrical Effusions.' The transmission of a copy to Keewick led to a correspondence with Southey, which was continued at intervals for a number of years. Notwithstanding his apparently sin-

cere enthusiasm in favour of the Church of England, Southey evinced ever through life a warm sympathy with renowned sectarians, such as Wesley and Fox (not to include Bunyan), whose several histories he personally wrote in a spirit of earnest admiration; and Barton stood therefore in a favourable position to attract his kindly regards. At the same time the interest shown by others was more ardent on the whole. A complimentary copy of verses to the author of the 'Queen's Wake,' then just published, brought long and vehement letters (says the memoir before us) from the Ettrick Shepherd, full of thanks to Barton and praises of himself. We wish that these letters had been preserved. It is indeed somewhat odd that Byron, and many other men of note, speak of receiving letters from James Hogg, and that yet not one scrap of these, seemingly, has been found in their repositories, or has appeared in their own post-mortem biographies. All of the parties concerned talk of the said epistles as 'strange and eccentric'; still we cannot but hold it as not less strange and eccentric that not a soul, from Byron downwards, deemed any letters of such a man as the author of the 'Queen's Wake' to be worthy of even safe *indiscretion*. In the present case, we could have wished that the otherwise very judicious writer (E.F.G.) of the 'Memoir of Bernard Barton' had given to us (if in his power) the original letters of Hogg, in place of a brief description, exposing only their weak points. We know well that the Shepherd wrote ever most impulsively, and often not very wisely; but the style of language laid to him in the memoir before us would have been the better of clear substantiation. Our national pride in Hogg will not permit us to attach weight to the plea that his correspondence has been suppressed out of a regard to his own memory. On that point nobody needed to have any delicacy. Even before he died, Scotland had learned to love the very egotism of the man, perhaps, above all his other qualities. It was strong as that of Cobbett, and attractive by its honest simplicity. We shall not soon forget the emphasis with which the Shepherd once, in our own hearing, evinced the strength of his self-esteem. A popular periodicalist had declared that 'any comparison betwixt Hogg and Burns was out of the question'—or something of the sort, *totidem verbis*. 'I have been compared wi' Burns often in my lifetime,' said Hogg, 'and I'll be compared oftener wi' him when I'm dead.' The truth was, that the periodicalist meant not to undervalue the author of the 'Queen's Wake,' but simply to imply the marked difference in the kind and character of talent displayed by the Scottish bards respectively.

However, this refers more to the 'Memoir of Bernard Barton,' than to the Quaker poet himself. In 1818, he published a second volume, called 'Poems by an Amateur,' which succeeded well, having been favourably noticed by Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh Review.' To be so honoured in those days was positive celebrity; and before the men of our own times wonder thereat, they should remember how long the 'Edinburgh Review' stood almost alone as a sterling organ of criticism; and that the 'London Quarterly,' and the majority of the monthlies, only followed at successive intervals (to be pursued in due course by weeklies and dailies innumerable), all reducing, but by slow degrees, the force of individual decisions upon literature to the low point at which they now stand. We shall never see the times again when an Edinburgh critique could *make* a Byron, or a 'Quarterly' *kill* a Keats. The minds of men generally have risen more nearly to a level with those of their assumed guides, and they now form judgments extensively for themselves. They write more for themselves; and yet—here is the question—where now are the equals of our Wordsworths, Southseys, and Byrons, men trained seemingly in the teeth of the old system? We must look to the future, it would seem. The general level has been raised immensely; and for any object to tower over it, that object must be elevated still more immensely. However, we may well hope that the day will come when such new lights will dawn on us; and, if they do so at all, it must almost necessarily be with an effulgence glorious exceedingly.

The late Francis (Lord) Jeffrey behaved very kindly to Bernard Barton, on the whole. It is a singular fact, indeed, that, after being somewhat over-valued by men for a time, and as much under-valued by many in the next generation, people have now begun generally to admit that Jeffrey was far more often in the right than the wrong, and that all his critical decisions bore the stamp of strong discernment, if not of positive genius. We cannot allow the case even of Wordsworth to be an exception. The early lyrics of that poet, such as the 'Idiot Boy,' 'Goody Blake,' and the like, which the Edinburgh critic chiefly contemned, are to this hour prized highly by nobody; and had not the bard of Rydal utterly cast aside his own starting canon, which prescribed the use, in verse, of the plainest language of common life, he certainly would not, at his recent and lamented decease, have left behind him the name of the first poet of his age. No poetry in our language equals that of the 'Sonnets,' and other great pieces of Wordsworth, in stateliness and elaborate dignity; and it may well be asked, if the criticisms of Jeffrey had no share in leading the poet of the lakes into the wiser track which he irradiated with such a flood of splendour. The remarks of the Edinburgh critic, respecting Barton, give a very clear view of his real merits: 'The staple of the whole poems is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion—but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of society.' It was in the same place observed that the poet had 'a fine and cultivated, rather than a bold and original mind.' This remark may be applied not only to the pieces which lay before the reviewer at the time, but to all that followed from the same pen. Besides a poem on the subject of 'Napoleon,' published in 1822, not less than five small additional volumes of verse by Barton appeared betwixt that year and 1828. He continued to compose occasionally after that period, for annuals and other periodicals, but no new volume was issued until 1845, when he obtained leave to dedicate his final collection of verses to Queen Victoria. Old age had now advanced upon him, and brought with it ailments of some severity. It is not unworthy of note, by the way, that Bernard Barton, while most temperate in his living, neglected or violated one grand sanitary rule, always held as scarcely of inferior importance. As he himself humorously said, he had for forty years taken 'as little exercise as a milestone, and far less fresh air.' Possibly, however, the symptoms of heart disease, which attacked him latterly, may have arisen from this very neglect of free and regular exercise. Be this as it may, in the beginning of 1849, Bernard showed marks of a failing system, though never forsaken for a moment by the cheerfulness habitual to him through life. The 'last scene of all' is thus noticed in the 'Memoir': 'On Monday, February 19, he was unable to get into the bank, having passed a very quiet night—the first night of distress, he thankfully said, that his illness had caused him. He suffered during the day, but welcomed as usual the friends who came to see him as he lay on his sofa; and wrote a few notes—for his correspondence must now, as he had humorously lamented, become as short-breathed as himself. In the evening, at half-past eight, as he was yet conversing cheerfully with a friend, he rose up, went to his bedroom, and suddenly rang the bell. He was found by his daughter—dying. Assistance was sent for; but all assistance was vain. 'In a few minutes more,' says the note despatched from the house of death that night, 'all distress was over on his part—and that warm kind heart is still for ever.'

Purposing in conclusion to present a few of the pieces of Bernard Barton, we may revert to the opinions of his poetry expressed by eminent judges. Charles Lamb spoke of some of them as 'sweet with Doric delicacy,' and so spoke justly. The verses here more immediately alluded to, were those addressed 'To the Memory of Robert Bloomfield'—a man of spirit congenial to that of Barton. A few stanzas of this piece may be subjoined:

'Thou shouldst not to the grave descend  
Unmourn'd, unmourn'd, and unsung;  
Could harp of mine record thine end,  
For these that rude harp should be strung;  
And plaintive notes as ever rung  
Should all its simple strings employ,  
Lamenting unto old and young  
The Bard who sung the Farmer's Boy.

The *Harvest Home's* rejoicing cup  
Should pause, when that sad note was heard;  
The *Widow* turn her *Hourglass* up  
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;  
And many a pity-waken'd word,  
And sighs that speak when language fails,  
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd  
To prouder poets' lofty tales.

And long may guileless hearts preserve  
Thy memory, and its tablets be:  
While nature's healthy power shall nerve  
The arm of labour toiling free:  
While childhood's innocence and glee  
With green old age enjoyment share;  
*Richards* and *Kates* shall tell of thee,  
*Walters* and *Janes* thy name declare.

How wise, how noble, was thy choice,  
To be the Bard of simple swains;  
In all their pleasures to rejoice,  
And sooth with sympathy their pains;  
To sing with feeling in thy strains  
The simple subjects they discuss,  
And be, though free from classic chains,  
Our own more chaste *Theocritus*!

There is indeed a simple delicacy here, as said Charles Lamb, a true but not blindly partial friend of the Poet of the Friends. The esteem and regard of Elia were never more strongly shown than when he reprobated the desire of Barton to adopt a literary life wholly. With that strong common sense which leavened so singularly his rare and exuberant fancifulness, Lamb wrote to his friend—'Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for anything that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not, from six to eleven P.M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious.' Two other parties, each very differently situated from Lamb, gave, singularly enough, much the same advice. Southey, who himself lived wholly by letters, counselled the Quaker Bard to pursue literature not as a study or business, but as a relaxation; and Lord Byron, who had his patrimonial means of sustenance, used the following pointed words to Bernard—'Do not renounce writing, be never trust entirely to authorship.' No doubt, one and all of these friendly counsellors, while appreciating sincerely the abilities of our poet, felt at the same time that they were not of that high character by which success might be absolutely enforced and commanded. In truth, as is nearly expressed in the Edinburgh critique, Bernard Barton was less a poet than a man of cultivated mind with poetical leanings, or a warm love of verse, superadded to a most gentle and amiable disposition. *Idleness*, the staple element of all highly poetical intellects, he seems to have possessed in but a very moderate degree. His reflectiveness was strong enough to enable him to point a tender instructive, and just moral; but his imagination lacked the power to disclose to him those profounder analogies in nature which the true poet describes, and on which he feeds his mood of lofty contemplation. No trace of any one such thought as that of Milton, when he speaks of music by night as

\* Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled;

scurs in the whole compass of the writings of Barton. or, to take a more applicable case, though the mild and editative temperament of Barton was not unakin to that of Wordsworth, can we find the former anywhere strewing his lyrics with such passages at once profoundly thoughtful and highly imaginative as the following:—

'Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.  
The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.'

but, while giving us no such instances of deep thought in union with exalted imagination, Bernard Barton merits not the less his meed of praise, in so far as he has left to us many poems instinct with pure and tender sentiment, and full of just, if not striking or novel reflections. The following sonnet, for example, cannot boast of much originality, and yet how pleasing! It seems to have been a late effusion:

'The lamp will shed a feeble glimmering light,  
When the sustaining oil is nearly spent;  
The small stars twinkle in the firmament,  
And the moon's paler orb arise on night,  
When day has waned; the scathed tree, despite  
Of age, looks green with ivy wreaths besprent;  
And faded roses yet retain a scent,  
When death has made them loveless to the sight  
So linger on, as seeming loth to die,  
Light, colour, sweetness; thus unto the last  
The poet o'er his worn-out lyre will cast  
A nerveless hand, and still new numbers try;  
Not unrewarded, if its parting sigh  
Seem like the lingering echo of the past.'

Bernard Barton was sincerely and habitually religious, and many of his pieces, bearing on serious and scriptural subjects, breathe the very spirit of bland and hopeful Christianity. Of such a cast is 'In Coelo Quies.'

'Not in this weary world of ours  
Can perfect rest be found;  
Thorns reingle with its fairest flowers,  
Even on cultured ground;  
A brook—to drink of by the way,  
A rock—its shade to cast,  
May cheer our path from day to day,  
But such not long can last;  
Earth's pilgrim, still, his loins must gird  
To seek a lot more blest;  
And this must be his onward word—  
'In heaven alone is rest.'

This cannot be our resting-place!  
Though now and then a gleam  
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,  
May on it briefly beam:  
Grief's pelling shower, Care's dark'ning cloud,  
Still falls, or hovers near;  
And sin's pollutions often shroud  
The light of life, while here.  
Not till it 'shuffles off the coil'  
In which it lies deprest,  
Can the pure spirit cease from toil;—  
'In heaven alone is rest!'

Rest to the weary anxious soul,  
That, on life's toilsome road,  
Bears onward to the destined goal  
Its heavy galling load;  
Rest unto eyes that often weep  
Beneath the day's broad light,  
Or oftener painful vigils keep  
Through the dark hours of night!  
But let us bear with pain and care,  
As ill to be redrest,  
Relying on the promise fair—  
'In heaven there will be rest!'

The Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, if not destined to rank high among the poets of his country, has at least won a modest niche in the great temple; and his works will probably be read hereafter, and admired for their purity and delicacy of sentiment and expression, even when the works of much more ambitious sectators of the muses have passed into oblivion.

## THE LAST OF THE CALIPHS.

### PART II.

TURN we now to the camp of the invaders. With all his boldness, Houlagou felt uneasy as to the result of his enterprise, when he thought of the strong ramparts of Bagdad, and the halo that still lingered around the Caliphate. In his embarrassment he had recourse to astrology. He called to him the astrologer Hosam-Eldin, whom Mangou-Khan had sent with him to choose the auspicious moments for marching or encamping; and he invited him to announce without flattery what the stars presaged. The astrologer formally declared that an enterprise which had for its end the attacking the family of the Caliphs, and the capture of Bagdad, could not have a happy result. 'In fact,' said he, 'up to this day, every king who has dared to march against Bagdad and the descendants of Abbas, has lost both his throne and his life.' Houlagou contented himself with requesting from the astrologer a written attestation of his prediction. On the other hand, the Lamas and Emirs protested that an expedition against Bagdad was sure to be fortunate. Houlagou then sent for the astrologer Nasir-Eldin, whom we have already mentioned as the friend of the treacherous Al-Cami.

Nasir-Eldin declared that not one of the misfortunes predicted by Hosam-Eldin would come to pass.

'What will happen, then?' inquired the Mongul prince.

'Houlagou Khan will reign in the room of the Caliph,' was the astrologer's answer.

A discussion then ensued before Houlagou between the astrologers. The argument adduced by Nasir is remarkable from the lips of a Mussulman:—

'The race of Abbas,' said he, 'has no peculiar prerogative; therefore it may be attacked without thereby incurring God's wrath.'

And in proof of this, he cites the number of Caliphs of this family who had been assassinated by various persons, without any particular disasters resulting.

'On hearing the discourse of this able man,' says the historian Raschid-Eldin, 'the heart of Houlagou-Khan assumed an energy comparable to the colours that adorn the tulip in the first days of spring.'

The importance still attached to the august title of Caliph is everywhere evident in this discussion; the anxiety of Houlagou is, to ascertain whether any religious character was inherent in the Abbassides, and whether they could be warred on without impiety and without sacrilege. Once reassured on this case of conscience, Houlagou broke up at once from his encampment, and marched with his whole forces against Bagdad.

Meanwhile the Vizier Al-Cami continued to blind the Caliph by delusive assurances of safety. 'After all,' said he, 'should the Monguls even enter Bagdad, the very women and children would be able to knock on the head their whole army, with stones hurled from the house-tops.' However, to quiet the murmurs of his officers, Mostazem appointed two of the chief ones to take what measures they chose for the defence of the city. He then gave orders that no one should disturb him, and shut himself up in the inner part of his palace with his wives and debauched companions as unconcerned as if amidst profound peace.

The generals appointed by Mostazem bestirred themselves in the defence of the state; but, with all their exertions, a force of ten thousand men was all they could collect for offensive operations. However, the crisis was imminent, and with this handful of troops they resolved to risk an engagement. In his advance upon Bagdad, Houlagou had imprudently separated his army into two corps, which marched parallel to each other, but with a considerable distance between them. The Caliph's generals skillfully resolved to take advantage of this false movement, and, by attacking with their whole force one of the divisions of the Mongul army, endeavour to crush it before the other could come to its support. Issuing from the city, they came suddenly upon the Monguls encamped on the banks of the Dagial, or Little Tigris, and immediately ad-

bat ensued, and both armies fought with such resolution that night alone put an end to the equal fight. Now was seen the miserable infatuation of disbanding the splendid army of the former Caliph. Ten thousand Arabians had combated for a whole day on equal terms with half of the Mongul host; had the seventy thousand veterans of Mostanzer been in the field, they would, even at the eleventh hour, have righted the fortunes of the Caliphate, and driven the myriad squadrons of the Monguls headlong into the Tigris. Next morning both armies stood to arms, and the Caliph's troops demanded with loud cries to be again led to the attack; their sole hope of success lay in speedily routing the Mongul division before them; but now, at the very crisis, the generals were irresolute, and the attack was delayed. The Monguls stood firm; but it was no object of theirs to urge on a renewal of the battle, as, in the course of the day, the other division would come up, and fall upon the flank and rear of the Arabians. But, meanwhile, they were not idle. In reconnoitring their adversaries' position, the Mongul officers observed that it was below the level of the Tigris, and forthwith a great part of the army was set to cut through the high banks that confined the waters of the river. Ere this was accomplished, the Caliph's generals had resolved to attack, and the columns of assault were already forming, when a loud shout from the Mongul lines revealed to them their danger. A roar like cataracts followed, and the thunderstruck Arabians beheld with dismay the foaming waters of the Tigris rushing like a deluge through its gaping banks. Another instant, and the flood was upon them. Flight was vain: horse and foot were alike submerged in the roaring waters, and the few stragglers who escaped were easily cut down by the Mongul cavalry. The army of the Caliph was annihilated.

When intelligence of this frightful disaster reached Bagdad, the whole city was thrown into the utmost consternation. At the same moment, on the low hills which fringe the banks of the Tigris on the north-west, masses of horsemen began to appear, amid which the gleaming of armour announced the approach of Houlagou and the other division of the Mongul army; and soon thick clouds of dust marked their advance across the plain. Before night, Bagdad was invested. Still Mostasem wallowed in pleasure, even when the destroyer was at his gates. It had been foretold to Almanzor, when he founded Bagdad, that of all his descendants not one should die in that city, and throughout five hundred years the prophecy had been literally fulfilled. It was on this broken reed that the Caliph leaned. For some time, however, his confidence seemed well-founded. The care of former Viziers had rendered the fortifications formidable; and though the defenders were few, the assaults of the besiegers were repulsed with loss. Houlagou was chagrined; want of provisions began to be felt in his camp. A reinforcement of Monguls arrived, but this only added to his embarrassment. Counting upon carrying Bagdad by a *coup-de-main*, his army in its advance had laid waste the country; and now, despite their numerous foraging parties of light horse, sufficient provisions could not be collected. The army was starving. Despite his pride, the haughty Mongul had to issue orders to raise the siege.

While Houlagou sat in his tent chafing with vexation, a Mongul brought to him a letter fastened to an arrow, which he had picked up in the camp, and which had evidently been shot from the city: it was addressed to the Mongul prince. He opened it, and read the short but important announcement, that if he sent to the city and demanded the person of Ebn-Amram, a full month's provisions might be obtained for his army.

This Ebn-Amram was a common slave in the household of the governor of Acoubah, a city some distance from Bagdad; and it was his office to tickle the soles of his master's feet till he induced sleep—a custom much practised among the Orientals. One day when thus employed, overcome by drowsiness, he fell asleep himself. A kick from his master's neglected foot quickly restored the drowsy slave to consciousness; and, after making most abject apologies (as trifling a fault might have cost him his head), he

begged permission to tell his appeased lord a dream that he had just had—namely, that the dynasty of the Abbasides was near a close, and that he himself was to rule in the room of the Caliph. The governor, of course, treated the dream as a piece of nonsense, told the dreamer that he was the son of an ass, and bade him resume his task; and, turning on his couch, under the soothing process soon fell asleep. Ebn-Amram, however, did not so readily forget his dream of coming majesty; and his day-dreams, as to what he would do when seated on the throne, served to soften the hardships of his present lot. At last, however, the Monguls threatened Bagdad; and with every fresh news of their success, Ebn-Amram's heart beat higher. His heart and soul was set on the venture: he could not be worse—that he was certain—and the dream promised to make him greatest of all. In the whole Mongul army there was not a more eager partisan of Houlagou than the poor slave Ebn-Amram. The Monguls drew round Bagdad; the crisis was evidently approaching, and Amram repaired to the capital. Assault after assault failed, to his infinite chagrin. By and by rumours spread that the Monguls were starving—the whole city was in ecstasies. Next, Houlagou's preparations for raising the siege were visible from the walls; in a few days more the Arabians would be freed from their terrible enemies. Ebn-Amram could stand it no longer; he knew where provisions were, and he was resolved that the Monguls should have them. Accordingly he repaired to the ramparts, and, when no one observed him, fastening his letter to an arrow, he discharged it into the besieger's lines.

Houlagou eagerly embraced the proposal; and, though not over-confident as to the result, he forthwith despatched messengers into the city to request that Amram should be delivered up to him. Little difficulty was made as to complying with the demand. The besieged never dreamt of danger arising from a common slave; and as the Monguls were about to withdraw from the walls, it was thought advisable to let them go with good grace. No sooner was Amram brought before Houlagou, than he engaged to fulfil his promise if he were sent to Acoubah. Thither he was accordingly sent with a detachment of troops, to whom he quickly revealed several large cisterns, or underground vaults, filled with corn. Loaded with the welcome booty, the party returned to the camp. Ardour once more filled the army. Houlagou, overjoyed at thus unexpectedly finding his fortunes re-established, kept Amram near his person, and promised before long to give him some signal mark of his gratitude.

Provisions once more abundant in the camp, the siege was resumed with redoubled energy: assault succeeded assault; and the chasms in the ranks were quickly filled up by fresh troops. The besieged, however, maintained a gallant defence; and headed by the Caliph's eldest son, Abubeker, they repulsed every attack of the Monguls. At length, in repelling a fierce assault upon one of the gates, the gallant Abubeker fell mortally wounded. His troops were panic-struck by the loss of their leader; gloom pervaded the city, and that disquietude which, by unhinging men's minds, is so often the forerunner of disaster. The prospect from the walls was enough to make the boldest tremble. On all sides spread the myriads of the Mongul host—here swarming thick as ants up the fortifications—there forming fresh columns of attack. Supine as he was, the Caliph could no longer shut his eyes to the danger; and as he looked from his lofty palace into the camp of the enemy, his vain-glory gave place to dismay: he was ready to submit to any demands of the Mongul prince. Houlagou had, a considerable time previously, demanded that the Vizier should be sent to him; and Al-Cami, seeing that the last crisis was now at hand, professed himself willing to be yielded up; and, taking with him his two sons, he went over to Houlagou. Still ignorant of his treachery, the Caliph entrusted him with the following message to the Mongul prince:—"The monarch of the Monguls invited me to send to him my Vizier; I now comply with this demand. Let the prince, on his side, keep his word." Houlagou replied, "When I

exacted this condition, I was still under the walls of Hamadan. Now that I am encamped before Bagdad, and that the sea of troubles and hostilities is in full agitation, how can I restrict my demands to one of the great functionalities of state? You must send me the whole three—namely, the Vizier, the Deftdar, and the Soleiman Shah.'

Mostasem hesitated, but at length resolved to send them next day. During the night, however, the Monguls effected a lodgment on part of the walls; and Houlagou would no longer content himself with the three first dignitaries of the empire. A son of the Caliph went out in person from the city, with great presents to the conqueror: Houlagou would not receive him. Then the elder son went forth in turn, with presents more precious still: Houlagou was inflexible. Desolation and terror spread through Bagdad. The soldiers of the Caliph sought to escape from the city; but the Monguls surprised them, and cut them to pieces; the greater part of those who remained, instead of manning the ramparts, hid themselves in the underground vaults, and in the furnaces which served to heat the baths. Meanwhile, an arrow from the battlements pierced the eye of one of the principal Mongul Emirs; and Houlagou, mad with rage, ordered a general assault. But Bagdad was now defenceless, and the inhabitants went forth in a body to implore the mercy of the conquerors. Then commenced a bloody tragedy. One by one, as they were led before Houlagou, the heads of the grandees rolled on the ground. Last of all, accompanied by his sons, and upwards of three thousand Seids, Imaums, and Cadis, appeared the Caliph Mostasem—abandoning his capital, his empire, and his life; for he knew well what fate to expect, according to the maxims of the East. Houlagou received his august captive without any signs of anger, addressed some questions to him with gentleness and kindness, and then said—'Order the inhabitants of Bagdad to lay down their arms, and come forth that we may take the census.' Upon this, the Caliph ordered proclamation to be made, that all the citizens should lay aside their arms and come forth from the gates. They obeyed their Caliph: unarmed and defenceless, they went forth amid the armed thousands of the Monguls, and were butchered in cold blood. After this massacre, Bagdad was given up to pillage. The Monguls burst like a destroying lava-stream into the city: *'they burned both the green and the dry.'* In the hour of his triumph, Houlagou remembered to be grateful. The dream of the humble slave was accomplished, and Ebn-Amram ruled as governor in the city of the Caliphs!

Two days after the massacre, Houlagou entered and took possession of the palace of the Caliph, where he gave a banquet to his Emirs. By order of the conqueror, Mostasem was brought before him. 'It is you who entertain us,' said Houlagou to the fallen prince; 'we are your guests. Come, see what present worthy of us you have to offer.' The Caliph, who believed him serious, trembled with fear, and was so agitated that he could not recognise the different keys. He caused several locks to be broken open, and presented to the Mongul prince two thousand robes, ten thousand pieces of gold, gems and jewels of the richest kind. Houlagou received these gifts with disdain, and distributed them among the Emirs and others present. He then ordered the Caliph's harem to be counted. But when Mostasem saw them begin the numbering of his harem, his agony became excessive; and throwing himself before the ruthless Mongul, he exclaimed—'Oh! leave me at least the women of my harem, upon whom never shone the light of the sun nor that of the moon!' He was permitted to choose a hundred, whom he took with him.

What a melancholy picture of fallen greatness! That banquet in the conquered palace; that cruel irony of the conqueror, the agitation and fear of the vanquished; that sudden change of fortune within the halls that had so long seen the glory of the Abbassides, and now witnessed their humiliation! Lastly, and most lively expressive of Oriental manners, that grief and that supplication of the fallen Caliph when he sees the numbering of his harem, and understands that his wives will be gazed on in open day: as if, of all the marks of his humiliation, no one came

home to him so much as this—that he is no longer master of anything, not even of the veil that covers the women of his harem; that veil, the most sacred of possessions, and the last that an Oriental parts with!

What fate now awaited the fallen Caliph? The glory of his race was gone, and he did not long survive it. Houlagou called a council of his Emirs, to determine the destiny of their captive; and their determination was—death. His sons had been already slain; but a difficulty presented itself in regard to the Caliph. The judgment of Heaven was supposed to light upon him who should raise the hand of violence against the Vicar of the Prophet: how, then, to destroy him? Historians differ as to the manner in which this was effected; but the general opinion is, that Mostasem was wrapped up in a piece of felt, and in that condition dragged through the streets till he died—the Monguls thinking that thus, as no one struck him, no curse would descend. Some say that his sons, also, as being of the sacred line of the Prophet, were put to death in the same manner; while others assert that Houlagou caused his whole army to march over them, trampling them to death under the hoofs of their horses.

Another account seems to indicate that Mostasem perished more speedily, and saves him from the protracted humiliation and suffering which he is generally said to have endured. According to it, the Caliph, seeing that the city was no longer tenable, and apprehensive of irritating the invader by prolonged resistance, ordered the gates to be thrown open, and proceeded in state to the camp of Houlagou, wearing the mantle of the Prophet, and bearing his walking-staff—hoping by these sacred relics to mitigate the wrath of the fierce Mongul. But Houlagou was not thus to be balked of his vengeance. He tore off the mantle from the shoulders of the unfortunate Caliph, took from him the sacred staff, and then caused him to be dragged through the streets of his capital till he expired. The mantle and staff were afterwards burned, and their ashes thrown into the Tigris—'Not out of contempt,' said Houlagou, 'but through respect; to prevent these sacred relics being profaned by wicked men.'

Thus perished Mostasem, the Last of the Caliphs. Varying in many points, all historians agree in this, that he suffered a death of shame and agony. His life was a tissue of vain-glory, of indolence, and of effeminate voluptuousness: for such a one no tears are shed. The throbb of pity that our common nature cannot but feel for his cruel end is soon stilled in regret, that the glories of so illustrious a race should have thus faded, that the last of the Caliphs should have been Mostasem!

With Mostasem perished the royal line of Abbas—a line whose celebrity will endure, because chronicled in the pages of the sons of genius whom it fostered. The Ommyyades were indeed a more martial race than their successors in the Caliphate, and, therefore, better fitted to be the first leaders of a religion which won dominion at the sword's point; but the Abbassides have left a greater name than they. The Saracenic empire was rising to its zenith when the house of Abbas mounted the throne; the tree had already struck its roots deep into the soil, and under them came forth the blossom and the fruit. The Arabians hold a high place in the history of intellect, and the era of their literature begins and ends with the race of Abbas. If algebra has simplified the science of numbers, if chemistry has unlocked to us the secrets of nature, and astronomy has mapped the glories of the starry heavens, to them be much of the praise. To their fancy be given the palm for creations ever fresh and ever beautiful—tender as their moonlight skies, and glowing as the suns and landscapes of their Orient home. Above all, it was they who, vestal-like, tended the lamp of knowledge when all around was darkness; who took it, when expiring, from the enfeebled hands of the Pagan Greek, and transmitted it in full brightness to the Christian Frank, amid the mingled turmoil and courtesy of the Crusades.

With Mostasem fell the Caliphate. The sacred line of Mahomet was extinct; and the title before which, in fear or in love, earth's great ones once bowed themselves, was



heard no more. With him, too, fell the glory of princely Bagdad. Its inhabitants were massacred, its palaces destroyed, its commerce ruined, under the rule of the barbarians. And though, with the prolificness of Eastern climes, its population again sprang up with mushroom rapidity; though palace and minaret again glittered with scarce diminished splendour, and tower and rampart stood forth more terrible than ever; though merchandise refilled its bazaars, and the busy hum of commerce was heard in its streets; yet was her prosperity ever afterwards evanescent. Siege succeeded siege, each vying with the other in carnage. Her bastions crumbled under the artillery of the relentless Mourad IV.; Persian and Turk fought amid her ruins for the empire of the East; the fall of a thousand headless trunks marked the ascent of the victor to his blood-stained throne; and pyramids of human skulls were the ghastly trophies of his triumph. The flood of destruction that burst in with the Mongols seemed ever after to pour over the devoted capital; and if at any time she emerged from the waters, it was but a momentary reflux, and the spring-tide of desolation again covered her with its waves. The annals of the Caliphate are the real chronicles of her glory. Her founder was a Caliph—so was her destroyer.

## THE LUDICROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

### PART II.

It would be impossible to note a thousandth part of the hypocrisies, conscious or unconscious, woven into the very texture of every-day life, and having their source in the desire of men to appear better than they are. Popular as are the realities of avarice, malice, falsehood, and obicane, nothing is more unpopular than their appearances. License, therefore, must talk the language of freedom; knavery must stalk on the stilts of philanthropy; public plunder and national degradation must wear the guise of glory and patriotism. Some have almost reached the perfection of South's ideal hypocrite, 'who never opens his mouth in earnest, but when he eats or breathes.' Everywhere, cant; nowhere, a plain avowal of folly or selfishness. Oliver Cromwell cannot butcher a couple of poor Irish garrisons, without doing it for the glory of God; the Hon. Mr — cannot argue in favour of perpetual slavery, without doing it for the good of the slave. O! never talk of rewarding virtue, for virtue never can be paid in the world's sugar-plums; but if life cannot be carried on without roguery, would it not be well to place a bounty on courageous, uncanting rascality, and, passing by a heap of tongue-virtuous hypocrites, select that man for office who dares to acknowledge himself a rogue!

Among the countless deceptions passed off on our sham-ridden race, let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others. Among those terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture, and pretence; none has played so well the part of verbal scarecrow, to frighten children of all ages, and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which dunceedom sneaks and skulks. Most of the men of dignity, who awe or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men possessing the art of passing off their insensibility for wisdom, their dulness for depth; and of concealing imbecility of intellect under haughtiness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stereotyped satires on mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments, once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness, and they would stand shivering and defenceless, objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fitly occupied only by talent and genius, which despise pretence, should be filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness, to whom pretence is the very soul of life. Manner triumphs over matter; and throughout society, politics, letters, and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and windbags, disguised as gentlemen,

statesmen, and scholars. Coleridge once saw, at a dinner table, a dignified man with a face wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until the muffins appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation—'Them's the jockeys for me!' A good number of such dignitarians remain undiscovered.

It is curious to note how these pompous gentlemen rule in society and government. How often do history and the newspapers exhibit to us the spectacle of a heavy-headed stupiditarian in official station, veiling the sheerest incompetency in a mysterious sublimity of carriage, solemnly trifling away the interests of the state, the dupe of his own obstinate ignorance, and engaged, year after year, in ruining a people after the most dignified fashion! You have all seen that inscrutable dispensation known by the name of the dignified gentleman: an embodied tediousness, which society is apt not only to tolerate but worship; a person who announces the stale commonplaces of conversation with the awful precision of one bringing down to the valleys of thought bright truths plucked on its summits; who is so profoundly deep and painfully solid on the weather, the last novel, or some other nothing of the day; who is inexpressibly shocked if your eternal gratitude does not repay him for the trite information he consumed your hour in imparting; and who, if you insinuate that his calm, contented, imperturbable stupidity is preying upon your patience, instantly stands upon his dignity, and puts on a face. 'Yet this man, with just enough knowledge' to raise himself from the insignificance of a dunce to the dignity of a bore, is still in high favour even with those whose animation he checks and chills. Why? Because he has, all say, so much of the dignity of a gentleman! The poor, bright, good-natured man, who has done all in his power to be agreeable, joins in the cry of praise, and feelingly regrets that nature has not adorned him, too, with dulness as a robe, so that he likewise might freeze the volatile into respect, and be held up as a model spoon for all dunces to imitate. This dignity, which so many view with reverential despair, must have twinned 'two at a birth,' with that urbane vanity mentioned by Coleridge, 'which keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance.' The Duke of Somerset was one of these dignified gentlemen. His second wife was the most beautiful woman in England. She once suddenly threw her arms round his neck, and gave him a kiss which might have gladdened the heart of an emperor. The duke, lifting his heavy head awfully up, and giving his shoulders an aristocratic square, slowly said, 'Madame, my first wife was a Howard, and she never would have taken such a liberty.'

This absurd importance attached to dignity is a fertile source of bombast in life. It not only exalts the bad or brainless into high position, but it is apt to convert eminent men into embodied hyperboles; for, to fulfil the popular requisitions of greatness, you will sometimes see statesmen descend into this poor deception, and, though giants in action or speculation, condescend to become charlatans in manner. Lord Chatham and Napoleon were as much actors as Garrick or Talma. Now, an imposing air should always be taken as evidence of imposition. Dignity is often a veil between us and the real truth of things. Wit pierces this veil with its glittering shafts, and lets in the 'insolent light.' Humour carelessly lifts the curtain, swaggers jauntily into the place itself, salutes the amazed wire-pullers with a knowing nod, and ends with slapping dignity on the back, with a 'How are ye, my old boy?'

In truth, the factitious elevation we give to some persons comes from identifying the actual and the ideal—the imagination cunningly suppressing minor faults, exaggerating certain qualities into colossal size, and calling those qualities by the name of men. The characters of distinguished personages are generally drawn in this way. It is the vice of most biographies, and gives a wooden and unnatural aspect to most characters in history. The difference between the truth and deception, in this regard, is the difference between a character drawn by Racine and a character drawn by Shakspeare or Scott. This factitious dignity cannot stand a moment the test of ridicule. One of the

most externally awful and imposing persons in the world is the Speaker of the House of Commons. There once happened to be a dead silence in the house, when its members were all present. This was broken by a startling biccough in the gallery, and the voice of a drunken reporter putting the stunning interrogative, 'Mr Speaker, will you favour us with a song?'

The dainty portions of literature are ever liable to overturn from the shocks of prose. Not only has life its ludicrous side, but its serious side has its ludicrous point. Poetry itself is often an exquisitely ironical comment upon actual life, but few seem to take the joke. The original of Goethe's 'Werther,' whose 'sorrows' have become immortal, was a dull fellow, with nothing in his face indicative of sentiment or intelligence. A person who visited him remarked, that nobody would know he had any brains, if the poet had not informed us he had blown them out. Halleck's notion of Wyoming, drawn from observation, is different from Campbell's drawn from fancy. The Gertrude of Halleck is found 'hoeing corn.' Pastoral life can hardly be found in pastures. All heroism even, which depends on external costume or form, is ever in danger of being killed by little actualities. 'The Iliad,' says Sydney Smith, 'would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the *Æneid* if some Trojan nobleman had kicked the pious *Æneas* into the fourth book. *Æneas* may have deserved it; but he could not have founded the Roman empire after so distressing an accident.' And we have all seen how an American general, singed and scarred with the fire of desperately contested battles, came near being extinguished at last, from a slightly increased alacrity in the disposition of his soup.

From this confounding of substance with form, this universal tendency to individual exaggeration and bombast, this stilted way of carrying on life, it has become customary to identify mirth with frivolity. Without insisting upon the depth and wisdom of the great wits and humorists of the world, it is evident that the best arguments are often condensed into epigrams, and that good jokes are often comprehensive axioms.

The narrowness of utilitarianism was never made so evident as in the remark, that 'we do not estimate the value of the sun by the amount it saves us in gas.' Carlyle's whole theory of government is contained in a quibble—that nations are not governed by the able man, but the man able to get appointed. Superstitions, exploded by knowledge, often exist as puns. Thus some of the ancients, who believed the soul to be made of fire, considered death by drowning to be remediless, water putting the soul out. An epigram often flashes light into regions where reason shines but dimly. Holmes disposed of the bigot at once, when he compared his mind to the pupil of the eye—'the more light you let into it, the more it contracts.' Nothing better exhibits the horrors of capricious despotism than the humorous statement of the King of Candia's habits: 'If his tea is not sweet enough, he impales his footman; and smites off the heads of half-a-dozen noblemen if he has a pain in his own.' In this connection also, it is not inappropriate to refer to the importance of a vivid perception of the ludicrous as a weapon of self-defence. That habit of instantaneous analysis which we call readiness has saved thousands from contempt or mortification. The dexterous leap of thought, by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma, is worth all the vestments of dignity which the world holds. It was this readiness in repartee which continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. 'It is very strange,' was the reply, 'that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan.' 'Oh!' replied Voltaire, 'I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken.' Again, you must all have heard the anecdote of the young gentleman who was discoursing very dogmatically about the appropriate sphere of woman. 'And pray, sir,' screamed out an old lady, 'what is the appropriate sphere of woman?' 'A celestial sphere, madam!' Robert Hall did not lose his power of

retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, 'What brought you here, Mr Hall?' Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, 'What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain!' A rapid change from enthusiasm to nonchalance is often necessary in society. Thus a person once eloquently eulogising the angelic qualities of Joan of Arc, was suddenly met by the petulant question, what was Joan of Arc made of? 'She was Maid of Orleans.' A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. 'Ten minutes,' was the reply. 'I can't wait,' was his rejoinder. Sheridan never was without a reason, never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterwards, however, intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her. 'Well,' she said, 'it has cleared up, I see.' 'Why, yes,' he answered, 'it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*.' It was this readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of Congress—a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness. 'Isn't it a shame, Mr President,' said he one day in the senate, 'that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition.' Immediately the senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and, pointing his long, skinny finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, 'Rats, did I say?—*nicce, nicce!*'

The ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gaiety to the deepest, most earnest humour. Thus the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar glances and gleams like heat lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirthful being from life's ludicrous side, and note, here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humour of Goethe, like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and knotty humour of old Ben Jonson, at times ground down at the edge to a sharp cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, 'steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.' There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan,—

'Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;  
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.'

There is the uncouth mirth that winds, stutters, wriggles, and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Isaac Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation, and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee—and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humour, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith, sly, sleek, swift, subtle; a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gny pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human

folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile; and, see! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a straight, luminous line, with a twang like scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope, to

'Dash the proud gamester from his glided car,'

And

'Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star.'

There, a little above Pope, see Dryden, keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell—

'Own'd, without dispute,  
Throughout the realms of nonsense absolute'

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlour, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humour, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now, for another change—glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistopheles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known, in all lands, as the matchless Mr Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, however high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing finger of that omnipotent buffoon, and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress—nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being pounced upon by Punch, and held up to a derision or execration, which shall ring from London to St Petersburg, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus, let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humour which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter—which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes, to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire—in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches further than the subtlety of Steele—the humour of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the remote sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,

'And no speed of ours avail  
To hunt upon their shining trails.'

And now let us breathe a benison to these, our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever humour smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

'The stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart,'—

wherever wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the

ludicrous side of life is its wicked side no less than its foolish; that, in a lying world, there is still no mercy for falsehood; that guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and that the lesson they teach agrees with the lesson taught by all experience—that life in harmony with reason is the only life safe from laughter, that life in harmony with virtue is the only life safe from contempt.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONNET TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER ANNUAL VISIT TO THE NORTH, AND HIGHLAND HOME.

Victoria! happy and propitious name!  
Youthful in years, yet sage as hoary old,  
Than thou more worthy lady never held  
Imperial sway. Not that majestic dame  
Who from Sabeian shores to Judah came,  
To view where most the sapient king excell'd;  
Nor she, who haughty Don's armada quell'd,  
May vie with thee in virtue, and in fame.  
Old Caledonia, from remotest isle,  
And deepest glen, in accents lead though rude,  
Her homage pays of loyal gratitude,  
As yearly, gladden'd by thy radiant smile,  
The gallant clans to hail thy advent run—  
So gleams black Ben in glint of southern sun.\*

#### EUROPEAN LIFE.—No. VI.

##### THE INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADER.

WE shall not fatigue our readers with a narrative of the wars in Palestine. Of all histories which have been written, the history of the Crusades is the least satisfactory. It would be a difficult history to write. The historian has to deal with people who to a certain extent are all heroic, who yet produce no thorough hero. The aim they proposed to themselves is grand, only when we examine it in relation to the faith of those who sought it. In itself it is a rather paltry aim. In the attempt to accomplish it, too, the Crusaders fairly break down; on the very threshold of the business the leaders splinter into quarrelling about precedences. At one moment in Asia, these leaders would have returned to Europe and abandoned their enterprise, if the common people had not protested; in their entire conduct they acted like headstrong youths, which, socially, as we have seen, they still were.

We must forget names and contemplate the movement in mass in order to be interested. Up to precisely such a movement the religion that was in the European mind could carry the people. It was like fighting for the grave of one's mother; it actually was that. Had not Mary—the ideal mother—lived in Bethlehem? wherever her foot, and the foot of her Son, had trod—Bethlehem, Jerusalem, all Palestine—was holy ground. To us it would not be religion; to them it was. 'The way of God' was supposed by them to lead towards the material Zion. 'The Mahomedan shall not be allowed to defile the sanctuary of God,' they said. The rich became poor that they might join the soldiers of the cross. The poor became rich, finding that they had lives to give to the cause. Each man hastened to wind up his affairs that he might devote himself to the blessed work. All Europe was stirred by it. It was the first great Event in the life of Europe; the first time that its different peoples and classes had wrought together towards one aim.

How the excitement searched into the chambers of European life! Not a district where it failed to find soldiers to fight, and priests to pray for them, ready to set out! In our newspaper and electric telegraph days, when news is tossed from one land to another with almost the speed of light, we have seen excitements spreading, and did not wonder. The advertisement of a 'share list,' three years ago, drew

\* Is tom gach tuisach san's samhras.—Gaelic Proverb. That is, The bleak hill is a bountie knowe in summer.

ventures from all classes and countries. The other day, New York and London simultaneously sent ships to California. But when every morsel of intelligence had to be carried from mouth to mouth, through woods infested with banditti, by horsemen who had no roads, or by pilgrims on foot, the enthusiasm which gave birth to the Crusades, and the ideas which nourished it, overspread all Europe, and took possession of the hearts of all ranks.

At length the movement gathers to a head. An eyewitness shall place it before our minds:—'The greater part of those who had not determined upon the journey joked and laughed at such as had; prophesied that their voyage would be miserable and their return worse. Such was ever the language one day; but the next—suddenly seized with the same desire as the rest—those who had been most forward to mock abandoned everything for a few crowns, and set out with those whom they had laughed at but a day or two before. Who shall tell the children and the infirm that, animated with the same spirit, hastened to the war? Who shall count the old men and the young maids who hurried forward to the fight—not with the hope of aiding, but for the crown of martyrdom which was to be won amid the swords of the infidels. 'You warriors,' they cried, 'you shall vanquish by the spear and brand, but let us at least conquer by our sufferings.' At the same time one might see a thousand things, springing from the same spirit, which were both astonishing and laughable. The poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their scanty provisions and their young children, and proceeding onward, while the babes, at each town or castle that they saw, demanded eagerly whether that was Jerusalem.'

Under the leadership of Peter the Hermit, of Walter the Penniless, of Godfrey, of anybody who would take the lead, these masses of human beings, old and young, capable and incapable, undisciplined, unfurnished, began to move towards the Holy Land.

The issue was most disastrous. If we could credit the numbers we find in the old chronicles, more than a quarter of a million perished through sheer misguidance, without reaching their destination. They had carried the loose notions of the times about property along with them. They ate when they were hungry without asking leave. Farmers who offered opposition were put to the sword; towns which did not provision them for the next stage were sacked. The religion which carried them through toils and dangers to fight with Mahomedans left room within them for open pillage and murder. The first bands passed through Hungary. The Hungarians would not tolerate their extortions and freebootery. Carloman the king, being the head of a Christian people, would give these pilgrims free passage, but not free license. The Crusaders would not hearken to reason; and the first of the holy wars had to be fought between Christians. It was said that 'the waters of the Danube ran red for days together with Crusaders' blood.' And yet, in 1097, only two years after the Council at Clermont, seven hundred thousand Europeans, soldiers and pilgrims, met in the vicinity of Constantinople to prosecute the enterprise of the recovery of Jerusalem from Mahomedans.

The great bulk of these were to perish by the way. By thousands and tens of thousands they sank exhausted on the burning soil of Asia. Then women, children, horses, dogs, and falcions began to die daily for the want of water. Still the survivors move on towards Jerusalem; through storms of Mahomedan valour, through obstacles material and spiritual, through long sieges and hard fought battles, they continue to advance. At length, on a summer morning, Jerusalem is in view. The dream is a reality! The golden city rises before them—there, precipitous, crowned with the hateful crescent. They are on holy ground. The air resounded with their mingled cries: 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,' shouted some; others had no words to utter; many knelt down and prayed.

The siege was terrible. But Christian Europe, wasted, weary, decimated by famine, was stronger than Mahom-

edan Asia. A brave knight plants the banner of the cross on Olivet; the walls are breached in a hundred places; the Crusaders pour in through the breaches, and Jerusalem is won! A Christian kingdom was set up in Jerusalem, which lasted some ninety years: a beggarly affair. At the end of that time the city fell back into the hands of Saladin, and the crescent once more displaced the cross, and managed to maintain its place from that time forth.

We have only referred to the first Crusade. There was a second, a third, a fourth; some count as many as eight. One is the picture of all the others. Brave lives sacrificed for what seemed religious ends; brave shocks of arms disturbing the silence of the desert: this is the recurring story. In the discipline of the contest, Mahomedan life, on the one side, flowered up into the noble Saladin; European life, on the other, matching him, into the lion-hearted Richard. At length Europe leaves the field; not vanquished, but wiser.

The youth has become a man. Forethought and experience have supplanted enthusiasm. European princes discover, while they are fighting in Palestine, that their own countries are lying waste. Philip of France pretends sickness, and abandons the third Crusade. Richard of England, who had vowed to continue while he had the flesh of a war-horse to eat, turned back in the vicinity of Jerusalem. At a distance he tried to obtain a glimpse of the Holy City; choking with emotion he hid his face behind his shield; but, nevertheless, he broke his vow.

The blunder was discovered. The holy land of home is revisited. And the efforts of European chivalry are henceforth given to redeem that from foes worse and more deadly than bands of Saracens in the East. All the glory attending Crusades can never bring them back. In the fifteenth century, when the Turks took Constantinople, the Pope preached a new Crusade. He tottered down to the harbour of Ancona to bless the mariners who should set sail. He would embark himself, if needful. The mariners did not lift their anchors. The time of Crusades was past.

We propose, in the sequel, to point out the influence which these wars exerted in the development of the life of Europe. And here we require to distinguish between material effects, by which we mean, effects traceable to the material facts of the Crusades, and effects of a spiritual kind, effects which flowed out of the very character of the movements, which these movements and no other could produce.

We have seen it gravely set forth as an effect of the Crusades, that they drew away hundreds of thousands of fanatics out of Europe and consumed them in Palestine; that they were, in other words, a sort of religion-safety-valve for the foul gas which had been generated in Europe!

On very different and far surer ground go those historians who give us statistics of the extension of commerce, which the wars operated. Our readers can easily understand how this would take place. The European armies would require provisioning; commissaries would discover that supplies need not to be taxed with the expenses and hazards of carriage from Europe. Corn as good was growing in the East. Some agent would start up to be a go-between. Merchants may make money although princes are wasting it. And thus trade would be opened between the buyers and sellers of the west and the east. When the wars were ended, the trade would still run in its old channels. Returned Crusaders would like to taste in their own countries the dainties to which they had been used abroad; and merchants would find their profit in continuing relations with their old acquaintances.

In political writers, again, the result which is insisted on is the change in the organisation of European society. Before the Crusades, Europe was covered with castles; the family was the most real organisation manifest. After the Crusades, the family organisation, or, what is the same thing, feudal life, is absorbed into national life, and, instead of castles and barons, kingdoms and monarchs meet our view. Of material results, we look upon this as beyond comparison the most important. Feudalism was only

the stepping onwards. It could not be a resting-place. We have, in the fourth paper, endeavoured to show how, by shutting up the baron, with his wife and children, in the castle—by giving scope and opportunity to the maternal functions—family-life was developed. But we require now to add, that, as an organisation of European society, feudalism was a very inadequate affair. In fact, it was not European at all. It was local, unsatisfactory, partial. The atoms of society were larger; but society was still a congeries of atoms. If I could maintain myself in my castle—*well*; if not—*not well*. Nothing bound me and my neighbours together. We did not belong to each other; we did not love each other. There was no common aim in which we were yoke-fellows; each stood separate and alone. We can still see this for ourselves. The walls of the old castles are standing to the present day. What does their architecture tell us of the social life of their inhabitants? The most of them are built on steep, inaccessible rocks, and command a wide view. They are all surrounded by water, naturally or artificially. Try to restore one of these old ruins. Here is the picture of an actual one, built when the feudal ages were passing away, and, in consequence, when architecture was beginning to put on the features of a softer time. It is a high pile: it rises from a rock furrowed with ravines and precipices. A river winds around the base. 'The door presents itself, all covered with heads of boars or wolves'—actual ones?—'flanked with turrets and crowned with a high guardhouse. Enter, there are three enclosures, three moats, three drawbridges to pass. You find yourself in a large square court, where there are cisterns, stables, hen-houses. Below, there are cellars, vaults, and prisons; above, are the dwelling apartments. Above these are the magazine and larders. . . . All the roofs are bordered with machicolations, parapets, guard-walks, and sentry-boxes. In the middle of the court is the donjon, which contains the archives and treasures. It is moated all round, and can only be entered by a bridge, almost always raised. Although the walls, like those of the castle, are six feet thick, it is surrounded up to half its height with a chemise, or second wall, of large cut stones.' Wherefore these double walls, this triple girdle of moats, these guard-walks, and sentry-boxes? Protection? Defence? Rapacious neighbours? Good. But the rapacious neighbours are themselves within moat and drawbridge, and six-foot walls. Each man has rapacious neighbours; each man is a rapacious neighbour. There is no concealing the uncomely fact. Neighbourliness is a thing unknown to feudalism. The baron has got no further than freebooting. He defends his family—he protects his retainers. So far, no farther, extends his worth. In relation to European society, he is simply an Armstrong, a Rob Roy, a Robin Hood; in plain English, a considerable blackguard.

You can understand, this being the case, what a mighty help it was to Europe, when a power higher than the baron arose. And the Crusades did help us to such a power. They altered the baron's notions about his own importance. In his own castle he was a king; in Palestine, he could be this no more. One man must lead, or the enterprise would go to wreck. The men of large territorial property got the chief places; their immediate neighbours had to follow them. How naturally these relationships, formed in the East, would rise up to memory when the parties returned! 'Tancred was my dux.' 'Boemond was mine.' 'For years, in Palestine, we said *captain, duke, lord*, to these men. For years we fought under their banners. It is not easy to abandon old habits; one does not readily cease from saying *lord* to them still.' But if I were to do so—if I were to meet Tancred in Europe, and call him only *Tancred*, how very naturally, on his side, will he bring old things to my remembrance? How, almost as a matter of course, will he step in and assert a lord's place over me; and, if I should fall in the battle, or the hunt, or die prematurely, take my boy to his own house, and my estate to himself?

In point of fact, these very results came out. Small estates began to merge into large ones—barons to be fief-

holders of kings—kingdoms stretched out—nations arose—kings grew into new importance—the war-cries of the Holy Land were repeated in the battlefields of Europe—and feudalism, from that hour, began to be impossible. This result showed itself, by a very simple token, even before the Crusaders returned to Europe. In the first Crusade, the badge of the war—the cross upon the soldier's shoulder—was invariably *red*. Europe went forth as one mass to the work. In the third Crusade, only the French had retained the red; the Flemings had *green*, the English *white* crosses. Europe was developing into nationalities, and the colour of the crosses was their visible sign.

But we find ourselves moving on the mere surface when enumerating results like these. Kingdoms would have arisen, commerce spread, fanatics died out, without Crusades. We want to know what we have which we would not have had unless there had been Crusades—what has flowed out to us from the character of these wars—what from their occurrence at the particular stage of development which the European mind had reached? We believe that we gather into one statement the entire result when we say, that there was accomplished by these wars the union between European valour and European faith. At a later period of development this union could only have taken place in an indirect way, if at all. The faith of Europe repudiates the sword—says plainly to men, 'He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword.' Not one word of countenance did the horrid reprisals of the Crusaders in Palestine find in Christianity proper. But Christianity proper was not known to these men: only its scenery was. The Holy Sepulchre was their Jesus; the Virgin-Mother their creed. The thing which they did believe with all their heart, which was wrought in through their whole being, which they had brought out with them from the German forests, was the worth of brute-valour—of wielding well the battleaxe and the sword. This was bravery, worth, manliness in their eyes. And at this point, while European men believed that the serious business of human life lay on the battlefield, a religious direction was given to their lives. Mark how this consummated the union we have referred to. The European man was living within his six-foot walls, in the habitual exercise of his war-weapons. He was training up his boy to the same material life. Of all things, he believed this the most heartily, that his sword was his own—his to strike, his to let rust, his for whatever purpose his soul lusted after. And he was led out from this falsehood. A cause that seemed holy to him beckoned him towards the East. Beyond the sphere of his immediate selfishness there was occasion and work for his sword. The word came into his heart that it was God's will he should so use it; and he was by this means, and for ever after, lifted into a new and better faith, the faith that his sword was God's. Everything connected with the Crusades served to purify and deepen this faith. Individual Crusaders, on leaving home, partook the sacrament and mingled their farewells with religious ceremonies. Bands of them were publicly blessed by the Church. Many of the armies even turned aside to Italy, that they might pass through Rome, and so obtain this benediction from the pope himself; and in the actual shock of battle, the presence of priests and the daily recurrence of priestly ceremonies, still farther leavened with the religious element the life of the European warrior.

The institution, as our readers all know, by which this new fact in the life of Europe was both expressed and nourished, was knighthood. It would be incorrect to say that this institution had not come under the influences of religion before the Crusades. To some extent, in some places, it had; but not until the Crusades began was the influence universal. The very flower of all knighthood, the Normans, were accustomed in the eleventh century—the century of the first Crusade—to flout at the knight whose sword had been girded on by a priest. We hear nothing of this contempt for religious services after they entered into the Holy Wars. To the Normans and all German tribes alike, to all European soldiers, the admission of a young man into the rank of knighthood was no more than

a military ceremony before these wars. Afterwards we find it accompanied by church offices. 'The candidates,' says Walter Scott in his 'Essay on Chivalry,' 'watched their arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared for the honour to be conferred on them by vigil, fast, and prayer. They were solemnly divested of the brown frock, which was the appropriate dress of the squire, and having been bathed, as a symbol of purification of heart, they were attired in the richer garb appropriated to knighthood. They were then solemnly invested with the appropriate arms of a knight; and it was not unusual to call the attention of the novice to a mystical or allegorical explanation of each piece of armour as it was put on. The novice being accoutred in his knightly armour, but without helmet, sword, or spurs, a rich mantle was flung over him, and he was conducted in solemn procession to the church or chapel in which the ceremony was to be performed, supported by his godfathers, and attended with as much pomp as circumstances admitted. High mass was then said, and the novice, advancing to the altar, received from the sovereign the *accolade*, or stroke which conferred the honour. The churchman present of highest dignity often belted on his sword, which for that purpose had been previously deposited on the altar, and the spurs were sometimes fastened on by ladies of quality. The oath of chivalry was lastly taken, to be loyal to God, the king, and the ladies.'

Knighthood had its peculiar laws and morality. The vows of the young knight were religious. He engaged to speak truth, to act with honour, to lead a pure and manly life, and generally to use the armour with which he was invested for the service of the church and the ladies. The description which Paul gives of the Christian warrior in Ephesians, served to remind him why sword and helmet and breastplate had been bestowed upon him. In the expulsion of a knight from the order—a very serious affair, indeed in those days—the same religious element appeared. 'His spurs were cut off close to his heels with a cook's cleaver. His arms were baffled and reversed by the common hangman. His belt was cut to pieces, and his sword broken.' He was placed on a hurdle and covered with a pall, and amid the chanting of the funeral service and the tolling of the death-bell, he was sent either to his grave, or back into the herd of serfs as a man dead to knightly honour. In everything connected with the institution, the union we are pointing out revealed itself.

And even more strikingly than by these ceremonies did this union seek a garment and expression in the Holy Land. You have heard of the Knights of Malta? They originated in Jerusalem, in the following way:—A few wounded Crusaders, found by King Godfrey when visiting the Hospital of St John there, were endowed with an estate for their support. The poor brothers of the hospital, in gratitude, proposed to use this unexpected wealth for the relief of pilgrims and sick crusaders. They formed themselves into a religio-military order—had knights, clergy, and serving brothers—became fashionable, and wealthy, and numerous. Their order, known at first as the Order of the Knights Hospitallers or Knights of St John, spread into Europe, and became powerful. (Their last refuge was Malta, from whence their more familiar name.) Now the peculiarity of this order consisted in the union between the functions of a religious and a military society. The knight hospitaller was both a monk and a soldier; he renounced all worldly goods, bound himself to the sole service of his order, and became an instrument for ecclesiastical purposes. In different circumstances, but with a precisely similar union of war and religion, arose another very famous order of knights, that known as the Order of the Red Cross or Knights Templars, devoted to the freeing of the highway of Palestine from robbers, that pilgrims might have safe access to the Holy Sepulchre.

We have referred to the peculiar character of these orders, and detailed the ceremonies which accompanied the entrance into knighthood and the expulsion from its rank, that our readers might be able to discern for themselves the presence in European life of the new fact, the union between faith and valour, which we have named as the grand

result of the Crusades. That is never an imaginative or unsubstantial result which possesses emphasis and energy enough to express itself in institutions.

We will not presume to estimate the precise influence which this union itself had on European life. Like everything else which is spiritual, its influence is incalculable. But we will submit to our readers a few details by means of which glimpses of its fruit can be obtained.

In the death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, given in our second paper, the singer was represented as shut up in a pit with vipers and serpents. Thus, before valour was joined to religion, did the European man deal with a prisoner of war. How, afterwards?—With courtesy and gentleness. It was an English king who shut up Lodbrog with the vipers. Another English king, of a later age, Edward the Black Prince, fought hand to hand with a French knight under the walls of Calais and vanquished him. The vanquished Frenchman was entertained as a guest; and when supper was ended, Edward took the chaplet of pearls from his own brow and placed it on his adversary's, saying:—'Well hast thou fought, Sir Eustace! Wear this for my sake; and accept your freedom as a token of my good will.'

In general manners and personal bearing the change was no less striking. Tacitus has introduced us to the German in his original home. It is a man you see—but a man rough hewn. To leap upon a horse, to hunt the boar, to wield the sword, are his highest employments. In leisure hours he gathers his fighting men about him, and the ox, or the stag, roughly roasted is as roughly eaten, by men to whom quantity is of more value than quality. If you take the same man on the eve of the Crusades, when he has submitted to the constraints of a castle, he is still rude; all the rough edges remain; he lives among inferiors; he is accustomed to rule; his heart is full of pride. Now look at this same man in the middle ages. Froissart, to whom we owe so many of the traits of chivalry, gives us in his 'Chronicles' an actual portrait. It is that of the Earl of Foix:—'I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes, and others, but never one like him. He loved that which ought to be loved, and hated that which ought to be hated. He was a wise knight of high enterprise and of good counsel; he never had miscreant with him. . . . He said many orisons every day; he gave five florins in small monies at his gate to poor folks for the love of God; he was large and courteous in gifts; he could right well take where it parteyned to him, and deliver again where he ought. . . . He was of good, easy acquaintance with every man, and amorously would speak to them; he was short in counsel and answers. . . . He loved hunting but not folly; took regular account of his revenues; had four secretaries at his hand every morning. . . . And at midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve variettes standing before his table. . . . The hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table but if he was called. His meat was lightly wilde fowle, the legs and wings alone; and in the day he did but little eat and drink. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments; he could do it right well himself; he would have songs sung before him; he would gladly see concerts and fantasies at his table.' During the twelve weeks that Froissart lived with this earl, he had himself to read songs and ballads after supper to his host. 'And while I read there was none durst speak anything to interrupt me, so much did the earl delight in listening.'

At heart this is the same man described by Tacitus. We mean, there is not less of manhood, of valour, in him; but otherwise, how different! Goethe says: 'Being is ever a glorious birth into higher being.' Behold the proof in this earl. The European man has become gentle, courteous, wise; a beautiful spirituality enfolds him, shines forth from him; his life is higher, nobler, truer; there is greater breadth, greater worth, greater harmony in it. With men like these society will progress faster. The strength which loved to show itself in feats of indi-



vidual prowess, in giving and accepting challenges to battle—in self-will, and outer hardihood—is now used to draw in the rough excreescences, and to polish and beautify the life. In the old time society was a cart of broken metal; it would move only when the cart was upturned. Now, it finds its likeness in the invisible globules of the river; the individual life is rounded and softened; the whole moves onward, by the law of nature, on slight delivies. We trace this change to the spiritual influences of the Crusades. The poets of the middle ages appeared to be awake to the same fact. In their poems, the courtesy of Charlemagne was tried to be accounted for by the fable that he, too, had been at the Holy Sepulchre.

It may be that some strong youth is reading these lines for whom these facts have pointed meaning. We set such an one before our minds. A young man of strong mind, of strong body, with courage to announce his strength. He believes it to be manly to make his individuality felt, to let every person in the company understand that he specially is present; he turns with ineffable disgust from a young man who should put his pride in dress. If you speak to him of Lord Chesterfield's letters, he cannot express himself for scorn. Our closing word, in connection with the Crusades, shall be addressed to this youth. Others as well as you are far from placing Chesterfield on the same shelf with the Bible. Very few people in the world thoroughly like the young man given to dress. But what is that dressiness, that excessive politeness, symbolic of? People did not all at once resolve to be dressy and polite; there is an aim, a groping after something in this. Our tailor once said to us, 'A man's worth is known, sir, by the make of his coat.' What did this tailor virtually mean when he said this? What is the ideal which unconsciously possesses the mind of the dressy youth? What true thing is it which gives to these letters of Chesterfield the continuance they have? This, that humanity has not given us its highest expression when a man stands before us; that this man is but the trunk of better things; that out of him, if you take care, you may produce the *gentleman*.

A brave thing to be a man; a base thing to be unmanly! But if this rough manhood, this block from nature's quarry has a manhood within its manhood, a purer form, a statue waiting to be brought out to light, will you still prefer your roughness? Is it a wrong thing for a brave youth like you to be a gentleman? to bring out of your *manly valour* (what you name 'independence') *gentleness*, the fruit of faith?

There was valour in that heart which said—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
A man's a man for a' that.'

But it was that same heart that turned the plough aside lest the 'wee mouse' should be destroyed. We have had few men in whom manly valour found so energetic an expression as Samuel Johnson. It was the manliest act of English life at the time to refuse the patronage of Lord Chesterfield for his dictionary. 'Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door. The notice which you have (now) been pleased to take of my labours, had it been earlier, would have been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it—till I am solitary and cannot impart it—till I am known, and *do not want it*.' Yet it was this same Johnson who filled his house in Bolt Court with miserable people picked up on the streets; who, when his means were counted by shillings, gave pence to houseless children whom he found sitting on stairs by night; on whose coming out the poor waited, certain to be assisted. A man, rough, rough as a bear—but with all his roughness a *gentle* man!

No; you will not turn aside to bad courses by striving to be gentlemen. It is not needful that your coat be black or red; that you be of the order of the Bath or the Garter to attain it. Since our fathers fought in Palestine we are all born knights. Disorder, ignorance, lust, are our Saracens. Life is our Holy Land. Let us do our task with manly vigour, but with free-working, noble gentleness, no

less. For gentleness is just the world's word for 'love one another.' And therefore we shall commend this aim; we shall ask you to educate your valour up to gentleness. Our daily life is not without examples to urge you on. In steamboats, in omnibuses, in the bustle of market places, from the common acts of plain men, by forbearances, by timely and unsought kindnesses, by the helping of the feeble, and the sympathy with the sorrowing—there flash forth upon you gleams of a quality which puts vulgarity aside. It is the genius of European life announcing the wealth below. It is the aboriginal pity of the Germanic nature, sanctified by Christianity, coming up out of its fountain for the service of daily life. When such instances occur to you, perhaps you will remember how our ancestors had to buy their secret with their life's blood at the gates of Jerusalem. And you will cherish in your heart no thought, and in your life no evil habit, that shall hinder the European man in you from ripening into the European gentleman.

### THE PRAIRIE FIGHT.\*

It was that most delicious season of the year, the 'Indian summer,' when, seated with some travelling companions on the deck of the steamer Otto, bound for the Upper Mississippi, we perceived three Indians in earnest parley with the captain of the boat. They were fine specimens of their nation: tall and straight, with proportions of exact symmetry. Their keen, dark eyes were glittering with excitement; and, with their rifles in their hands, and each with one foot advanced, they appeared as if preparing to spring overboard into the deep and turbid waters of the river. With furious gestures, they pointed to the prairie, that lay stretched out before the view until it seemed to meet the glowing sky. Covered with rich grass and wild flowers, lonely and wild, it looked a vast expanse of silence and solitude. But as we gazed through the shimmering mist that, like a transparent veil over the face of beauty, enveloped its green luxuriance, we observed far in the distance a party of Indians, moving in single file at a rapid rate. They were Sioux, whose tribe at that time were in deadly feud with the Chippewas. The Indians on board the Otto were chiefs of that nation, returning to their homes. As soon as the Chippewas saw the Sioux, they knew from their mode of travelling that they had been on a war expedition to some of their villages; hence their impassioned gestures and pleadings to the captain to be set on shore. They said they would take their scalps from their foes, and rejoin the boat some distance a-head.

After urging their request for some time, the captain of the Otto complied with it, and they were landed, and soon in quick pursuit of their enemies. At the solicitations of many of the passengers, backed by the potent influence of sundry odd dollars that found their way into the rough hands of the captain, he consented to the boat's slackening her speed, that we might view the result.

The Chippewas crept stealthily but swiftly along the shore, concealing themselves in the brushwood that lined the banks of the river, until they came near enough to the Sioux, and then, with a spring like a panther's, and a whoop that filled the air with its murderous echo, in an instant each rifle brought down a foe. Three of the Sioux fell dead upon the prairie. In return, the Sioux, though taken by surprise and thrown off their guard, turned in pursuit of the Chippewas, who fled for their lives, determined to avenge the death of their fallen companions.

The intense excitement on board the steamer was beyond description. Ladies were borne half fainting with terror to the cabin—mothers were screaming for their children—children crying, and nurses scolding—all dreading instant massacre, from their near proximity to the Indians. Men gathered in groups on the deck, some betting high on the result of the fight, some blaming the captain for permitting murder, others watching with breathless eagerness

\* By Mrs E. S. Swift, in 'Sartain's Magazine,' published in Philadelphia.



the flying foes, expressing earnest desire for their victory or defeat. It was a perfect Babel of languages: the steerage passengers crowded the lower deck, men, women, and children, all talking at once in their different dialects, all intent upon seeing the novel fight.

The three Chippewas ran swiftly; their feet scarce seemed to touch the sward, so rapid was their motion. But see! One stops—something impedes his steps; 'tis for a second's space—he throws away his moccasin, and as he does so, casts a quick glance behind him. A Sioux but a few feet from him, is in the act of levelling his rifle—a flash and report. The excited spectators on board the Otto give a simultaneous shriek, and the words, 'He is shot!' 'He is gone!' are heard on every side. But no; he bounds forward with increased velocity. A moment more, and he staggers, reels, and falls prostrate, shot through the heart.

Then commenced a scene in Indian warfare, so fiendish and bloodthirsty, that my pen can scarce record it. While the body was still heaving with the last struggles of life, with a scream, wild and unearthly, the Sioux bent over it with his glittering knife. I involuntarily closed my eyes; and when I looked again, I saw the gory scalp of the Chippewa, dripping with the still warm blood, fastened to the girdle of the Sioux. Raising the war-whoop, that echoed from shore to shore like the yell of some demon, he hurried on after the others.

The two remaining Chippewas were fast distancing their pursuers; and we could see them for miles along the prairie, running in a line from the shore, the Sioux still in hot pursuit, like wolves after their prey. The captain commanded that added steam should be put to the boat; there was a bluff where the river made a bend, a short distance ahead, and he thought he might yet save the fugitives by getting them aboard the Otto.

And steam was put on. The raging and cracking of the fire as it roared amidst its frail barriers, the surging and mad speed of the boat as she churned the waters into foam, the groans and dissonant noises of the vast machinery, sounding like the cries of a soul in torments—all were unheard, or forgotten, in our breathless intensity of vision. The chase was for human life—for life, that a few moments before had lived and breathed amongst us.

In a short space we came to the bend of the river; here the shore was thickly covered with scrub pine and wild creepers, and our view intercepted. As we rounded the point, however, we could see far across the prairie; and like a dark speck in the distance could trace one Chippewa, like a deer flying from the huntsman, still pursued by the maddened Sioux. A crash was heard among the branches, and his companion came leaping from the high bluff that overhung the river. The poor fellow had outrun his implacable foe, and, seeing the boat, made an attempt to reach it as his only chance for life; but instead of falling into the water, he came heavily upon the ground, and broke his leg. Before his enemies found his trail, he was safely landed on board the steamer. A physician being on board, his limb was set, and he eventually reached his village in safety.

It was afterwards discovered, that according to the assertion made by the Chippewas, their village had been attacked by this Sioux party. A boy stationed upon one of the bluffs that surrounded their dwellings, seeing their approach, had given instant alarm, so that by the time the Sioux reached the village, it was deserted and bare. They set fire to it, and were returning, when seen by the three Indians on board the steamer. The Chippewa that fled across the prairie was sorely beset by his foes; for days and nights he had neither rest nor sleep. Once only he had stopped to breathe among some bushes, but they had tracked his course, and he found himself surrounded by a burning circle of fire. But his courage and perseverance did not forsake him even amidst such deadly peril. With a bound he cleared the flaming brushwood, and though thrice wounded by chance shots, he had eluded their direful vengeance, and while his body was weakened and emaciated by such severe hardships and fatigue, his resolute

spirit sustained his exertions until retreat was practicable; and he also returned to his people in safety.

This sketch is no vision of fancy: there are persons still living who witnessed 'The Prairie Fight.'

#### IN MEMORIAM.\*

THIS volume, thus obscurely titled, has created no small sensation among the lovers of poetry. The strain has gained a ready entrance to the hearts of readers, and found an echo there. The poet's name is not given, but the master's hand is known. The melody, the pathos, the merit of the verses, tell that Alfred Tennyson is the maker. The brief inscription,

'IN MEMORIAM  
A. H. H.  
OBIT MDCCCXXXIII.'

unintelligible at first sight as it stands, yet clearer after a time, is the key to the poem, and briefly sums up the burden of the song. A. H. H. are known to be the initials of Arthur Hallam, a son of the distinguished historian. Arthur for years was loved by the poet with more than a brother's love.

'Dear as mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me,'

are his words. He had been his companion in childhood, even

'Ere childhood's flaxen ringlets turn'd  
To black and brown on kindred brows.'

Winters passed, but the bonds wherewithal they were bound together were not broken; their minds were one in kind: but let the poet speak it:—

'Thou and I are one in kind,  
As moulded like in nature's mist;  
And hill and wood and field did print  
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For as the same cold streamlet cur'd  
Through all his eddying coves; the same  
All winds that roam the twilight came  
In whispers of the beauteous world.'

The friendship thus strong promised eventually to become dearer and more intimate. The sister of the poet was betrothed to his friend; friendship was about to pass into relationship; but, evil day! while Arthur was in a foreign land—

'In Vienna's fatal walls,  
God touched him, and he slept.'

A dark calamity thus blasted the joys and hopes of sister and poet:

'O, what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good?  
To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me, no second friend.'

'In Memoriam' consists of a series of short pieces, most of them resembling the sonnet in length, and resembling the sonnet in this also, that each piece is complete in itself. The pieces are a hundred and twenty-nine in number, and are without distinctive titles. They are occasional poems that have been composed, apparently, at different times during the sixteen years between 1833, when Mr Hallam died, and 1849, when the whole was wound up and prepared for the press. The author has freely and fully expressed, in those occasional verses, the varied feelings of his mind: at one time he scarce can credit the evil news that bring to him such woes; at another he calmly looks forward to the hour when the tie that has been so rudely sundered shall again be renewed; now on imagination's airy wing airborne, he hovers round the ship that brings the dear, lifeless corpse to the shore of his native land; now he bends over the grave where his friend is laid, and finds consolation there. The memory of the lost one is recalled by each return of the Christmas-tide; the merry bells that ring out the old year and in the new, bring no joy, as they awaken thoughts of other happier times; in the walk by the 'grey old grange' or 'windy wold,' an old companion seems to return, and gaze, as in other days, on the scenery:

\* London: Edward Moxon. 1850.

'From end to end,  
Of all the landscape underneath,  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend.

...  
Each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day;  
And, leaving these, to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die.'

Though 'In Memoriam' be thus made up of a series of detached parts, yet is the unity of the whole unbroken, because there is ever a recurrence to one and the same melancholy event. The author does not maintain the measured march of a stately poem; he briefly, and often abruptly, gives utterance to the fleeting emotions of his mind. The poem is not epic; in his own words, he

'Loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away.'

'In Memoriam' must have been composed at different times, as 'lullabies of pain.' Often the eyes seem dimmed because of the grief that has fallen so oppressively; but again there is serenity, and peace, and hope in the future—

'Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
Than some strong hope which is to be.'

Deepest grief, like deep dead rivers, murreth not, but is still. With the overcharged heart there is the silent tongue. Nevertheless, with the song of its own woes the anguish of the bosom may be softened. In these lines the poet gives a fine reason for his having broken the silence that betokens heartfelt grief:

'I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.  
But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.  
In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er.  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.'

As the poet has made many excursions through the far realms of fancy, he has fetched thence a multitude of fine thoughts which will afterwards become familiar to the writers of our language; while felicitous expressions—word-pictures, are scattered with lavish hand, plentiful as autumn leaves on the fields. A few specimens of thoughts may be taken at random from the volume:

'Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pang of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;  
That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;  
That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.  
Behold! we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.  
So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.'

The poet's vocation is noble: he is as the voice of one preaching from age to age. To reckless youth, what better than this could be preached?—

'How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man, among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and green!  
And dare we to this doctrine give,  
That had the wild oat not been sown,  
The soil, left barren, had not grown  
The grain by which a man may live?  
Oh! if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those who eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well;  
For fear divine philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procress to the lords of hell.'

How finely is that load of misery pictured, which is borne by the race of mortals—

'Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break.'

This truth, so strikingly well expressed, is thus followed up by the reflection, that over the joyous and the hopeful, all unconscious of their misfortune, the cloud may have noiselessly burst overhead, dashing hopes and joys to the earth:

'O father, whoso'er thou be,  
That pledgedst now thy gallant son;  
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.  
O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
His heavy-shot hammock-around  
Drope in his vast and wandering grave.'

Has any painting, so shadowy, vague, and dread, yet been made of death like this:

'The shadow fear'd of man;  
Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold;  
And wrapp'd thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip;  
And bore thee where I could not see,  
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;  
And think that, somewhere in the waste,  
The shadow sits and waits for me.'

Thus is the solemn, black yew-tree—that sentinel which keepeth watch over the dead, and moaneth a deep requiem when the winds are in its boughs—thus is it described in an apostrophe:

'Old yew, which graspest at the stores  
That name the under-lying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head;  
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.  
...  
O! not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale!  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.'

Nothing can be finer than the picturesque description of the calm on 'this high world,' 'yon great plain,' and 'the seas,' and, in contrast therewith, the calm despair of one heart, and the dead calm in that noble breast, dead now to all emotion, heaving only with the heaving deep:

'Calm is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only through the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground:  
Calm and deep peace on this high world,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold:  
Calm and still light on yon great plain,  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main:  
Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that reddon to the fall;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair:  
Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.'

Conceive young men in the full flush of health, and with the vigour of mind, passing from field to field on the light toe, discoursing of philosophy the while. The hurried words of the talkers find an echo in the lines beginning, 'Each by turns was guide to each,' and so softly and sweetly dies the strain that one would think old Pan had breathed it on his flute on a summer eve in the vale of Arcady, among the echoing hills. To the young men the lands through which they passed were

'Lands where not a leaf was dumb;  
But all the lavish hills would hum  
The murmur of a happy Pan.'

When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech:

And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could bring,  
And all the secrets of the spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood:

And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady.'

The beauty of such passages is not, however, the chief merit of 'In Memoriam.' The high merit of the poem consists in its general tone of lofty spiritualism. Tennyson has already sung of 'Mariana of the moated grange'—of her who, looking over the 'glooming flats' to see if her false and treacherous lover was not coming to visit her in her loneliness. Meet words these as she looked:

'The night is dreary,  
He cometh not she said.  
'She said, 'I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!'

Poor Mariana of the moated grange! Tennyson has sung, and how touchingly, of the little May queen, who faded in her beauty, and was queen of the May no more. Mariana and the May queen are only tales of earth and earth's children. But what of Arthur, of whom he has now sung? He is but a remembrance and a name—he is a sleeper among the dead. No more his eye is eloquently bright—no more flow his words of music; the eye is dull, and silent is the tongue. What then, poet, is there no more to thee of thy friend than the shadowy remembrance of what he was?—'What are these dead that sleep so peacefully?' ask all men. Do they rest there for ever in dead sleep beneath those grey memorial stones? Let all reply, and chiefly let poets reply, whose words are winning and sweet, 'The dead are not to be bound down for ever in that winter-frost; a spring-time from on high will visit them.' Speak it, O poet, for thy thought is true and heartening; speak it, and let atheist and materialist hear it:

'Those we call the dead,  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever nobler ends.'

The thoughts awakened by reflections on life and death—on the reality life and the reality death—give to this work that vitality which outlives mere beauty of description and mere pathos of sentiment. What is life? what is death? are questions which the poet should not evade, but answer. Such themes are a higher inspiration than the beauty of summer or the grandeur of winter, than the gloom of the brooding hurricane or the loveliness of eventide. He who will not choose such inspiration may be an artist, but he is no poet. Beauty may invest his creations as a mantle, but no life is beneath the foldings of that mantle. The statue 'may fill the air around with beauty,' yet 'soul is wanting there.' It is different with the creations of the poet, who revolves the problems of free-will and fate, and gives utterance to his feelings of awe and hope. His thoughts are then not 'such perishable stuff as dreams are made of,' but they 'wander through eternity.' Tennyson is a true poet when he says,

'My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame  
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?  
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.'

Equally fine is the view of the triumph of faith and feeling over those insinuating doubts that would banish from the mind the thought and belief that there is a God:

'I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye  
Nor through the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun:  
If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice 'believe no more,  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep;  
A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And, like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'

It must rejoice all to find such passages in the work of one who may yet do much to enrich the stores of our poetry. These passages are not the light and happy thoughts struck out in a giddy hour, but they flow as life's blood from a heart that has been deeply wounded. A graceful apology is given for the introduction of such themes into the song when the poet says,

'I am but an earthly muse,  
And owning but a little art  
To lull with songs an aching heart,  
And render human love his dues;  
But brooding on the dear one dead,  
And all he said of things divine  
(And dear as sacramental wine  
To dying lips, as I have said),  
I murmur'd, as I came along,  
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;  
And loiter'd in the master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song.'

To appreciate the beauty of 'In Memoriam,' it is necessary to abandon the mind entirely to the harmony, and melody, and pathos of the song. 'Wild and wandering cries,' 'confusions of a wasted youth,' the poet has styled the present effusion. For a time, as we read, we noted passages whose meaning was obscure, and whose connection with the leading idea was too remote to justify their admission to where they stood. 'Confusions of a wasted youth!' Ha! verily this is 'confusion,' we sometimes said ironically; but as we passed along the pages, the pen fell from our hand, and we could read, and only read; spell-bound we read; not held as with the skinny hand and glittering eye of the ancient mariner of Coleridge, but held by the sweet singer with the faltering voice and tear-dimmed eye. The sympathy that is felt with the poet is complete; while the entire possession of his soul with the melancholy theme fairly captivates and wins the hearts of all.

The incessant recurrence to the one idea of this poem—the death of a friend—may be irksome to some readers. Every scene is darkened; even the gay fields of summer are sombre with shadow; and amid the revelry of a marriage-feast—amid the joyous guests, there is the shadowy and august presence of

'A stiller guest,  
Perchance, perchance, among the rest.'

The work may appear to be throughout monotonous, but to many this very monotony will be its chief beauty. Listen to the voices of nature. Monotonous is the dirge of the hollow seas as they moan over some glory that is flown. Monotonous on the waste moorland is the lapwing's scream, as it tells in fancy's ear the sad tale of Tereus and Philomel. Monotonous, too, may be the poet's song as he tells of the loved one he has lost, and the drear blank and barren world that is left behind.

The readers of 'In Memoriam' will doubtless call to mind 'Adonais,' which was composed by Shelley on the death of Keats. 'Adonais' and 'In Memoriam' have some points of resemblance. Both are works of high genius, and both breathe the warmest love—a love that borders almost on adoration—to the dead whom they commemorate. They, however, widely differ. 'Adonais' was written in fury; wild scorn now curls the poet's lip—now the face is distorted with agony—now the flood of tears flows free. Not so in 'In Memoriam.' No passion but love inflames the mind—no bitterness distils from the lip; the lays are yearnings after a treasure that has been rudely torn away; the poet is at peace with the world—his only controversy is with oblivion, and his struggle is that the name of the lost one may be rescued, and that he may not

wholly perish in the consuming grave. 'Adonais' is the monument of genius over a brother bard; 'In Memoriam' is the monument of genius over the grave of friendship. 'Adonais' and 'In Memoriam' promise to be alike in this. Each will be a monument 'more lasting than brass'—each will endure longer than the 'storied urn and animated bust,' which the sculptor's hand has chiselled.

A better conclusion could not be found for this notice than the introductory verses, which, as they were written in 1849, convey the impression of a review of the varied emotions that have come and fled during the sixteen years that have passed since the bereavement. These verses form a noble hymn.

'Strong Son of God, immortal love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;  
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.  
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.  
Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.  
Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.  
We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.  
Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock thee when we do not fear:  
But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.  
Forgive what seem'd my sin to me;  
What seem'd my worth since I began;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.  
Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.  
Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fall in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.'

#### CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

M. D'Heriourt, who has recently returned from a long residence in Abyssinia, has brought home, among other valuable articles, numerous specimens of a plant, the root of which is a cure for hydrophobia, both in men and animals. When presenting specimens of this plant to the French Academy, in November 1849, M. D'Heriourt says: 'In preparing this medicine, the bark of the root is slightly scraped, after which the root itself is dried and reduced to a powder. Ten or twelve grains are given to the patient in a spoonful of honey or milk. An hour or two after having taken this dose, and after he has had several discharges and vomitings, many cups of whey are given him, and when he is much weakened by the discharges, he is made to eat the gizzard of a fowl roasted in butter, and well spiced, which stops the effect of the medicine. The patient also eats the chicken, cooked in the same way, with a great deal of spice. It is probable that French physicians will do away with this portion of the treatment. This root, whose 'emetic cathartic' effects I have seen, acts also on the urine, in which I have found microscopic worms. A soldier and three dogs that had been bitten were treated by this root in my presence, and were cured, while a fourth dog, bitten at the same time, but not so treated, died. I have brought from Abyssinia the plant whose roots produce the remarkable effects mentioned. It grows in low and warm regions, in an argillaceous soil; its tap-root at-

tains the length of more than a metre, with a diameter of two or three centimetres; its active property appears to reside under the epidermis. The head of the root is relatively very large, and produces numerous creeping stems, some of which are more than two metres long; the stem is square, slender, about three millimetres in diameter, and has a sort of prickly hair on it. The leaves, resembling those of the tribe *Ocuvitaceae*, have five principal divisions, and are alternate, being placed opposite to tendrils, and three or four centimetres apart. The flowers are placed at the extremity of the ovary, and there are several of them upon the same stem. The fruit is oblong, smooth, of a greenish-yellow colour, and when ripe is from three to four centimetres long.'

#### THE APPLE OF SODOM.

Lieutenant Lynch, in his 'Expedition to the Dead Sea,' says, 'We picked up a large piece of bitumen on the seashore to-day. It was excessively hot to the touch. We gathered also some of the blossoms and the green and dried fruits of the osher for preservation. The dried fruit, the product of last year, was extremely brittle, and crushed with the slightest pressure. The green half-formed fruit of this year was soft and elastic as a puff-ball, and, like the leaves and stem, yields a viscous, white, milky fluid, when cut. Dr Robinson very aptly compared it to the milkweed. The Arabs consider this fluid a cure for barrenness. This fruit is doubtless the genuine *apple of Sodom*, for it is fair to the eye and bitter to the taste, and, when ripe, is filled with fibre and dust. Four jars containing specimens are placed in the Patent-Office at Washington. The first notice taken of the apple of Sodom is by Josephus, who says that they have a colour as if fit to be eaten, but, if plucked, they dissolve into smoke and ashes. Tacitus mentions them, as does De Chartres in 1100, and, later, Baumgarten and others. Yet many have heretofore derided their accounts as fabulous, and among those who believed them to be true, there has been a great difference of opinion as to the class of fruit to which the apple of Sodom belongs. One considered it the fruit of a hawthorn, and another of a species of *solanum*, and with this opinion Linnaeus agreed. Others referred it to the fig-tree or the pomegranate. The plant which we saw, in various places along the shores of the Dead Sea, resembled very closely the milkweed, which is so common in the United States; it is, in fact, a closely allied plant, being the *Aeclepias procera* of the earlier writers, now, however, forming part of the genus *Calotropis*. This plant occurs in many parts of the East, and was known as early as the time of Theophrastus. It is a tall, perennial plant, with thick, dark green, shining, opposite leaves, on very short footstalks; the flowers are interterminal, and have axillary umbels of a purple colour, containing numerous flattened, brown seeds, each furnished with a silky plume or pappus. The bark, especially at the lower part of the stem, is cork-like, and much fissured. If it be cut, or a leaf torn off, a viscous, milky juice exudes, which is exceedingly acrid, and even caustic, and is said to be used in Egypt as a depilatory. In Persia, this plant is said to exude a bitter and acrid manna, owing to the puncture of insects. Charrin says that it is poisonous. Both the plant and its juice have been used in medicine, and probably are identical with the mudar, or medar, of India, which has attracted so much notice as a remedy for diseases of the skin.'

#### THE ROSE.

Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

## A FRENCH SCHOOL.

THE French system of education is very different from that followed in this country; and this difference, while it of course proceeds from a dissimilarity of manners, customs, institutions, and national character in general, undoubtedly exercises on all of these a powerful reflex influence. A thorough inquiry into the question, and a due appreciation of the effects produced, would therefore bring to light speculative results not a little interesting, and might perhaps even contribute, by the exposition of what in this important matter is good and bad in either country, to the practical benefit of both. Such a task, however, we do not here propose to undertake. The present article will, in accordance with its title, be nothing more than a sketch of a French school for boys; and though, even when thus narrowly limited, the subject will probably afford abundant matter for reflection, we shall leave to our readers the trouble or the pleasure of making their reflections for themselves. We can promise them, however, that the materials we present them with will be trustworthy, for our sketch is drawn partly from nature and our own personal observation, partly from a lively little picture by Paul de Kock, for the faithfulness of which we can ourselves vouch.

We must in the first place explain that when we speak of a French school, we mean a French private school or *pension*. Our word *school* and the French word *école* are by no means the translations of each other, at least in their modern application. Thus, an institution like the High School of Edinburgh corresponds to the French *lycée* or *collège*; while the French *école de droit* answers to the faculty of law in our universities, as the *école de médecine* does to that of medicine. But, as we have said, we have at present to do, not with such schools or colleges, but only with a *pension*.

This premised, we shall introduce the reader to our subject by requesting him to accompany us into the interior of such an establishment at the early hour of five in the morning. It is situated in a healthy suburb of Paris. We enter by a wicket in a huge gate, cross a court, and ascend a staircase. The second and third floors of the house we find devoted to the dormitories, in which, on little uncurtained iron bedsteads, two or three feet apart, are stretched some seventy boys, varying in age from children of five or six years to lads of sixteen or seventeen. Three or four masters occupy beds like those of the pupils. At one end of the principal apartment hangs a large crucifix; in all of them are lamps, in which wicks, floating in cups of oil, burn all night: day, however, has now broken, and these ineffectual fires have become pale before it. At the foot of each bed are its tenant's clothes, for there are neither chairs, tables, nor chests of drawers in the place. These are, of course, the clothes the boy took off last night, and which he is presently about to put on again; the rest of his wardrobe is in the *lingerie*, a room fitted up with curtained shelves divided into compartments, one of which is set apart for him.

All are still asleep, or if one or two of the more lively have awakened, they are perfectly quiet. But the half-hour strikes by the clock of a neighbouring tower, and almost simultaneously the school-bell begins to ring. At its well-known voice the place quickly becomes full of bustle; the hives are roused. For a minute there is some yawning, rubbing of eyes, and throwing about of arms; but presently every boy is on his feet, dressing as fast as he can. The operations are superintended by the masters; and the younger children, who cannot tie and are slow at buttoning, are aided by one or two female servants. As each is ready he descends to his class-room, opens his padlocked desk, takes out his books, and sets to work. These desks are contained in, or rather they constitute, the tables at which the pupils sit: they are ranged along three walls of the room, the fourth being the place of the master. The morning hours are devoted to the preparation of the day's tasks, and the two divisions into which, at this time, the school is separated, are superintended each by a *maître*

*d'étude*, or study-master. These gentlemen do nothing else; they teach nothing, and are not required to know anything; their sole duty is to maintain silence and order during what may be called their watch. It is an ungrateful occupation, for French boys love talking, and it requires constant exertion to make them hold their tongues; while, as boys all over the world will be boys, to keep them orderly and out of mischief is a never-ending, still-beginning care. And, as may be supposed, these masters are little respected and less liked; they are nicknamed, in school slang, *pions* or pawns, and are often much tormented by their young but ingenious persecutors.

At half-past seven the bell rings again, and all the boys return to the lavatories to make a more careful toilet than the first, the little ones, with the hydrophobia characteristic of their age, making many wry faces as the servants wash them. At eight o'clock another summons of the bell calls them to the refectory, where their breakfast of bread and what is called soup is ready for them. This soup is like what we call beef-tea, but weaker, and it contains a large proportion of soaking bread. Soup and bread together are soon despatched, and then the boys betake themselves to the playground for a quarter of an hour, the day scholars dropping in one by one, while those of the boarders who attend a lyceum now set out for it. This practice of living in a *pension*, and at the same time attending a lyceum, is very common; the *pension* serves the same end as the private tutor does with us; and parents, even when they themselves reside near the lyceum, save in the end by the arrangement. Some *pensions* are, indeed, almost entirely intended for scholars of this class; and in the neighbourhood of a college you will meet every morning many different companies of youths, marching under the guidance of masters (pedagogues in the original sense of the word) to take their places in the public institution, and recite there the lessons they have prepared in the private ones. In these latter they are of course well drilled, for the proprietors of such schools have a great personal interest in the success of the lads under their tuition, and in the appearance which they make in the annual prize-lists. They thus make every effort to secure a goodly proportion of honours to their establishments, and some even go so far as to bring from the country, and board and educate free of expense, such promising youths as are likely to do them credit. So at least says a writer (M. de Broglie) in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*;' and if we remember right he extends his assertion to what regards the examinations for the degree of bachelor, of which we shall afterwards have to speak. The results, when favourable, are inserted in the newspapers, and make excellent advertisements. But to return to the boys in the playground.

At half-past eight the indefatigable bell recalls them to the class-rooms, and the lessons of the day begin. There are four classes. The youngest, composed of very little men indeed, is taught reading, writing, and grammar, a little arithmetic, a little geography, and a little sacred history. The English master, for there is one attached to the school, also teaches them a phrase or two daily—'How do you do?'—'Very well, I thank you'—'Some bread, if you please,' and the like. Look in at the glass door, and you will see how they get on. That boy standing on the bench is an Auvergnat, and one of the greatest dunces on the premises; but he is also full of tricks, and it is for having pulled his neighbour's hair that he has been condemned to occupy that bad eminence. He will also have no dessert at dinner. That little urchin beside him is the Benjamin of the school, and as yet he has learned little more than the art of remaining tolerably quiet, but that is a great deal, for he was very unruly at first. The child sitting on the cross bench is Athanasie; he is as round as a ball of butter, and such a sleepy fellow that hitherto the master's exertions on his behalf have chiefly been directed to keeping him awake during the class. That is the form of the best scholars; they can all spell pretty well, they know the names and position of the different countries, with their capitals, on the map of Europe, and they al-

ready climb up a sum of addition without too many accidents. The boy at the end of the table is stupid; he is trying to make pot-hooks, but he only makes blots, for he lets his pen slip through his fingers twice in a minute. But what is Berger junior doing? The little rascal is positively giving himself a pair of ink mustaches! The master's attention is otherwise engaged for the moment, but he will remark him presently, and Berger *jeune* will mount beside the Auvergnat, a melancholy instance of the retribution which excessive vanity so often brings on itself.

We shall now, if you please, pay a visit to the second class, which the French, however, would call the third, for there are four in all, and, contrary to our practice, they count down from the highest. It is not, however, customary in schools, though it is in the lycées, to name them by their numbers, and the proper designation of this one is the secondary French class. The pupils in it, besides continuing the studies of the first or little class, receive instructions in the history of their own country, in mythology, and composition. This last is taught thus: The master reads from a book entitled 'Exercices de Narrations Françaises,' what may be called the skeleton of the theme, and each boy returns it clothed in his own words, and filled out according to his ability. A specimen of those early literary efforts may interest our younger readers. The subject given was this: 'A physician has become an astrologer. He reads in the stars that he will die three days after his servant. Of course he takes every means to prolong a life on which his own depends. But the man dies. The physician is in despair, and sets his house in order. Three days, however, pass, and he still lives. Convinced of the absurdity of astrology through this his own experience, he abandons it for ever.'

Of these materials the following exercise was written. We translate as literally as possible, and have only to add that the author is about ten years of age: 'A physician turned his attention to judicial astrology. After he had been three or four days in his new trade, he thought he saw in the stars a sign which intimated that he would die three days after his valet. Immediately he spared no care or pains to prolong his valet's life; immediately all is pleasure and amusements for the man; he is allowed to do what he likes, and has no more work. But you know that a peasant can never live without work. After all the attention paid him the peasant fell ill, for he was enfeebled in health, and quite spoiled by his master. The poor master could not sleep, and watched constantly by the bed of the patient. One day the servant died. His master thought he was asleep, and shook him by the arm, saying, 'Peter, do you want anything?' Of course no answer was made. 'He is dead!' said he. He immediately gave way to tears and cries, but not all his grief could recall his servant. Immediately he got a table, some ink, and a pen, and made his will and arranged his affairs. When all was arranged, he took his place before the chimney-piece with his eyes fixed on the clock that stood on it, waiting for his last hour. The third day came and he thought himself a dead man; but the day went by, a month, six months, a year! he still lived! Immediately he threw away all the tools of his trade and renounced the lying science of astrology.'

But there is a pupil in this class whose pen is not contented with executing the assigned tasks alone. Master Rozier is an original author. Here is a sample of his works: he was engaged on it at a time when he should have been making a clean copy of the day's dictation, and was taken in the act by the *maitre d'étude*, who of course seized and confiscated the unlawful object. This accounts for its being but a fragment, and also for its having fallen into our hands: 'New fairy tales, by Auguste Rozier. There was once, in the kingdom of Naples, a young prince excessively beautiful; his name was Augustus, and he was very rich. One day he resolved to travel, and consequently he set out; he was magnificently dressed, and he took nothing with him except the Grand Vizier, whose name was Jourdan. At the end of three weeks the Grand Vizier said,—but the speech of the Grand Vizier, whose name,

strange to say, was the same as Rozier's next form-fellow and chum, is lost to the world, for it was here that the ruthless hand of authority cut short the interesting tale.

The next is the Latin class, so called, because here the pupils begin their classical studies. We may take this opportunity of observing that a boy does not pass from one class to another according to any fixed period of time, but solely by reason of his proficiency; a diligent one will thus repeatedly step over the heads of his superiors in mere age. In the Latin class, besides the branches taught in the others, the boys learn the rudiments of Latin and Greek, and are brought on so far as to be able to translate some easy author in the former language, and to write exercises in it. We need hardly say that their pronunciation of the ancient tongues is very different from ours, and would appear strange if not ludicrous in Scotland, and still more so in England. But our pronunciation is, of course, equally strange and ludicrous to them.

One door of this class opens into the playground, and is ajar, for the weather is very warm. Let us peep in. They are translating a passage in their 'Selectæ Historiæ.' One of them has just finished his sentence correctly, and is rewarded by a 'very well done.' Another begins to read; you may see at once that he will fail. He stammers awkwardly through his preliminary reading of the Latin, and comes to a full stop at the second word, when he essays to interpret it. He has not looked up that word in the dictionary, and it turns out he is equally unprepared throughout. He consequently receives as a punishment, or, as it is called, a *ponsus*, twenty lines to write. We hope he will be better advised in future. But what do we see? The pupil who preceded him, and who did so well, may be very clever, but that is no excuse for the highly reprehensible conduct he is guilty of at this moment. He has got a bit of broken glass and is making it play in the sun, so as to throw a dancing spot of light on the ceiling, on the walls, on the sacred person of the master, nay, even on his very eyes, when they are not looking directly his way. The master, of course, is aware of the crime, but he takes no notice of it as yet, for he is not quite sure who the culprit is, and is watching his opportunity to detect him; this, however, he does not easily do, for though he knows the laws of light, and that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence, his calculations based thereon are not successful.

But a well-known footstep is heard coming along the passage; there is a movement in the class, the boys assume a more attentive look, and the rogue with the bit of glass slides it into his desk. The principal, or proprietor of the school enters, bearing in his hand some prettily bound books. They are the monthly prizes, and he has come to announce the names of those who have gained them. This depends not so much on the comparative advancement of the pupils in their studies, as on the comparative progress that each has made; their application, efforts, and good conduct being all taken into account. Thus, the two prizes in this class, are this month assigned to two boys who are certainly not on a level with the one who translated so well, but they have been making great exertions for the last four weeks, and have been quite orderly, while he has been making no progress, and has been guilty of numerous wicked acts, of which his tricks with the bit of glass is only a sample. Two others receive respectively the first and second *accessits*, a kind of certificate, namely, that after the prize boys, they are the most meritorious pupils. Similar rewards will be distributed in the other classes. The way in which the principal judges of the boys' deserts is this. In each class a register with ruled columns is kept, in which, day by day, a mark is assigned to every scholar for each of the branches he learns, and any necessary observations on his conduct are inserted in the margin. The marks range from *tb.* for *très bien*, or very well, to zero, or a cipher, which means that in that particular department he has done nothing. The observations are such as these: 'exerts himself,' 'is making progress,' 'disturbs the class,' 'works very ill,' 'is very heedless.' We should add that every fortnight a bulletin, or report taken

from the average of the notes in the daily register is made out for each boy, and transmitted to their parents or guardians for their inspection; and, before leaving the subject of the prizes, we may state that a list of those who have received them is hung up in a conspicuous place, being of course replaced at the end of each month by a new one.

But it is time to come to the highest class, taught during a part of the day by its proper master, and at the remaining hours by the principal in person. Here some of the pupils are already preparing to pass their bachelor's examination. This examination, according to the present system of the French universities, is an indispensable preliminary to becoming a student of any of the liberal professions. It consequently forms an epoch in a young man's life, and is undergone, in the general case, about his seventeenth year. We shall perhaps speak of it in another article, at present it will suffice to say, that it embraces questions in history, geography, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, and moral philosophy, all of which sciences may, provided the candidate's memory be good, easily be *cramped* to the extent necessary, by means of a book existing for the purpose. It is, however, also indispensable to turn a piece of Latin into French, and as a knowledge of the former language is not to be got up in a moment, it is from not being able properly to perform this *version* that the majority of those who fail are rejected. As being preparatory to this examination, the instruction given in the highest class of the school is thus extensive enough. In Latin they are reading a book of Livy, in Greek they have got through a book of the *Odyssey*, and are now translating the oration of Demosthenes for the crown. In mathematics, they have gone as far as the third book of Legendre's *Geometry*; that is to say, if we remember right, they are on the threshold of the doctrine of planes. It must not, however, be supposed that all the boys in this class follow all the branches taught in it, some, for instance, do not even learn Latin; and, of course, there is a great disparity between their acquirements. We may here observe, that in this class, as in the others, there is much more writing than with us. Almost everything is committed to paper, even the translations. This system may have its advantages, but one bad effect of it is, that it tends to spoil the handwriting; where so much is written, calligraphy cannot be expected, and this is, certainly, one cause of the French being, in general, bad, and too often, illegible penmen.

It is not worth while to enter here, for half-past eleven strikes, and once more the bell rings. It is the hour of lunch, or second breakfast, as it is called. Right readily are books and papers consigned to the desks, and with keen appetites all go down to the refectory. We go down too. What are all those green tin boxes, of a cylindrical form, and resembling telescope cases? Their use is to hold the covers; each boy has one, in which are kept his knife, fork, and spoon, his table napkin, and his plated or silver cup. What is that red liquid in the large decanters? It is what is called 'abundance,' a weak mixture of wine and water, for the boys to drink. What do those pint bottles contain? *Vin ordinaire* for the masters, or, as they are titled in France, the professors; each has one at lunch, and another at dinner. What will the meal consist of? A plate of meat to each, another of vegetables, and a piece of cheese, or an apple, or some nuts, or something else of the kind, as dessert, with as much bread as they choose. But no more questions, if you please; let them sit down, for they are hungry. They fall to.

When all, like Homer's heroes, have got their share of the equal feast, they flock to the playground, for it is now the hour of recreation. Paul de Kock shall describe this scene. We have only to premise that the school he sketches seems to be only a day-school. There is thus no lunch in a refectory, and the boys are dependent on the supplies they have brought with them:

'Every one examines his basket, for the hour of recreation is also the hour of lunch. A great booby of thirteen produces, with pride, the leg of a fowl and two pears,

while a little fellow of six has nothing but a slice of dry bread. The bread of another is covered with jelly, that of a fourth with butter, one has some apples, another a piece of ham. All, however, have the same appetite. Presently the *gourmands* of the party begin to prowl about those whose lunch is the most tempting, and now exchanges are proposed.

'Francis, give me some of what you've got, and I'll give you some of what I've got.'

'Well, and what have you got?'

'Fine roast apples, nicely sugared. Come!'

'Oh, that's all! He thinks I am going to give him some of my preserved plums for his apples! Not such a fool yet!'

'And the other day, when I had some jelly in a cup, I gave you some of it—didn't I?'

'Tut, as if your jelly was worth talking about!'

'Come, Francis, will you exchange?'

'No!'

'Once! twice! thrice! Will you?'

'No-o-o, I tell you.'

'Very well, then don't come another time to borrow my cup and ball. I'll never lend you anything again, never!'

'What do I care! How nice preserved plums are to be sure!'

But cries proceed from another quarter; it is a boy who has found nothing at all in his basket, and accuses all the others with having pilfered his provisions.

'I had some bread with cream-cheese spread on it. Somebody has taken my bread and cheese. They have stolen my lunch. I'll go and tell the master.'

'He's always saying somebody has taken some of his lunch, that Ledoux. Last time he said he had lost some honey, and when the maid came to take him home, she said he had got nothing but dry bread for having torn his trousers at both knees.'

In every society there is always found a man superior to the rest, who by his intelligence, or eloquence, takes the place for which nature meant him, and directs their minds, so that they shall follow his will. This is seen even among children. A group has formed round a fine little fellow, of twelve or thirteen, with a keen expressive countenance; he is the genius of the school, and they listen to him almost with respect, laugh at his smallest jokes, believe all his stories, and always crowd to hear him tell them. He has been taken to the theatre last night, and he is relating what he saw.

'Well, imagine a king with very black hair, a long beard, and, in short, with a very wicked look. That is the king, and he cannot bear Jews; I do not know why, but, in short, he cannot bear them. Then, in the first place, there is a fine palace, and the king is asleep.'

'Really asleep, Charles?'

'To be sure. I tell you, I saw it last night at the Ambigu Comique. How stupid you are! Where was I? The king is asleep. Then clouds descend, and the room is full of them. Do you understand? This means that the king is dreaming—he is in a horrid dream—he has the nightmare, in short, and twists about on his bed like an eel. That's the first act.'

'And the feast?'

'Wait, will you? The feast is at the very end of all. Then you see a view of the country; the Jews come; they look as if they were in their shirts; it is very hot in that country, apparently. The king arrives, also in his shirt; and with a big stick; there is a fight.'

'A real fight?'

'Will you let me speak? If you interrupt me again, I won't tell you another word. They fight, the Jews are beaten, and thrown into chains. Then they sing, and all go away.'

'And the feast?'

'Wait a little, I tell you. It is not finished yet. Next you see the king, in a still finer palace; there are bronze lions as big as elephants; the king arrives in a chariot of solid gold.'

'Of real solid gold?'



'Yes indeed, of real gold; I am sure of it, because I heard somebody near me say the chariot had cost more than a hundred crowns. Next that changes, and you see a great reservoir with a *jet d'eau* in the middle of it, and the water is not make-believe, for little Gérard, who knows the prompter's son, has been on the stage, and drank some of it. Then there is a little boy, who frightens the king, and hides himself; and then there comes a gentleman dressed like a woman, who always carries in his hand a golden jug, in which, I am sure, there was something good. The scene changes—and at the feast they have all golden jugs before them. They sing and drink; there is a thunder-storm—the thunder strikes the king—he dies; you see all the palace in violet-coloured flames—it's magnificent! That's all.'

A murmur of approbation rewards the narrator, and the group disperses to play.'

Our younger readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that French boys have, with slight modifications, the very same games as they. Thus, there is *la barre*, resembling our prison bars, or prisoner's base; leap-frog, or, as they call it, leap-sheep; foot-and-a-half; house-ball, a very favourite amusement; hide-and-seek, as well as its converse, *I spy* or *hy spy*. Then they have marbles, peg-tops or *peeries*, balls, and foot-balls. They have, however, neither bats, nor *clackens*, nor traps; and in France our noblest game, cricket, is unknown in any shape; nor have they anything resembling the Scottish shinty.

But it is half-past one, and the boys are summoned to afternoon class. This lasts till five, when they dine. After dinner, which, as regards viands, is just a repetition of the second breakfast, they have another hour of recreation. At half-past six evening, study for the preparation of lessons begins, and at half-past eight the bell closes its labours for the day, by announcing bedtime. At nine all is quiet in the dormitories.

Such is the everyday life of a French *pension*. Thursdays and Sundays, it is true, form exceptions. The former is a half holiday; and, after lunch, if the weather be good, the whole troop go out to walk. Sometimes they visit a public building, or establishment, such as the tapestry works of the Gobelins, or the porcelain manufactory of Sèvres; sometimes, in summer, they go to bathe in the floating baths on the Seine; sometimes they go out into the fields, and run about, like colts let loose; sometimes they visit a neighbouring village, where they expend their weekly allowance on cakes and apples. On Sundays again, they go to mass in the morning, and afterwards, those whose friends reside within a convenient distance return home for the day, always supposing that, for idleness or misconduct, they have not been refused the coveted permission. On this occasion, as also on the Thursday expeditions, all, of course, are dressed in their best; a great proportion wear a kind of uniform, consisting of blue trousers, a blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the throat, and a half military cap. During the week the majority wear *blouses*, or linen smock-frocks, which save their other clothes, and, being easily washed, also promote cleanliness. A stout broad belt is also a common thing; indeed almost all wear such belts on the days of the gymnastic lesson. This lesson is given in the playground, which is furnished with bars, ropes, poles, and the rest of the necessary gear; the teacher is a non-commissioned officer, in the corps of the *Sapeurs Pompiers*, or firemen, who, in France, are picked men, and are enrolled and disciplined as soldiers. Besides gymnastics, drawing and music are also taught, but these in school phraseology are *extras*.

Here we leave the *pension*. We ought, however, to say, that the one which has served as the chief subject of our portrait, is a favourable specimen of such establishments, and that it must not be supposed that things are so well ordered in all of them, as we have described them to be in its case. But our sketch, we believe, will serve to give a pretty accurate idea of the general system followed in these institutions, and, though always with the caution we have just given, we may leave the reader to form his own opinion of it.

## HINDOO GODS.

WHENEVER we move from the original simple myths of the heathens, and follow their systems into their more elaborate stages, we find ourselves involved in all the absurdities and monstrosities of the most wondrous superstitions. We leave the point of simple ideality for the point of craft; we step from the region of the creative poet into the region of the mystic priest. Hesiod and Homer could idealise the sun, and moon, and stars, the earth, and heaven, and sea into the divine image; they could conceive them into personifications; could place celestial crowns upon their human heads, and associate immortal attributes of life with their imperishable essences; but it needed a corporation of designing, interested priests to systemise their ideas into a superstition, and to crush down the soul to the vile earth with what had been designed to raise it, and was suggested by images that shone on high. The idea of a God is intuitive, it is true. The idealisation of those beautiful ministers of God, the starry spheres, into distinct subordinate deities, seems natural too, and is accepted in the most sublime Christian poetry. The attribution of human feelings, and passions, and functions, and actions, to those poetic images, and the dedication of temples to them, however, belongs to the enemies of the human soul, and consequently to the enemies of all human progress. 'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free;' and as deep sunk in slavery, on the other hand, is he who is bound in the chains of mystical falsehood and superstition. The whole Hindoo mythology is a voluminous illustration of the lie upon lie, and monstrosity above monstrosity, that the Brahmins have been constrained to invent in order to subvert the better tendencies, and to darken the light of the human mind, which, thirsting for satisfaction—panting for harmony—would ever again inquire, 'Why and wherefore are these things? Whence came we and where do we go?' In the whole scope, and through the whole tenor of the Hindoo mythology, a remarkable coincidence of images and ideas with the Greek is discoverable. The same passions and things are deified in much the same forms, and are invested with similar symbols and correlatives. We do not purpose to institute a comparative inquiry into the ancient and modern superstitions, however, for such an inquiry would only interest the classical student; we mean to show, through extracts from the books of the Brahmins, by what disgusting and absurd falsehoods those agents of the devil contrive to maintain their ascendancy over the minds of millions of men.

It must be recollected, however, that amongst the Hindoos, as amongst the Greeks, there has been a succession of philosophers of the highest distinction and merit—men of the most subtle powers of mind, and bold compass of thought—who have invested the Brahminical system with an intellectual scholastic mysticism, which is one of the greatest obstacles to conversion that can meet the missionary of truth, and which renders that system more difficult to controvert than the simpler beliefs of less cultivated heathens. It is to the gods that the Hindoos attribute their general sacred writings, but the Vedas, the most sacred, they declare to have existed from all eternity.

It has not been ascertained at what period the greatest Hindoo philosophers flourished, but the similarity of their systems of philosophy would almost warrant the assertion that Pythagoras visited India, and that Greece and the Chersonesus, at the same period, possessed schools of philosophy that reciprocated ideas. The Hindoo ages were, like all men of thought, retiring and secluded in their habits, but of the history of their modes of life they have scarcely left a glimpse in their writings. They were very disputatious, and tenacious of their peculiar syllogisms. Their inquiries were chiefly directed to the divine nature, the evidences of truth, the origin of things, the nature of the different forms of matter, and the methods of obtaining reunion to the soul of the world. These philosophers were, subsequent to their death, deified by their schools, and became not only the instruments but

the elements of a multiplied lie. They projected ideas for the host of Brahmins, and they cultivated and made religious capital from these ideas. Two of the most absurd and unhappy of the Hindoo ideas are the doctrines of the transmigration of souls, and its correlative idea of metempsychosis; these exercise a most debasing influence over the Hindoo, teaching him to attribute his dispositions to a former birth, and to an imperative impulse derived from it, and encouraging him to deny every admonition of conscience or feeling of responsibility. After death they believe that the messengers of Yumu convey the souls of the departed to the place of judgment. When the mandate of the god is passed, the ghost of the judged one wanders about the earth for a year, and then assumes a body fitted to his future condition, whether he ascend to the gods, suffer in a new body, or is hurled down into hell. Several leaders of sects maintain that the pains of hell purify the sufferer, who returns to the earth and assumes a new body. The particular forms and distribution of punishments constitute a more curious chapter in the Hindoo's idealisms than the doctrine of punishment; the latter is the little globule of seed, the former the plant and branches which have grown from it. 'He who destroys a sacrifice,' says a work called the 'Kurmu-vipaku,' 'will be punished in hell; he will afterwards be born again, and remain a fish for three years; he shall then ascend to human birth, but will be afflicted with a continual flux. He who kills an enemy subdued in war, will be cast into the hell Krochuchhu, after which he will become a bull, a deer, a tiger, a dog, a fish, a man, and in the last state he will die of the palsy. He who eats dainty food, without sharing it with others, will be punished in hell 30,000 years; he will then be born a musk-rat, then a deer, and then a man whose body emits offensive smells, and who prefers nasty food. The man who refuses to his father and mother the food they desire will be punished in hell, be afterwards born a crow, and then a man, in which condition he will have no relish for any kind of food. The stealer of a waterpail will be born an alligator, and then a man of monstrous size;' and so on are absurdities proposed and multiplied in the 'Kurmu-vipaku' to a great extent.

The 'Ugneer Pooranu' says that a person who loses human birth passes through eight millions of births among the inferior creatures, before he can again attain to the human. Two millions one hundred thousand births are consummated amongst the immovable parts of creation, such as stones, trees, &c.; nine hundred thousand amongst the fish and other aquatic tribes; one million among insects and reptiles; three millions amongst beasts. If his works be suitable in his ascent, the transmigrant continues during four hundred thousand births among the inferior casts of men; during one hundred births among brahmins, and after this he may obtain absorption in Brahma. These absurdities are supported by the learned Brahmins with much dialectic finesse, and are believed by their more ignorant followers with devout reverence; but we can scarcely wonder at this, when even the grosser falsehoods and more absurd tales of the 'Tervelladiel, or Sacred Amusements of Siva,' are accepted as sacred oracles, and the representations of them preserved from vulgar gaze.

Siva and Vishnu are the rival deities of India, dividing the Hindoo sectaries into two great and virulent opposition parties, each claiming supreme honour and glory for their god, and each vying with the other in their extravagant descriptions of the attributes of their deities. The 'Tervelladiel' is an account of the sixty-four sacred amusements of the god Siva, which were rehearsed by Suthurishi to his companion rishis in Kailasa, the paradise of Siva, and which Sathu pretended to have heard recounted by the sage Agastyar. They are descriptive of the pleasures and attributes of the god, and confer all manner of happiness upon him who listens to the narration of them.

The fifth 'Tervelladiel,' for they are not necessarily connected, is, with the others, one of the most sacred of these pantheistic fables, and is descriptive of the marriage

of the god Siva with Minatchi, queen of Madura, under the name of Sunteresevara. Its repetition will instruct our readers in the religious literature of the Hindoos:—When Minatchi, the invincible and three-breasted, was ruling over her own proper kingdom of Madura, her foster-mother advised her of the propriety of marriage. 'I will raise an army and combat with the neighbouring kings until I find my betrothed, then,' was her reply; and accordingly her minister Samathi gathered together a great host of men, and she went forth and conquered all her neighbours, and amongst the rest Indren, king of heaven; and, waxing bolder and bolder with every victory, she at last led her armies against Kailasa, the paradise of Siva; and Nareda, the messenger of the gods, whom she met at its gates, was forced to fly before her. Trembling, he fled to Siva, and told him that Minatchi was at his gates. Siva smiled a little, and went forth, and when Minatchi saw him her weapons fell from her hands, and one of her three breasts disappeared, which was a sign that she had met her husband, and Samathi, the minister, confirmed the sign by saying, 'This is to be your husband.' Siva bade the Amazon return to Madura, where she dwelt, and prepare for their marriage, for on Monday he would come and wed her. And on the appointed day the gods of all grades brought presents to the bride, and laid them before her as she was seated on the marriage throne beside Siva; and then Vishnu joined their hands, and afterwards the marriage ceremony was performed amidst the praises and adorations of the deities and rishis. The sixth 'Tervelladiel' describes that occasion on which, to please the rishis, Siva danced in a silver temple. After his marriage with Minatchi, the gods, rishis, and others, were about to be feasted, but previous to eating they must needs be bathed in the Pattamari-tank; and then did certain of the rishis say, 'Lo! we will not eat unless we see the god dance.' And Siva replied, 'How can you expect to see me dance whose form is that of the seven superior and the seven inferior worlds, and whose members are the places most famous for their shrines and temples? But,' he continued, 'as this place, Madura, is chief of all the places of shrines and temples, I will dance, because you wish it;' and accordingly the god danced in a silver temple, while the other gods, rishis, and the numerous other attendants, joined in chorus and chanted his praises. After the feast was ended, the officers of the kitchen came and said to the goddess, 'Out of the vast quantity of food which you have prepared scarcely one part out of a thousand has been consumed; what are we to do with the rest?' The goddess then went to inquire of Siva what was to be done, who said, 'It is true that, being a queen, you have prepared a great quantity of food, but there are several of my retinue as yet unfed;' and he called a dwarf named Kundotheren, and directed that food should be given to him, saying that when he was satisfied the others should follow. He then put within Kundotheren, Vadamuagni, the ruler of the sea, and a large pit was dug to receive the various eatables. The dwarf was very much emaciated with hunger and fasting, and mountains of prepared food vanished from before him so rapidly that the eye could not notice it. He then began to the unprepared material of food, and still cried hunger. On this the goddess again inquired of Siva what was to be done, and said, 'It is thus that you fulfil your character of the final destroyer of things.' At this the god complacently smiled, saying nothing, but only complaining that so many of his hungry followers were still without food. As the hunger of the dwarf was yet unappeased, the god commanded the Earth, a goddess, to supply him; and four holes or pits appeared, out of which food rose spontaneously; and the dwarf ate till his body was greatly swollen. He then complained of thirst, and swallowed all the water in the wells and tanks without being satisfied. On this Siva commanded the goddess Ganga, who dwelt in his hair, to supply Kundotheren with water. She replied, 'You once called me before, and I will come again if you only grant the privilege that whosoever bathes in my waters shall be purified from sin.' This being con-

ceded, she brought a most plentiful supply of water, in the shape of the river Vaigai, and the dwarf drunk it all very easily. And now, both hunger and thirst being appeased, he returned to his duty in the retinue of the god.

From these may be gathered an idea of the sacred amusements of the supreme deity of the Brahmins—the patron and panderer to brutal lusts, the delighted contemplator of beastly animalism.

There was a general named Savuntera Samunten, who was a great devotee of Siva, and who carefully conducted the affairs of the kingdom of the Pandion. During his administration Sethu-rayen, king of the hunters, threatened the kingdom with invasion; on which occasion the Pandion said to his general, 'Take money from the treasury and raise some more troops.' The general took the money, but instead of raising troops he presented it all in offerings to the god, purchasing temple ornaments, feasting the Brahmins, and supporting the followers of Siva. His master was always importunate regarding the troops, but Savuntera always put him off with excuses, pretending that he had written to foreign countries for aid, and was anxiously waiting for subsidies every day.

After a month the king became impatient, and said, 'To-morrow all the troops should be here. How is it that none have arrived?' Urged by the necessity of the case, the general went and made known his predicament to the god, who replied, 'To-morrow I will come with plenty of troops.' The general then told the king that aid was at hand, and on the morrow a great army appeared. The general then said to the king, 'Such a division comes from such a country; such another division from such another country; and so on.' And the king, pointing to a majestic figure in the midst of the host, said, 'Who is that seated on horseback in the midst of all?' The general said, 'I do not know;' but this was Siva mounted on his bullock, which he had transformed into a horse for the occasion. The king now put himself at the head of his own troops, and, while going forth to meet his enemy, they were met by a messenger bringing news that the king of the hunters had been slain in the forest by a tiger. On the receipt of this intelligence the king gave orders for different divisions to fall back on different places; and this manoeuvre was so quickly performed by the troops of Siva, that the king greatly wondered, and, discovering that it was a sacred amusement of the god, he rendered homage to his general, and lived without anxiety afterwards.

Another of the amusements of Siva is rather a small thing for a god to be amused at, although it might somewhat tickle a pedlar-boy. The wives of rishis, who are of the merchant caste, to the amount of eight thousand, were condemned to be born at Madura, owing to the curse of their previous husbands for a fault in which Siva was concerned. He at one time had collected a large quantity of bracelets from these rishis' wives, which he now came to sell in the streets of Madura; and all the women crowded to get a pair of these arm-rings, which, however, immediately fell off again, as they had done on a former occasion. Hence this traffic was discovered to be a sacred amusement of the god. Frivolous absurdities, and debasing fables of this quality and character, constitute the history of this gross creation of the imagination, which has been personified by the Hindoos as Siva.

The worship of such deities as this is preserved and perpetuated in splendid temples, to which pilgrims and devotees repair, and from which not only the priests, but the British rulers of India, derive a great revenue—the former by deluding the people, the latter by protecting the Brahmins, and encouraging them in their delusions. Every pilgrim who visits the few celebrated temples of India, pays a tax called the pilgrim's tax, which was originally imposed by the Moguls, and this the British government continues to administer to this day. The Hindoo superstitions, which are so debasing and abominable in a spiritual point of view, produce or tolerate at the same time the most horrible crimes. Hence the murder of female infants, instead of being considered a crime, is regarded as a mere matter of fashion or convenience. The abandonment of aged pa-

rents to die by the Ganges, instead of being stigmatised as a horrible sin, is looked upon as a duty which Siva approves; and Suttee, or the immolation of widows, is practised as noble and virtuous.

Perhaps the most popular and best illustrated exposition of Hindoo idolatry is the work of Mr E. A. Rodriguez, which was published at Madras in the year 1845. This magnificent volume, in addition to letterpress sketches of the various deities, deduced from original and authentic manuscripts, together with other matter illustrative of this grave subject, and interesting alike to the antiquarian and Christian, is illustrated with one hundred and forty coloured plates. These plates, representative of the gods, and of subjects which the Brahmins have recorded of them, are coloured in the most brilliant and beautiful manner, and far exceed in height of tone anything of the kind that we have ever seen executed in Europe. The pictures are etched after the native mode. They are in the flat hieratic style, and present none of the foreshortenings and perspectives which characterise our European modes of representation. They are, however, beautifully executed, and perhaps are better adapted to convey a correct idea of the Hindoo pantheon than works of a higher stage of art, though not of a higher character of execution, could do. They forcibly impress the Christian with an idea of the stupendous error that lords it over the souls of millions of his fellow-men in India; and they teach him what a great work yet remains to be done in preparation for the coming of our Lord. When we regard this superstition, and the number and power of its adherents, we might well despair of their conversion. When we recollect, however, that God has decreed the downfall of error and the establishment of his own blessed truth, we are encouraged to take hope that this, amongst the other delusions of the soul, will soon vanish, and leave not a thought behind.

#### SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

IMMEDIATELY south of Flamborough-head, and, indeed, mainly indebted to it for its fame and security as a road of refuge, the *sinus portuosus* of Ptolemy, begins *Bridlington*, or *Barkington*, or *Burlington*-bay, for it is written in maps and charts these three ways; though now the most fashionable pronunciation and orthography of the word is the last, *Burlington*, as is evidenced by the stately mansion and celebrated arcade of that name, off Piccadilly, Westminster. But, as will be seen shortly in the sequel, if sense is to constitute the basis and standard of either oral or written language, and is to take the precedence of vague, arbitrary, and insignificant sound, it ought to be spoken and to be spelt *Birlington*. Besides the bay, which has Flamborough-head for its northern horn, and *Hornsey* for its southern, there are the cognominal town and quay, the latter about a mile from the former. The town is much resorted to in summer as a favourite and fashionable sea-bathing station, and the quay possesses singular advantages for the lading and unloading of goods, whence it enjoys a very considerable trade. When Pennant made his tour in 1769, he tells us there was only a large wooden quay, projecting into the water.

The name of this locality carries us back to a very remote antiquity indeed; at least part of it does, viz., *Burling*. We have already remarked that its bay is a safe and sheltered asylum for the coasting vessels in foul weather to run for, and ride to it out in, while its creek and quay are very commodious for loading and discharging them. But to these advantages it is indebted for its name, as well as for its shipping importance and trade. It is, in fact, an old British term, and recalls those remote and aboriginal times in this island's history, ere yet ambitious Roman, piratical Saxon, predaeous Dane, or haughty Norman had planted lawless and intrusive foot on its virgin soil. Cæsar, who, as he was the first foreigner of note that succeeded, though only after a most formidable resistance, in establishing a permanent footing on it, so is

the most authentic historian of its then and previous state, tribes or clans, and appearances, thus describes the shipping he found in use among the maritime Gauls and Britons: '*Prorae admodum erectae, atque, item puppes, ad magnitudinem fluctuum tempestatumque accommodatae.*'—De B. G., lib. iii. cap. 14. That is, 'The prows or forecastles and sterns were very high, adapted to the size of the waves, and the rudeness of the storms in those seas.' He says a little before of the same species of craft, that their keels were flatter than those of the Roman *naves longae* or galleys, just as our English colliers and coasters are built now-a-days for the convenience of shoal shores and low tides; so that, if they chanced to be *neaped*, or to run aground, they were not in such danger of damaging their bottoms by *hammering*, as our sailors call the knocking of a ship driven by stress of weather or other accident on shallows or sunk rocks, with the water moving her up and down, but not sufficiently copious to float and bring her off. Cæsar has latinised many Gallic and British proper names, or, as, our own incomparable Buchanan, with the true classical style and inspiration, terms it, made them municipals, or free of the eternal city. On some few common names he has, dictator-like, bestowed the same honour of denization; thus, *essedæ*, s. f. or *essedum*, i. n., the two-wheeled war-chariot in use among the ancient Gauls and Britons, and *mataræ*, s. f. or *mataris*, is, f. a massy and heavy spear, peculiar to the same races and their reputed remote ancestors the Scythians, whence, probably, Spanish *matar*, and old French *matrasser*, to kill properly with such ponderous spear, as our English *massacre* is to *kill with* a weighty club or *mace*, Latin *massa*. Hesychius has even hellenised the word into *μάδαρις*, which he defines '*spears broader than ordinary*,' and adds, *that the word is Celtic*. But neither he nor yet Dr Anthon, by far the most profound of modern scholiasts (who quotes him as above, lib. i. 26), gives us the express and genuine idea couched under *mataræ*, which is, the *stick or beam of war, or slaughter*, putting us in mind of the beam-like spear of Goliath, from *maide*, s. m. *timber*, and *ar*, s. m. *battle, slaughter*. Now, we submit that, had Cæsar been aware of the name which the Britons gave to the species of craft under discussion, and which he has in so masterly a manner described, as contrasted with the Roman galleys, viz., *birlinn*, or *biorlinn*, or Scottish *birlins*, the name which our islemen still give, or till lately gave, to long boats, rowed with many oars on the side, and which they used of old both in peace and war, it is not at all improbable that we should have had them in the Latin tongue—analogously denominated *birlingæ*, or *birlinges*.

The etymology of *birlin*, viz., from *biar*, s. m. anything with a sharp point, or acuminate, and *luing*, s. f. a ship, beautifully illustrates the accuracy of Cæsar's description. From Cæsar's account it would seem that there was little difference betwixt the form and build of the prow and poop of these vessels, being both probably furnished with helms, as some of our river barges are now-a-days equipped, to save the time, trouble, and room of veering. What wonderfully corroborates this conjecture is, that the Gaelic for the *stern of a ship* is *bior-dubh-na-luing*, i. e. the sharp or high point behind of the ship, or, as honest Paddy would say, the *fore-back* of the vessel. *Burlington*, then, signifies the *town of birlins*, or much frequented by such craft. Should it be objected, that *town* is English and *birlin* old British, we reply that such hybrid amalgamation is by no means rare. For example, the term *Burton*, which we dwelt upon at some length in our last notice, as well as the cognate and cognominal *Barton*, Somner informs us, was by the plain primeval Saxons termed *Berewic*, though modernised and refined by the Angles '*posterioris ævi*' into their present more liquid and euphonious forms.

We shall close with two, as we respectfully submit, not uninteresting remarks, which our theme naturally suggests, 1st, That in Bridlington, or Burlington, we can scan the primary elements and the true *rationalis* of this island's commercial success and naval supremacy; we can gather, from its proper interpretation, in what a rude and remote

antiquity their solid foundations have been laid—that the proud structure is the production of more than a thousand years' gradual growth and matured experience, 'Tantæ molis erat navalem condere gentem.'

'Such time, such toil required the British name,  
Such length of labour for so vast a frame!'

and how that, if prescription and perpetuated possession are in mundane matters to go for anything, her claim to the dominion of the seas is authentic, valid, and indubitable. May she have the grace to sanctify that right by exercising it ever in the cause of justice and humanity, the two colossal and only solid pillars of national dignity, till, to the most distant bounds and unfrequented nooks, the ocean be free, as her own Forth and Thames, from the curse and scourge of piracy, spoliation, and human plagiarism!

2dly, We have here a striking illustration and a strong confirmation of the truth of a position which we have had the hardihood already to advance, viz., the importance, if not necessity, of a competent knowledge of the Celtic language, manners, and customs, to the thorough intelligence, and adequate elucidation of certain words, phrases, proverbs, and passages of classical antiquity, the significance, point, and beauty of which are otherwise lost, or but dimly discerned. We hear much, and loud, and long '*prope ad satiætem usque*' of the interest which our rival ecclesiastical bodies—*Tros Tyrinusque*—take in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Scottish Gael; but, without detraction of those ardent aspirations and their concomitant schemes, whence comes it, we would make bold to ask, that, among our four universities, there is no chair of this graphic and masculine speech, the vernacular tongue of a numerous and interesting portion of our population, that in which their liturgy is couched, and communion administered, taught daily in their schools, and preached hebdomadally from hundreds of pulpits? Such is surely a grand, an obvious, and a deplorable *desideratum* in the preceptive apparatus of our colleges. How would its supplantation tend to elevate the literary character, and thereby enhance the moral influence and evangelic labours of our Highland clergy, schoolmasters, and catechists of either camp, and equip more fully, and in panoply of proof, for their arduous warfare, the tripartite phalanx, who go forth to do battle on ignorance, prejudice, and vice! But, verily, it would seem that a language, like a prophet, has often but too little honour and respect paid to it in its own country! Hence has this ample field of interesting criticism, to our national opprobrium, been almost entirely neglected by our Scottish *literati*, immersed in the fierce, and fervid, and frothy ocean of polemics; and its exploration and cultivation abandoned to the laudable investigation and industry of foreign philologists.

No doubt the impudent and ridiculous story which Macpherson endeavoured to foist on the literary world, and which he actually palmed on such men even as Blair and Beattie, has tended to throw the study of this language into disrepute. But it is to be hoped that the mists of prejudice will soon dissolve and finally dissipate before the genial spirit and illumination of a more liberal and enlarged criticism, as the frost and darkness of night melt and scatter from the brow of Ben Nevis before the beams of the rising sun, and that prompt means will be taken to preserve this ancient and original speech, if not as an oral, at least as a written language, and as being the venerable depository and the faithful mirror of the thoughts and the habits of a state of human nature, and of a form of society, that it is not likely will ever again exhibit themselves on this terrene theatre. The predilection which her Majesty evinces for the *Highlands*, '*Nostra nec erubuit montes habitare Thalia*,' will, doubtless, contribute to originate and crown with success so desirable a measure, as it has already enshrined her patriotic virtues and person in the heart of every true Highlander. Oh, that Rob Don had but survived to do justice to the endearing theme! How sonorously had the enthusiastic *Shennachis* sounded his shell of song, till sea and sky, firn and forest, glen and ben re-echoed to the loyal strain!

## THE SAXON LANGUAGE.

## SIXTH AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN the last paper on this subject, now for a long time intermitted, from causes unavoidable, the force given to words by *s*, when combined initially with other consonants, as *sc*, *st*, *sm*, *sp*, and *st*, was dwelt upon at length, as exemplifying fully the marked connection of sound and sense in the primitive Saxon vocabulary. *Stubborn*, *stiff*, *stumble*, *stump*, *stun*, *stunt*, and *stutter*, may be further instanced as good samples of the power of *st*. The pith of the opening in *stubborn* is perfected by the two *bb*'s in the middle; and even the closing *rn* is appropriately hard of utterance. John Keats uses the term *stubborn* with admirable effect in his 'Hyperion,' where he speaks of 'rocks stubborn with iron,' a phrase equally perfect in point of sound and signification. It cannot fail to be here observed, we may remark in passing, that the young poet gives to the adjective noun the form of a verb, according to a custom for which his early critics sneered at him bitterly. They therein only showed their own ignorance. Right or wrong, Keats but followed the highest of exemplars—that, namely, of Shakspeare, who habitually makes similar mutations, and these, moreover, much more forced and startling than any to be found in the works of the younger bard. For instance, *Cressida*, in describing her feelings on being separated from *Troilus*, in the play bearing their names, thus expresses herself to her comforters:—

'Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violented in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?'

Without holding Shakspeare to be universally infallible, or even right in this special practice, we at least must aver that the critics of Keats charged him most unjustly with first introducing new and violent conversions of this kind into the language of poetry.—The two *ff*'s in *stiff* have the effect of a scoff, and tally well with its original meaning, which was that of 'trifling nonsense,' though it now more commonly signifies articles of value. *Stumble*, *stump*, and *stunt* are all expressive, the force of the commencements being augmented aptly by the respective closes. *Stun*, however, is more excellent still. The deadening character of the action could not be conveyed more admirably by any other possible arrangement of letters. *Stutter* is also the very thing itself.

A very peculiar species of power belongs to the union of *s* with another consonant, namely, *sw*. A much softer action is here implied and conveyed to the hearing, and yet an action not without pith of its own kind. *Scarm*, *sway*, *swEEP*, *swell*, *swerve*, *swing*, *swoop*, *swoon*, and *swirl* are good examples of what is here advanced. The *s* gives a force to the outset, which the *w* renders rotatory, as it were, or circuitous. This will be apparent on comparing the effect of *swirl* with that of *whirl*. The latter gives the wheeling sense, but the want of the force of the initial *s* is felt at once. All of the preceding verbs, commencing with *sw*, have conclusions suiting well their several significations. Think of the effect of reciprocally transposing the meanings of *swell* and *swing*, or *swoop* and *swoon*. It would never do; the mind and the ear would be at variance. Look, again, at *swagger*, as contrasted with *stagger*, and it will be seen that the *sw* has an apt jauntingness of effect, totally different from the stumbling, stottering power of *st* in the other term. *Swathe* and *sweat* are verbs of properly mild action; and *swinge* and *swish*, also appropriately denote operations of a light description. *Swirl* is certainly the best example of the power of *sw*. It is the very action in so many letters, and has been finely used in the poem of 'Rimini':

'And the far ships  
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,  
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

To our horror, however, Leigh Hunt, in his 'amended' version of Rimini, apologises for using such an outé term as 'swirl.' In this and other similar instances, good Hunt plays something very like the part of the painter who tried

to please everybody, and, in doing so, has gone far to please nobody, and here to spoil a fine poem.

The vocables beginning simply with *t* are marked by plain downright species of force, neither very slight nor very extensive. The primitive words of one syllable begun, therefore, assume a special expressiveness chiefly from their terminations. In this position stand *tap*, *task*, *tear*, *teem*, *tell*, *toll*, *toes*, and other monosyllabic verbs, devoid of point in their several ways. *Tick* is very good, as applied to the sound of a clock or watch. The use of the cant phrase, 'going on tick' (credit), may have arisen from the frequent custom of pledging watches above all other articles. And by the way, 'putting up the spoon,' a still more vulgar term for pawning articles, seems to have originated in a custom still followed in many low metropolitan broking houses, of placing the goods to be pawned in some kind of shuttle or box, which, being drawn upwards or inwards, allows the transaction to be effected without personal exposure. Thieves prefer this plan of operations, and receivers are generally but too glad to follow it likewise, seeing that it saves all trouble about oaths as to identity. A pencilled scrap of paper indicates the sum wanted, and another scrap what the broker will give. So begins and ends the transaction. *Tip the wink* is a phrase that says much for the force of *tip*. *Tingle* and *tinkle* have the pointedness common to all words terminating in *ing* and *ink*, and have plainly been framed as imitations of the respective sounds. *Totter* is a kind of powerless *stagger*, the force of the *st* being wanting. *Tough* is very significant in sound, though only so when pronounced in the old guttural fashion. The Scottish *teugh* is a still better form of the term.

*Tr* gives to the initiative of verbs a certain amount of the straining effect of *st*, indicating similarly a slow action, but with less of force. Thus, *trace*, *track*, *trail*, *train*, *trap*, *travel*, *tread*, *trickle*, *trill*, *trip*, *troll*, and *troop*, have one and all such a signification, well marked by the sound. The dissyllables, *trample*, *trammel*, and *trundle*, are rendered most effective by their closes. To the commencement of active verbs, the letters *thr* communicate a peculiar force of a twisting description, well exemplified in the Scottish verb to *throw*, which is not a mere version of the English *throw*, but further indicates an action not expressed in that form of the word, and such as is displayed in wrestling. When a person is said (Scottic) to be *thrawn* in body, it means that he is twisted or deformed. Applied to mind or disposition by a figure of speech, a 'thrawn' man signifies one of a distorted, crabbed, knotted nature. In *thrust*, *throng*, *thrash*, *threat*, *thrall*, *thrill*, there is a fair union of sound and sense of the kind indicated, though the Scottish *thraw* exceeds them all. *Thump* and *thwack* are two phonetic masterpieces; but they are even inferior to the curious contrasts *thick* and *thin*, where three letters, out of five in one case, and four in the other, and including the all-important initials, are the same, and yet where completely antagonistic meanings are well delivered to the ear in pronunciation. *Thin* begins with two letters (or a letter and a half) which of themselves, in combination, have no perceptible sound. By joining in to them, a sound is formed, certainly; but it is the most attenuated, perhaps, that can issue from human lips. How finely accordant with the sense! *Thick*, again, though not a broad corpulent word in sound or show, has its *thi* so far compensated and redeemed by the final *ck*. These letters give you a smart check in the utterance, as if your way was stopped by the intervention of a bulky body. So far sound and sense concur in *thick*. The English tongue, it may be noticed in passing, retains many more combinations of letters having no sound isolatedly, than the less primitive and more composite languages. In simpler terms, it still uses united consonants largely, and gutturals, while such tongues as the Italian prefer vowels, gaining softness at the cost of expressiveness. The French have no *th*; that is, they never sound it where they do use it, as in *T(h)iers*. The Latins acknowledged no *w* again; and yet it is used very forcibly by us. Even where a set of such letters comes in

a heap, we make them tell, as in *thicket*. *Twine, twirl, and twist*, rest on the 'thrown' *tw* for their force in enunciation. The mouth must make a twist to get them out. As we know of no application of the verb *twist* save to the act of nose-twisting, we must suppose that the act here created the word after the imitative principle. *Tw* is very expressive in *twang* and *twinkle*. *Twit* is small and smart, and we must not omit to recommend *tug* to all who would write effective Saxon. The closing force of the *g* in such positions must have been thoroughly felt by our sires, as the congenial words *rug, lug, lag, drug*, and many others, amply demonstrate. A continuous, slow, straining action is of necessity expressed in their utterance.

The letter *v* is of a gentle and quiet character, running quickly off the tongue, and with no great force. It is seen effectively in *casual*, where the sound agrees well with the sense. *W*, also, forms singly an initial letter of no great power in verbs implying action, though peculiar terminations sometimes impart considerable impressiveness, as in *waft, wag, wail, wane, wap, war, warp, wasp, and wace*. The dissyllables *waver, wallow, and waddle*, are also not amiss. In the vocables commenced by *wh*, there is a good amount of initial pith, sound and sense being clearly congruent in most cases. Thus *wheel, whet, whiff, whine, whelm, whip, whirl, whisk, whis, and whoop*, by the aid of capably discriminated conclusions, are severally and collectively outdone in force by few verbs in the language. The same praise may be given to *whedde, whimper, whisper, and whistle*. *W* gains new and special energies when united with *r*, although these are lost by the modern fashion of pronouncing *wr*, in which the first consonant is rendered mute. When *wrangle* and *wrath* were enunciated nearly as *wurangle* and *wurath*, they had then a rough pith of sound worthy of their signification. *Wreak, wreck, wrench, wrest, wrestle, wriggle, wring, wrinkle, writhe, and wry*, are still expressive from their terminations; but the twisting, writhing force of the *wr* is gone, and with it half their effect to the ear. They formerly placed before the mind the very actions which they individually denoted.

We can find scarcely any expressive word beginning with *y*, save *yawn*. Taking it as an omen that these citations from the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon dictionary have now been carried far enough for the patience of the reader, we shall now address ourselves to a few general and concluding observations relative to the origin of our vernacular tongue, and the various causes and casualties which have brought it to its existing condition.

No person, who looks impartially at such radical words as have formed the subject of remark in these papers, can for a moment doubt the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon language to be a primitive one, or rather to be a very pure offshoot of the Gotho-Teutonic family of tongues. The striking and pervading sympathy of sound and sense evinced therein, proves that it was framed in the progress of time by a people ignorant of all other modes of speech, and who knew no way of describing actions save by imitating them in vocal sounds. Such a word as *his* is a forcible case in point; and other similar illustrations have already been given in abundance. Another circumstance shows Britain to have received in the Anglo-Saxon a very pure dialect of a great primitive language. We allude to the multitude of monosyllabic words which it contains, these being generally verbs of action, or the participial nouns framed from them, denoting things done or acted, as in the instance of the verb to *strike*, and the noun a *stroke*. It undoubtedly cost several centuries ere the Anglo-Saxon language assumed anything like a well-defined shape, even when brought to Britain; and much more time still elapsed ere it was spoken and written grammatically. Over the entire island, as well as in Ireland, a Celtic race had, beyond question, been originally diffused, and were the people found there by Cæsar, who describes those on the coasts as having come from the neighbouring European continent. The names they bore proved this fact to the Roman conqueror. Older settlers, but seemingly of one and the same original race, dwelt in the inland. The coast-people used the native iron and brass of the country as

money, and appear to have been nearly as civilised as the Gauls of France, which was natural if they came thence; but the tribes of the interior were more rude. They painted their bodies, and wore only skins. Cæsar and the later Roman writers state the whole of them to have used the Gallic or Celtic language, as their national form of speech; but they knew nothing, as far as is known, of a written alphabet.

The Celtic people of Britain remained under the Roman yoke for four and a half centuries. But the whole of that period was spent in wars, the northern parts of the isle never being fully conquered; and it was not the fate of the Romans to stamp their language on Britain, as they did ineffaceably on France, Spain, and the greater part of continental Europe. It was left to another and very different race of conquerors to effect such a change. A new tide of population, from the north-east of Europe, had gradually occupied all Scandinavia, comprising Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, with the whole north of Germany, during the later days of the Roman power. On its ruins they rose, bearing the general title of the Gothic and Teutonic nations. Brave, hardy, and adventurous to excess, they assailed Rome by land and sea, centrally and provincially. Those tribes of them seated on the shores of the Northern Ocean became daring and skilful mariners, and made themselves the dread of the western coasts of Europe in the early days of the Christian era. They founded among other colonies an important one in France, calling the district Normandy, from their own name of Northmen. They also seized on Britain, and drove its Celtic population to the hills of Wales and the Scottish Highlands, creating a revolution never accomplished by the Romans. Long years passed, however, ere this end was fully effected; and the Northmen or Norsemen, Saxons, Danes, and Norwegians, had many contests among themselves, in the meanwhile, for superiority. At last, a branch of the Teutonic race, called the Anglo-Saxons (being mingled Angles and Saxons) finally ruled the land, and gave to it a permanent name (Anglia or England), as well as a permanent people and language. Five centuries (from the fifth to the tenth) passed away, however, while these changes were in progress, and before the country settled down into comparative peace.

The Danes and Norwegians, who invaded Britain at various epochs, were of the Scandinavian or northern Gothic race, while the Saxons, with the Angles and Jutes, were of the Teutonic or German branch of the Gothic stock. They long contested the possession of the island, and each race sent successive shoals of their population to gain or maintain the ascendancy. Both were enemies alike to the native Britons; and the issue in respect to these was, as already observed, that they were ultimately driven to seek refuge in the less tempting and less accessible Highlands of both England and Scotland. There is no reason to suppose that they were positively extirpated in the Lowlands; but the extent of their expulsion is proven by the predominance gained by the language of the invading Norsemen. As all the tribes of these spoke one tongue, or dialects of it but slightly different, their internal dissensions had no effect in preventing the dissemination of that tongue over the country which they had made their own. It gained the name of the Anglo-Saxon language from the final prevalence of that race over the other Norse immigrants; and, though yet destined to undergo great and striking changes, it formed the basis of that modern English language which is now the most important on the face of the globe.

The Anglo-Saxon or English language began only to be cultivated in a written form about the sixth century of the Christian era. If it ever had proper alphabetic symbols of its own—that is to say, if it possessed letters shaped differently from all others, like the Hebrew and Greek for example, it was never so written in England. The Runic inscriptions of ancient Scandinavia indicate an approach among the Norsemen to alphabetic writing of a peculiar kind; but perfected letters were only

both the prose and poetry of his generation. All the picturesque force of our older English writers, much of whose language bore its meaning and its sound, was lost, neglected, or sacrificed to the attainment of mere harmony. Mark, for example, the following Johnsonian sentence: 'No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for philosophical abstraction.' This is clerly writing, to be sure, and most sonorous; but how inane and meaningless to the organs of hearing! A native of Terra del Fuego, on the other hand, would have had a good guess at the meaning of as much down-right Saxon.

But let us be thankful. Better days have dawned upon us. Since Johnson flourished at the head of English literature, a new and glorious generation of writers has appeared among us, reviving almost the glories of the Elizabethan age. Two great poets, Cowper and Burns, had the honour of shaking off the trammels of cold Gallic formality, and of daring to write a natural form of language. Both of them reverted freely to the use of the pure and nervous Anglo-Saxon tongue. Burns in particular did so, the Lowland Scottish dialect being as yet almost wholly Anglo-Saxon. After Cowper and Burns, Wordsworth appeared on the scene, and evinced a more resolute determination than either even of these two poets to restore to poetic uses the plain vernacular language of the English commonalty. He failed of his full expected success, however, and failed from inability to distinguish that the mere quality of being common never could or would give currency to puerilities and vulgarisms, either of thought or expression. Burns fell into no such mistake. He selected and used the most common language, certainly, but so selected and so used it that he could even express therewith images the most terrible and sublime. He does so, for example, in 'Tam o' Shanter':—

'Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And, by some devilish cantrip alight,  
Each in its cold hand held a light,  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table  
A murderer's bane in gibbet-airs;  
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new cuttit frae a rape—  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life had reft—  
The gray hairs yet stuck to the left.'

Common as the language is here, the terrors of the picture are not lessened, but enhanced thereby. It forms a perfect specimen of the picturesque force of the pure Anglo-Saxon; and we should even say, if criticism were not out of the question in the case, that one of the few words of foreign origin which it contains was a blemish—to-wit, *heroic*.

Though Wordsworth failed at first, from the misconception mentioned, he soon struck a higher note, and has contributed largely to the national stock of genuine English poetry. He has made free use of the acquisitions of scholarly reading, but has kept always in his thoughts 'the well of English undefiled.' Many writers of prose and poetry have done the same thing during the current century. Scott used the Anglo-Saxon extensively, and much of his skill in eye-painting rests on this circumstance. Among prose writers, Cobbett owed his pith of style to his Anglo-Saxon style of diction. But, in fact, there has been a general reversion during the last half century to the language of our earlier forefathers, and a growing dislike for the once popular Johnsonian Gallicisms. Thomas Carlyle leans on the Anglo-Saxon for much of his singular power of style. Other living writers might be named in the same category. But we content ourselves with having called attention to a subject which we deem important. Let those who aim at writing perfect English meditate for themselves on the matters now only opened up; for, as the clown says in 'Measure for Measure,' 'We hope here be truths.'

### Original Poetry.

#### SUMMER.

She came with her fairy brightness,  
And a sparkle in her glance;  
And the breezes tripp'd in lightness,  
And the sunbeams join'd the dance.  
And the bee's sonorous humming  
Came stilly o'er the wold,  
With the careless laugh of childhood,  
And it sounded as of old.

And I heard the woodland ringing  
With the spring-bird's joyous song,  
And I saw the blue-bell springing  
It's scatter'd leaves among,  
Where the morning's teardrop glisten'd  
In the star-flower's weeping eye,  
And the cuckoo's note of welcome  
Sped musically by.

And the wildwood—oh, the wildwood!  
It spread its verdant arms,  
And whisper'd of my childhood  
With a first love's matchless charms;  
And the blackbird warbled sweetly  
That same familiar lay  
Which mingled with my musing  
In my birth-land far away.

And if the tear of sadness  
Came even in that hour,  
And bedimm'd the heart's wild gladness  
With its ever lurking power;  
It was that they are passing  
These light things of a breath,  
That the wild bird's song must be hush'd ere long.  
That the flower withereth. H. C.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CROSS.

THE first violent throes of the Reformation, which shook the mighty hierarchy of Rome, had, by the end of the sixteenth century, been expended; a course had been opened up for the torrent, along which it now flowed, broad, strong, and steady as a sea. But in Rome itself the ancient state of empire was still maintained, in spite of the great vicissitude. The pope continued to issue mandates that were fearfully obeyed in remote corners of the globe, and his palace was yet the centre of intrigues that influenced the destinies of nations.

About the period above named, Clement VIII. occupied the papal chair. If his authority might be judged by the crowds that thronged the courts of the Vatican, it was such as even Charles V. had never swayed. In the ante-room to that in which he gave private audience, more especially, the noble and powerful of almost every nation—the stalwart knight, the haughty cardinal, the spare, creeping Jesuit, the beetle-browed inquisitor, and the smooth father-confessor, and fifty more as various—anxiously awaited their turn of securing the privilege of the pontiff's private ear.

Such was the company in this splendid though gloomy apartment on a particular day in 1590. Not the least conspicuous figure in the group was a tall chevalier, wearing a crimson surcoat, on the left breast of which was cut the white cross of St John. He was dark and haughty in feature, but wanting round the mouth that character of decision such a countenance in general possesses. He took several hasty turns in evident impatience at the delay, when his eye suddenly encountered the slight but handsome figure of a youth dressed in a doublet, whose plainness contrasted with the splendid trappings of many of the noble personages round him. He had just entered, when the usher who had but then crossed his wand against an archbishop who ruled in the dioceses of half of a kingdom, signified to him that his holiness desired his presence, and the youth disappeared in the inner room.



'Who is this springald that is so preferred?' said the lean ecclesiastic to the knight. 'No wonder we have such vile coxks of the roost as your German monk, and your Genevese ascetic, if this insolence is approved in the very seat of the church's life. Who is he, Signor de Lugni?'

'A young rat of an artist they call Nicolas Niçcoli, I believe,' said the chevalier, who had scowled on the young man as he passed. 'You see, a man would rather sit on the scant skirt of his short cloak than in the rich folds of your gown, my lord, if the holy father's favour may be judged of by what we have seen; and that were the trick of a paltry soul, truly.'

The young artist enjoyed an audience of half an hour, when he again issued from the sovereign's apartment. He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, beheld the knight of St John regarding him with a haughty sneer.

'How is your master, sirrah?' he asked, with the insolence he would use to menials.

The youth, with a dignity that sat well on his smooth lofty brow, and in his large dark eyes, drew back a step, and then answered—'If you mean his holiness, you can presently judge for yourself; if you mean Signor Nicholas di Poggio, he is my friend and no master, and is well, and would be glad to see his nephew, the chevalier de Lugni, I believe.'

With these words he was retiring, when the knight again arrested him: 'Look ye, thou fellow of churl's blood, I hear strange stories of thy ambition, in which my cousin's name, Clementina di Poggio, is used to help out the meaning, and thy present irreverent use of my uncle's name, adds strength to the report; but trust me, if I find it altogether true, I will hold it worth my while to hit thee over the mouth with my dudgeon haft, and then deliver thee to my fellows for such a proper scourging as an insolent slave deserves.'

This was said in a low voice, but audible to several of the bystanders. A fierce glare suddenly flashed in the eyes of the artist, roused by an insult so coarse and unprovoked, and, quick as light, his dagger flashed from its sheath; but as quickly the spectators took the alarm, and a rush was made that separated the antagonists.

'What! draw a Milan poignado within the very precincts! Have the fellow away!' exclaimed the archbishop.

He was seconded by more than one in this indignant appeal; but the whisper ran round that the culprit was an especial favourite of the pontiff, whom he could approach when sons of kings would be kept in the outer court, and it was curious to observe the different expressions of wariness and timidity that then fell on the faces of the group. An officer of the court, however, whispering in Nicolas' ear, 'What spirit of madness has seized thee?' clutched him by the sleeve of his doublet, and hurried him away, just as the buzz of confusion was subsiding.

Having quitted the apartment, Nicolas perceived himself the folly, or worse than folly, of giving way to passion in such a place, and, exhorted by the friendly chamberlain, somewhat smoothed his brow, and passed on. He was followed swiftly, however, by the knight, who, in one of the long passages of the splendid palace, overtook him, and again touched his shoulder.

'You would seek the redress of arms for the hurt I have done you?' he said, as Nicolas turned quickly round; 'but a knight, thou knowest, cannot gage himself in battle against one that is peasant-born; wherefore, win spurs if thou mayest, boy, and, by the head of De Gozon, I will then make thee comprehend spear-point or lance-head, as thou listest.'

The youth's first impulse was to spring at the speaker's throat, but he had turned instantly away, with a wave of contempt, and Nicolas was left to brood on the words he had uttered. He leaned for a moment against a marble statue—one of the monuments of the splendid taste of Leo X.—during which rapid shades flitted over his fine features; then, drawing his cloak tight, he left the Vatican, and was soon on the outskirts of the city. Half an hour's

rapid walk brought him to a fine old mansion or castle, of Gothic construction, and built with the black stone which had formed the pavement of the old Roman ways. It stood on a commanding spot overhanging the Tiber, where the banks were well wooded, and its sombre colour added much to its frowning aspect. It had been an inheritance of one of the great feudal families of Rome.

Nicolas Niçcoli ascended to the spacious terrace in front, and passing through a lofty suite of chambers, yet gorgeous with silken hangings and o'd furniture, and partially mellowed by the rich western sunlight that was admitted through the tall windows, he reached a small chamber in a distant part of the building. It was an artist's studio. Taking up his palette and brushes, almost without pause he set to work, as if under an interval of inspiration, on an unfinished piece, representing the beheading of John the Baptist. He was flushed and excited, yet his rapidity was not more marvellous than the magic force and beauty of his touches. Hour after hour flew by, deep bells tolled in the castle, intimating hours for meals, yet for a moment his attention flagged not. At length the sun had descended in the west, the yellow light that had streamed into the studio was fast fading, and the artist, giving a last touch to the offspring of his genius, threw himself into a distant corner, to contemplate the full result. Here he had remained for some time, holding his throbbing temples, when a light foot and a light tap sounded at his door. No answer being given, it was opened, and a beautiful girl, of seventeen summers, glided timidly in. She was like a vision of light—the pure snowy charms of her face and neck, round which waved her dark tresses, being seen beneath the flowing drapery of her long veil, like something ethereal enveloped in a floating cloud. She started back on confronting the glowing canvass, as if she had encountered a fearful reality; then perceiving her mistake she stood rooted in admiration.

'This then has been the labour of these long hours,' she said, in the most silvery of accents, not perceiving that he she spoke of stood in the room. 'Surely the hand of enchantment guided him in these last strokes!'

Nicolas, at this moment, stepped forward, and the girl uttered a faint cry. Then gazing in his face, she said, 'Oh, Nicolas, you must be ill; never till now saw I your brow dark and your eyes burn so strangely. At my father's request I come hither; he has not seen your face to-day, and longeth in your absence.'

'Yet the very fire that inspires my eyes is the gleam that inspired those strokes you have admired, Clementina,' answered Nicolas, haggardly. 'Sit down while I tell thee a tale,' he added, giving the now trembling girl a seat, and clearing a space in the room, to and fro in which he himself walked, while he told her of the insult (without naming the precise subject) that had been offered him by her cousin in the Vatican. 'I was educated, as you know,' he added, 'in the convent of St B—, and then taught by the fathers to aid their shepherds on the Appennine slopes. My parents I knew not, though it was told me they were noble; they must have abandoned the infant through poverty or shame. But from nature I drank in joys among the lonely hills and pine-clad vales, and there first I seized the chalk, and made rude figures on the rocks. Your noble father, on a visit to the convent by chance, noticed the shepherd-boy; he took me hither, and, loving the pencil himself, he gave me every means of following my bent; on that canvass you behold the latest result of his benevolence. He has been to me ever as a father; and thou, Clementina—but when I came hither thou wast yet an infant—thou hast since been my playmate, my pupil, and my younger sister!'

'But why speakest thou thus?' asked the girl, tearfully.

'I will answer. Your cousin, Signor de Lugni, four years ago, bestowed on thee eyes of affection, and bestowed thee of your father for his bride. Nay, bear with me, Clementina, for it is not my wont to be cruel—but your father, misliking his tricks of swaggering and gallantry among the Roman youth, refused so to bestow his

only gem. In wrath de Lagni turned away; he sought his road to Malta, and assumed the badge of St John; and now he returns hither, he meets me in the Vatican and spits in my face as a base-born churl. Say, Clementina, do I not well to recall the meanness of my origin and the dependency of my life?"

"I understand thee not still," said the girl, fearfully.

"That I am base-born, or unknown to be otherwise, I lament; but that there is a ladder by which I may rise to knighthood, I rejoice. For the first time I awake to a sense of degradation foul insult has taught me; and for the first time I awake to a knowledge of the noble means that will unload me of that degradation and wipe out the insult. Thou knowest Pope Clement hath distinguished me by favour; this of the Baptist he had engaged for his own private chapel, and the study of six arduous weeks hence might not have realised my first lofty conception; but, look ye, Clementina, as that last mellow tint falls on it, in a few hours it has assumed the vivid semblance of life. Under the spur of my new sense and new knowledge has the achievement been made—for to-morrow's sun must see me far hence; and I return not, till it be with an ennobled hand, that shall wipe out the imputation on my name."

"And whither meanest thou to direct thy steps?" said the maiden, in wonder.

"Over the seas to Malta; there is but one course open. There I will win a chevalier's badge, if heaven or earth can be moved to grant it. With such a distinction I can then meet thy cousin on equal terms; and he will consent on his knees to retract his foul words, otherwise there is but one way of expiation—in his blood. He challenged me to the lofty venture. We shall see!"

Clementina hid her face in her hands, and then drew the veil completely round her head; while Nicolas, intent only on his burning thoughts, walked up and down, a gloomy fire shining in his eyes.

"Can such be the meek lesson, O Nicolas," at length said the maiden, "yourself taught me in secret out of that holy book the Inquisition proscribes? Remember ye not him that was smitten on the cheek, and yet smote not again? Thou thyself has named it, in truth, the noblest of pictures."

"Ay, maiden, these matters are too often neglected when man is put to the test. Smarting under wounded pride, his first worship is usually paid to the goddess of honour."

These words were pronounced in a tone so unrelenting, that Clementina ceased farther to entreat him; and, with a deep sigh heaving her gentle breast, seemed to shrink away from the room, like the youth's guardian angel quitting him with an air of mournful warning. But Nicolas, absorbed in his dark emotions, was unconscious or heedless of every external thing. Now hastening to his sleeping chamber, he packed together a few articles of raiment, looked to his personal weapons, and leaving a hurried note of thanks to his venerable master, and directions about the transference of his last picture to the Vatican, he glided through the mansion soon as night had advanced, and the moon hung her silvery lamp high in the deep blue ether. From a balcony overhanging an orchard, he swung lightly to the ground; and, scarcely glancing once behind, he now held steadily along, keeping pace with the swift wave of the gleaming Tiber.

Three weeks subsequent to the above incident, a Florentine felucca sailed into the great port of the city of La Valletta, the capital of Malta, and soon as it had passed beneath the frowning shadow of Port St Elmo, cast its anchor. The young Italian artist, bidding adieu to his oquacious companions, and answering the demands of the guards on the quay, was permitted to enter the streets of the city. With the eye of an artist, he could not help musing slightly to survey the striking effect produced by the regular appearance of the streets, the carved stone balconies of the houses, and, in every niche and corner the image of some saint. Several buildings were a particularly majestic aspect, and knights were seen moving to

and fro about their fronts, conversing in different languages, and presenting a variety of gesture and physical features. These were evidently the hotels of the different languages of the order of St John. Contrasted with the knights, the short, half-moorish figures and faces of the native Maltese mingled in traffic or pleasure, and gave to the place an air of stir and business. But the stranger delayed not longer than the first minute. With some difficulty, having sought his way to the residence of the grand-master, he at length arrived before that splendid palace.

In front of the spacious archway, he was somewhat surprised to observe the bustle and loud voices of a fierce altercation. A sturdy, dark-browed soldier, whom the sun of Provence had embrowned, had planted himself in the centre of the passage; and, backed by a band of armed attendants, stoutly withstood the entrance of two noble-looking ecclesiastics, who, mounted on the small palfreys of Malta, and followed by a band of knights of various nations, were vociferating for admittance. In one of them, a burly, pompous, thick-browed man, wearing a bishop's robes, Nicolas recognised Gargalla, bishop of Malta, whom he had seen at the papal court; and, in the other, a thin, grey-complexioned personage, arrayed in a dark suit, half-monkish, half-secular, he shuddered to behold Bonaccursi, one of the chiefs of the fearful court called the Holy Inquisition. He drew near that he might understand the cause of dispute.

"Bishop or legate, mitre or scapular," reiterated the officer in the gateway, "I tell ye my Lord de Vignacourt will be seen by neither to-day. By the holy white cross, but it is news to hear of one or the other riding the roost over our grand-master's head, and he the successor of the great Villiers de L'Isle Adam and John de la Valette."

"In ecclesiastical jurisdiction," replied Gargalla, proudly, "I, bishop of the church, have no superior in Malta."

"And have I not commission of the holy see," said the inquisitor, with a sinister smile, "to take under my paternal wing?"

"All the chicks and fools thou canst corrupt to their ruin, thou croaking raven," said the soldier, scowling on him. "Dost come to our very gates to boast of thy treacherous undoing of good knights' allegiance to their rightful lord! I advise thee hence; for, by this hand, that has been once and again at the Moslem throat, if thou retreat not in time, the foul badge of thy foul office will scarce protect thee."

A shout was raised amidst the knights behind—"Doth he threaten murder?" and a rush made towards the gate; but the inquisitor, with a grim smile, prevented the tide from advancing, by entreaty and exhortation, while Gargalla, clenching his fist most uncanonically at the Provençal wight, exclaimed again and again, "Guy de Chabillon, thou wilt rue this day!" But the personage addressed, with stern coolness, called his followers into close array, and ordered the gate to be shut with an emphatic clasp, leaving the turbulent assailants vainly shouting and stamping in the street. By dint of much patience and address, Bonaccursi presently reduced them to something like order; and putting himself, with the flushed Gargalla, again at their head, was leading them away with a dark gratified smile, when his eye suddenly lighted on the youthful artist, who had been earnestly regarding the whole scene. "What! thou here, my son?" said he, riding closely up to him. "Comest thou in embassy from the holy father? Speak. I remember thee a youth of much merit, and grace, too, in his holiness' eyes, by our faith."

Nicolas modestly replied, that he bore no commission so above his poor merits, but was there on the footing of one eager to do service that might win him reputation. The inquisitor scanned his countenance keenly as he spoke, then desired him to fall into his train, after having said a word of commendation in his favour to the fuming Gargalla, who treated him to a careless nod of acquiescence in the arrangement. The youth, seeing he could hardly refuse such bidding, and having little prospect at any rate of gaining his way just then to the presence of the grand-

naster, fell into the rear of the knights. The martial crowd then passed on, and, with stately march, shortly arrived at the episcopal palace, situated in the old capital of the island, Citta Vecchia.

One of Bonaccursi's special domestics guided the artist, with stealthy step, to a small chamber in the building, where he was served with refreshment, and for a space left alone. His meditations were interrupted in the gloom of evening by the glimmer of a small silver lamp, showing the grey, ghastly visage of the inquisitor suddenly at his door. Long and keenly, as he shaded his eyes, gleaming beneath the penthouse of his eyelids like charcoal, did he question the youth as to his purpose in visiting Malta; but Nicolas' answer was invariably the same, and the open audour on his fair lofty brow confirmed its truth. 'Reverend father, thou knowest my poor skill at the canvass. I came here if I might catch inspiration among an order whose history reads like dreams of romance, and to offer my pencil, if haply I might be graced with but a small portion of its fame.'

Bonaccursi pondered well for several minutes, and then briefly informed Nicolas that he might there remain and employ his pencil in the service of the lord-bishop, who would not fail to appreciate and reward his merits. This proffer sounded so like a command, that the youth thought it as well to accede, and he accordingly bowed his head.

'Every convenience and comfort will be thine,' said the inquisitor, with a dark frown; 'but, remember, if in aught thou deceivest me—if in aught thou turnest thy thoughts to this traitor to holy church, Alof de Vignacourt, who is called grand-master, were thy thoughts more secret than the deepest recess of the catacombs that lie without there, on the instant the four walls that now surround thee become thy tomb.'

With this menace he departed, like a spirit of terror. Nicolas found little repose on his pallet that night, the torment of his thoughts being little relieved by the strange picture that could be had from his little window, of the pale moonlight streaming on the white stones, marking the silent catacombs on the slopes behind the episcopal castle. When at last he fell asleep, in his dreams he saw the pale face of Clementina, sadly reproaching him, and strangely blended with the ghastly frown of Bonaccursi. But his last resolve, after cooler reflection in the morning, was, that, being for the present a victim of necessity, he would steer his course as circumstances might direct, keeping ever in view, however, the end of all—the moment of gratified revenge.

It is unnecessary to be minute in subsequent details. Nicolas was installed on probation in a well-furnished studio, under the patronage of Gargalla, bishop of Malta. Throwing all considerations aside but what immediately lay before him, he cast about for a subject on which he might exhaust the greatest effort of his genius, and that he selected was what already he had so successfully limned, and which yet glowed in his brain in all its strange grouping and magnificent colouring—we mean, 'The Beheading of John the Baptist.' Many hours were laboriously spent before the easel, and gradually the grand features of the piece began to stand forth on the canvass. Frequently he was visited by Bonaccursi, who, shading his eyes, gazed keenly, now at the artist, now at the fruit of his toil, but with only brief comments of commendation. Nicolas sought no intercourse with the outer world. He visited St Paul's Cave and the catacombs, it is true, and spent more than one hour in the light elegant structure, known as St Paul's Church, in the old capital of the island; but, as if aware that on his every movement a curious eye was fixed, his musings were all solitary. When he returned to his lonely chamber, he scrawled an amatory sonnet with his pencil, or composed a version of the imperfect tale he had once read or heard, of Malta being the Ogygia of Calypso, and the perpetual seat in which Ulysses was to enjoy the proffered gift of immortality.

It happened that the busy scheming bishop Gargalla was at length induced to visit the studio of our artist; and, after a pompous inspection of his labours, it pleased

him to consider, that it might be, in some sort, to the edification of true Catholics, if his own episcopal features were transferred to canvass. Nicolas was accordingly required to attend next morning in this great dignitary's chamber. He entered on his new task with vivacity, but with a modest and respectful bearing, which, as the work proceeded, gradually thawed the chilling grandeur that commonly sat on the brow of his august subject. As the latter contemplated, with much complacency, the majestic lines that flowed from the artist's hand, as mere copies of the original grandeur that reposed in his patron's features, he first bent on the youth a kindly smile, and then asked somewhat of his history, and if, in any respect, he could advance his interests. Bonaccursi was generally by, regarding Nicolas with a shrewd relaxing of the muscles of his face, that could hardly be called a smile; otherwise, in pursuance of his grand object, the artist might have dared to reveal some hint of his burning desire, in reply to Gargalla's condescension.

At length the inquisitor absented himself, and Nicolas's heart panted, and the brush quivered in his fingers, as he thought of seizing the opportunity. The bishop even seemed to lead the conversation to the point desired. 'My son,' said he, 'thy fame amongst us is even now considerable. Our knights and dignitaries look on thy magic productions with holy awe. Nay, in holy enthusiasm, some do say thou art worthy of admission into one of the degrees of our order.'

'Sooner would I be encircled with its fillet, than be crowned with the loftiest of earthly crowns!' said Nicolas, with glowing eyes.

'By our sooth,' said Gargalla, regarding him more attentively, 'but thou lookest and speakest a fervent son of the cross, and on thy brow there is that of nobility which might give thee rank even among our chevaliers.'

Nicolas flung himself at the bishop's feet, and suddenly poured out a torrent of impassioned language, while he again and again kissed the hem of the episcopal robe, so that Gargalla, surprised and flattered, kindly yielded him his hand. 'Nay, we will consider of it,' said he, 'and will advise with our prior Guzman Maulecra. I would invest thee with a chevalier's badge, were it only that the false Lord Alof de Vignacourt might know how high we dared carry our jurisdiction.'

At that moment sounds were heard in the outer chamber, and Nicolas, hastening to his feet, had retired to a remote side behind his canvass, when the door opened, and, with tingling blood, he beheld the Chevalier de Lugni enter the apartment, formally announced by the usher. He was affectionately received by the bishop. A little spare man, with an impenetrable brow followed, no other than the Prior Maulecra. His superior broke at once into loud inquiries at the new-comer, as to his report of the state of parties at Rome, whence, it appeared, he had directly come. The prior, however, before any answer could be given, with a glance towards the half-concealed artist, remarked that they were not private. An intimation was accordingly given to Nicolas to withdraw. 'There is a youth of goodly limb,' said Gargalla, as the door opened to allow him pass. 'He might wear the white cross with grace. And of his inward man the grace, I trow, equalleth that of the outward.'

'What!' exclaimed De Lugni, who, having had his attention drawn to Nicolas, now broke out in scorn and amazement. 'Holy father, mean ye this fellow?'

The hot blood of the artist boiled at the insulting emphasis laid on the words, and his foot moved backwards, that he might spring at the throat of the speaker; but the prior had already coolly shut and fastened the door behind him, and he slowly withdrew. He did not reach his own apartment without passing Bonaccursi in a gloomy gallery, and receiving from him one of his peculiarly sinister glances.

When he was alone, he stifled his resentment, and began to reflect on the incidents of the last half-hour. He was convinced, that the hope which the words of the bishop had conceived within him, of the attainment of the goal of

his wishes, would now be shortlived as they had been abruptly raised. In this conclusion he was not in error. Next day he was called again to the bishop's presence, that he might proceed with his task; but, instead of the gracious reception that had been wont to await him recently, he was encountered with a cold and stately glance, and unbroken silence. Bonaccurai sat in a deep corner, apparently poring with eagerness on an Arabic manuscript. Again Nicolas, all his fears confirmed, retired, the victim of stifled passion.

Sinking yet more into moody and solitary habits, Nicolas sought the loneliest retreats in the neighbourhood, where he might indulge his reflections. The terrible scourge, called the sirocco, had been afflicting the island for several days about this season; and during night, as well as day, the sultriness of the atmosphere was most oppressive. One evening he had been walking on one of the terraces of the island, some distance into the interior, when, having selected a green spot, buried in the shade of fragrant fruit-trees, immediately behind a garden that was attached to a *casal*, as the Maltese term their hamlets, he laid himself down, overcome with the heat, and fell into listless repose. Several pigs (which we beg to mention '*parlando con rispetto*') that had been grubbing at will in the rich orange-grove had retreated to a more distant part, and their discordant sounds were hushed, the tinkling bells from the remote town had also ceased, the hum of insects had even died, and, as the breathless air darkened with the evening shades, Nicolas still lay on his back, looking dreamily up through the overices in the canopy of leaves over his head, every muscle so relaxed in that hot dim calm, that it seemed as if his very pulses dared hardly throb. He was careless of returning that night to the palace; and presently he fell into a profound slumber.

At midnight he was awakened by the sound of voices. It was first like a stifled hum, but, as his senses awoke, he detected accents that attracted his keenest attention. They proceeded from an arbour near; and, creeping close to the drooping foliage that clad it, he listened narrowly, till a fearful suspense almost held his breath.

'Poison is like the serpent—subtle and deadly,' said a biting voice, that could be none but the inquisitor Bonaccurai's.

'It will be a stain on our brother's scutcheon to employ it, however,' added Mauciero the prior, with a sarcastic laugh.

'Ye do me wrong,' cried the somewhat husky voice of the Chevalier de Lugni, in tones that were quickly suppressed by a cautious warning from his wily complotters. 'Nay,' he added, in a lower key, 'if ye think I be craven on such a score, I am wronged, I say. Nevertheless, I could not soil my knightly fingers with the base drug, for Alof de Vignacourt has done me service when he was preceptor; and now that he is grand-master, I would not touch him in hostile guise but with the spear point. He is a good knight, sire, and worthy of fair challenge, I say.'

'Go to the palace gates, gallant brother,' said Mauciero, sneeringly, 'and proclaim aloud such an honourable venture, and Alof would order his Hercules Chabrilion to scourge thy shoulders for thee in derision, as if thou wert a mongrel.' At this point the speaker's voice sunk till it became indistinct. The replies of the other two (for it appeared there were but three engaged in this dark conspiracy) were, for the same reason, lost to the eager listener. At length he heard the prior urge on the knight a speedy day and occasion for the accomplishment of their purpose, to which the latter moodily assented. 'And if thou likest, noble chevalier,' added Bonaccurai, with a laugh, after he had summed up several arguments he had been employing, 'we can, when Gargalla sits in the chair, for thy private satisfaction, have this stripling Nicooli sent to dream in the dungeons of St Elmo, or, if it will suit thee better, have his tongue nailed to a whipping-post.'

Nicolas, with these words tingling in his ears, now crept silently away, for there were sounds as of the conclave breaking up. He rolled softly down the nearest bank,

and, gliding through the cabins composing the *casal*, and hastening swiftly on, descending terrace after terrace, he soon was traversing the ground occupied by the catacombs. He admitted himself to the episcopal residence by a private entrance, where the sentinel lay on the ground in dull slumber. Proceeding to several apartments occupied by the inferior domestics, he roused from one of these a weather-beaten veteran, short and square in frame, and with a coarse, ruddy, half-African visage, looking swart in the moonlight, beneath the shade of his Phrygian cap, and great masses of shaggy, grizzled locks. This man was, by occupation, a fisherman in the bishop's service, and of the island of Cyprus by birth. Gregory, as he was called, had been more than conciliated by our artist's affability on various occasions. He told wild tales of oriental adventure, and was happy to find an attentive listener. Not less was his admiration excited by Nicolas's dexterity at the oar, which almost excelled his own; and, to crown all, he was equally enthralled by the melody of the youth's voice when he chanted a song of Italy, and by the rapid touches of his magic pencil. Gregory, then, was instantly at his service in the present crisis; and, following him, after some hasty explanation, they both penetrated through the silent galleries to the artist's chamber. The Cypriote shouldered the half-completed decollation that rested on the easel, when it had been duly secured; and, with this load, and preceded by Nicolas, he emerged from the precincts of the palace. They sought well-known bypaths leading towards La Valletta, and pursued their course with such diligence that day had not yet dawned when they entered its narrow streets, now in gloomy shadow, except where the glitter of a glazed verandah relieved the eye. One or two of the inhabitants, who had been sleeping in the outer air on the flat roofs of the houses, were rising here and there, like phantoms. But Nicolas and the Cypriote passed on, and quickly found themselves in front of the palace of the grand-master, the great features of which, combining European with Saracenic forms of architecture, rose in spacious and imposing array. Nicolas knocked without hesitation at the gate, and was presently answered by an armed guard. There was a long parley, during which Gregory, laying down his burden, squatted himself contentedly on the ground. At length, a message having been conveyed to the Chevalier Guy de Chabrilion, orders were given for the admission of the two applicants, and they were straightway introduced to the presence of that redoubted knight in a front hall. He questioned the strange comers with much curiosity, but Nicolas steadily insisted on direct communication with the grand-master himself in the first instance. Sir Guy, somewhat nettled, turned on his heel, and bade them wait daylight.

Accordingly, two or three hours later, Nicolas was guided by a page to the chamber of the grand-master—a tall, majestic soldier, with an open countenance and a dark, intelligent eye. He was simply dressed, but around the walls of the apartment were hung suits of armour, hacked in many places by the Moslem sword, and ponderous weapons, which the herculean knights of a former generation had wielded.

'Most noble father,' said Nicolas, bending reverentially, 'I have a tale to tell thee, which, through the mercy of Heaven, has been revealed.'

The grand-master listened courteously, while the youth, entering on his story, briefly detailed the particulars of the foul plot he had discovered. As he went on and named the conspirators, Alof de Vignacourt's eye flashed in its dark pride. He needed no spur from the wrathful denunciations which Sir Guy poured out as he listened. 'By our staff,' said the former, 'but this passes bearing! Foul, double-dyed traitors!'

Having questioned his informant somewhat more minutely, he dismissed him, that he might consult with De Chabrilion in private. After a short interval, Nicolas was recalled. Sir Guy yet stamped to and fro, and now and then stopped to rattle his knuckles on an old iron corselet; but the grand-master was calm and dignified as at first. He viewed the artist with curiosity, and requested to know

his history. Nicolas gave his narrative simply, but Alof de Vignacourt watched, with much interest, the shifting light of his eyes and the glow on his cheek, besides taking in the whole aspect of nobility possessed by his face and figure. The result was, that the honest Gregory received directions to bear in his ponderous burden to the grand-master's presence. That dignitary, having minutely inspected it, bestowed on the artist a glance of high consideration.

'The glory of our noble order, I fear me, is on the decline,' said he, taking the hand of the latter with a melancholy air; 'but it will be one redeeming light in these dark days of our poor mastership, if they are marked by the engagement in our ranks of genius such as thine. We are poor, young man, and we are all but powerless; yet so may I be dealt with in my hour of need, if I requite not thee and thy service with what bounty I may.'

Nicolas returned thanks, which almost suffocated him in the expression, while Chabrilion, who had been criticising the grim features and goodly limbs of Herod's soldiers in the decollation, having his attention suddenly arrested by the speech of his superior, bestowed on the artist a favourable survey, and opined that he was eminent in the possession of thews and sinews. The conference was now closed, Nicolas having been assigned a chamber within the palace, where for the present we will leave him.

### LIFE IN THE BUSH.

READER, have you ever been in the backwoods of Canada? If you have, these reminiscences will only remind you of scenes and characters perhaps yet fresh in your recollection; if you have not, you have never seen what you never can see anywhere else—life in the bush differing from every other species of life to be found in lands long divested of their ancient forests, and converted into fruitful fields and peopled districts, teeming with the proud monuments of art and active industry. Nevertheless, the woodsman's life is not without its attractions, particularly to the *homographist*; and if there be truth in the poet's axiom, 'The proper study of mankind is man,' certainly life in the bush exhibits as many forms of it, and these as descriptive of real character, as any to be obtained in more polished society. Indeed, what is it but this same polishing that effaces the lines of original character in man? Here we see him, not as he really is, but what society has made him. There we see him without any of those disguises which a more intimate connection with the world has rendered necessary; or, if disguised at all, the simple covering only discovers more distinctly what it is meant to conceal. Nay, to the eye accustomed to penetrate the outside of character, it magnifies the object; and those very points which it is most emulous to hide from the world are, through this flimsy artifice, enlarged even beyond their natural dimensions. But few motives for concealment exist in the bush; and, unrestrained by foreign influence or example, the hardy woodsman is generally seen in his undisguised character, showing the world what he is in his passions, pursuits, and incongruities. Let us then take a look at him, first, as he appears in the very lowest grade of bush life, in which he is very properly designated

#### THE SQUATTER.

This is commonly a white man, though not unfrequently a compound of Indian and French blood, claiming civilisation as his birthright, but differing little from the Indian save in the colour of his skin. Indeed, in respect of native character, I hold the Indian, especially when improved by a little moral culture, to be a superior man. Less rude and uncouth in his manners, less licentious in his life, and less unteachable in his disposition; there is less of the barbarian in him than the other. The squatter is a sort of freebooter in the bush, choosing his place of residence wherever his fancy leads him, without leave asked of any one, which, having fixed upon, it is really astonishing to see with what facility his whole establishment is completed. Down go a few trees, and up rises a

fabric; but I will not attempt any description of it, being at a loss for anything in the kingdom of art or nature to compare it to, unless indeed I should propose it as a perfect model of the builder's own mind—a formation without order, system, or design, and invincibly opposed to every prescribed method of improvement. When compared with this tenement, the Indian wigwam is a palace. Thus, when ordered to *clear out* by the possessor, the squatter loses little by his flitting, which is only a remove of his person to some other convenient spot in the vicinity of a clearance, where his labour may occasionally be required. This, as before observed, is the lowest grade of life in the bush; and low indeed it appears to him who, nursed in the bosom of society, views for the first time this rugged animal before him, and feels more for him than he does for himself. Next in order comes the regular

#### BACKWOODSMAN,

the hardy pioneer of future civilisation in the bush, who, having obtained, by grant, purchase, or exchange, the possession of a lot of land (200 acres), in the interior of a new settlement, proceeds to lay the foundation of future comfort to some succeeding occupant. With no other implement than his axe, and no other provision than what he carries in his wallet, behold this veteran woodsman penetrating the dense forest for miles, in quest of his new location. Skilled in his craft, he traces the surveyor's *blaze*, marking the *concession posts* as he proceeds, till, safely landed on his own territory, he quietly unbuckles his wallet, proceeds to light a fire, and regale himself on a slice of salt pork, roasted before it on the point of a wooden pin; which having done, he next proceeds to take an accurate survey of his estate, choosing, with admirable tact and foresight, the most suitable spot whereon to commence operations. And now, having thrown up a temporary shelter for his nightly repose, and cast into it an armful of young cedar-boughs for his bed, the hardy axeman commences his attack on the primeval forest. Dexterous in the use of his implement, the noise of the falling timber announces to the distant settler the progress of his labour. And soon an opening is made for the sun's rays to visit, for the first time since the days of Noah, I suppose, a soil rich with the accumulated deposits of four thousand autumns. Many a tree of noble growth and beautifully variegated vein, whose timber, sold by the foot, would have enriched the woodsman, fall prostrate before his indiscriminating axe, destined to share the fate of the meanest of their brethren. Two months have elapsed; and now behold the veteran woodsman sitting on a wooden bench before the door of a snug, comfortable shanty, reared by his own hands without the help of nail, hammer, or saw—slab-floored, bark-roofed, and chimney wide enough to roast an ox. Nor is it destitute of convenient furniture—bedstead, table, chair, pantry, &c.—all the production of the wonder-working axe. He is contemplating his six acres of *chopping*, and calculating on the probability of obtaining a *burn* in time to enable him to get in his fall wheat. That time at length arrives—the weather has been propitious to his hopes—the wind is favourable—and now he determines on a *burn*. This is an important affair. His shanty will be in danger; but, trained in the habitual exercise of forethought and prevention, the woodsman is ever ready with expedients in all cases of danger. Indeed, he is in a peculiar sense the child of Providence. His life has been more or less endangered by the fall of every large tree he has brought down. The obstruction of a neighbouring limb may have caused the severed trunk to swing round on its slippery stump, and spring from it in the very direction in which he stood; and certain had been his fate had not his practised eye foreseen the circumstance, and on the first creak of the falling mass taught him to escape from his perilous situation. Under his management, therefore, there is less danger of his shanty by the fire than a stranger might suppose. The nearest brush-heaps, especially those to windward of his dwelling, being first carefully burnt off in detail, his whole chopping is presently in a blaze. Should this take place in the night, which it frequently does, the

effect on the spectator is singularly grand and imposing, particularly when the chopping is extensive. A good burn generally clears the land of all the small timber, leaving only the large logs in a blackened state, which, having been previously cut into twelve-foot junka, require the aid of a

#### LOGGING BEE

to rear them into piles, in order to their being burnt. This is quite an affair of merriment to the surrounding settlers, and to the woodsman an occasion of no small importance. Having procured a sheep and an ample supply of whisky, he makes an extensive circuit around them, calling at every clearance, and *issuing* all the male inmates to attend a 'logging bee' on his premises, on such a day. On that day the woodsman is seen in his element—the master of his field, surrounded by a numerous band of hardy veterans, equipped for the occasion, and drawn together upon an acknowledged principle of mutual support, and, strange as it may sound, of mutual *independence*, for where such a mutual claim is felt and acknowledged by all, the idea of favour or obligation is unknown. A hearty breakfast discussed, and washed down by a reasonable allowance of the needful, the busy work begins. The field is divided into breadths. Every four men, equipped with handspikes, are attended by a yoke of oxen and teamster, whom they never fail to keep in full employment. Pile after pile rise like magic from the burnt soil, the hands and faces of the loggers gradually assuming a tinge of the same colour. A merry evening crowns the labours of the day; and many an antiquated song is sung, and many a tough and lengthy tale is told, while the glass, or something that serves the same purpose, passes from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity; and not unfrequently it happens that some unfortunate wight, overcome with the effects of good cheer, gets bewildered in his homeward path, and is fain to seek 'horizontal repose' under some friendly tree, till 'morn in the eastern clime' begins to gild the top of his woodland canopy, recalling his scattered senses, and enabling him to discover the blaze which conducts him to his humble domicile. When sufficiently dried, these log-heaps are easily burned off, in which process the woodsman is commonly assisted by a neighbour. If a provident man, the ashes are saved for potash; if not, they are scattered over the field, on which wheat is now thrown, and scratched into the soil with a wooden harrow.

Thus far we have accompanied the woodsman in his labours; but he does not contemplate a permanent residence. He labours for posterity. The idea that the spot he has now cleared may at some future day become the site of a populous village never enters his mind. Thus, should a respectable emigrant from the *old country* be attracted to his clearance, and a suitable offer be made him, he has no difficulty in parting with it. A bargain is promptly struck; he receives 'a lot of land' in a more remote district, together with a considerable sum in hand, as a compensation for his improvement, by which transaction both parties are benefited. The woodsman resumes his old employment in his new settlement, and the old-countryman finds a temporary shelter for his family, with the addition of a field of wheat for their support during the ensuing year.

We must now take leave of the woodsman, to follow out the improvement of his farm under the management of its new possessor; thus tracing the upward progress of life in the bush from its rudest state to its most comfortable; for *comfort*, even at its best state, is all it can aspire to while it retains the name and character of bush life. Let us, then, take the most favourable view of it. The old-countryman is a regular agriculturist; he has brought with him his wife, three stout sons, and as many daughters, all of them familiar with farm-work. In less than a month, behold a commodious and well-finished log-house erected, shingled, sashed, and plastered, of which the woodsman's shanty forms the kitchen, with root-house, barn, cattle-sheds, &c., together with a young orchard, neatly fenced in, and sowed with a crop of corn or potatoes. The young men soon become clever axemen, and every

year a new field is added to the clearance—comforts accumulate—three milk cows, some young cattle, and a small flock of sheep, are seen grazing on the pasture. Three or four barrels of pork are salted down yearly—a splendid side of bacon is extended over the chimney—and the farmer is able to kill a sheep occasionally. The daughters learn to spin, weave, and dye the fleeces of the sheep; and their mother becomes an expert tailor, supplying the whole family with warm and comfortable clothing. Thus the regular settler gradually draws around him many of the real comforts of life. His expenditure is trifling, and that is chiefly carried on by barter. Indeed, the writer of this paper knew a comfortable family, who boasted that for many years they never purchased anything but *salt*, everything else being the produce of their own farm, or the spontaneous growth of the forest. A few years of steady application and good husbandry see the old-countryman an independent man, the proprietor of a valuable property, increasing his stock as his pastures enlarge, and eating and drinking the produce of his own flocks, poultry-yard, and orchard.

But there is yet another class of settlers to be mentioned, and these are the retired officers—gentlemen farmers—who contrive to live more comfortably on their half-pay in the bush than they can do anywhere else. They are great helps to the poorer settlers, hiring out their chopping, and paying *money* for everything they require. To them, also, the community is often indebted for grist and saw-mills, tanneries, distilleries, &c., and even for retail stores, where farm-produce is received, and turned to good account, in exchange for such *luxuries* as the farmer, or rather his wife, deems necessary.

I have omitted to notice many of those stirring scenes which from time to time break the monotony of the woodsman's life, such as the raising bee, the harvest bee, the ladies' wool bee, &c.; also the sugar-making, the cider-making, &c.—all seasons of more or less excitement and hilarity. Meantime the township is filling up—roads are opening in all directions—clearance meets clearance—a school-house and meeting-house are erected in a central spot—an intelligent matron superintends the one, and a travelling missionary occasionally visits the other—magistrates are appointed by government to marry the young folk, and decide on cases of local importance—increasing comforts gradually reconcile the old-country emigrants to their new mode of life—the early settler views with delight the transformation which his own labours have helped to produce on the surrounding country. It is not many years since a few pigeon-holes amid the pathless wilderness were all that met his eye—now he beholds that country unclothed and unlooked, perforated with roads in every direction, and ringing with the stroke of the axe and the shout of the teamster.

Thus Canada, a country wide enough to support the population of Great Britain, and by nature intended for the seat of a mighty empire, is every year assuming a new appearance, enlarging her habitable territory, and disclosing her immense capabilities. Who, indeed, can look upon her inland seas, her magnificent rivers, and her inexhaustible resources, and not anticipate a day when she shall rank among the first nations of the earth? She is still a land of woods and forests, but should the present tide of population continue to flow into her territory for another century, there will be no longer such a subject to speculate upon as life in the bush.

#### MARINE VERMIN.

A skeleton of a marine bird was recently presented to the Boston Natural History Society, which was said to have been prepared in the short space of two hours, by exposure to the attacks of vermin inhabiting the Banks of Newfoundland. These creatures live at or near the bottom, and are said to be very destructive to the cod-fish frequenting the banks. The bird was lowered to the bottom by means of a loaded line, and drawn up in two hours a perfect ligamentary skeleton, the flesh having been entirely consumed.

## THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THE greater part of Irish music has descended from Celtic times, and is perhaps now the only authentic evidence in favour of the early learning and civilisation claimed for the isle in the ages of Europe's deepest darkness. Setting aside those high-sounding but somewhat unsupported tales of the thirty thousand students assembled from every part of Christendom at the college of Armagh in the fifth and sixth centuries—of the bards and saintly sages who went forth to instruct the Gothic nations, and astonish the court of Charlemagne—and of the bardic contests, where all the poets of the world contended in the hall of harps at Tara in the days of Brian Borhoime, it is apparent that such a multitude of most varied and impassioned airs never could be the production of a people as rude as the Irish are represented to have been by early English writers, and still more by the modern controverters of their traditional glory. The truth of the matter seems, as usual, to lie between these extreme assertors; the probabilities are, that Ireland was far in advance of the rest of Western Europe at the periods referred to, and especially of those countries still inhabited by the Celtic race; but her learning, like that of all the elder times, was confined to some privileged orders, rather than diffused among the population, so it perished in the ruinous invasions of the Northmen, the fury of civil discord, and the long protracted conflict with the power of England. Not so perished the island's music. It has survived the ancient arts, the literature, and even a large portion of the history of Ireland.

Still among the half employed, worse instructed, and thoughtless working classes of her towns—in the cabin-like farmhouses of the north, and the huts of southern hamlets—with the Celtic speaking people, who keep sheep and cattle in her remoter hills and glens, or carry on a primitive and most precarious fishery by the splendid, but seldom-visited bays of the west—linger numerous old songs and airs, which, for overflowing merriment or power of pathos, might challenge comparison with any music in the world. It may be an indication of their fortunes, but certain it is that the tunes now most abundant among the Irish peasantry are characterised by a wild and all but monotonous melancholy. Many of them, indeed, have no further acquaintance with their country's music; and who has not observed in the streets of large Scotch or English towns, especially when the recent years of famine poured upon them such crowds of bread or work-seeking emigrants, some ragged group, evidently composed of the poor wandering household, who chaunted, in a kind of intermitting chorus, some half Celtic ballad heard in their native glens, and unintelligible to the passers by, all but its air, which answered Byron's description of 'a long, low island-song,' and told that it was Irish. Fortunately, these are not the only introductions which the music-loving public of Britain have had to their sister island's music. A host of poets and musicians of every order, from Moore to Jullien (and that space is wide enough), have adopted or appropriated many a share of it, and made theatre, concert, and drawing-room familiar with its echoes. Some of these adaptations have been singularly successful, and at times the composers seem to have talked with the muse of Tara, where she sat among ivied ruins and green hills; but others have attempted to introduce modern improvements, and an Irish air fashionablisied (to coin a phrase befitting the subject), with Italian Opera variations, is certainly one of the most heterogeneous and thoroughly-spoiled compositions that ever jarred upon the ear of taste. It is a strange fact in the history of Irish music that so many airs should have come down to our times, the original songs of which are utterly lost in the lapse of ages and the ruin of Celtic literature. Some have regarded this as conclusive evidence that the Celtic bards, who, like the early masters of song in all countries, first gave voice and tune to their own compositions, were greater in music than in poetry; the most excellent productions of these kindred arts, it is said, survive longest in the memory of nations. The poems of

classic Greece are now studied in the city seminaries of a continent, over which an ocean may have rolled when they were written, while scarcely a fragment of all the melodies uttered by Lybian lyre or Doric flute, can be discovered by skilful and laborious scholars. Thus they infer the ancient songs of Ireland have sunk into oblivion, because they were not worthy of preservation. Doubtless the inference, in many a case, is true, and lyrics enough of the same description have been produced in every age and nation; but if such were the general character of old Irish song, the honourable exceptions must have been numerous, judging from those that remain. Such songs as the 'Lament of Morion Shehane,' the 'County of Mayo,' and the 'Heart of my Kitty,' are as worthy of their music as any bard could make them.

Some of the best known Irish songs claim a high antiquity, and have descended to us through many a version. 'Molly Asthore' and the 'Cruiskeen Lan,' though far different ditties, are both of them examples of this variety. Many of the isle's most distinguished children have given words also to her ancient airs, and the names of Curran and Lady Morgan, among others no less celebrated, might be mentioned in the list of her song-writers; but, next to Moore's far-famed lyrics, those of Thomas Osborne Davis are at once the best and the most national poetry. Still, after all that has been done in the way of appropriation, there are numbers of wordless tunes to be found in Bunting's 'Collection,' and numbers more floating, as they were before modern poet or collector thought of them, in the memories of the land's rustic musicians. That race is indeed fast disappearing amid the changes and trials which latter years have brought to the Irish peasant's life; but their country's music was with them at once a traditional art and a possession, son generally succeeding sire in the command of the violin or bagpipes, which were often his only inheritance; and there was scarce a parish that could not boast of one of the order, renowned for his skill in the ancient tunes and their history, and indispensable at either wake or wedding.

The recent hard times, and, it is to be hoped, popular progress, have told with diminishing effect on these once equally festive occasions; and with the extravagance of fair and fun, the rustic minstrel's occupation has also fallen away; nor is the diminution of its followers on the whole a loss to society, of which, as a body, they were by no means the most regular members, generally leading a sort of gipsy life, and spending their uncertain earnings much quicker than they were gathered; but the number and variety of airs, which some of those tuneful wanderers could perform on occasions of special exhibition or contest—all played from memory too, for few of them had education enough to read, and many were blind—might have given a stranger some faint idea of their land's musical wealth, in its three grand divisions of songs, laments, and planxties.

Of the two latter, little is known out of Ireland; and, belonging exclusively to her Celtic times and bards, they may be termed her untranslated melodies. Indeed, the word planxty has no equivalent in English. It signifies that boundless mirth, with a dash of the reckless in it, familiar to all Europe as the genuine characteristic of Irish fun, but not without some relation to the fortunes of the people. The merry-makings of all uncertain or unlucky lives are generally wild and uproarious. It is only the world's regular and well-to-do citizens that can afford to enjoy themselves with tranquillity, and no one acquainted with Ireland's social and political history will doubt that the majority of her population must have been for many a century included in the former order. It is probable that at least the bards themselves belonged to it, as in what age or country did they not? And the preface with which an ancient son of song was wont to introduce one of these compositions, though evincing no particular diffidence, indicates at once the well-spring and service of such music: 'He that has hard fortune, false friendship, or a far country to forget, let him come and hear this planxty.'

That class of Scottish airs popularly denominated 'rants'



seems the nearest existing kindred of the Irish planxty, but, compared with it, they were but simple and rustic compositions, the latter being generally the production of Ireland's earliest and best composers, while the former originated among the gipsy or peasant musicians of their country. Some translate planxty, a frolic, because the Irish rustic, when demanding a cessation of sports or practical jokes among the younger portion of the community, to this day says, 'Quit yer planxties, boys.' Others render the word a feast, because both history and tradition concur in stating that the airs known by that general denomination were first produced at certain celebrated entertainments given by the old magnates of the land, and named from the families in honour of whose hospitality they had been composed, such as 'Planxty Power,' 'Planxty Conner,' &c.

Next to the planxty, the lament is one of the oldest and most peculiar features of Irish music. Both, indeed, strongly reflect and illustrate the national genius, for rarely can that of any other people attain to an equal command over the opposing powers of comedy and pathos. It must be owing to that keen perception and fervid feeling which, with all its surface thoughtlessness, lie deep in the Irish character, that even the peasant's mirth in the sister island flows so richly free, and his sorrow speaks with such a piercing eloquence.

These powers impart to the land's literature, broken and scanty as it is, its universal fascination for all readers. Nowhere can there be found pages so full of laughter or of tears as in any one of *Banim* or *Carleton's* tales—nay, at times the extremes meet in the very same passage with irresistible effect, and similar instances occur in Ireland's music. For example, that fine old composition, 'O'Rourke's Feast,' now believed to have been only revived and improved by *Carolan*, in which the prince is represented as making merry in his hall, with the friends of many a victory and reverse, previous to setting forth for the court of Elizabeth; but ever and anon the wail for parting and exile breaks through, for he knows that meeting will be their last.

It is worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the acknowledged wit and comic talents of the Irish, little of their genuine poetry has taken that direction. Ireland at this day possesses but few comic songs of native production—the greater number called by her name being, as their ample mixture of Cockney slang and notions sufficiently evinces, manufactured for the London stage.

It could not have been so of old, judging from the number of mirthful airs referred to; but few of their words survive, and those extant are by no means of the highest order, while, as if in mournful unison with the story of the land, the finest specimens of Ireland's native poetry, as well as music, have reached us in the form of laments. Exile and emigration afford the most frequent themes. Some commemorate the death of leaders in their generation, and many the loss of friends. Among the latter class, *Carolan's* 'Lament for Macabe,' and Macabe's 'Lament for *Carolan*,' are now the most popularly known, from the tale which explains their existence. It is said that *Carolan* composed his lament on a false report of the death of Macabe, which the latter originated in order to test the affection and genius of his friends, how much they would do for his memory; and such was Macabe's satisfaction at the result, that he declared himself willing to die at any future moment, since *Carolan* had so nobly lamented him; but he lived to pour forth a scarce less celebrated dirge for the greater bard.

*Carolan* was the last genuine representative of the old bardic order, which, when long extinct, or sunk into obscurity among the other nations of Europe, was in Ireland continued by the succession of genius, till it closed with him and some lesser contemporaries late in the last century. Men who united the gifts of the poet to those of the musician, whom the learned and noble of the land were proud to rank in the number of their friends, who glorified by song the names and localities of their memory, and gave to their country's harp those compositions that have delighted successive generations, at times with the prompti-

tude of an Italian improvisatore—it is to them Ireland owes both the riches and the preservation of her music, though something of the latter service has been done by their immediate successors the harpers, who, though far inferior, inasmuch as they were merely musicians, merit their country's gratitude for retaining yet among living arts the use of that ancient and beautiful instrument, which, but for them, must have been lost even in Ireland. Indeed, so rare has it become in the present generation, that many a thousand natives have never heard a harp, and in some of her most flourishing towns, where music is otherwise tolerably cultivated, not a single performer on that instrument can be found. This seems strange among a people whose national emblem the harp has been from the earliest dawn of their history—on whose banner it was borne at a period when no arts but those of war were recognised by Gothic heraldry—and whose native chroniclers, next to the brooch and mantle, enumerate the harp as one of the familiar and personal effects of every nobleman. Even among the peasantry this instrument was common for centuries, as many an old song bears witness, besides that sad and celebrated one—'On the green banks of Shannon;' but among the educated classes the harp seems to have fallen into disuse with the Irish language, and in popular practice it has been long supplanted by the Irish bagpipe, a gentler sister of the Scottish pibroch—less wildly powerful than the latter, but also wanting its fierceness of drone, and, in the hands of a skilful master, a sweet, mellow-toned instrument as was ever tuned to Irish song or planxty.

The relationship of Scotland's music to that of Ireland has long been familiar to musicians, through many an old disputed air, transmitted from the period when the same division of the great Celtic family occupied both islands, and had bards and harps among them. Thus, derived from one source, the two streams of melody flowed on with the march of their respective nations, the difference between them increasing every age, as a still greater distance grew between the moral aspects and histories of the islands. On this dissimilarity, in spite of family resemblance, it is not intended to enter at present—this paper being limited to the consideration of Irish music; but one contrasting trait cannot be passed over in silence. The former, with all its varied riches, has no sacred department. Irish song tunes have been occasionally appropriated to rather rustic hymns by the Catholic peasantry, and frequently by Methodist congregations in the land, while the psalmody of Scotland, little justice as it has received either at home or abroad, forms a remarkable and peculiar feature of her popular music. The Irish melodies have been from the earliest times distinguished by their power of expression and simplicity of construction, while the gravest among them possess a singular capability of becoming most lively measures by the mere change of time, as *Jullien* has proved to his own and the public satisfaction, in his notable Hibernian quadrilles. In no country has music been pressed into the service of politics with such effect as in Ireland. Her best modern songs are but the voices of her many agitations, and the old airs to which some of them are adapted have belonged to earlier lays of kindred import, though differing far in style and title. That now sung to 'When he who adores thee has left but the name,' was originally known as the 'Fox Asleep;' and another of Moore's songs, in which a patriot addresses his country after the fashion of a lover to his mistress, has taken not only the air but the leading sentiment of 'Rosin Dhu,' or 'Black Rose,' believed to be the composition of one of the last princes of Tyroon, who thus designates his land in a most impassioned song. What woful work the 'Boyne Water' and the 'Protestant Boys' have done in fair and rustic festivity, is by this time but too well known, at least to the readers of Irish newspapers, for many a row and riot has risen around the performers of these notorious party tunes. Fortunately, such are not the only recorded effects of Irish music. In continental theatres, and in the Australian bush—in the cities of British India and the townships of Western America, the exile's tears and memories have been stirred by songs

whose wanderings were almost as wide as his own. One instance of the kind which occurred some years ago on board a Mississippi steamer, from the meeting of the pathetic and the ludicrous which it exhibits, seems a graphic, though, it is to be hoped, an extraordinary illustration of our subject. It was the close of the western harvest, and a young Irishman, who early in the season had ventured, reaping-hook in hand, up the great river, and toiled on every farm on its banks from New Orleans to Ohio, was displaying to a party of newly-arrived countrymen, by way of strengthening their expectations, his well-saved earnings, amounting to some hundred dollars, tied tightly up in the corner of a superannuated handkerchief. He had enlarged on the portion of that wealth which should be transmitted to his parents in Ireland—on the trade he would commence with the rest—on the fortune he would make out of it, and his visions terminated somewhere about 'Katy Callaghan an' the ould sod,' when an emigrant on the other side of the deck, inspired by the last sentence, launched forth in the old song beginning with 'Green were the fields,' the original of Campbell's 'Exile,' and historically connected with the Rebellion of '98, from its special proscription by the government of that period. The hard worker paused, with his treasure still in his hand; but a flood of home recollections rushed over his face as the song proceeded. 'It was for that I left thim all, bad luck till it,' he exclaimed at last, twirling the handkerchief in his fingers with a look of unutterable disdain, and, before either hand or voice could interpose in their favour, the dollars, so dearly won and so largely speculated on, went over the bulwarks and sunk in the father of waters. When the party recovered from their astonishment, they unanimously concluded that 'Erin go Bragh' should never be sung on the decks of steamers, with which remarkable testimony to its power over native hearts, we take leave of the music of Ireland.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CROSS.

### PART II.

THE grand-master's measures were now alertly taken. On the very next day, mass was to be celebrated in the Church of St John, in La Valletta, by Gargalla, the bishop of Malta; and thither, followed by Guy de Chabillon, and a trusty body of mailed warriors, Alof repaired. Nicolas, pale but firm, was one of the group. It was a dim yet magnificent scene. The proud priest, standing at the raised altar, and surrounded by his satellites, paused to look round on the many knightly forms that knelt amongst the pillars, whilst the low swell of an anthem floated along the lofty roof. The riches of the altar gleamed in the light of the tapers, whilst the graver radiance of day, that pervaded the rest of the church, afforded glimpses of the splendid interior chapels of the different languages of the order, the sculptured monuments of grand-masters of a former era, and, all along the pavement, the armorial wealth of the chivalry of St John, emblazoned in *incastro*, here of polished marble, there of lapis lazuli, and again of enamel. In the whole outline, the grand yet sombre glory of the picture was, in everything, what was calculated to awe, at the same time that it filled and swelled, the imagination.

The choral voice had just ceased, when Alof de Vignacourt, followed by his band, advanced slowly along one of the aisles, his brow uncovered, but calm and predominating. Recent intrigues had alienated many knights from the attachment they owed to their superior, and his sudden presence amongst them created no small commotion. But either the solemnity of the moment speedily overcame rebellious thoughts, or the example of the grand-master himself, kneeling devoutly to join in the service, hushed the feeling of intrusion; and the bishop, pausing an instant to smooth the severity that had flushed on his own brow, entered attentively on the pompous ceremonial. Three men, Bonaccursi, the prior, and De Lugni, were more peculiar in their behaviour. They first exchanged quick covert glances; then, recovering themselves, the

eye of the chevalier might have been seen bending, lowering ferocious, on the face of Nicolas Niccoli, while, ever and anon, the latter caught the cold grey countenance of the inquisitor turned towards him with such a stony glitter of the eye, as, in spite of himself, made his very flesh creep. The impenetrable prior bent with composure to follow the service, but with an occasional twitch of the mouth, that evinced at once a sense of security and bitter contempt towards the meaningless rites in which he aided.

The service was at length concluded, and most eyes were again fixed doubtfully on the grand-master. That personage whispered a single word to the prompt Sir Guy, who, advancing from the train, now laid his hand on the shoulder of the Chevalier de Lugni, saying, 'I arrest thee of treason and conspiracy, by the order of thy superior, Lord Alof de Vignacourt.' This bold conduct produced an instant of profound silence and surprise, which was broken by the proud Gargalla bursting into vociferous exclamations against such profane daring at the very altar. His exhortations prevailed; and, with poniards unsheathed, a crowd of young knights of his faction rushed forward to the rescue of De Lugni; but Sir Guy, looking round with distended nostrils, maintained his grasp. He did so at such imminent risk, that the grand-master himself advanced to second him. At the moment three treacherous daggers were aimed at his breast, Nicolas flung himself in front, and devotedly caught one of the thrusts in his arm, whilst De Vignacourt himself, snatching his mace from the bearer, parried a second weapon, and laid the third craven at his feet.

'Seize and bind them!' he then thundered in a voice that rang to the loftiest recess in the cathedral; and in an instant the four, including De Lugni, were secured by his followers. Striding along in front of them, with kingly step, and eye that blazed with the wrath of a roused lion, he then marshalled them in close order, to oppose and well nigh encircle those of the opposite ranks, who now recoiled with involuntary dismay. At length Gargalla again mustered power to demand on what grounds such sacrilege was sanctioned even by the act of a grand-master himself?

'To you, my lord bishop, I render no account,' replied De Vignacourt; 'to your intrigues appertains the guilt of this sacrilege, if guilt there be. De Lugni has plotted foully against our life; these three miscreants have disgraced the order by brutal license, crowned with the murder of a brother of their own language, and all four you countenance and protect. But, by the saint of our order, on these flags I am absolute; and here I take the first step of a justice that shall be fearful; no place fitter than at the foot of the altar of one who is just. Ay, Sir Bishop, and if thy mitredid not crown thee, I would accord even thee a spice of the swift righteousness that I have resolved on. And for thee, Sir Prior, if another cord were not the holy cincture of thy waist, I should find an apt one to grace thy neck. But beware; the lion's paw is not fangless. Bonaccursi, thy vow has not been made to me, otherwise, in one way or another, I would reach thine icy heart; but to you also I say, beware! And now, knights and brethren, stand aside, and, as we pass, greet us well. The man who falls in due reverence we will find a summary method of bringing to his knees.'

Every hostile eye involuntarily quailed before the majesty of wrath that seconded this haughty harangue, and, in silence and unopposed, Sir Guy and his followers defiled slowly from the church, bearing along with them their four prisoners. The tall and stately figure of Alof de Vignacourt, all unarmed, brought up the rear; and as his flashing glance darted from side to side, every face it lighted on was bowed in reverence before him. He had reached the outer door, when a low murmur seemed to rise in his rear; but, on his again suddenly confronting the crowd, it was in an instant hushed. Another sweeping glance, and he finally withdrew. After a minute the storm now burst out. Gargalla, in a fever of passion, vowed a revenge of tenfold horrors, and was answered on every side by voices of execration and fury, especially from the

younger knights. Bonaccursi, with pale lip, had drawn aside the Prior Mauciere, and they now conversed closely together. In the midst of the clamour and confusion, that whispered conference closed in a grim look of significance on either side, whereupon the inquisitor glided like an accursed phantom from the place, and disappeared.

In the meanwhile, the lion-like grand-master and his train had reached the palace; his first recollection was of the generous youth who had interposed his person at what might otherwise have been a fatal moment. The wound was found not to be of a serious nature, but his gratitude was none the less.

'Thy dreams, young man,' Aloi himself would say, in profound sadness, 'recall what once were mine also in the spring-time of life. Joyfully would I yet retreat from dark cabals and corroding griefs, and wander in some lone retreat in communion with such old imaginings; but they must now be to me for ever mocking phantoms. I bear a load which, in despite of my strength of purpose, will one day crush me to the dust.'

So soon as Nicolas had perfectly regained health, he was called to give his evidence before a solemn court, presided over by the grand-master, in which the four knights, already referred to, were arraigned. This assembly had been summoned by the bishop, who had, without delay, obtained the pope's special license; but the grand-master had issued a counter summons in his own name, and appointing the same time and place of meeting. It is not necessary to describe the details of procedure, the result of which was the condemnation of the three Portuguese knights for the murder of a brother of their own nation, aggravated by their more recent attempt on the life of the grand-master himself. The Chevalier de Lugni was next tried on the evidence of the artist. Meanwhile the grand-master, being a party chiefly concerned in the latter case, retired from the chapter, which, during the trial, was presided over by three of the senior commanders of the order. De Lugni, either from natural inconstancy, or resentment at finding himself abandoned by his accomplices, the friar and inquisitor, neither of whom were present, after spurning abusively the testimony of the witness against him, strangely helped to convict himself by making a sudden revelation of the whole details of the conspiracy. He was condemned without mitigation. The sentence passed on all four, in accordance with the laws of the order, was death by drowning.

Gargalla, the bishop, had at the very threshold protested against the competency of the chapter, as having been illegally constituted. His voice was now again raised in vehement protestation, and this time he was joined by one or two preceptors and several knights. There were symptoms of a tumult; but the grand-master having returned, and risen slowly in the midst, every sound but that of the obstreperous prelate's voice was hushed. 'The Court of St Peter's shall ring of this!' shouted that factious individual.

'Noble knights and brethren,' briefly replied the calm accents of the superior, 'I will vindicate the authority of my office at the cost of my life, if need be. My truncheon is that which was wielded by L'Isle Adam, and surely it has not waxed powerless. The sentence of the chapter is affirmed. Ere to-morrow's sun goes down, these four men shall expiate their crimes—would I could say their disgrace! Let no rebellious voice be heard. There is still a lock on the door of our Castle of St Elmo, and we hold the key which shoots its bolt deep into the impassable stone.' These stern words dissolved the chapter.

The speaker's purpose was no less stern. On the following day, when noon had passed, multitudes had flocked to the edge of the great port, crowding to the batteries, which, all round the many windings of the harbour, seemed to rise out of rocks that toppled sheer over the water. There was much commotion also amongst the numerous vessels of various forms and flags that were moored in the bay. All eyes were directed at last to a barge of dark hue and trailing ensign, which eight oars impelled over the sunny waves. It was rowed out towards

the open sea, and was watched with straining earnestness till it had vanished round the point of the peninsula, where the triple tier of guns, surmounting St Elmo, frowned over the deep.

But, a minute before, a muffled youth might have been seen, in haste that amounted almost to anguish, arriving on the Marina, and darting through the crowds of seamen and fishers, and finally springing into a light skiff, that was staided at the quay's edge by the hand of the veteran Cypriote Gregory. No word passed between them; but the latter, standing erect in the stern, and grasping an oar, sculled the little boat through the water with the fleetness of an arrow. In the general crowd and distraction, they passed along under the rocks unnoticed. The disguised individual, now impatiently taking the oar which the Cypriote was obliged to relinquish, caused the boat to glide forward with yet new swiftiness. They followed in the wake of the funeral barge. Presently the perspiration poured along every limb beneath the fierce sun that shone in the cloudless sky, but the sculler yet wielded the oar till the muscles of his bared arms had started like whipcord. The shouts, and sounds, and objects of the bay were now dying behind; another sweep, and they rounded the point, and flew out seaward. The spectators on the ramparts of the town were like pigmies in the far distance; but, near them, the rocky cliffs, lashed by the surf, grimly impended in their ancient solitude—far out to the horizon, the vast ocean was stretched, 'rolling evermore'—and there, at the distance of several paces, rising and swinging on the billows, was the fatal barge, black and ominous as the raven.

The oars that had impelled it were staid on the outer side of a low reef of rocks, where lapped the heavy ripple over 'the channelled waters dark and deep.' The light skiff that followed almost grazed the gunwale of the larger vessel, as, amidst half-muttered jokes or imprecations from the grim Maltese who executed the sentence of the chapter, three heavy bodies, effectually muffled in what was to prove their last shrouds, were lifted, and, one after another, sunk beneath the wave. The young muffled stranger in the skiff pushed yet nearer the spot—the sunshine on the undulating flood showed him the dark masses dwindling to specks far beneath the surface, and rolling to and fro at the will of the under currents. One rested for a while on a shelving patch of yellow sand, but the fascinated eye continued to fasten upon it till it glided, like the others, into the bottomless cavities of a sunless chasm. The youth leant over with intense gaze—his but now panting chest almost ceasing to heave, and his curved nostrils remaining distended like marble lines—as the fourth victim was raised over the edge of the boat, and glided with a splash into the wave. At the moment the boatmen had their attention distracted, partly by their own ribald jests, and partly by a sail which the Cypriote in the skiff adroitly pointed out on the horizon, when suddenly the companion of the latter, baring a dagger like a flash of light, severed the chief folds that held the body, ere it was yet beneath the surface. The light bark was then pushed quickly against its heavier neighbour.

'He takes a parting gaze at a brother,' said the Cypriote, pointing to his companion, as if in excuse of this rudeness, and the motionless attitude in which he now hung over the skiff's side, watching the body, some fathoms down, moving and disentangling itself from what might have been deadly folds. The Maltese shrugged their shoulders as they looked at the youth; and having now resumed their seats, under the direction of an officer of the grand-master's household, dipped their oars, and departed, to the measure of a wild Arabic chant.

For several minutes of agonising suspense, the skiff trembled over the spot where a human being was seen now desperately clutching and tearing the blinding mass of heavy integuments from his head and limbs, and seeming to rise somewhat through the translucent wave, but, ever and anon, with enfeebled strength, subsiding into darker shades. At length the youth, so frequently referred to, flinging from him his upper garments, dived

over the boat's edge. Next minute the Cypriote, who had been cheering him in ecstasy, dragged him with his dripping burden over the tiny planks. Straight as the winged shaft, the skiff now flew towards the shore. The rescued man was yet insensible; but, by the united efforts of the other two, he was borne up the shelving sides of the cliff, and towards the lonely ruins of a *casal*, where one hut, not yet roofless, offered shelter. Here the man they bore was laid down; and Gregory, casting off his own jacket and sash, wrapped them round his all but naked limbs. As the wet and tangled locks fell back from his bold swart features, the Cypriote declared they had not been deceived, for this was, indeed, the Chevalier de Lugni.

After a while, by dint of various dexterous applications on the part of Gregory, animation was so far restored that De Lugni raised himself to a sitting posture. He was for a time bewildered, but slowly recovered recollection. He gazed vaguely in the face of the loquacious Cypriote, and yet more vaguely at the masked stranger, who stood by motionless as a statue. At length, when he had regained something of his ordinary mien, he endeavoured, in addressing the latter, to assume that tone which, even in extremity, evinced the lofty superiority of a knight over the humble peasant or civilian, one of whom the young man appeared, from his plain costume, to be.

'Gregory,' said the latter, interrupting him, however, 'leave him the wine flask and the dried fruits. He is now in fit condition to be his own physician and guardian. Signor de Lugni,' he added, turning sternly round, and dropping his mask, 'you have been reserved, even in the jaws of a horrible death, for my day of reckoning with you. I am Nicolas, the nameless artist.'

The Cypriote was more diffuse in his farewell; but, having obeyed the instructions he had received, he followed the haughty steps of Nicolas, and, when they had reached the brink of the next terrace, they were both lost to the eye of the abashed and confounded inmate of the ruined cabin. It would be in vain to trace his first rueful thoughts as he sat musing in his extreme plight on that dismal hearth. Meantime, he did not neglect the viands by his side. The consequence of his potations was a long and deep sleep; after which, as he stretched his stiffened limbs and crept to the door of the hovel, he beheld a stealthy figure gliding cautiously amongst the ruins. He proved to be a trusty messenger, deputed with garments and other necessities by the Prior Maulever, to whom an anonymous intimation had been conveyed of the rescue and situation of his former accomplice. Through the same medium, he now entreated De Lugni to remain in strict concealment till he could find the means of facilitating his escape from the island.

Events now hurried on. Nicolas Niccoli was repaid by the grand-master with a gratitude which seemed to know no limits. His conspicuous talents had no less made a deep impression in his favour. His splendid picture of the Beheading of St John the Baptist was hung up in the church, dedicated to the patron of the order, amidst a burst of admiration. A portrait of Alof de Vignacourt, executed in the highest style of the old Italian school, added to his high reputation. The very light of his lustrous eyes seemed to kindle respect in whosoever they encountered. It thus came to pass, that no long interval had elapsed, before the boon, his inmost soul had from the beginning craved, was at length granted him; he was proffered the badge of a 'Chevalier de grace.' The four quarterings required by Italian candidates for this distinction were formally produced; and no scruple having been expressed as to their being entirely fictitious, he was declared duly eligible.

We do not mean to repeat the particulars of the inaugural ceremony; of these a full description will be found in Boisgelius' work on the 'Knights of Malta.' On the momentous day, it is enough to remark that the fitful swells of the thundering choir in the church of St John were equalled in intensity, if not in voice, by the tumultuous throbbings of the proud heart that beat beneath the crimson surcoat and blazoned white cross of the new chevalier.

The cup of wild exultation was at length full to overflowing, and he now prepared greedily to apply his lips to the draught.

By means of the Cypriote, the young knight had ascertained De Lugni was still lurking in the island. A felucca in the bay, however, he at last expected, would enable him to reach some port in Sicily. Nicolas, while, masked and cloaked, he had been walking in the Cottonera lines (where, in the crisis of a Turkish invasion, it had been the wont to pen the peasantry and cattle), had himself noted a disguised individual, whose gait he never for an instant mistook, being received at the water's edge by a boat, which took him off to the vessel referred to. Gregory added the information, that with the morning's tide this vessel would sail. In the meantime, it was brought close to the Marina, where, its cargo having been completed, it lay during the few intervening hours of night.

The drowsy skipper had just thrust his head above the level of the deck, and was surveying the brilliant east, where day was already coming up, when a skiff dashed alongside, and he was hailed in the voice of the Cypriote. Next moment, a man of noble mien, having his cloak wrapped close above the upper part of his person, stepped on board, and demanded abruptly to speak with the Chevalier de Lugni. It was in vain the old Triton pretended ignorance. The stranger uttered threats that made him quail; and he, without farther demur, indicated the narrow berth of the fugitive. De Lugni, roused by the intruder, sat up; when the latter, without preface, opened his cloak, and displayed the cross on his breast. 'De Lugni,' said he, 'I am at last thy equal. The chance you proffered me, in an hour of foul despite, is mine. Are you ready?'

When men are bent on deadly purposes, there are few difficulties of arrangement that ever present themselves. De Lugni, wan with recent privation, but yet smiling haughtily, rose in silence; and, having dressed, followed his implacable foe over the vessel's side. The skipper was required to delay for half-an-hour; in which space, if the knight re-appeared not, he might bend his sails. The Cypriote's vigorous arm quickly landed the two cavaliers on the Marina, where, leaving him, they sought by tortuous paths the road towards the Strada Stretta, the quarter of La Valletta where the knights generally resorted for the settlement of their personal disputes.

At that early hour they were unlikely to suffer interruption. They assumed their ground in mutual silence, De Lugni scornful and careless, and his opponent with darkly shooting eyes, as he conjured in his recollection the scene in the antechamber of the Vatican. Both laid aside their cloaks, and unsheathed their blades. The glance they bestowed on each other showed that indeed their strife would be deadly. With foot and eye keenly planted, the weapons were crossed—the clash of the steel acted like the spur on a fiery steed, and all the heat and fury of a desperate struggle ensued. The match appeared long equal—the combatants equally panted, with flushed brows, and hueless lips; on both sides blood had stained the bright gleam of the weapons; and, on both, the combat was yet maintained with the same dexterity, and the same unquenched gloating purpose. At length the superior fortune, or skill, or both, of Nicolas prevailed—his antagonist, in recovering from a slip of the foot, was forced to his knee, and his weapon driven from his grasp.

'Yield—kiss these stones beneath my feet—or'—exclaimed Nicolas, almost inarticulately, flourishing his blade. The other crouched for an instant, like a leopard for the spring; then, baring his poniard in reply, darted at his opponent's throat, but the latter, adroitly leaping back a pace, caught him on his sword in full career; the weapon entered above the gorget, and struck so home, that the hilt rattled hollow on the mail of the unfortunate man, as, throwing out his arms with a wild glare, he fell forward lifeless. When Nicolas had disengaged his weapon, he beheld, as the swarthy face was turned to the glow of sunrise, that already had the death dews settled on the haughty brow, the lines were rigid, and the eyeballs glazed

and senseless. His revenge, dearly cherished, was at length accomplished; but, as he stood there over his victim, haggard and breathless, and his sword dripping gore in the dust, the draught that had seemed in anticipation so pleasant to the eye, he found to be already ashes in the mouth.

His ear was, at this moment, arrested by a familiar voice, and the hand of Sir Guy de Chabrilion was laid on his shoulder. 'What, is it thus thou sanctifiest the hour of matin-chime?' he exclaimed. 'Why, what carrion is this?' he added, touching the lifeless body with his foot. 'By my halidome, if this be not De Lugni! *Ast De Lugni aut Diabolus!* Speak, Sir Nicolas—do I rede aright?'

The young knight gazed vacantly at the speaker; but, mustering up his faculties, as he passed his hand across his brow, where the sweat hung in drops, he proceeded to give Sir Guy some of the information he desired. He wiped his sword on the dead man's surcoat, ere returning it to the scabbard; and, with a strange laugh, now at length exulted in the complete fulfilment of a dearly nurtured vow. Sir Guy, astounded and but half comprehending the story, took, however, the prompt precaution of dragging the body into a neighbouring yard, where, for the present, it would be concealed. 'This is no time, brother,' he said, 'for bad blood to be stirred. Hast thou heard that a Roman galley is in the port, bearing peremptory orders from his holiness himself, that our Lord Alof should repair instantly to the papal footstool, to answer to certain charges: and by my badge, but they are such charges as might involve a prettier man's head! But to hear is to obey. Ere noon we embark. Our noble superior has no longer the iron front that made the Moorish hounds quail; but he goes forth on the voyage, with the brow and step of a martyr. Let us begone hence—these dark gouts will tell tales else.'

Nicolas followed him from the street with exhausted steps. When they reached the palace, the bustle of preparation for the grand-master's departure was going forward. The new excitement stirred the blood of the young chevalier afresh, though his cheek was sunken, and the fire of his eye brighter than its natural gleam. Gratitude and affection alike attached him to the noble Alof, and he made one of that devoted band which followed him on board the Roman galleys, amidst a gloomy and foreboding silence from city and bay. Noon witnessed the little fleet, with distended sails, and hulls down in the horizon. As the day yet farther declined, Gregory the Cypriote walked moodily along the ramparts, which, with the city, were already bearing witness to the license and disorder of that section of the knights whom the departure of the grand-master left triumphant. He had reached a solitary corner, and stood gazing at a speck on the horizon, when a step glided noiselessly to his side, and an assassin's knife were suddenly sheathed in his heart. The body was whirled, in the next instant, over the rampart into the waves that seethed round the base of the cliff far below. A face was raised, a quiet smile upon it, above another angle, and stretched over to witness the descent. It was the countenance of Prior Maulere.

Several days afterwards, the papal fleet dropped anchor in 'the yellow Tiber.' With the least possible delay thereafter, the grand-master and his train of knighthood reached the scene at once of empire and decay, the Roman city, and were suitably lodged in one of the old baronial palaces. On that same evening, Sir Nicolas, in his knightly panoply, mounted a gallant horse, and departed for the ancient mansion on the river's banks, which was enshrined in his memory, in association with hours of sacred bliss and aspirations. The moon was flooding the sweeping waters in silver glory, as he spurred along their darkly-wooded side. His fancy was burning with pictures of the joy and surprise that would greet his arrival—his dear venerable master—and oh! the queenly Clementina, in all the pride of her stainless beauty—when suddenly, as if shot through the heart, he reeled in the saddle and fell on the horse's mane. Presently he regained his powers, and, raising himself upright, checked

the animal in his career, reduced him to a motionless attitude beneath the broad shadow of a sycamore, and here sat, still and rigid, for a long space, as if suddenly converted to stone.

That space was a fearful interval of retributive agony. For the first time, as, with high and glowing ecstasy, he dreamed of kneeling at the feet of the peerless Clementina, and offering her the suit of no nameless vagrant, but of a gallant knight, the ice-cold recollection that the rite which in a moment of delirium had made him so, had also added a priestly character, which precluded for ever the realisation of such a dream. His heart's beat and only love had gone in the sacrifice made to revenge, though, in his blindness, he had never before noted the vanishing of the treasure. It was this piercing thought that had made him so suddenly totter in his stirrups, and now penetrated every fibre of his frame with an iron rigidity. He beheld at once the prospect of the beauty of a life converted into a howling waste. He knew, too, the breath that blew upon it with such scorching power. It seemed written before him, that he had bartered his soul that he might embrace a hideous phantom.

Slowly, and with a countenance ashy pale, he issued from the shadow of the tree. He rode on, his head drooping on his breast. A short interval conducted him in front of the old mansion of Nicolas di Poggio, but the tramp of his horse's hoofs was the only sound in the solitude that invested the lofty edifice. No lights gleamed from its windows, and the moon, shining on the grim walls, showed, by the broken doors and sashes, that the hand of ruin and pillage had been there recently. Sir Nicolas fastened his steed at the gate, and, entering the spacious hall, strode along the dim and echoing corridors. The gaunt sound of his footsteps, and his shadow on the streaming moonlight, wherever he crossed it, were all of life that was there. He seemed to have gained the habitation of desolation. He ventured to the sacred bower, that he well remembered having been the cynosure of light and beauty; but unhallowed steps had been there already—it was cold and wasted. The fragment of a snowy veil had escaped; and, as he snatched it up, a stone sparkled in its folds, and he recognised the ruby that had once been fastened beneath the owner's swan-like throat. His white lips pressed it, and he placed it near his heart.

When he had mounted again, and his horse was pacing slowly forth, he scarcely knew whither, he by chance discerned a spot of flickering light in the mass of dark foliage, at the end of the mansion; and, following its beacon, he entered on a ruined avenue, which brought him to a woodland cabin. The sole inmate was an old imbecile woman, in the last stage of years and poverty, who was cooking her miserable meal on the hearth. The glow of the fire-brands on the knightly equipments of the visiter, who now tried to rouse her attention, seemed to dazzle her eyes and bewilder her faculties alike. Yet Sir Nicolas recognised her as an old dependant of the family of Di Poggio, and would not depart till he had learned something coherent. What he did learn was a new adder placed in his bosom. Dark and mysterious men had visited the place at midnight some weeks ago, and, while the domestics had been allowed to escape, the venerable Nicolas di Poggio and his daughter had been dragged away, no one knew whither. The old woman chimed over some reproach, uttered by the former to the leader or rather director of the band, and which seemed to cling to her wandering fancy. In the few words of this reproach was included a name, at which the knight yet shuddered—it was Bonaccursi; and the truth in a full blaze burst at once upon him: Clementina was the inmate, with her father, of the dungeons of the Inquisition.

He flung himself into the saddle once more, and, in maddened haste, thundered along the river's banks, waking all the echoes, 'in lash for lash, and bound for bound.' When he reached the street in which the white cross knights had been lodged, he found, by the glaring wave of torches, a crowd assembled in the extremity of confusion. Dismay was imprinted on many of the countenances. As

he paused, he beheld, making his way through the dense mob, a bold knight, mounted on horseback, wearing the crimson mantle and the glittering cross of St John, but his head uncovered. He forced a passage—now the object of an applauding shout, now of foul insolence. In his stern, unquailing front, Sir Guy de Chabrilhon might have been recognised.

'What means this?' cried Sir Nicolas, riding up, as the other finally extricated himself.

'What means it?' burst forth Sir Guy; 'why, treachery, blacker than—than—than the heart of your holy inquisitor. Our noble and reverend father Alof has been ignominiously commanded to the Vatican, where the lowest minion will, I doubt not, insult him with impunity—we have been ejected from our quarters by a rabble—and, for aught I know, to-morrow's sun may witness the edict issued that shall suppress our order. Gargalla and Bonaccursi are our accusers, and if they dared to touch the white cross, the Inquisition's depths would gape for many of us. As it is, brother, you are marked; you are denounced as illegitimately admitted to wear our badge. The story of De Lugni's end in the Strada Stretta is already abroad; there are hounds on your track—and, if you fly not instantly, an hour hence may witness you fathoms under ground.'

'I defy all the world,' answered Sir Nicolas, with resolute despair. 'From Rome I stir not, till I have intelligence of my beloved master.'

'Ha! I am reminded,' said Chabrilhon, suddenly, and producing a slip of paper; 'Bonaccursi, with fiendish ingenuity, will tell you, as he has told me, that the limbs of Nicolas di Poggio are shrinking within fetterlocks of the heaviest; nevertheless he had power to scrawl you this: take it. And again I say, put twenty miles between you and the Seven Hills before dawn. I go to stand by my superior. Away! To linger here were madness.'

With a hasty farewell, Sir Guy, receiving a basenet from one of his scanty train, pushed forward at a headlong pace. Nicolas stood for a moment bewildered; but, as wild shouts of enmity against the white cross rung in his ear, he saw the necessity of an instant retreat. He found himself encompassed by a ferocious crowd, fifty torches flaring on the broad badge on his breast, and himself the object of vociferous execrations. Unsheathing his sword, and touching his foam-covered steed, he cleared a lane through the awestruck rabble, passed the city's gates in safety, and quickly found himself checking his panting horse, far on the road to the Neapolitan frontier.

He abandoned the main road, and, by devious ways, pursued a direction through the mountainous region that was almost pathless. The moonlight, however, guided him. In a wooded hollow, where the jingling of a brook was heard, as it glittered here and there through the branches, he tied his horse at last; and, sitting down on the ground, his back to a tree, like a knight-errant of older times, he prepared to pass the night. Every reader of ordinary imagination will guess the nature of his abstracted thoughts. Days of an humble and peaceful artist-life on the banks of the Tiber passed anew before him. The beauteous form that had then flitted to and fro at his side, he beheld again in every scene. His awakened thoughts now ran over a thousand incidents (unnoted at the time), in an aspect which opened up to him a whole volume of light into the heart, not of himself only, but of Clementina. Trivial acts and words on her part now assumed an importance that connected them with his destiny. Alas! had the flower budded for him—had the bloom in the carnation indeed caught its tints that it might only prove to him a treasure of the higher value? Yet he had, in the hasty step a vengeful passion had dictated, crushed the tender flower with thoughtless cruelty beneath his heel. It is no wonder, when he reflected on the exchange he had made—an exchange that was irreversible—not only on what he had lost, but on the infatuated perversity which had incurred the loss, that he felt in his bosom the thousand vipers of remorse. Another

pang was added in the reflection that, in all probability, his having crossed the blighting path of Bonaccursi had been the prime cause of that persecution which had involved his patron and Clementina in ruin, and sufferings, to whose horrors the very name of the Inquisition was a fearful key.

Racked, yet motionless, he sat till day was breaking, when at last he unfolded the scrap of paper he had all this while held crumpled in his palm. The characters were traced in a feeble hand, but it was the hand of his patron. The purport was brief, but it added the coping stone to that burden which already high weighed to the earth the spirit of the once proud aspirant. It reproached him, in stern terms, with apostacy from the pure tenets he had once avowed. It spoke in horror of the man who had imbrued his hand in the life-blood of the son of the only sister of one who had been his best friend, when he had few besides. Nevertheless the old man prayed for him. His daughter, he said, was at peace; he himself was waiting for his recal to the same bosom of repose.

As the miserable youth read, he groaned aloud, and pressed his hands on his temples. The whole truth was before him. The broken-hearted Clementina had gone like the sunbeam, which, hardly touching the cold gross earth, shrinks away again to its native heaven. The old and childless man, in extremity, exhibiting the righteous indignation of a noble spirit, yet sat still in a calm faith, enduring steadfastly to the end.

From that morning the life of the artist-knight was one of restless and unhappy change. He was shortly called on to mourn for the noble De Vignacourt, whose proud spirit, insulted grossly by the papal court, sunk under his former indisposition, hastened by the disgrace. All other ties of affection or interest that attached him to men, Sir Nicolas beheld snapped in like manner. It is to be feared, in his solitary, aimless wanderings, and the subsequently irregular but yet powerful conceptions he embodied through his pencil, there could never be traced the chastened composure that breathes of the fires of repentance passed through, and the peace obtained beyond. But reflection could not but mark strongly, in his own experience, the baneful effects of one passion being allowed to engross the soul. If but one seed of evil lie in the folds of that passion, though, at first, it may seem prompted and sustained by some worthy principle of the heart, and, in its absorbing influence, duties, and relationships in the world, of a far different significance and destiny, may be neglected and trampled on, while yet it may keep the foot that so profanes unconscious of its sin, the end will be a debasement of the spirit to its centre, and, in every attainment thus sought, a disappointment, when won, that will re-act with tenfold bitterness on the previous anticipation.

#### THE SEXES OF MOSSES.

THE doctrine of the sexes of plants is one which embraces many facts of great interest and importance, and upon a knowledge of which many of the operations of the cultivator depend. It was evidently known to some extent at a very ancient date, as shown by the practice which obtained among the Egyptians, of carrying the sterile or male flowers of the Date Palm to those showing signs of fertility, in order that perfect fruit might be produced. It remained, however, for the sagacious Linnaeus to expound this doctrine in a philosophical and clear manner, and to establish for it that importance in science to which it is justly entitled. It is now pretty well understood in its application to the various tribes of *flowering* plants; but in the more obscure *cryptogamic* or flowerless plants there are yet many difficulties to meet. It is well known to botanists, however, that a considerable number of the numerous order of *Mosses* are *diacious*, some of the individuals producing only male or sterile flowers, while the others produce female or fruit-bearing flowers, the presence of both being required for the production of perfect seeds. In relation to this subject, Mr Spruce, in the 'Transactions of the Botanical



Society' (Edinburgh, 1849), mentions a very curious and interesting fact concerning an elegant moss called *Fissidens grandifrons*. This is stated to be the characteristic moss of the Pyrenees, and is of the same family with one which may be widely known to our readers as the Mungo Park Moss, the little gem which so inspired the weary and forlorn traveller, when, friendless and alone, he was sinking to despair in the African desert. The Pyrenean plant is more handsome in appearance, and of much more luxuriant growth, than its congener of the African desert; but it is very remarkable that its fruit has never yet been found; even its flowers were unknown when it was figured in the 'Bryologia Europæa.' It was only a few years ago that Mr Sullivan discovered female plants at the Falls of Niagara, and specimens of these were published by him in 1846, in the 'Musci Alleghanienses' (No. 186). In January, 1846, Mr Spruce states that he and M. Philippe found a single tuft of male plants on a dripping limestone rock near Bagneres. 'These,' says he, 'are all the flowers that have ever been found, and it will be a remarkable circumstance if it be ascertained (as this would seem to show) that only the male plant exists in Europe, and only the female in America! The obvious conclusion would be, that the plant never had fruited, and without artificial aid never would fruit. It has, however, ample means of maintaining and spreading itself without the aid of seeds.' This is a very remarkable fact, and a wonderful illustration of the sexual character of Mosses. Similar facts are, however, on record, although none, we believe, so striking as this. M. Schimper mentions some interesting observations in point. From a translation of his notes in the 'Botanical Gazette,' we find that, from extensive researches in almost all parts of Europe, and from the examination of specimens from the rest of the world, he has satisfied himself of the fact, that those Mosses having both sexes combined on the same plant, always produce capsules, while the others are frequently without them. This is stated to be especially the case when the male plants do not occur in the neighbourhood of the female. Thus, though he has most carefully sought for them, he has never met with fruit-bearing specimens of *Hypnum abietinum* in the valley of the Rhine or the neighbouring mountain-chains, although this species is there one of the commonest, and constantly possesses female flowers. In a walk near Christiansa, he met with a large tuft of male flowers of this species, and his conviction, that so soon as he should find female flowers he would also obtain fruit, was most agreeably confirmed. He examined a thousand other tufts of this moss from Christiansa to Drontheim, where it clothes all the roofs, but he did not meet with a single other capsule, because these tufts contained only female flowers. Only between Upsala and Stockholm, on the shores of the Lake of Mälär, did he again meet with the two sexes together, and at the same time with fruit. *Hypnum rugosum* has been met with only once in Europe, on a roof in Norway, where male plants occur. Many additional observations of interest, but of too technical a character for the general reader, are given by M. Schimper in corroboration of the above.

#### ROMANCE AND REALITY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT and his multitudinous imitators have done much, assuredly, to pervert our views of the state of society in the feudal times. Not that we would charge such parties, and above all our great countryman, with a serious misdemeanour in the case, seeing that compensation so ample has been made by the beautiful stories given to us, and that grave history is still open to our consultation as before, when reference thereto may be deemed necessary. All that we would say is, that those who have gloated with delight (as who has not?) over the chivalrous pictures of the Waverley romances would do well to turn to the sterner records of real history, if it be requisite that true impressions should be formed and entertained respecting the condition and manners of mankind in bygone ages. Sir Walter Scott did not absolutely paint

these falsely. He used merely the privilege of selecting such points of view as could alone have rendered his works acceptable or indeed intelligible in modern days. He saw in time the necessity of such a course. The error into which Mr Strutt had fallen, in the romance of 'Queenho Hall,' struck him forcibly; and he has observed, that, 'by rendering his language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge too liberally,' the ingenious author in question (who preceded Scott in the walk of chivalrous romance) had marred his own chances of success. Sir Walter avoided this rock, keeping ever both incidents and language within the pale of modern interest and comprehension, and introducing only such characteristic antique touches as were absolutely necessary to mark the times depicted. Hence are his tales as universally as they must be lastingly attractive. But if the great novelist portrayed not positive untruths, only too many truths were left by him unportrayed. If feudal life did really so far wear such aspects as he has selected for presentation, what a multitude of others are required to give a complete idea of the veritable whole! To be enlightened rightly on this head, we must turn to other and graver sources of information; and as we fancy the subject to be one which may interest many readers, we purpose to make some comments on a genuine and indubitably faithful delineation of the feudal style of living, as offered to us in the 'Household Book' of one of the Percies of Northumberland. The original MS. was a folio, bearing to be commenced in 1512, and entitled 'The Regulations and Establishments of Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland.'

This nobleman flourished in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and was exceeded in power and opulence by no English subject of his time. He was sufficiently magnificent in his personal tastes; and Hall's 'Chronicle' speaks of him as appearing at the marriage of Margaret Tudor and James IV. in 'a coat of goldsmith's work, garnished with pearls and stones.' He was attended by numerous 'henchmen' in costly apparel, and four hundred riders 'apparelled in his collars,' being seemingly esquires. He had even a regular herald, named Northumberland; and, in all, he lived and looked 'more like a prince than a subject.' Such was the personage whose establishments in Yorkshire, at the three seats or castles of Wryssel, Leckenfield, and Topcliffe, have been creditably depicted to us, and we may be assured that no baronial family in the kingdom lived in a nobler style. Perhaps it should rather be assumed that no housekeeping equalled that of the Percies, saving the sovereign's alone. The great house of the Percies could at any time raise armies of followers strong enough to seat and unseat kings; and the English throne was scarcely ever so imperilled by a subject as when Harry Hotspur encountered Bolingbroke at the famous fight of Shrewsbury. Shakspeare makes Warwick, the 'Last of the Barons,' as he is named by Hume and Bulwer, describe finely, as he lies expiring, the proud position of a nobleman like Northumberland:

'I now must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lions slept,  
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
Lo! now my glory smears'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even here forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must!'

In his Yorkshire castle, at the close of the fifteenth century, dwelt the Earl of Northumberland whose house-keeping is now to be noticed. He seemingly did not at this period occupy or own the old Percy castle of Alnwick, before and since the chief residence of the family, and now presenting a vast pile of buildings of different ages. The growing quietude of England under Henry VII., with that monarch's policy in breaking up the system of entails, and so practically lessening the privileges of primogeniture,



had already diminished considerably the following of individual nobles; but yet, in the castle of the Earl of Northumberland, was maintained a household of one hundred and sixty-six persons, which, with fifty-seven visitors or strangers (the average number reckoned upon every day) made up a whole of two hundred and twenty-three individuals, to be fed within the walls. Twopence-halfpenny is supposed to be the daily expense of each for meat, drink, and firing—an expense amounting in value to about threepence or fourpence of our money. But, before we marvel at this small outlay, we must take into account that provisions could be bought nearly four times cheaper, even had the earl required to buy them all in the common markets, which is not to be supposed. The groat of outlay would thus become equivalent to fourteen or fifteen pence of our currency—still no great sum, though expended chiefly on food and drink. To these items two-thirds of the whole were devoted. But, a clearer view may be formed of the Percy housekeeping outlay by looking at the total average amount annually. The earl allotted for his annual expenses £1118:17:8d., and of this £796:11:2d. were absorbed by mere necessities, meat, liquor, and firing. For the same purposes, an immensely smaller proportion of the expenditure now serves in great households—that is, unless we consider certain costly luxuries as necessities of life.

The flesh-meat used at the Percy castle was under very systematic orderment. One hundred and nine fat beesves (oxen or stirks) are to be bought, says the 'Household Book,' at All-Hallow Tide, at thirteen shillings and fourpence a-piece, and at the term of St Helen's twenty-four lean beesves are to be bought and placed in the pastures to fatten. The latter are to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas, being taken out and killed as required. During that interval only, therefore, the family obtain a slight taste of fresh beef, the fatted beesves bought at All-Hallow season being all salted. The vaunted 'roast beef of Old England' thus stands out as not very familiar to antiquity. As far as the salted beef could be made palatable and healthy, however, it was made so by at least one condiment, one hundred and sixty gallons of mustard being allowed for use per annum. As regards other kinds of flesh-meat, we find six hundred and forty-seven sheep, at twentypence a-piece, allotted for consumption, and they seem to have been all salted, also, except betwixt Lammas and Michaelmas. Owing possibly to Norman prejudices, the grand dish of the Saxons, pork, appears to have been no favourite in the Northumberland household. Only twenty-five hogs are allowed, the price for each being two shillings, and pigs are irregularly purchased, at about a groat each; calves and lambs are also sparingly provided, twenty eight of the former, and forty of the latter, constituting the yearly consumption; and only at my lord's table, and at that of the upper retainers, called the knights' table, do such delicacies appear to have been presented. In short, as regards the solid meals of the two hundred and twenty-three mouths at the tables of the earl, the staple commodity was obviously salted meat through the whole year round. This fact is a sad damper to our fine fancies respecting the fresh and smoking haunches and the goodly sirloins which song and story would have us believe to have been once the familiar food of even our outlawed robbers 'under the greenwood-tree.'

Beesves, sheep, hogs, lambs, and calves, however, formed not the whole of the animal food in use at Alnwick. Capons (says the book) are to be bought at twopence each, chickens at a halfpenny, geese at three or fourpence, hens at twopence, plovers at a penny or a penny halfpenny, woodcocks at the same price, partridges at twopence, and pheasants and peacocks at a shilling respectively. Here we see that foreign articles had a special value (as being foreign) of old as well as now; and we may also note that woodcocks were prized below partridges. But, if we at first sight imagine that fowls and game generally would keep up the stock of fresh food, some hints in the family-book soon undeceive us. 'No

capons,' for example, 'are to be bought but only for my lord's own mess,' the 'master chamberlain and stewards' being merely allowed a portion 'if there be strangers sitting with them' (at the knights' or upper servants' table). Again, such dainties as plovers are to be served to none but my lord, and to him only at Christmas and on great feast days.

Still we have fish to fall back upon; but the supply at Percy's castle would appear to have been scanty, and chiefly salted. For instance, on the breakfast table even of the Earl and Countess, on Fridays and during Lent, the piscine display consisted of 'two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats.' Boiled oynes of beef or mutton were presented on the same board on flesh days. Stockfish and salmon are also noticed, the first employed in a salted state, doubtless, and the salmon very probably cured or kippered likewise, as well as of irregular supply.

The bread allowed for the daily consumpt of the family is not very clearly stated, either in respect to amount, kind, or quality. It merely appears that somewhat above a quarter of wheat, estimated at the monetary value of five shillings and eightpence, constituted the allowance for every month throughout the year. Other and coarser kinds of bread there may have been, but the circumstance is not recorded; and the supply of wheat seems so inefficient, on the whole, that one is reminded of Falstaff's tavern-bill, which, after 'an intolerable deal of sack,' not forgetting capons, sauce, and anchovies, concludes with the item, 'bread, a halfpenny.' Substituting salt for sack, the cases are not very dissimilar. Bread would have been greatly needed in the Northumberland family, it is plain, to ward off scurries and cutaneous diseases generally; and the more particularly as we hear very little of the employment of fresh garden vegetables.

The reader has now before him a pretty full account of the solid eating of a great baronial household of the fifteenth century or beginning of the sixteenth. Altogether the diet must have been very unhealthy, and most incommensurate, we repeat, with the swelling notions usually entertained of the roast beef feeds of Old England. Nor, while almost certainly cooked in a comparatively slovenly style, was even the food in use furnished in that generous abundance which we are also wont to ascribe to feudal housekeeping. In the Percy family, at all events, the distribution of the daily provisions was managed with an exactitude bordering on the extreme of rigidity. The number of pieces to be cut out of every quarter of beef, mutton, pork, veal, and even the salted fish, was regulated systematically, and entered into account-books, by clerks appointed for the purpose, these clerks being responsible for all errors detected on revision by the upper stewards or lord of the mansion. Beyond question, such accuracy was to a certain extent indispensable. Above all, before we very seriously arraign the Percy household for either a bad or a stinted dietary, the circumstances of the times should be taken duly into consideration. The market-value of this and that species of animals and fowls has been stated, but it must be recollected that to a great proprietor these animals and fowls came often in the shape of *kain* or rent, his farmers being able to pay but a limited proportion in the coin of the realm. Such supplies, too, would come in heaps at once, either when the animals were in season for killing, or when rents were generally due. Here we find one principal reason for killing and salting in large quantities at a time. But a still better one existed. My Lord Northumberland could not tell, in those changeable days, when or how long his castle might be called on to stand a siege. No kinds of domestic animals, accordingly, could be safe out of doors, under night, or even habitually during the day. They could only be useful, and might become absolutely indispensable, when safely salted and barrelled within the castle-walls. Stern necessity, we thus find, dictated the use of a diet not very healthy for the human being. We are so much better off now, in a multitude of respects, that it would be creditable to our good sense to cease the cuckoo-ory of 'the good old

times,' and thank Providence sincerely for the immeasurable superiority of our own.

It is to be feared that our long cherished fancies respecting the 'jolly good ale and old' of our sires, and their ambrosial 'potations of sack'—'things that, but to bear them named, have made our mouths to water'—will but in part bear the test of close scrutiny. Two hundred and fifty quarters of malt, at four shillings a quarter, form the allowance, according to the Northumberland book, for the stock of beer of the family. Two hogsheads are to be made of every quarter, at which rate a bottle and a third of beer would constitute the daily share of each person. The liquor thus made could not be very strong, though, as we may count on some members of the household, the women more particularly, as being moderate in their cups, it is just possible to conceive of a serving-man getting top-heavy now and then on this beer alone. It could not be strong, as observed; and, when we think of the very great care required for trained and expert brewers to produce a good ale now-a-days, as well as of the failures to which they are often liable, it would be very difficult to persuade us that the beer of old could generally or even frequently be fine, when it was wholly manufactured by butlers and brewster-wives. An 'extra handful of malt' being the most improving receipt known to them, it seems to us likely, that their grand object would ever be to ensure rude, raw, strength rather than to make the liquor really wholesome and palatable. In short, the 'jolly good ale, and old' of our ancestors is too probably another of our illusions. The amber-hued productions of a Dryburgh, a Younger, or a Dick, would, we suspect, equal in mere strength the very best ales of other days, while far excelling them in fineness, flavour, and all other desirable qualities. Indubitably, the convents of old beat the castles hollow in regard to the manufacture of ales; and of this fact the ale of Burton-on-Trent, first made famous by Saxon priests, furnishes an enduring testimony.

Wine was used rather liberally in the household of the Earl of Northumberland. Ten tons and two hogsheads of Gascony wine, of value four pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence per ton, formed the import and allowance for one year. This wine was of a light description; but if, as is probable, the consumption was mainly confined to the noble Percy and his kindred, with their superior guests, and the visitors at the knights' table, certainly the materials for jollification could not be wanting through the twelvemonth. The light and unconcentrated character of the wines of those times, however, must always be taken into account, before we envy our predecessors their brimming cups, stoups, bowls, and flagons, to the disparagement of our own moderate glasses-full. The truth very obviously is, that to the improvement which has taken place in our own wines—to their increase in strength and every other good quality—the curtailment of our bumpers is properly to be ascribed. This opinion may be controverted; but, seeing that almost every other manufacture under the sun has undeniably sustained changes for the better, how can we doubt that the wine manufacture has undergone similar improvements? Sherry that has circumnavigated the globe for its finement, must be a very different article, indeed, from the sherry-sack which Sir John Falstaff drank in cups-full, and which, as we learn, had often to be cured of its sourness by earths and alkalis. 'You rogue, here lime in this sack, too!' There is among us, in brief, a hallucination about the wines, as foolish as that about the roast beef of bygone times.

The household book of the Earl of Northumberland gives a wretched idea of the domestic cleanliness of people in that age. In the one point of household and table linen, only seventy ells, though valued but at eightpence an ell, are allowed for the use of this great family. No sheets were employed; and, out of the stock of linen, eight tablecloths were made for my lord's table and one for that of the knights. Still more scanty than the outlay for linen was the item of outlay for washing, only forty shillings being devoted to that object during the whole year! In our days, when for the person and for the house, in bed-

chamber and in kitchen, so much of health and comfort rest upon plentiful washings and supplies of clean linen, the point in the Percy economy has the worst look of all, as it calls up painful thoughts of dirt inch deep, as well as of bugs *et hoc genus omne*, in dread array, and thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. Besides, linen would be ten times more necessary in those days, if it were but because men ate with their bare fingers, not having attained to the luxury of forks, and even chopsticks being unknown. Think, too, of the one tablecloth of the knights, and their allowances of gallons of mustard! When we find a wealthy and well-regulated household in this condition, what must have been the state of the homes of the poor? The very thought is appalling. Away, then, with the senseless notions respecting the superior condition and comforts of the English nation in the age of the Plantagenets and Tudors! Our hospitals, our very workhouses, are rich in appurtenances for personal cleanliness, in comparison with the castles of the Percies. History, no doubt, speaks, and truly, of rich robes and fine feasts, but they were only show-affairs found occurring always among the great exclusively, and were by them obtained, it is to be feared, at the cost of depriving the masses almost of mere necessities.

The family of Lord Northumberland kept good hours. They rose at six, dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon. It is obvious that their supper was equivalent to our dinner, and must have been similarly looked on as the chief sedentary meal of the day. The castle gates were regularly shut at nine P.M., and all passage debarred—a precaution indispensable at the period. Few candles were used, as one might anticipate, ninety-one doses serving through the entire year. With respect to fires, twenty-four were allowed, exclusive of the large common fires of kitchen and hall; and a peck of coals was expected to supply most of these daily. Eighty chalders of coals, at four shillings and twopence each, and sixty-four loads of great wood, at twelpence per load, constituted the annual amount of fuel used; but no fires, save the indispensable ones, and one or two in the rooms of the noble heads of the family, were permitted after Lady-day (25th March). As there is often sharp weather after this date in the north of England, the allowance of firing must be held as 'scrimpit' enough; and as mass was ordered to be said every morning at six o'clock, purposely (as the book states) to rouse the household, we can imagine many a servitor leaving his truckle-bed with reluctance, and creeping to chapel very blue in the nose. On the point of fires, it may only be added that grates were a refinement at this time unknown.

All of interest that remains to be said respecting the economy of the Northumberland family in the fifteenth century, is included in the following compendium from the household book. It gives an idea of the noble Percy's arrangements and movements out of doors. 'My lord keeps only twenty-seven horses in his stable at his own charge; his upper servants have allowance for maintaining their own horses. These horses are—six gentle horses, as they are called, at hay and hard meat throughout the whole year, four palfreys, three hobbies and nags, three sumpter horses, six horses for those servants to whom my lord furnishes a horse, two sumpter horses more, and three mill horses, two for carrying the corn and one for grinding it; whence we may infer that mills, either water or wind-mills, were then unknown, at least very rare; besides these, there are seven great trotting horses for the chariot or waggon. He allows a peck of oats a day, besides loaves made of beans, for his principal horses; the oats at twelpence, the beans at two shillings a quarter. The load of hay is at two shillings and eightpence. When my lord is on a journey, he carries thirty-six horsemen along with him, together with bed and other accommodation. The inns, it seems, could afford nothing tolerable. My lord passes the year in three country seats, all in Yorkshire—Wrysel, Leckenfield, and Topolyffe; but he has furniture only for one. He carries everything along with him—beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils—all which we may conclude were so coarse that they could not be spoilt by the

riage. Yet seventeen carts and one waggon suffice for a whole. One cart suffices for all his kitchen utensils, oaks' beds, &c. One remarkable circumstance is, that he has eleven priests in his house, besides seventeen persons, chanters, musicians, &c., belonging to his chapel; but he has only two cooks for a family of two hundred and twenty-three persons. Their meals were certainly dressed in the slovenly manner of a ship's company. It is amusing to observe the pompous and even royal style assumed by this Tartar chief; he does not give any orders, though only for the right making of mustard, but it is introduced with this preamble, *It seemeth good to us and our council.*

One word more, and we have done. The common servants of Lord Northumberland seem to have habitually sought their own clothes from their own wages; and it would appear, therefore, from this and other circumstances, that they did not wear a uniform livery. That custom, we imagine, was long confined to the semi-military members of the upper servants' table, the knights and quires of the Percy, and probably consisted originally in their bearing his colours above their armour or buff coats. War, and not peace, certainly suggested all family insignia in old times.

We have now glanced over the chief features of the economy of a great and wealthy baronial establishment of the fifteenth century; and we humbly hope that the issue has been, or will be, to make the reader thankful, on reflection, for the comfort of the days in which his lot has been cast. Let not the smoking haunches, the flowing bowls, the velvet robes, and the golden chains, dwelt on in the seductive pages of our modern romances of chivalry, dazzle his better understanding, or blind him to the immensely superior position which he really holds, mentally and physically, in comparison with the men of other days. Even in respect of the precious metals, many a decent modern tradesman owns more than the Percy of the preceding notice. The household book, for example, mentions no plate; it only speaks of the *hiring of pewter vessels*! Let us moderns, we repeat, enjoy our mercies, and be thankful.

### THE TEA-PLANT.

HID behind the monster wall that screens in the land of the Celestials from the prying eye of the 'barbarian,' the Tea-plant, in common with many things peculiar to those regions, remained long unknown to Europeans, and the snatches of information brought home by early travellers concerning it, were, in too many cases, of that questionable and contradictory kind, so characteristic, even in the present day, of the writings of those who travel in Eastern lands. Tea has now become a general article of domestic consumption in every household of our country having any pretension to social comfort, as well as in that of every other civilised nation, and, indeed, the *tea-table* has no mean influence in refining the manners and promoting the social intercourse of a people. Important, however, as this universal beverage has become as an essential requisite to the social and physical comfort of all classes and conditions of civilised society, yet our knowledge of the plant from which it is produced is still very imperfect; and this, notwithstanding the fact that we have had tea-plants growing in our hothouses since the year 1768. Speaking of the introduction of the plant to this country, Hooker says—'It was not till after tea had been used as a beverage for upwards of a century in England, that the shrub which produces it was brought alive to this country. More than one botanist had embarked for the voyage to China—till lately a protracted and formidable undertaking—mainly in the hope of introducing a growing tea-tree to our greenhouses. No passage across the desert, no Waghorn-facilities, no steam-ship assisted the traveller in those days. The distance to and from China, with the necessary time spent in that country, generally consumed nearly three years! Once had the tea-tree been procured by Osbeck, a pupil of Linnaeus, in spite of the jealous care with which the Chinese forbade its exportation; and when

near the coast of England, a storm ensued, which destroyed the precious shrubs. Then the plan of obtaining berries was adopted, and frustrated by the heat of the tropics, which spoiled the oily seeds, and prevented their germination. The captain of a Swedish vessel hit upon a good scheme: having secured fresh berries, he sowed these on board ship, and often stinted himself of his daily allowance of water for the sake of the young plants; but, just as the ship entered the English Channel, an unlucky rat attacked his cherished charge and devoured them all! So much, then, for the early attempts to introduce the tea-shrub to Europe: often, indeed, is the truth exemplified that

'The best laid schemes o' mico an' men  
Gang aft a-gae.'

The Chinese tea-plants are neat-growing shrubs, with bright glossy green leaves, not unlike those of the bay; or a more exact similitude will be found in the garden camellia, with the *leaves* of which, however, many of our readers may not have acquaintance, although the *flowers* are well known, being extensively used in decorating the female dress for the ball-room in the winter season. The tea-plants are nearly allied to the camellia, and belong to the same natural order: indeed, one species of the latter—the *Camellia sasanqua* of botanists—is cultivated in the tea-grounds of China, on account of its beautiful flowers, which are said to impart fragrance and flavour to other teas.

Comparatively few scientific naturalists have had sufficient opportunities of studying the tea-producing plants in their native *habitate*, or even in the cultivated grounds of China, and consequently a great difference of opinion has all along existed, as to whether tea is obtained from one, two, or more distinct species of *Thea*. This question is getting day by day more involved as new facts come to light; and, indeed, cultivation seems to have altered the original character of some forms of the plant so much, that the subject bids fair to remain an open question amongst European botanists for ages to come. The two tea-plants which have been long grown in British gardens, and universally supposed, until within the last few years, to be the only kinds in existence, are the *Thea Bohea* and the *Thea viridis*. The former was, until recently, very generally believed to produce the black tea of commerce, and the latter the green tea; but recent travellers have clearly shown that both *black* and *green* tea may be, and are, obtained from the same plant. The difference is caused by the mode of preparation; but it will be afterwards seen that very important discrepancies occur between the accounts of this operation given by different observers. Certain it is, that the extreme caution with which the Chinese attempt to conceal a knowledge of their peculiar arts and manufactures from European visitors—and in none is their anxiety to do so more strikingly evinced than in the case of the culture and preparation of tea—tends greatly to frustrate the endeavours of the scientific traveller to acquire accurate information on this point.

In the present state of our knowledge, it is quite impossible to say how many species or varieties of the tea-plant are grown in China. They are now believed to be numerous, although the two kinds to which we have referred are those most extensively cultivated. They have long been allowed to rank as distinct species in botanical books, and grown as such in our greenhouses; but some acute botanists have, at various times, suggested that they might be merely varieties of one plant. Such was the opinion of the editor of the 'Botanical Magazine,' when he figured and described the Bohea variety (t. 898). Professor Bal-four ('Manual of Botany,' § 793) enumerates three species—the two already mentioned, and one called *Thea Assamica*, being the one chiefly cultivated at the tea-grounds of Assam. Most of our readers may be aware that the cultivation and manufacture of tea has been successfully introduced to Northern India. A 'Report on the Government Tea Plantations in Kumaon and Gurwahl,' by W. Jameson, Esq., the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens

in the North-Western Provinces,\* has just reached us. In that report—to which we will have occasion afterwards to refer—there are 'two species, and two well marked varieties' described. Some of these do not appear to have been at all noticed by other writers, although, from specimens of the plants, which we have examined, from the tea-grounds, they appear sufficiently distinct to warrant their being ranked as separate species; and there are, indeed, some botanists who would at once set them down as such.

Having disposed of the question of *species* in such manner as the unsatisfactory state of botanical knowledge on this point will admit, we shall now proceed to communicate some information respecting the culture of the tea-plant, and the manner in which its leaves are made available for the production of the beverage of which the female portion of the community, and more particularly *old wives* (of both sexes), are believed to be so remarkably fond.

The tea-plants are grown in beds conveniently formed for the purpose of irrigating in dry weather, and for plucking the leaves when required. The Chinese sow the seed thus: 'Several seeds are dropped into holes four or five inches deep, and three or four feet apart, shortly after they ripen, or in November and December; the plants rise up in a cluster when the rains come on. They are seldom transplanted, but, sometimes, four to six are put quite close, to form a fine bush.' In the government plantations of Kumaon and Gurwhal, more care seems to be bestowed in the raising of the plants, whereby the needless expenditure of seeds in the above method is saved. The seeds ripen in September or October, and in elevated districts, sometimes so late as November. In his report, Mr Jameson mentions that, when ripe, the seeds are sown in drills, eight to ten inches apart from each other, the ground having been previously prepared by trenching and manuring. If the plants germinate in November, they are protected from the cold by a 'chopper,' made of bamboo and grass—a small kind of bamboo, called the ringal, being found in great abundance on the hills, at an elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, and well adapted for the purpose; these *choppers* are removed throughout the day, and replaced at night. In April and May, they are used for protecting the young plants from the heat of the sun, until the rains commence. When the plants have attained a sufficient size they are transplanted with great care, a ball of earth being attached to their roots. They require frequent waterings, if the weather be dry. During the rains grass springs up around them with great rapidity, so as to render it impossible, with the usual number of hands, to keep the grounds clean. The practice, therefore, is merely to make a 'golah' or clear space round each plant, these being connected with small water channels, in order to render irrigation easy in times of drought. The plants do not require to be pruned until the fifth year, the plucking of leaves generally tending to make them assume the basket shape, the form most to be desired to procure the greatest quantity of leaves. Irrigation seems absolutely essential for the profitable cultivation of the tea-plant, although, on the other hand, land liable to be flooded during the rains, and upon which water lies for any length of time, is quite unsuitable for its growth. The plant seems to thrive in a great variety of soils, but requires the situation to be at a considerable altitude above the sea level.

According to Mr Jameson, the season for picking the leaves commences in April, and continues until October, the number of gatherings varying, according to the nature of the season, from four to seven. So soon as the new and young leaves have appeared in April, the first plucking takes place. 'A certain division of the plantation is marked off, and to each man a small basket is given, with instructions to proceed to a certain point, so that no plant may be passed over. On the small basket being filled, the

leaves are emptied into another large one, which is put in some shady place, and in which, when filled, they are conveyed to the manufactory. The leaves are generally plucked with the thumb and forefinger. Sometimes the terminal part of a branch, having four or five young leaves attached, is plucked off.' The old leaves, being too hard to curl, are rejected as of no use; but all new and fresh leaves are indiscriminately collected.

The *manufacture* of the different varieties of tea has been the subject of much difference of opinion. It has been supposed by some writers, as we have already mentioned, that green tea was solely obtained from the *Thea viridis*, and black tea from the *Thea B-hua*, while others have asserted, that the different kinds of the manufactured article are equally produced by both plants. Facts seem now to be quite in favour of the latter opinion, and, indeed, Mr Fortune, while on his first botanical mission on account of the Horticultural Society of London, ascertained, by visiting the different parts of the coast of China, that the *B-hua* plant was converted into both black and green tea in the south of China, but that in all the northern provinces he found only *Thea viridis* grown, and equally converted into both kinds of tea. Mr Ball (the late inspector of teas to the East India Company in China), in a work entitled 'An Account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea in China,' fully confirms the fact that both the green and black teas are prepared from the same plant, and that the differences depend entirely on the processes of manufacture. It is, of course, possible that particular varieties of the same plant, grown in certain soils and situations, may be preferred by the Chinese manufacturers for the preparation of the black and green teas, and the various kinds of both known in commerce. It has been stated by some that the young leaves are taken for green tea, and the older ones for the black varieties; this is the popular notion on the subject, but probably it has no foundation.

Although it now seems somewhat generally agreed that both green and black teas are made from the leaves of the same plant, yet the various writers on the subject are at considerable variance as to the mode in which the difference of appearance is brought about. Some assert that the black being the natural coloured tea, the beautiful green tinge is given to the green tea by means of substances used for the purpose of dyeing it; while others hold that the green hue depends entirely on the method of roasting. Among the former is Mr Fortune, whose account of the 'Chinese Method of Colouring Green Tea,' as observed by him, is published in a former number of the INSTRUCTOR (No. 240, page 91). From that account, it would appear that the colouring substances used are gypsum, indigo, and Prussian blue, and 'for every hundred pounds of green tea which are consumed in England or America, the consumer really eats more than half a pound' of these substances. We hope now to present our tea-drinking readers with a more pleasing picture than this; to show that indeed there is not 'death in the cup,' nor ought else to be feared. We therefore proceed to explain the modes of manufacture, as detailed by Mr Ball. And, firstly, the *manufacture of black tea*. The leaves, on being gathered, are exposed to the air, until they wither and 'become soft and flaccid.' In this state they soon begin to emit a slight degree of fragrance, when they are sifted, and then tossed about with the hands in large trays. They are then collected into a heap, and covered with a cloth, being now 'watched with the utmost care, until they become spotted and tinged with red, when they also increase in fragrance, and must be instantly roasted, or the tea would be injured.' In the first roasting, the fire, which is prepared with dry wood, is kept exceedingly brisk; but 'any heat may suffice which produces the crackling of the leaves described by Kæmper.' The roasting is continued till the leaves give out a fragrant smell, and become quite flaccid, when they are in a fit state to be rolled. The roasting and rolling are often a third, and sometimes even a fourth, time repeated, and, indeed, the process of rolling is continued until the juices can no longer be freely expressed. The leaves are then finally

\* Calcutta, 1848. This report is also published in the 'Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India,' vol. vi. part 2.

dried in sieves placed in drying-tubs, over a charcoal-fire in a common chafing-dish. The heat dissipates much of the moisture, and the leaves begin to assume their black appearance. Smoke is prevented, and the heat moderated, by the ash of charcoal or burnt 'paddy-husk' being thrown on the fire. The leaves are then twisted, and again undergo the process of drying, twisting, and turning as before; which is repeated once or twice more, until they become quite black, well-twisted, and perfectly dry and crisp.

According to Dr Royle, there are only two gatherings of the leaves of green tea in the year; the first beginning about the 20th of April, and the second at the summer solstice. The green tea factors universally agree that the sooner the leaves of green tea are roasted after gathering the better; and that exposure to the air is unnecessary, and to the sun injurious. The iron vessel in which the green tea is roasted is called a *kuo*. It is thin, about sixteen inches in diameter, and set horizontally (that for Twankay obliquely) in a stove of brickwork, so as to have a depth of about fifteen inches. The fire is prepared with dry wood, and kept very brisk; the heat becomes intolerable, and the bottom of the *kuo* even red-hot, though this is not essential. About half a pound of leaves are put in at one time, a crackling noise is produced, much steam is evolved from the leaves, which are quickly stirred about; at the end of every turn they are raised about six inches above the surface of the stove, and shaken on the palm of the hand, so as to separate them, or to disperse the steam. They are then suddenly collected into a heap, and passed to another man, who stands in readiness with a basket to receive them. The process of rolling is much the same as that employed in the rolling of black tea, the leaves taking the form of a ball. After the balls are shaken to pieces, the leaves are also rolled between the palms of the hands, so that they may be twisted regularly, and in the same direction. They are then spread out in sieves, and placed on stands in a cool room.

For the second roasting the fire is considerably diminished, and charcoal used instead of wood, and the leaves constantly fanned by a boy who stands near. When the leaves have lost so much of their aqueous and viscid qualities as to produce no sensible steam, they no longer adhere together, but, by the simple action of the fire, separate and curl of themselves. When taken from the *kuo*, they appear of a dark olive colour, almost black; and after being sifted, they are placed on stands as before.

For the third roasting, which is in fact the final drying, the heat is not greater than what the hand can bear for some seconds without much inconvenience. The fanning and the mode of roasting were the same as in the final part of the second roasting. It was now curious to observe the change of colour which gradually took place in the leaves, for it was in this roasting that they began to assume that bluish tint, resembling the bloom on fruit, which distinguishes this tea, and renders its appearance so agreeable.

The foregoing being the general mode of manufacturing green or Hyson tea, it is then separated into different varieties, as Hyson, Hyson-skin, young Hyson, and gunpowder, by sifting, winnowing, and fanning, and some varieties by further roasting.

This account of the preparation of green tea is directly opposed to that given by Mr Fortune, before referred to, wherein it is mentioned that the colouring of green tea is effected by the admixture of indigo, gypsum, &c. It would appear that both modes are practised in China; and, with the editor of the 'Botanical Gazette,' we may ask, Is it not possible that genuine green tea is free from artificial colouring matter, and that the Chinese, with their usual imitative propensity (exercised, as travellers tell us, in the manufacture of wooden hams, &c., for exportation), may prepare an artificial green tea, since this fetches a higher price than the black? If this be not the case, then we have a difficulty in accounting for the origin of the green teas; 'there must have been green teas for the

foreigners to become acquainted with and acquire a preference for, or there could not have been a demand for it.' We think Mr Jameson throws some additional light on the subject when he remarks, in the course of his observations on the manufacture of green tea, 'To make the bad or light-coloured leaves marketable, they undergo an artificial process of colouring; but this I have prohibited, in compliance with the orders of the Court of Directors, and therefore do not consider this tea at present fit for the market.' In a foot-note he adds, 'In China, this process, according to the statement of the tea-manufacturers, is carried on to a great extent.' Whether the process of colouring is confined solely to the light-coloured leaves of green tea, or extended to other inferior sorts, we have no means of judging, amid such a variety of discordant statements.

After the tea is thoroughly dried, in the manner above detailed, it is carefully hand-picked, all the old or badly curled, and also light-coloured leaves being removed, as well as any leaves of different varieties that may have got intermixed with it. Being now quite dry, it is ready to be packed, which is done in a very careful manner. The woods used for making the boxes in Northern India (according to Mr Jameson) are toon, walnut, and saul (*Shorea robusta*), all coniferous (pine) woods being unfit for the purpose, on account of their pitchy odour. The tea is firmly packed in a leaden box, and soldered down, being covered with paper, to prevent the action of air through any unobserved holes that might exist in the lead; this leaden box is contained in the wooden one, which it is made exactly to fit. The tea being now ready to go into the hands of the merchant, we need carry our observations no farther, as every housewife will know better than we can tell her how to manage her own tea-pot. We will, therefore, conclude our remarks by submitting the following statistical note of the imports of tea into the United Kingdom in the year 1846, with the view of showing its commercial importance—

Black tea, about	...	...	...	...	...	43,000,000 lbs.
Green tea, about	...	...	...	...	...	18,000,000 "
Total	...	...	...	...	...	61,000,000 "

## MYTHS OF THE MONTHS.

### AUGUST.

This month, the sixth of the Roman year, was originally called *Scattis*. It is the eighth month in the order of the Julian Calendar, and was called after his own name by Augustus, who in that month assumed his first consulship, and celebrated three triumphs, had received the allegiance of the legions which occupied the Janicular hill, had conquered Egypt, and had put an end to the civil wars. He therefore preferred it to his natal month, which was September.

August begins with *Lammas-day*, which, in the Romish Church, is generally called the feast of St Peter *ad vincula*, or in bonds. It is supposed to have been named *Lammas-day* from the charge given by Christ to Peter—'feed my lambs,' as if he had thereby been constituted the patron of lambs; but this is evidently a mere conceit. Like most of the great season festivals, we must seek for its origin beyond the era of Christianity. Amongst the Saxons, it was called *Loaf-mass*, from a custom of offering an oblation of loaves made of new wheat—the first returns of autumn. It has also been called the Gule, or Yule of August, probably from the British word 'Gwyl Awst,' the feast of August. Fires were wont to be lighted up at *Lammas*, under the Druidical system of worship, as well as in February, May, and November, thus distinguishing the four seasons of the year by their offerings to Baal. Amongst the Celts as well as the Saxons, *Lammas* was devoted to a sacrifice of the fruits of the soil. *La-ith-mas*, in the Celtic, is pronounced *Laa-ee mas*, a word readily converted to *Lammas*. That the festival was of Pagan institution, seems confirmed by the fact that it is a usage for the

tenants in some places to be bound to bring in wheat of that year to the proprietor on or before the 1st of August. Burns has referred to *Lammas* in one of the best of his songs, associating with it not only the name but the characteristics of the season :—

'It fell upon a *Lammas* nicht,  
When *corn-rigs* are bonnie;  
Beneath the *moon's* unclouded licht,  
I hid awa' to Annie.'

The 'harvest-moon' is well known to possess a peculiar effulgence. The season of *Lammas* is also proverbial for floods.

The 15th of August is the 'assumption of the Virgin Mary, on which day it was customary to implore blessings upon herbs, plants, roots, and fruits.

'For sundrie witchcrafts by these hearbs are wrought, and divers charmes,  
And cast into the fire, are thought to drive away all harmes,  
And every painefull griefe from man, or beast, for to expell  
Far otherwise than nature or the worde of God doth tell.'

St Roch's day, the 16th of August, used to be celebrated in England apparently as 'harvest-home.'

'I'll duly keepe for thy delight *Roch-Munday*, and the wake,  
Have shrotings, Christmas gambols, with the hokie and seed-cake.'

St Bartholomew's day, the 24th of August, was likewise observed in England. In London, the booksellers' stalls used to be so filled on that day with Bibles and prayer-books, that, in the words of an old writer, nothing was 'left within but heathen knowledge.' The abbey of Croyland was wont to present little knives to all comers on St Bartholomew's day, in allusion to the knife wherewith the saint was flayed. The custom, which was found expensive, was abolished by Abbot John de Wisbech in the reign of Edward IV.

## CALIFORNIA IN THE LAST MONTHS OF 1849.

### PART III.

THE number of persons who arrive by sea at California may be reckoned at two thousand daily. Every nation of Europe is largely represented in this movement of emigration. You can recognise the American vessels by the three loud cheers which their passengers and crew give at the moment of anchoring in the port of Eldorado. A simple labourer can gain at this moment 160 piastres (750 francs) per month. Cooks make easily 300 piastres monthly; while artisans, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., get still higher wages. Everybody is his own servant, and men of fortune find themselves sometimes obliged to brush their own boots, and to discharge the manifold prosaic duties of wives or housekeepers.

Provisions are not by any means excessively high for workmen. Fresh meat, which still abounds, costs a franc and 25 centimes the half kilogramme; salt beef and biscuit, two products of which the market is quite stocked, are not dearer here than in Europe. We may say the same thing of spirituous liquors, which move very slowly at present. A few weeks ago this was equally true of the Bordeaux wines, which you met everywhere exposed in the public squares without finding a purchaser. All at once the workmen at the mines pounced in a body on this product, and bought it up in an instant—a movement due to the opinion propagated among them by some interested speculator, that spirituous liquors of all sorts occasioned fevers, except Bordeaux, and that people might drink it with impunity, if only they confined themselves to this single wine.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to give any very exact directions concerning the products which should be shipped to San Francisco. The distances are so great, that the market might be stocked some weeks before a cargo in demand would arrive at its destination. Although the consumption of certain articles is immense, the supply reaches California in such formidable quantity, and by so

many ways, that a long time must yet elapse before one could fix even a probable basis for the wants of this place. Manufactures flow into California not only from the United States and from Europe; China, as well as Manila and Sydney, also supply them in very large quantities. On the other hand, there is no contiguous market into which one could pour the superabundance of merchandise concentrated in San Francisco. The Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and the Russian provinces of North America, the only centres of consumption which are to be found in this part of the Pacific, could be but poor resources in crises of this sort. Everything goes yet by lottery, and the merchant of Europe who fits out an expedition for this distant point has equal chance of gaining and of losing five hundred per cent.

As soon as the magazines and depots in course of being constructed at San Francisco will have been finished, things will change. Merchandise which arrives at a moment of glut may then be stored till a favourable opportunity for sale. In the meantime, articles of commerce should be sorted in such a way as, on arrival, to require the least possible intervention of other hands. Merchandise, which would produce considerable profits if presented in a transportable form, would occasion considerable loss in the neglect of this precaution. Labour, in one word, is necessarily the great regulator of everything in a country where it has still an exorbitant value.

☞ The most perfect tranquillity reigns at present at the mines. French, English, Americans, work side by side, without picking the slightest quarrel with one another. The presence of a pickaxe or spade in the neighbourhood of a digging indicates that it has become the property of others. On seeing this sign, workmen continue their route, and seek elsewhere some unoccupied district. Often a report spreads, that extraordinary results are to be had on a given point, and instantly crowds pour in upon it; but, arrived there, each respects acquired rights, and is confined in establishing himself in the neighbourhood of those who have made the discovery. The gold-seeker is by no means a communist, although he is essentially democratic. If he allows you to keep the hole which you have dug, he will oppose with his whole might the attempt to take possession of an entire region or field. It was partly owing to the fact that the Chilis and the Mexicans were in the service of certain companies, and did not work for themselves, that the Americans rose and chased them from the mines. It is true that the quarrel finished by changing into a war of race. Some bands of Americans, principally from the Oregon territory, even wished to expel all those who did not speak English. There was a moment in which the French, seriously menaced with banishment, had to put themselves on their defence. Among them was a young Vendéen, just come from Tahiti, where he had served in quality of lieutenant of the marine infantry. On the first news of the February revolution he hastened to take leave of the service, alleging as a motive that his conscience would not allow him to serve a government whose principle was opposed to his family traditions and personal convictions. The governor Lavaud, who respected his sincerity and appreciated his merit, conceded him a congé of some months. The young Vendéen made use of his holidays in repairing to San Francisco, and from thence to the mines, where he put himself to work beside five or six hundred of his countrymen, the greater part of whom were deserters from French whale-ships or ships of war. The whole body rose against the threatened attack of the Oregonians, and as they were told that the anniversary of the declaration of independence had been chosen for putting the threat into execution, all armed themselves without delay, and ranged themselves under the orders of the young lieutenant. A commissioner was despatched to the Americans, to inform them that attack would be met by defence, and that they would be received with carbine shots in case the menace passed into deeds. The foe consulted respecting the line of conduct necessary to be pursued towards the French. A few ardent spirits wished to give battle, but the great majority declared themselves for

peace. 'Why,' said one orator, 'should we fight with the French? Their fathers were the friends of ours; they strove together in the same cause, that of the independence of our country, and against the same enemies, the English. Rochambeau was French, and so was Lafayette. They are reckoned among the heroes of our history, and their names have a place in the memory of every true American, beside that of our own Washington. To-day is the anniversary of our independence. Let us unite in a banquet to fete it. The district of the French is the appropriate place for its celebration. Let us send a deputation to invite them.' The proposal was welcomed with long acclamations, and the same evening even, the two races were assembled round the same table, and fraternised amidst tokens of mutual devotion. From that hour, the French and the Americans have lived at the mines in perfect good understanding.

However strange Californian life really is, it will be easily understood why the curiosity of the voyager, who has just disembarked on the borders of the Sacramento, turns very quickly to another side of the matter. What truth is there in those marvellous descriptions of the mines which have drawn so much attention both from the new and from the old world? Does the gold emerge from these diggings in as large a quantity, and as easily, as is pretended? Do the numerous emigrants, in a word, who direct their course to California from all points of France, Germany, and England, find a fortune in this place; or are they forced, as many allege, to seek, saddened, disenchanted, and ill, at their respective consuls, the means of regaining their country? Filled with the importance of these questions, we put ourselves to make inquiries at merchants, mechanics, American civil and military employes, workmen on the road to the mines, and others returning to San Francisco. We wished to see for ourselves, and we have every reason to believe our intelligence respecting the profits of the Sacramento gold-seekers perfectly exact. A first point to establish is, that there are, properly speaking, no mines at California, and consequently, no costly diggings to be made. Gold has been found, and is still found, over an extent of more than a hundred and fifty square leagues; on whichever side you direct your steps, you see a soil perfectly saturated with this precious metal—to such a degree, indeed, that one needs only stoop and pick up a little earth in his hat, then wash it in the neighbouring rivulet, in order to have some. This fact, however extraordinary it may seem, does not admit of the least doubt.

But let no one hurry to the conclusion that fortune attends all those who have the felicity of reaching this promised land—this Eldorado which eclipses all that the ardent rivals of Christopher Columbus ever imagined. Although there are no shafts to sink, and although the difficulties of extraction may appear to be nothing or very insignificant, riches here, as elsewhere, are got only by labour and privation. To lift a pickaxe, turn up the earth, bring forth the ore—all that seems only a trifle, a rather agreeable recreation; but, when the moment arrives in which you must gird yourself for the struggle, and, separating yourself from your friends and all the sweets of civilised life, you must go and share ravines with the bear and the tiger, and, what is worse, with desperados escaped from the bagnios, you feel soon enfeebled. Then comes the toil of loading yourself with a pannier of earth, and of bearing this load sometimes a league from the point of extraction, in order to wash the contents under the blaze of the sun, and the agony of a devouring heat. We have seen—we see every instant—strong and energetic men, but who were not accustomed to manual labour, return to San Francisco completely broken up, and having gained nothing at the mines but fevers which consume them. It is true that, as an offset to these, we see others come back, after a brief absence of some weeks only, with ten, fifteen, twenty, and often a hundred thousand francs in their yellow leathern girdles. These are generally workmen, deserted sailors, or robust peasants. The common order of human affairs is here reversed. The simple labourer, who else-

where scarcely gains enough wherewith to satisfy his daily necessities, becomes millionaire in California; while the man of letters, lawyer, banker, agent, run a serious risk of famishing with hunger, if they are willing only to occupy themselves with the customary employments of their vocations.

The two Californias, high and low, are of volcanic formation, and appear to have been ravaged by eruptions at an epoch comparatively recent. Except on the borders of the Sacramento, where the ground is low and woody, the traveller perceives nothing but heaps of cones, more or less elevated, and separated by valleys not in general very deep. It is in these valleys—in this vast basin which the waters of the Sacramento cover every year, in the beds of torrents—that you find what are called *wet diggings*. Work is carried on here by means of a machine termed a *cradle*, or by simple tin basins. The results are certain and constant. The average is seldom less than twelve piastres (sixty francs) per day for each labourer; but, we repeat it, in order to reach this figure, it is necessary to toil so as people do nowhere else in the world, and to feed on a little bacon and biscuit, with a dish of brackish water for drink. None but a robust workman could resign himself for a long time to such rude labour, and consequently could count on such results as those mentioned. Things go on differently in the *dry diggings*. There they proceed exclusively by means of a pickaxe or crowbar, which is driven into the bed of granite, after the earth which covers it (rarely exceeding four feet deep) is removed. The profits are here less certain, but also much more important. Gold-seekers often work for whole days without turning up a single morsel of the precious metal, and then, at the moment when least expected, stumble on what is called a *pocket* of it, enclosing so much as three or four thousand francs value, and sometimes more. The rumours of such a discovery run immediately across the country. In all the contiguous encampments everybody puts himself in motion, and directs his course to the favoured spot. They spread all around it; give themselves up to exact researches; and, in a few hours, do a modicum of labour worthy of Cyclops. But their exertions are without result; for it is worthy of remark that the *pockets*, or knots of gold, at the *dry diggings*, are almost always standing alone. One would say that the metal, after having been dragged from the cones by strong rains, at a time when these volcanic peaks were not yet re-covered with vegetable soil, had been arrested by inequalities in the rocky bed, and lodged in the interstices and cavities of the ground. All the bits have their corners more or less rounded—a circumstance which proves that they had been rolled about for some time.

Adventurers of every country and of all ranks—the idle, gamblers, ruined merchants, land and naval officers, savants, and poets—for every class is largely represented in California—resort, by preference, to the *dry diggings*. There, if one runs the chance of starving, he obtains, with less fatigue, results which completely eclipse those of the valley of the Sacramento. What bizarre meetings the thirst for gold accomplishes in the *dry diggings*! Some philosopher, who has not long before launched a maturely-meditated but ill-appreciated treatise on a new organisation of human society, finds himself forced to live side by side, and on a footing of perfect equality, with a fugitive from the prisons of Sydney or Hong Kong. Here the wolf and the lamb meet to drink at the same fountain without quarrelling.

Different modes of separating the spangles of gold from the sand and earth in which they are imbedded have lately been resorted to. Several of these methods have already brought their discoverers considerable profits, although work is carried on for the present in the basin of the Sacramento, on ground already washed, and where consequently there is little gold now remaining. Elsewhere they proceed differently, namely, by turning rivers out of their natural channels, and then washing the mud which these had deposited for ages. A company, exclusively composed of lawyers and doctors from New York,



commenced works of this sort, near Mormon Island, on the very theatre where the gold was first discovered. It is the only example which has come to my knowledge of a company able to maintain itself on the soil of California, in preserving the necessary union among its members. All the societies which were organised with so much noise in the United States, France, and England, were dissolved on the very days of arrival at San Francisco of their directors; and such will be the issue of all those which may yet be formed in a similar manner. The workman or mechanic reasons very simply and conclusively:—'The company reckons on my arms to make its fortune, and I—I can now do very well without its assistance. Why become, without necessity, the slave of others? why accept a part which constrains my movements and prevents me from repairing to those points where each may enrich himself in a few days?' Next day, our logician is far from San Francisco. He marches to the mines, and the poor directors find themselves with machines on their hands, and papers perfectly according to law, but of which they cannot make any use, for the local justice, the only resource which remains to them, is not in a condition to give efficacy to their arrests. We write the history, not of one, but of a hundred companies. The only sort of association which endures in California is that of the family. A household of six boys or girls able to work, and having the spirit of union, would realise, at San Francisco, from twenty to thirty thousand francs in six months. Living, as we said before, is by no means excessively dear for a man of the people. Biscuit and bacon are as cheap here at this moment as in the United States. Rents, it is true, are exorbitant; but one may couch himself under the tents, of which the immense ranges, prolonging themselves out of view in the environs of this town, form, so to say, the faubourgs of San Francisco. On the theatre of operations itself, provisions were for a long time excessively high. But at present, owing to the facilities of transport offered by the steamers of the bay of San Francisco, every necessary of life is very moderate.

As prices vary in the districts, and are regulated by the wants of every little centre, it is impossible to fix an average which could afford a certain guide to commerce. In valuing the present number of workmen at 200,000, and their gains at an average of 12 piastres per day for each head, you would arrive at a daily product of 240,000 piastres, or 12,000,000 francs. This figure, we do not hesitate to say, is much above the sum actually realised. The gold-seekers, people of the common order for the most part, experience the irresistible attraction of strong drinks, to which the Anglo-Saxon is everywhere sensible. It rarely happens that they do not oftentimes suspend their work for several successive days, in order to give free course to this appetite, as soon as they find themselves possessors of some thousands of francs. The day after these orgies is in general marked by the beginning of those fevers which reign in the interior. Fevers, therefore, have their cause, less in the climate than in the irregular habits of the emigrants. The country is far from being unhealthy, and at San Francisco the air is so lively that nothing but light woollen garments can be worn. The almost universal costume of the labourers consists of a red or blue flannel waistcoat, and trousers of coarse cloth or linen.

Next to the Americans, the French form the most numerous element of the present Californian population. You find nearly ten thousand of them, either at San Francisco or at the mines. Those among them who behave well succeed perfectly. More sober than the Americans and English, they escape, for want of opportunity, the other excesses to which they are more particularly subject. In other respects, here as elsewhere, fortune does not attend the man who gains much, but him who spends little. There are merchants in this place who pass for having made the most advantageous arrangements, extremely embarrassed in their affairs; while others, who speculate very prudentially, retire, at the end of a period sufficiently brief, with considerable profits. We have already shown

in what consists the toil of the gold-seekers of California. One may have already satisfied himself that the chances of emigration are excellent for robust artisans, labourers, and workmen. A few rapid indications will complete what has been said of the work of the mines. The price of labour at San Francisco is 150 piastres or 750 francs a-month; this is the minimum wage, and everybody may find work at this price. Cooks gain from three to four hundred piastres per month; carpenters, black-mitche, and joiners, very much more. It must be remembered, however, that the rains commence towards the end of December, and last till the middle of May. During the rainy season, there is a superabundance of labourers.

If, in voyaging to California, the longest, although least expensive route be taken, that of Cape Horn, it is desirable to arrange with the vessel for permission to remain on board at San Francisco, until a suitable employment has been found. As soon as the month of May is gone, there is no difficulty on arrival, and the emigrant, in the penury of men, may dictate his own terms of work. Six months are needed to reach San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, even with a tolerably fair passage. The months of January and February are the most favourable for beginning this voyage. The way of Panama is much shorter, but also much more expensive. If the latter route be chosen, it is advisable to repair to New York, where you find the American steamers for the Pacific Ocean. Without this precaution, the emigrant runs the risk of seeing himself detained for some entire months at Panama, for want of opportunity to reach San Francisco. The less merchandise one takes with him the better, as he can provide himself with everything at San Francisco on tolerably easy conditions.

Twenty years ago, a discovery was made in a little island near Curacao, which gave rise to considerable discussion for some time. A Jewish colporteur had observed in the house of a negro where he had stopped for a moment two large pieces of metal, which served as jambs to his primitive hearth. Having examined them with curiosity, he saw that they were gold, and obtained them without difficulty in exchange for a few handkerchiefs and a pipe. After taking marks of the place where these precious fragments had been found, the Jew returned to Curacao, and sold his gold for 150,000 francs. Public curiosity was instantly awakened. The authorities took military possession of the district, and people were set to work in behalf of the Dutch government. By the end of a few months they had found five or six millions worth of gold; but the source seemed to stop all at once, for, although every sort of search was made, nothing more was ever afterwards found.

People may assure themselves that the mines of California will not be exhausted in such a hurry. Nor is it more probable that gold will sensibly depreciate in its value from this astonishing discovery. The arts and industry will henceforth absorb a larger quantity of this product, which will also enter much more largely into domestic necessities. The plate of the wealthy classes was not long ago chiefly of silver; it will forthwith be of gold, and the revolution will not stop there. Perhaps the necessities of life will rise in value, in which case the price of labour will rise also. The materials for settling these different points are still wanting. The discovery of the Californian mines is, besides, only a sort of prelude to similar discoveries which may be made in South America, of which the surface has been as yet scarcely scratched by the Spaniards. The European tide of emigration may therefore break for many years on the coast of California, without fear of exhausting this rich territory. The descendants of the ancient Spaniards, who came into the country either from Mexico or from Peru, and who still form a distinct and pretty numerous class, will second rather than oppose the efforts of our labourers. After having accepted with sufficiently bad grace the American domination, they now commence to accommodate themselves to a state of things which has enriched them as by enchantment.





*John Pye Smith*

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE REV. JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.,  
THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR, HOMERTON COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE English Independents have a name, a history, and a character, dating from times of trouble, storm, and tempest. They have no reason to blush for their fathers, nor to cover the deeds of their ancestors with oblivion. There have been prophets among them—men of thought, and men of action—who have demanded a hearing, have obtained it, have cleared the way for the opinions they cherished, and have left to posterity a legacy of solid and enduring wealth. That legacy, it is now universally admitted, consists of some of the most profound and elaborate treatises, both theological and philosophical, to be found in this or any other language. One grand characteristic of their writings, speaking generally—as on a topic of such breadth we must do—is a supreme and pervading reverence for the Holy Scriptures. They seem ever to have felt that their power consisted in an unflinching adherence to ‘what is written,’ and that, to have Scripture on their side, they must be ‘on the side of Scripture.’ Hence, though there is no scarcity of philosophical and metaphysical writers among them, their greatest scholars were theologians. The circumstances in which they were placed in relation to the national universities, and the ecclesiastical opinions they had espoused, rendered it probable that this would be the case; and to this day their theological academies and colleges aim principally at the subjugation of all accessible learning to the service of the sanctuary.

On the 11th of May in the present year, the first stone of a new college—being a union of Homerton, Highbury, and Coward Colleges—was laid by John Remington Mills, Esq. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Thomas Binney, and an address was delivered by the Rev. John Pye Smith. The following beautiful inscription is engraved on a brass plate, and laid in the foundation stone:—

HOC • AEDIFICIUM  
CVI • NOMEN • INBITVM •  
NOVO • COLLEGIO • LONDINENSI •  
AD INVENTVM • INSTITVENDAM • ET • RVNDIENDAM •  
CVM • IN • CANTERARVM • ARTIVM •  
STVDIVS • LIBERALISSIMIS • DOCTRINISQVE •  
TVM • IN • PRIMIS •  
IN • SANCTAE • THEOLOGIAE • DISCIPLINA •  
AD • OPVS • MINISTERII •  
AD • AEDIFICATIONEM • CORPORIS • CHRISTI •  
CONDITVM • EST.

FVNDAMENTA •  
CVM • VOTIS • PRECATIONIBVSQVE •  
DEI • SALVATORIS • NOSTRI •  
ET • PATRIS • ET • FILII • ET • SPIRITVS • SANCTI •  
VT • ORSIS • TANTI • OPERIS •  
SUCCESSVS • PROSPEROS • DARET •  
1801 •  
IOANNES • REMINGTON • MILLS •  
ANTE • DIEM • QVINTVM • IDVS • MAIAS •  
ANNO • DOMINI • C1800 •  
VICTORIA • ANNV • DECIMVM • TERTIVM • REGNANTE •  
IOANNE • THOMA • EMMETT • ARCHITECTO.

From the elegant and eloquent oration of Dr Pye Smith on that occasion we give two or three extracts, simply premising that at the time of its delivery there wanted but two months of *half a century* of labour as a professor of theology on the part of the venerable speaker:—‘All history shows us that, from the beginning of human nature, its Creator, infinite in power and wisdom, holiness and love, has been carrying forward our race by what may be called a system of education. The dispensations of natural providence, of moral government, and of grace reigning through righteousness, have been presented to the world in a wondrous series of Divine acts and human responses—disclosures of His eternal purpose, who worketh all

things according to the counsel of his own will, to the praise of his glory. The line of that sovereign favour, coming down through the principal nations of Asia and Europe, notwithstanding its obstructions from man's depravity, has produced increasing civilisation, knowledge, and means of happiness; and had those means been faithfully used, the happiness of mankind would have risen to a degree above our conception. The tribes which broke themselves away from the line of progress sunk into darkness and degeneracy; but now are their descendants stretching out of savage life their imploring arms, and seeking to be saved from extinction by the more favoured nations. With these favoured nations, in spite of the checks and drawbacks from idolatry, and its universal accompaniments of horrid wickedness, still the stream flowed on; the intellect of man rose higher every generation, powers and actions of nature were discovered, arts were invented, the foundations of science were laid, moral law was recognised, the wants and woes of mankind were piercingly felt, the longings for relief and remedy became more intense, till ‘the fulness of the time was come,’ and the ‘Sun of Righteousness arose,’ with beams of light and love for ‘the healing of the nations.’

‘This accumulation of knowledge and means of its advancement were to be transmitted. The *supreme gift*, which was never to die, God's revelation, was to be embodied and perfected. Ideas, systems, inventions, corrections, discoveries, in every department, were to be communicated, in breadth of contemporary life, and through the length of succeeding generations. Language and its signs were to be studied. Every step of progress drew on others. Social advancement and the cultivation of the single mind, acted upon each other. Mental training obtained new applications and distributions. The smaller amounts of knowledge and means of acquisition were raised to the necessities of youth and manhood. Intellectual, as well as mechanical, labour, learned the advantage of subdivision. Schools of the higher kinds sprung into existence. Systems of logical discipline and artistic skill have left, to be discovered in our days, indubitable proofs of their ancient existence in Chaldaea and Assyria, Egypt and India. Of the schools of Athens, and other Grecian cities—of Alexandria, and the Roman dominion—we have much extensive and accurate knowledge. These were multiplied in succeeding times; and, notwithstanding the universal corruption and degeneracy, they kindled many lights through the middle ages, in Italy, France, and Britain. Above all, we have the privilege of seeing that sacred literature was then held in reverential honour. The records of Divine revelation, successively given to the children of Israel, were commanded to be read and meditated upon by all classes, day and night. This national habit implies the existence of rudimentary means for the instruction of the general population.

‘The knowledge of God, and the salvation of man, include all truth and all happiness. The conviction and enjoyment of this we desire to communicate to all men; and, to do so, we wish to improve and enlarge our instruments, and at the same time to concentrate our strength [alluding to the union of the three colleges]. The cause and the time demand this. Never before has come into being such a multitude and cogeny of reasons for the exertion. The providence and grace of God work out his purposes by the use of means. Our duty is to find the best means to the best ends, and to work them in the best manner. Only in so doing can we hope for an effectuating blessing from ‘Him who worketh all things.’ His universe rises up around us—the unfathomable past, the immeasurable present, the awful future, all wrapped in the infinity of his presence. His doings are explored with a penetration and an accuracy which Bacon, or Leibnitz, or Newton, never probably imagined. Natural knowledge and the physical sciences have left their ancient landmarks far in the backward distance. The wheels of time seem to have been accelerated. Discovery and invention, efforts prodigious, and results which overwhelm the strongest minds, have become almost familiar to us. Yet there are men who obtrude themselves

upon sense and reason—men blind to heavenly beauty, untouched by the majesty of wisdom, holiness, and love

‘Unspeakeable—

A goodness beyond thought, and power divine.’

Those men must not be left without rebuke and refutation. Their false-hearted assumings of evangelical phraseology, and their rhapsodies of hypocritical devotion, on the one hand, and the attempted resurrection of superstitious fooleries by deceivers and deceived, on the other, must be exposed to the daylight of true knowledge and honest argument. A comprehensive and upright philosophy, a faithful treatment of ecclesiastical questions, and a cordial acquiescence in the Word of God, must be the character of our ministers, and by them must be impressed upon the understandings of our fellow-Christians. The immeasurable extent of the works of creation, and their unfathomable antiquity, must be held in harmony with the coinciding infinity of God's condescension to the smallest worm, to the invisible animalcule, and to the moral government of all dependent intelligences. . . . We expect that many will go forth from the New College to ‘set themselves for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel,’ by writings marked with honourableness and benevolence. But from all, it is our demand and expectation that they will make their highest employ ‘the *PREACHING which God hath bidden.*’ To *this one thing* they are to devote their powers and consecrate their acquisitions—all science and literature—all eloquence, poetry, and history, and the all-pervading practice of prayer. With this subserviency, and for this end, the solemnity of to-day stands as a testimony of the most rightful demand.’

These extracts fail to give the impression which this admirable address, carefully pondered as a whole, produces on the mind of the reader. Regarded as the valedictory public testimony of such a man, on such a subject, amidst such circumstances, it possesses thrilling interest.

Of Dr Smith's early life and habits we know but little, but we know enough to justify the saying that ‘the child is father to the man.’ He was born in Sheffield, and spent his youth there; and his career has been such as to shed lustre upon the place of his birth. Knowing, as we well do, his extreme reluctance to receive praise, and knowing, also, the high probability that he will see this paper, from the fact that he reads everything, having as much reverence for a bit of printed paper as a Chinese, we shall abstain from verbal eulogy, and content ourselves with a few facts, on the general accuracy of which reliance may be placed. He was remarkable for acuteness, diligence, and success in his early studies, which embraced a great variety of topics; but his chief delight was in the study of the Greek Testament. During the imprisonment of the poet Montgomery, at that time editor of the ‘*Sheffield Iris*,’ his friend Mr Smith took his place in conducting that paper. We are not certain what year he went to college, but he was educated at Rotherham, under the justly celebrated Dr Edward Williams, whose fame as a metaphysical writer and theologian is known to the world. He was very young when he became classical tutor at Homerton College; and about four years afterwards he was elected to the important office of divinity professor. His extraordinary qualifications for this position have been attested both by the character of his published works, and the concurrent testimony of the ministers who have been trained by him during the long period of his professorship. His writings are numerous, well known, and exceedingly prized by those best qualified to judge. His famous work, the ‘*Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*,’ is a text-book in the University of Oxford. The critical skill, learning, solidity of judgment, power of argument, and conclusiveness of reasoning, contained in that treatise are extraordinary; and all this combined with a gentleness of spirit which, though truly characteristic of the writer, seldom pervades polemical volumes. He walks up to his antagonist with all the politeness of the Christian gentleman, gives him full credit for everything creditable about him, points out very mildly the fallacies of his position, exhibits the importance to both parties of getting at the truth, and then, with a single

stroke of his pen, lays him in the dust. Even then, however, he glories not in the victory, as if he had achieved it. He seems in effect to say, ‘Your fall was effected by the invisible power of truth; it was not by any prowess of mine; and if you have sustained injury, I will gladly pour wine and oil into your wounds; but I would affectionately caution you against opposing that terrible *invisible power* again.’ He can be severe, even caustic, at times; but it is when he sees obvious disingenuousness. His moral uprightness cannot bear this; it is an unpardonable offence; and he rushes upon the criminal like an avenging angel. We have spent many a delighted hour over this work, and hope to spend many more. Its author will not be forgotten, though it had been his only gift to the world. His volume on ‘*Scripture and Geology, or the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science*,’ was much needed at the time of its appearance, and has done signal service both to science and religion. It has scattered the apprehensions of many who had a vague fear that the march of geology would override the veracity of Moses; and it has yielded pleasure to *religious* men of science, by producing another most competent witness to the truth of their favourite theory, that religion and science, if properly understood, may not only meet on friendly terms, but live together in harmony and love as twin daughters of the skies. Respecting this volume, we quote the words of a reviewer:—‘It places the justly esteemed author in the very first rank of scientific and philosophical theologians, and has procured the enrolment of his name among the members of two of the most learned societies in Great Britain.’

Pye Smith's intellectual qualities are strong and intense, but of somewhat narrow range, and without much brilliance. He is acute, clear, logical, even to the extent of binding one in invincible chains by his arguments. His learning is prodigious. In looking at him, we have thought of Goldsmith's line—

‘And still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew.’

With the ancient and modern languages he is familiar—French, German, and Italian especially, amongst the latter. Every reader of the ‘*Scripture Testimony*’ will remember that his knowledge of German is intimate and quite unusual; and it was possessed long before the study of this language became fashionable in England, or Germanic theology and criticism were admitted on friendly—some think too friendly—terms to ‘our hearths and homes.’ The doctor is a universalist in his powers and acquisitions, yet he does not seem to care much for metaphysical studies, nor is he deemed very profound simply as a man of science, though he loves it, and sees its bearings on his grand study, theology. As a tutor, he is ever adding to the body, and yet more to the notes of his lectures, absorbing *everything* relating to his subject. He is exhaustive, rigidly scientific, and widely comprehensive in his systematic theology. His syllabus of theological lectures, if ever published, will be his best gift to the church. It will be a stupendous work, the result of extraordinary learning, always brought down to the most recent inquiries, and presented *as a science*. In lecturing, he is very discursive, too much matter crowding on the mind to allow a direct and simple unfolding of his subject. He sometimes starts off into the strangest digressions—now the most abstruse, and again the most absurdly familiar. His biblical criticism is invaluable, very original, and suggestive. There is much light derivable from his expositions, and the depth and fulness of his teachings secure to him reverence and love of the most extraordinary kind from his pupils. Never did professor gain the hearts of his students more completely than Dr Smith has done. They always loved him, and continue to love him. His disposition has much to do with this; for he is not merely amiable, but most lovingly tender. If he unintentionally wound any one, the discovery fills him with anguish. His kindness is extraordinary, but no one dare refer to it; for if ever man ‘*did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame*,’ it is Dr Pye Smith. He is easily imposed on, from his boundless faith in man.

He is charity in person, for he 'believeth all things,' and is ever ready to interpret favourably, even the most difficultly solvable eccentricities and inconsistencies of all men. We speak with reverence when we say, you will find his portrait in the fifteenth psalm. He is hard of belief of all ill in men, his belief of human depravity notwithstanding. He would 'not tread on a worm or hurt a fly;' and yet even he has not been allowed to walk through the world without some experience of an irritating kind, and to such a mind—warm, quick, and sensitive—this experience must have been inexpressibly distressing. He is well named John. His students used to call him 'the blessed doctor.' One of them, a dear friend of ours, now labouring in the ministry in an English city, says in a letter of recent date, 'Dr Pye Smith is the *humblest* and least self-conscious man I ever saw in this world.'

It seems almost like descending to gossip, but it may gratify some reader of this sketch, to know a little of the habits of this great and good man. These are very primitive, as may be imagined. He rolls not in modern luxuries, and presses not the down until the messenger of day has sped far on his journey; but is a very early riser, studying before breakfast, eagerly obtaining and carefully perusing all new works, especially on his favourite themes, biblical criticism and ecclesiastical history. He attaches great importance to the gentle courtesies of life, and is so particular in little things, as to be somewhat annoying to those who do not see the source—love of order—whence this peculiarity springs. He is scrupulously attentive to his person, and to proprieties of expression in himself and others. The omission of a due number of commas and semicolons on the superscription of a letter is a serious matter in the doctor's eyes. A alcoholic drinks and tobacco he holds in abhorrence; and we believe the love of man lies at the root of his earnest protest against these and every other social habit which he believes antagonistic to the social and moral elevation of the race. Socially, he is conversable and affable, cheerful, and often humorous; but his converse has been greatly impeded by deafness during some years. He is sympathetic, and guileless, if possible, to a fault. In person, he is very slight, almost ethereal; and his countenance indicates mildness, chastened feeling, and self-communing, rather than any remarkable intellectual qualities. But his great quality—that which sheds light and beauty over all the rest—that which gives tone to all his movements for the good estate of all ranks and conditions of men—that which completes the man, makes him what he is, and connects the present with a joyous future—is his *living piety*. This is the brightest gem in his jubilee diadem, the greenest leaf upon his well-won laurel. And we mention this particularly, just because we have further to say that, though he holds his religious doctrines with a firm grasp, and exhibits the power of his convictions in a life of luminous piety, he does so with the most perfect charity to all men, even those who differ most widely from him on theological questions. His charity, however, is not to be interpreted as if it meant indifference, nor his liberality of sentiment as if it verged towards latitudinarianism. The venerable man would weep over the transgressor, and pray him to be 'reconciled to God;' but he would utter no anathema, forge no thunderbolt, and gather no faggot. He is a conscientious Nonconformist and Independent, and has often stood forward in the front ranks to vindicate his elected opinions from assault; but never with bitterness of spirit or acrimony of temper, so that his opponents felt that they could only respect 'the man,' though rejecting his 'communication.' In politics, we believe, he sympathises with the movement party, so far as he deems their motion towards the goal to which his benevolent spirit would conduct struggling humanity; but his liberality has not been of that noisy character which separates chief friends; hence he reckons among his friends not a few who doubt the propriety of travelling by the express train.

We have been gratified by finding the following entry in the journal of the late Dr Hough of Glasgow, a man whom we knew and loved, and from whose lips we have often heard words of wisdom:—'Spent two hours yesterday at

breakfast with Dr Pye Smith. His mind is a well-arranged library, a magazine of knowledge—his conversation a pure, flowing, classic spring—his spirit lively, gentle, modest, benevolent—his whole bearing that of the scholar, the English gentleman, and the meek and devout follower of the Lord Jesus. His allusion to his *infirmity* (almost total deafness, except by the aid of a trumpet) was very affecting. . . . He is a fine specimen of pure, gentle, cultivated, and sanctified intellect—a man whom you cannot approach without being pleased, and, unless it is your own fault, improved.'

With this we conclude, earnestly desiring that it may be long, very long, before the public shall look for a 'Life of John Pye Smith,' worthy of the man, prefixed to his posthumous works. Neither the church nor the world can afford to lose its living patterns of excellence, for, alas! they are by far too few.

#### A LEGEND OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

THE 'association of ideas' is a curious if not perplexing thing; and, only on close observation, do we discover how deeply all that we know depends thereon, or is affected thereby. The late Lord Jeffrey, who is himself an unflinching association of association, gave no stronger indication of the singular acuteness of his intellect, than by his searching inquiry into this profound metaphysical subject. A very simple matter, however, has set the associative 'barn' a-working in our own 'noddle' at the present time; and, whether to good purpose or otherwise, the readers of the sequent *historiette* must finally determine. In the first place, a word on the suggestive cause. Under the general title of 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' a description of Glamis Castle has been given by Mr William Howitt; and, in that description, the following paragraph occurs—'After passing from Macbeth, Glamis Castle returned to the crown, and was granted to another party, and afterwards, by Robert II., to John Lyon, who married the king's second daughter by Elizabeth More, and became the founder of the family of Strathmore.' Upon this hint are we to speak now; and it is well for us, we cannot help adding, that we have some special knowledge of what is to be spoken of, as it would scarcely do credit to any true-born Scot to commit such lapses as bestrew the entire article here cited from. The accuracy of that citation itself calls not for question; but an immediately succeeding sentence in the paper states, that 'the popular fame of the castle (of Glamis) is derived from the murder of King Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm II.' Malcolm Canmore, the Malcolm of Shakspeare, was the third of his name, and perished at the siege of Alnwick. The same article, moreover, relates a pretty familiar anecdote, connected with the said castle, of an old earl of Crawford, styling him 'the famous Earl Beardie, of whom there is a portrait at Abbotsford.' It would have required all Sir Walter Scott's covert liking for the Front-de-Boeuf order of barons, to have induced him to pardon this confounding of his own great-grand-sire, who never *shaved* after the execution of Charles I., and whose

'Amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,'

are lovingly commemorated in 'Marmion,' with the bearded 'Tiger' of the Crawford line, fiend-doomed to an eternity of card-playing. We are told, also, of the existence at Glamis of portraits of 'Lords Ormond, Middleton, and Dundee,' with, besides, 'a portrait shown as Claverhouse,' but which, being unlike that at Abbotsford, leads Mr Howitt to the fancy 'that the housekeeper shows the wrong one, and that a smaller one, hanging below this, is the right one.' Might not that of 'Lord Dundee' be still nearer to the verity? A likeness of 'the Earl of Lauderdale' is spoken of as that of a fellow 'cut out for a persecutor.' The persecuting earl was a 'duke,' and is so marked almost uniformly in history from all the other Lauderdalees. Then

we hear mention of 'the Ladie of Airlie, who, as the ballad has it, was pulled out of her house by the Macgregors.' Both the ballad and the national annals represent the Lord of Argyle as the assailant and demolisher of Airlie Castle. Such slips as these render amusing the self-satisfaction of the writer, who tells us complacently of his 'being obliged to set the Glamis housekeeper right,' on her turning Nell Gwynne into bloody Queen Mary. It is to be hoped, for the sake of future visitors, that he said nothing to her of the Abbotsford 'Beardie.' Seriously, William Howitt, who is a man of good talents and better purposes, would have done well to have confined his 'Visits' to his own quarter of the island. His brief notice of Glamis Castle has caught our eye separately; and, unaware how the case stands, we can but hope that nothing similar thereto has been given by him continuously or systematically.

This is a queer introduction to a story, it must be allowed; but it is all owing to the 'association of ideas.' The story, now really to be told, relates to the fortunes of the founder of the Strathmore house, already mentioned; and the reader shall have it, with only the further observation, that it is at least 'founded on facts'—a form of speech of unspeakable convenience and utility.

King Robert II., the first of the Stewarts who mounted the Scottish throne, was grandson maternally to Robert the Bruce. The Lord High Steward had reached the age of fifty-five years, when he became king; and, being acknowledged first prince of the blood, and heir to his uncle, David II., he had taken some of those liberties in early life which men long overlooked in royalty. Born in 1316, he fell in love in his young days with his cousin, Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan, and had by her four sons and six daughters. The pair either had children before marriage, or had been united privately, and without the necessary papal dispensation demanded by their consanguinity. But it was in time duly obtained, and the eldest son of Elizabeth Mure, whether as legitimate or legitimated, finally became Robert III. However, Robert II. had children in his later days by a second wife, Eupheme Ross; and the peace of the kingdom was seriously embroiled in consequence in the course of succeeding years.

Some time after the king of Scotland had wedded his second queen (1355), and after she had born to him several children, it chanced that the court were stationed for a period at Stirling Castle, or rather in the palace buildings which it contained. The suite of the royal family was, like itself, numerous, though some of the elder sons of Elizabeth Mure had received appanages of their own, suitable to their rank. Numbers of the royal servants resided in the town of Stirling, the pages and closer body-servants only remaining in the castle. Two of these pages, or rather young gentlemen of the chamber, to the monarch, were James of Lindsay and John Lyon, parties of somewhat different dispositions and even rank in society, though placed so far on a level by their offices. Let the reader imagine to himself these two young men, leaning one sunny morning on the parapet walls of the castle, and engaged in low and close communication. The one, James of Lindsay, had entered fully upon manhood, and exhibited a tall, strong, active-looking form, with a countenance not unpleasing, yet stern beyond his years, and haughty exceedingly in expression. Indeed, pride seemed not unbefitting his claims and station in the world; besides being son and heir to the powerful house of the Lindsays of Crawford, he was nephew to the Scottish king by his sister, Egidia. Few young barons of the time could rank above Lindsay, therefore, in birth or prospects. Above all, it was not his companion, John Lyon, who could assume to do so, seeing that his family, though old, respectable, and of decent estate, had not yet attained to eminent wealth or distinction, or risen above the rank of gentry. Younger than his friend, John Lyon was also much handsomer, or rather excelled him greatly in comeliness of aspect, his countenance being singularly mild and prepossessing, and an occasional sparkle of his eye alone revealing that there lurked in him something befitting his name—something of the *Cœur-de-Lyon*. The two young men, such as we have described

them, were conversing on a subject in which they both seemed to take a more than common interest.

'Thou art near of kin to the princesses, Lindsay,' said Lyon, with some eagerness; 'you should feel more for their unpleasant seclusion than can be felt by others.'

'And I do feel as their kinsman should, John Lyon,' answered Lindsay, drawing himself up; 'but the queen ever seems to use my cousins well, and it would be overbold, in myself or any one, to challenge her as treating them harshly—not that I care so much for that difficulty, but I do not well note of what want of liberty the Lady Jean—I mean the princesses—really have to complain.'

A flush passed over the cheek of John Lyon at the latter part of this speech.

'You do not see matters so well as I do, my friend,' he replied. 'Since the king honoured me by naming me his private secretary, I can easily discover, that if the Queen Eupheme—long may she live!—do not conduct herself towards her step-children like a hard step-mother, she at least pays but slight attention to their wishes. They walk little or none; the mere avenues and courts of the castle are scarcely accessible to them.'

James of Lindsay looked closely at his friend: 'You have a quick eye, Lyon.'

The other coloured again, and smiled to cover it, remarking—'So many young and beautiful princesses would stir the sympathies of any one save an anchorite like thee, whose only thought is of war, or at least the lists and the chase.'

Lindsay looked grave, and even suppressed something like a sigh. The other took the opportunity to renew his observations on the unhappiness of the princesses from over-seclusion, which the intimate relationship of Lindsay to the king and the young ladies might justify his calling delicately to the royal notice. Lyon pressed this point with as much calmness as he could assume, but his actual anxiety could not be wholly concealed; and the other gave him two or three glances indicating an uneasy suspicion of some covert motive.

'Is it the wish of my cousins themselves, however,' said he at length, 'that I should speak to the king?'

'Certainly, I can assure you of it,' answered Lyon, hastily—that is, continued he, more quietly, 'I feel assured of it. They scarcely ever see their father save in public, or in presence of their step-mother, before whom they cannot complain of aught, since she governs all.'

'Well, then,' said James of Lindsay, 'I shall take the first favourable chance of giving a hint to my royal uncle, leaving him to suppose that it has been so far suggested to me by the parties most interested. It is, in truth, but proper that they should have fitting freedom of recreation, and good King Robert may never have thought of the subject.'

With this understanding, James of Lindsay and John Lyon separated, to attend to their wonted occupations.

The young men were equally insincere to one another, or, at all events, were alike uncandid. They were both in love, and with the same object, the Lady Jean Stewart, a younger daughter of the sovereign. Sir James of Lindsay had indeed the best pretensions to look up to her hand, as far as birth and station went; but the close position of John Lyon about the king had given him many chances, that equalised matters between them greatly. The proud Lindsay had not brought his passion to the point of disclosure; while his rival had the hope, amounting to something like a pleasant assurance, that his love was observed, not disapproved, and perhaps even returned. He longed for an opportunity to put the fortune of his love to the test fully; and, to do him justice, he was actuated therein by sincere affection, more than by ambition. In truth, the royalty of the lady alarmed him rather than otherwise, and awakened to the quick his jealousy. One sister, the eldest of the daughters of Elizabeth Mure, had already been wedded to the Earl of Moray; and a second had been betrothed to the High Constable of Scotland. The turn of the Princess Jean might come every day, and the prospect was enough to stimulate the young Lyon to the use of all



possible means to win her ear without delay, and, if so might be, her love. But opportunities were wanting, and hence his suggestions to their cousin that the daughters of the king were disagreeably restrained from all ordinary freedom of exercise. Lindsay, much with the same hopes of meeting the Lady Jean more freely, assented to be the suggester of the wishes of his cousins to King Robert. Of Lyon he was somewhat suspicious, though he consoled himself with the thought, that Lyon could scarcely be audacious enough to raise his eyes so high, and that, if he did, it was not likely, out of three or four objects, they should both attach themselves to one. As for Lyon, he dreamed not that he had a rival in Lindsay; not that this circumstance would have made much difference, since, though he felt a true friendship for the young master of Crawford—which was indeed returned by the other with as much warmth as his reserved nature would permit—he felt the emotions of love too strongly, to be at all inclined to make sacrifices for friendship.

Months passed away after the date of the conversation, above recorded, betwixt James of Lindsay and John Lyon; the former had not forgotten his purpose. King Robert, without neglecting the offspring of his first marriage, had, like most fathers advancing in years, grown more immediately interested in his younger progeny; and he had rested contented with the knowledge that suitable attendance, and all such accompaniments to rank, were at the command of the daughters of his first queen. When Lindsay spoke to him of their over-seclusion, the king, viewing the matter as a trifle, made no objection to their enjoyment of greater liberty of daily exercise and recreation. One party profited by this change, and one did not. John Lyon, whose clerical accomplishments had become most useful to Robert, and whose other attractive qualities made him still more a royal favourite, had found many opportunities of making his passion known to the Lady Jean, and had the felicity of finding it to be fully returned. At first the pair gave themselves up to the pleasure of mutual avowals of affection, and were supremely happy; but, when they began to look forward with more calmness to the future, they grew uneasy, and more and more so daily. Sincerely loved and esteemed as he was by King Robert, young Lyon yet felt that the latter would deem it grossly presumptuous in him to raise his thoughts to a daughter of royalty. Lady Jean was not less sensible of this truth, and the meetings of the lovers became in time desponding, if not despairing. At length, circumstances occurred which roused them from their torpidity, and menaced the day-dream of their love with utter destruction.

Sir Maurice de Charolles, a French knight of distinction, had been resident for some months at the court of King Robert; the objects of his visit had not become generally known. He was a gay cavalier, worthy of his country in all respects, and seemed to have no room in his head for serious thoughts of any kind. In presence of royalty and its courtly circles, he distinguished himself highly by his winning manners, and his tales of chivalry and love. The Queen Eupheme and her ladies greatly favoured the gallant Frenchman, and Lady Jean had her share at times of the stranger's polished attentions. A most undue share she had, indeed, in the eyes of the jealous Lyon, and certainly it did appear as if Sir Maurice especially sought for opportunities of ingratiating himself with Lady Jean; hence, when the whisper at length began to spread that the knight had come to select a Scottish princess for the hand of one of the younger sons of France, and had at length fixed upon the Lady Jean, Lyon gave credit at once to the rumour, and was miserable. The Gallic knight, he further heard, was about to depart from Scotland. In seemingly light gallantry, Sir Maurice had obtained likenesses of all the princesses of the family of Robert. John Lyon saw in this a deeper motive. The stranger was carrying away (he concluded) a proof of Lady Jean's beauty, and her fate was sealed. The wretched lover could not dream of the chance of any of her sisters being preferred. Even though De Charolles might depart without any definite understanding being come to, save, per-

haps, with the king, the ultimate issue of the affair seemed to poor Lyon inevitable.

Obtaining an interview with Lady Jean, young Lyon found her to be totally ignorant of the rumour current; and yet it alarmed her not less than her lover, when known. The attentions of the Frenchman, which she had unthinkingly received graciously, now struck her in a new and odious light.

'Is there no hope, no way of escape?' cried the young princess, with a flood of tears.

Gratified by her affection, while moved by her distress, John Lyon at length, but with much hesitation, said that he had thought of a mode by which she might not only be freed from all risk of wedding another, but by which they might be certainly and happily united for life by the ties of matrimony.

'Disclose it!' exclaimed Lady Jean; 'let me know it at once, and, at whatever risk or sacrifice to me, the plan shall be pursued!'

Lyon still hesitated; but at length, casting around a glance, which seemed to dread even impossible espionage, he whispered a few words in the ear of the princess.

The colour mounted to the cheeks of the young and royal maiden, and she threw her lover's hand from her even angrily, as she answered, 'Never! never! I will never consent to bear such disgrace!'

'It is but the show of disgrace,' said her lover, eagerly and apologetically—'it is but the appearance of it; and for a time—for how short a time!'

'Never! never!' reiterated the Lady Jean.

While she said so, however, the princess at least allowed Lyon to develop his scheme to her fully. It was a bold one, indeed—a *ruse* which could only have entered a loving head in desperate circumstances. He proposed that Lady Jean should permit it to be imagined, after the departure of Sir Maurice de Charolles, that he had made his way too deeply into her favour, and that the consequences might disgrace the royal family of Scotland.

To the multiplied arguments by which Lyon set forth this stratagem as their only hope, the princess could but reply for a time with tears. Finally, she gave proof of being impressed by what was said, by remarking, 'But why the French knight? If this revolting plan can alone unite us—if I must assume the semblance of criminality while wholly guiltless, wherefore add to the apparent shame by owning frailty with a stranger?'

Lyon put a close to all observations having this tendency, by reminding her, that, almost certainly, the connection of his own name with such a supposed fault would cost him his life. No name but that of the stranger would serve the desired purpose.

'Oh, it is a heavy price to pay!' murmured the princess.

'You cannot love as I love,' said the young man, reproachfully, 'else would the mutual happiness in view counterbalance even the heavy cost. Besides, dearest Lady Jean, remember that we need but to attain the one object of convincing your sire, and that no others need be let into either the truth or the seeming truth. And then, our fullest wishes once accomplished, how slightly will the king pass over the stratagem, things being past recall. I hope, I believe, that he will be glad enough, on being undeceived, readily to forgive his being deceived.'

'But the disgrace, even for a moment, in my sire's eyes!' cried the youthful princess; 'and then his anger! Besides, dear John, are you so certain, that, believing it requisite to veil what he deems to be shame, he will fix upon you as my husband?'

'Leave that to me, dearest love,' said Lyon, 'and do you fulfil your part of the plot. I am confident of attaining the end we wish. And then, what happiness for us in the future!' He proceeded to draw a picture of coming blissfulness, which charmed away the lingering reluctance of the Lady Jean. She assented to go through with the scheme, before the lovers parted.

And on whom did John Lyon reckon to persuade the king to bestow the hand of the princess on him, her supposititious frailty being once disclosed? Lyon was still

ignorant of the state of Lindsay's affections, which the other had not made known even to the object of them, from the timidity, perhaps, which pride in love is apt most especially to feel. The haughty mind shrinks at the idea of repulse, with fears far surpassing those of modest diffidence. But Lyon did not purpose to tell his friend all the truth. Eager to interest him more deeply in the case, and trusting to the strength of his regard, the young man resolved to make Lindsay as well as the king believe in the reality of the misfortune; but, to his friend, he proposed to represent *himself* as the partaker of Lady Jean's fault, or rather to assume the whole blame as far as possible. However, it was still necessary that James of Lindsay should enter into the scheme for turning the temporary ire of King Robert into a false channel, and point it against the French knight, De Charolles. Unhappy deception! But let us not anticipate.

The departure of Sir Maurice de Charolles took place duly, and the reluctant princess, urged on still by her lover, began to give countenance to his device by assuming the semblance of mysterious illness. He, on his part, took the decisive step of speaking to James of Lindsay. We shall not attempt to describe the surprise, the emotion, the agony with which the latter listened to the disclosure of circumstances, which proved to him at once the hopelessness of his love, and the apparent frailty of its object. With his friend, James could not be angry, having never revealed to the other his feelings. After a struggle to maintain outward composure, which cost him a severe effort, the internal agitation of Lindsay settled down into a feeling of deep and anxious compassion for the unlucky pair whom youthful passion had seemingly plunged into a terrible dilemma; and he listened with attention and sympathy to the suggestion of Lyon, for implicating the French envoy in a charge of which he was innocent, as a step which, without injuring him, might save others. It required some arguments to bring Lindsay to assent to the latter part of the plan, but his friendship and his pity prevailed. Acting on the better and unselfish principles of his nature, he promised to take upon himself the task of disclosing the presumed fault of Lady Jean to King Robert, to mollify his anger as far as possible, and to suggest an immediate marriage as the only mode of avoiding painful exposure. Of course, believing Lyon to be the true accomplice in the fault, Lindsay was also prepared to suggest his friend as a proper husband, as being at once of good family, and yet not too high-born to be over scrupulous.

All that he had promised, James of Lindsay performed in good faith. The wrath of the king was at first violent, but it was vented more directly on the absent knight of France, although his daughter came in for a portion of his displeasure. However, by the aid of Lindsay, all fell out as the lovers desired, and they had some difficulty to play out their allotted parts on the occasion without betraying the excess of their joy. The Scottish court heard without much surprise, that the king purposed to bestow the hand of the Lady Jean on his young favourite, John Lyon, and to bestow on him the noble appanage of Glamis, vested at the time in the crown. The marriage of the lovers in due time took place, and with such ceremonials as befitted the position of the parties. John Lyon and Lady Jean had attained to the height of their wishes, and were for the moment happy.

On the day after the nuptials, James of Lindsay, who had been present therat, and, though pale and silent, had looked on with a gratified smile, was sought for by the gay young husband, and found alone. In total ignorance of the real feelings of his friend, Lyon had come, as he thought, to enjoy a joint smile at having urged him to greater exertions by a stratagem, and to clear Lady Jean from the imputation which she had endured. Terrible was his disappointment at the impression made by his disclosure on Lindsay. 'Black as night' the latter stood for a time; and minutes passed before he could express himself in words to the amazed and even dismayed Lyon.

'You have deceived me,' said Lindsay, at length. 'I loved

Lady Jean! But she must have been your accomplice; and so let that pass. She could not have been mine. But you have betrayed my friendship—made me your dupe, your tool.'

Lindsay paused for lack of bitter words, seemingly. He felt obviously more injured in his pride than in his love. In vain did Lyon petition for forgiveness, by every argument that could be used.

'Go,' said the inexorable Lindsay, 'enjoy the love of the wife whom you have won by this unworthy deception. I scorn to let your story pass my lips to your injury. Go; but beware of crossing my path hereafter. It may be fatal. Beware!'

Having received from King Robert the barony of Glamis, which, with considerable possessions confirmed to him in Aberdeenshire, raised him to a level with the more powerful nobles of the kingdom, John Lyon lived with his lady in honour and happiness for a number of successive years. Robert II., whether ever made conscious of the first stratagem or not, at least favoured him so highly as to make him finally Great Chamberlain of Scotland. Deeply Lyon regretted his estrangement from Lindsay, who continued to avoid him constantly, and who indeed occupied himself chiefly in the field, where he again and again won high distinction at the head of the 'Lindsays light and gay.' He had wedded, but his nuptial couch was not fruitful.

The former friends did at last meet, however, and the encounter proved a fatal one for John Lyon. Over the particulars of the event hangs a veil of mystery. It is known that the two barons, whose lands lay in the same county, Forfarshire, met accidentally in the open country, each at the head of a party of retainers. 'Lindsay and his men fell upon Lyon,' says one authority, 'and assassinated him.' But other and better witnesses tell the truth, namely, that Lindsay slew the Lord of Glamis in a duel. Stung by the sight of the man who had won the object of his own early love, and that by deceiving himself, he challenged him to single combat; and Lyon, too proud and brave to refuse, was borne to the ground, mortally wounded, by the implacable arm of his ancient friend. He survived not to leave the field in life, or look again on the beloved wife who waited for his return in the halls of Glamis.

Thus ends the legend of the first Lyon of Glamis. King Robert was deeply incensed at his death, but the relationship and services of Lindsay prevented a serious revenge being taken for the deed. He performed afterwards many gallant actions in war, and above all at the battle of Otterburne, after which he was taken captive. He died soon after being ransomed, and his heritage passed to younger branches of the house of Lindsay.

## OUR NATIVE FLORA. MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

'I saw the hills living in sunshine,  
And the things that there, free and unfetter'd.  
Had made their mountain-homes of beauty rare,  
Where Peace seem'd laid to sleep 'mid mountain flowers,  
While joy reclined beside the blooming couch!—Nicol.

To speak of the mountains and the mountain flowers, is to call up a thousand reminiscences, and pleasant, yes, delightful associations, in our minds. The dullest eye that ever looked upon Nature brightens up when you talk of the mountains, the mountain streams, and the mountain flowers. Instantly, a thousand images of sublimity and beauty arise before the imagination in all their alpine freshness; the rugged rock, crowned with the rosy heather; the roaring cataract, foaming in fierce fury—a very 'hell of waters'; the wide expanse of heath-clad moor, and flower-covered Highland lake; the snow-capped summits in embrace of the lofty sky; and the wild mountain stream dashing downwards to the plain below—now leaping a mossy crag—for a time, threading the even tenor of its way through fresh and flowery banks—and

then boiling up against some huge mass of rock rolled down by the winter torrent: these are among the striking objects that will be recalled to the mind of one who has wandered amid the wild mountain scenery of our northern land.

But it is to the softer beauty of these rugged scenes that we at present confine our attention—the humble forms of the vegetable creation, that lend their loveliness to adorn the rough rocky steeps, and seek shelter in the mossy nooks among the dissevered fragments of rock which have rolled down in the winter torrent. And Flora has not been sparing of her favours in these cold and stern regions; beneath the protection of every moss-covered stone, we unexpectedly come upon some fair beauty lurking there, in warm shelter from the storm's savage blast; and even the ruder protection of the bare and barren rock is often enjoyed by some beauteous flower, whose tender form and fragile stem seem to link it with the lovely flowers of fairy-land.

Professor Balfour—the celebrated Hero of Glentilt—opens his 'Manual of Botany' with a glowing description of our Scottish Alpine Flora. He says, 'The prosecution of botany combines healthful and spirit-stirring recreation with scientific study; and its votaries are united by associations of no ordinary kind. He who has visited the Scottish Highlands with a botanical party, knows well the feelings of delight connected with such a ramble—feelings by no means of an evanescent nature, but lasting during life, and at once recalled by the sight of the specimens which were collected. These apparently insignificant remnants of vegetation recall many a tale of adventure, and are associated with the delightful recollection of many a friend. It is not, indeed, a matter of surprise that those who have lived and walked for weeks together in a Highland ramble, who have met in sunshine and in tempest, who have climbed together the misty summits, and have slept in the miserable *shieling*, should have such scenes indelibly impressed on their memory. There is, moreover, something peculiarly attractive in the collecting of *alpine* plants. Their comparative rarity, the localities in which they grow, and frequently their beautiful hues, conspire in shedding around them a halo of interest far exceeding that connected with Lowland productions. The alpine *Veronica* displaying its lovely blue corolla on the verge of dissolving snows; the Forget-me-not of the mountain summit, whose tints far excel those of its namesake of the brooks; the *Woodсия*, with its tufted fronds, adorning the clefts of the rocks; the snowy *Gentian*, concealing its eye of blue in the ledges of the steep crags; the alpine *Astragalus* enlivening the turf with its purple clusters; the *Lychnis* choosing the stony and dry knoll for the evolution of its pink petals; the *Mulgedium* raising its stately stalk and azure heads in spots which try the enthusiasm of the adventurous collector; the pale-flowered *Oxytropis* confining itself to a single British cliff; the *Azalea* forming a carpet of the richest crimson; the *Saxifragas*, with their white, yellow, and pink blossoms, clothing the sides of the streams; the *Saussurea* and *Erigeron* crowning the rocks with their purple and pink capitula; the pendant *Cinquefoil* blending its yellow flowers with the white of alpine *Cerastiums*, and the bright blue of the stony *Veronica*; the stemless *Silene* giving a pink and velvety covering to the decomposing granite; the yellow *Hieracia*, whose varied transition forms have been such a fertile cause of dispute among botanists; \* the slender and delicate grasses, the chick-weeds, the earices, and the rushes, which spring up on the moist alpine summits; the graceful ferns, the tiny mosses, with their urn-like theca, the crustaceous dry lichens, with their spore-bearing apothecia;—all these add such a charm to Highland botany, as to throw a comparative shade over the vegetation of the plains.'

Alpine vegetation is not in general, however, of that gay and flaunting character which is observed in the wild flowers of the Lowlands, and, in an especial manner, in

cultivated grounds. Not, indeed, that the mountain flowers are without their gaiety, for many of them present a gorgeous appearance, more especially when seen in masses, such as the yellow *Saxifrage*, completely covering the rocks with its bright, golden hue; the snowy northern *Galium*; or, better still, the far-stretching, bright, purple *Heather*, which clothes the whole mountain in a gay mantle of its own gaudy colour. But, in general, the character of the species that compose the upland vegetation, is of that lowly, yet lovely, kind which we so naturally associate with the lichenized rock, the rugged, mossy bank, and the snow-capped, misty mountain, where the elements rage with a fierceness and fury such as the gay *Daffodil* of the woodland, the flaunting *Poppy* of the field, and the twining *Travellers-joy* of the waysides, could not by any possibility withstand.

The *Alps* are adorned with a profusion of lovely *Aretias*, *Androsaces*, and *Primulas*, none of which can be said to belong to our Mountain Flora; but, while many species are common to both, there are a good few of those that ornament our mountains which are not found at all, or only very rarely, with our Continental neighbours. It would be an interesting inquiry to investigate into the comparative resemblances and dissimilarities of the two Floras we have mentioned, viz., the Alpine proper, and the British alpine; but, on the present occasion, we shall not pursue this part of the subject, as our remarks must rather be of a descriptive character, illustrative of our homely Highland vegetation.

One of the loveliest tribes which strike the eye of the young botanist, on his first wander among the mountains, is the numerous family of *Saxifragas*, the greater number of which may be looked upon as truly mountain flowers. A familiar example of the genus is the common London-pride, or *None-so-pretty*, which, notwithstanding its truly native home being on the wild mountains in the south and west of Ireland, thrives well and flowers profusely amid the smoke and dirt in the very heart of London. It has long been a tenant of our cottage and city gardens, and in Ireland is called *St Patrick's cabbage*. This genus is, however, very protean in its character, and many of the species are remarkably dissimilar from one another. The clustered alpine *Saxifrage* seeks a home in the 'rocky clefts of the Highland mountains of Scotland.' The Purple Mountain *Saxifrage* is also frequently found on our Scottish mountains; it grows in spreading tufts, and the numerous large purple flowers have a most gorgeous appearance. This species is much grown in our gardens, and, when well managed, is decidedly one of the most ornamental early spring flowers yet introduced, although the plant is quite procumbent, and rises only a few inches above the ground. The Brook *Saxifrage* grows on moist alpine rocks, but generally rare, although plentiful on *Loch-na-gar*. The Mossy *Saxifrage* is one which exhibits a great and perplexing variety in its forms; and, as an elucidation of the many obscure varieties, or rather species (so called) into which it has been divided, would be quite out of place in a popular page like the present, we would respectfully refer those readers who may wish intimate acquaintance with them to the bulky quartos of the Linnean Society. The yellow Mountain *Saxifrage*, to which we have referred in our preliminary remarks, is very general among the mountains, growing in great abundance on the rocky banks of the streams, with which it sometimes descends to a low elevation. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and each petal has a spot of richer orange, which gives the plant a very beautiful appearance: when in full flower on a sunny day, clothing the overhanging rocks with masses of its rich golden flowers, it presents a spectacle of no ordinary kind, and one which many, besides the botanist, would brave the mountain breeze to behold.

The common Golden *Saxifrage* (*Chrysosplenium* of botanists) is a beautiful little plant, adorning the sides of streams, and covering damp stones and rocks, almost all over the country, and, according to Hooker, even abundant near the source of rivulets in very alpine situations

\* See INSTRUCTOR, page 320 of present Volume.

in the Highlands.' Its little flowers appear early in the spring time, and continue opening from time to time throughout the summer.

In the woods and Highland glens, the Aspen tree, with its ever-trembling leaves, may be found, ascending in Mull to an elevation of 1500 feet, according to Trevelyan. Lightfoot, in the 'Flora Scotica', informs us that the Highlanders entertain a superstitious notion that our Saviour's cross was made of this tree, and, for that reason, suppose that the leaves of it can never rest. The trembling of the leaves is occasioned by the compression of the foot stalk, which allows them to move to the least breath of wind. According to Lightfoot, the bark of the Aspen 'is the favourite food of beavers, where those animals are found.'

Certainly not less beautiful than the Aspen, is the Birch, which occurs in the greatest profusion in our Highlands, and often with gracefully weeping hair-like branches, to which Scott alludes when he says:

'Where weeps the Birch of silver bark,  
With long clishevell'd hair.'

The 'fragrant Birk,' of Burns, has by no means escaped the attention of the poets; but we will content ourselves by quoting these really beautiful lines of Miss Twamley:—

'The Pine is king of Scottish woods;  
And the queen? Ah! who is she!  
The fairest form the forest keeps—  
The bonnie Birken tree!

... ..  
What magic hues the sunset pours  
All through a birken glade!  
Sooth you might think that every leaf  
Of living gold was made.

And every stem is silver bright,  
Wrought faintly o'er with brown,  
More daintily than jewel-work  
Upon our fair Queen's crown.

God crowns the tree with loveliness,  
A bonnie queen to be—  
Queen of the glens in Auld Scotland—  
The bonnie Birken tree.'

Old Lightfoot—who devoted much attention to the economical uses of plants, as well as to their botanical and general histories—has a long, but highly interesting category of the uses of this tree, from which we will extract the pith, leaving his recipe for making *Birch wine*, &c., in the more skilful hands of the housewife:—'Various are the economical uses of this tree. The Highlanders use the bark to tan their leather, and to make ropes. The outer rind, which they call *Meilleag*, they sometimes burn instead of candles. With the fragments of it, dexterously braided or interwoven, the *Laplanders* make themselves shoes and baskets. Large, thick, expanded pieces, with a hole in the middle to fit the neck, they use instead of a surtout, to keep off the rain. The *Americans* make entire canoes of it; and the *Russians*, *Poles*, and *Swedes*, in lieu of tiles, cover their houses with it. The inner bark, before the invention of paper, was used by the ancients to write upon. The wood was formerly used by the Highlanders to make their arrows, but is now converted to better purposes, being used by the wheelwrights for ploughs, carts, and most of the rustic implements; by the turner, for trenchers, bowls, ladles, &c. (the knotty excrescences affording a beautiful veined wood); and by the cooper, for hoops. To which may be added, that it affords excellent fuel, and makes the best of charcoal, and the soot is a good lampblack for making printer's ink. The celebrated Moxa, or touchwood, of the *Laplanders*, used by them as a cautery in most acute disorders, is made of the yellow fungous excrescences of the woody parts of this tree, which sometimes swell out between the fissures and crevices of it, and resemble in substance the agaric. The leaves are a fodder for sheep and goats, and yield a yellow dye. The catkins are the favourite food of the bird called a siskin or Aberdevine. The small branches serve the Highlanders for hurdles, and side fences for their houses; and the pliant twigs are well known to answer the purposes of cleanliness and correction. There is yet another use to which this tree is applicable, and which I will beg leave strongly to recommend to my Highland friends!

The vernal sap is well known to have a saccharine quality, capable of making sugar, and a wholesome diuretic wine. The tree is always at hand, and the method of making the wine is simple and easy. It is a generous and agreeable liquor, and would be a happy substitute in the room of the poisonous whisky.' Hooker mentions, that in some countries hats and drinking cups are formed from the bark; and, in Russia, the people employ it as a vermifuge, and a balsam in the cure of wounds.

The little *Rubus Chamemorus* is one of the most interesting of our Highland plants, and, although of very humble growth, is by no means useless even in an economical point of view. When its lovely flowers fade, they give place to the fruit, commonly known as the Cloud-berry, and greatly esteemed by Highland shepherds and hungry botanists. The berries are extensively used in Sweden and Norway, for making tarts and other confections; and the *Laplanders* esteem them a delicious food, bruised and mixed in the reindeer's milk. In order to preserve them throughout the winter, they are said to bury them in snow, and, at the return of spring, find them as fresh and good as when first gathered.

The *Azalea procumbens* of our highest mountains is an interesting and lovely little shrub, the only representative we have in Britain of a numerous family whose exotic members are now very fashionable in our greenhouses. Although difficult of culture, the Indian *Azaleas* have of late years been grown to a considerable extent in our exotic gardens, and, when well grown, they form most gorgeous specimens, completely covered with bloom.

The Alpine Lady's-Mantle is a true alpine flower; and, although it has no gaudy blossoms, it forms a most beautiful object, its leaves being, on the under side, of the loveliest silky, or rather silvery, appearance; and, when a gentle breeze is stirring up the edges of the leaves, and exhibiting their silvery under-sides among the verdant masses of beautiful fresh foliage, we admire the Lady's-Mantle as one of the loveliest of our alpine plants. It is almost exclusively confined to alpine districts, generally only descending to low altitudes along the margins of mountain streams, which have transported it from its upland home, and thrown it upon their flowery banks near the plains, where it takes root, and flourishes luxuriantly. The writer of these remarks, however, found this interesting plant in one of his first botanical rambles, at a low elevation on the Sidlaw hills, where it could not have been transported in this manner, as well from the nature of the locality, as from the circumstance that the plant has not been detected, for many miles around, by the numerous tribes of prowling botanists that infest these districts, and who, in their earnest flower-hunting excursions, are not likely to pass by anything of equal interest, with an empty *vasculum*.

The truly noble Mountain Globe-Flower, although found in the valleys, and occasionally in the moist woods and pastures of Lowland districts, must be looked upon (as its name implies) as a mountain flower. It is altogether a very stately plant, with cut and serrated leaves, and large globular golden blossoms, which generally appear quite unlike the general character of the more modest forms of vegetation with which the Globe-Flower is associated. According to the 'British Flora,' the name of this plant is said to be derived from 'troll' or 'trolca,' a ball or globe, in old German, and bearing the same meaning as our English word Globe-Flower.

The Great White Water Lily, and the Yellow Water Lily, are both rich ornaments of the Highland lakes; but, in a former article,\* when giving an account of the Royal Water Lily of South America, we likewise detailed the history of our native species, and it is not therefore necessary to recur to them here.

The Yellow Violet is frequently to be found growing in great profusion and luxuriance among the long grass of our mountain pastures, and continues in flower throughout the summer. Its cognomen of *Yellow Violet* (*Viola*

lutea of Hudson and succeeding botanists) seems by no means well chosen, for we find the plant with flowers of all hues, from the brightest yellow to the brightest blue and purple. The Dog Violet likewise rises to a considerable elevation up the mountains, and has its flowers almost always of an azure hue: it is evidently this species which Scott has in eye when he sings—

'The Violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower,  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet, through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;  
Nor longer in my false love's eye  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.'

The curious family of Sun-dews abound in the northern bogs, and entrap the numerous little insects that dwell there, by means of the viscid glands of their leaves, appearing like so many small drops of dew, which, glittering in the bright sunshine, has given rise to their name of *Sun-dew*, or *Ros solis*. Their botanical name, *Drosera*, is derived from the Greek *δρῶς*, dew. There are three distinct species, all growing in our bogs; but the round-leaved kind is by far the most common, and the one that will be most easily recognised by the ordinary observer.

But infinitely superior to all other plants in giving an aspect of beauty to the mountains, is the glowing purple Heather, styled by modern botanists, *Calluna vulgaris*, and named by those of them who would preach popularly to the public, by the intensely unpoetic misnomer of *common ling*! The genus *Erica* (of which several species grow in our mountain districts) is botanically the true Heather; but it so happens that our present plant is the one that almost entirely overruns the mountains, and gives them their peculiar purple hue in the flowering season; and, in determining this question, we feel more inclined to adopt the opinions of the mountain shepherds, and the evidences which Nature has offered to our senses, than implicitly to follow the dictates of botanical science.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE WEE SPUNK LADDIE.

Lang syne, a wee wean used to come to our door;  
His claes were aye dirty an' duddy,  
His feetle were blacken'd wi' mony a score;  
An' we ca'd him, 'The wee Spunk Laddie.'

He'd stan' at the door, wi' the spunks i' his lap,  
An' a bunch i' his wee bit hannle;  
My mither wad gie his bit headle a clap,  
An' wad ca' him 'Her wee bit mannie.'

When ane his bit luggiefu' o' milk wadna hain,  
An' leave ower a soup o' his crowdy,  
O! he was ca'd 'thankless an' wasterfu' wean,  
That sud think o' 'The wee Spunk Laddie.'

When Willie wad boggle at Doddie's auld coat,  
O! he was tel'd 'nane sud be gaudy;  
But never to min', an' he little thoct o't,  
She wad gi't to 'The Wee Spunk Laddie.'

O! blate was his look, when his piecle he gat;  
An' ance we speer'd 'whar was his daddie?'  
Sae red grew his cheek, an' sae little he spak—  
We were was for 'The wee Spunk Laddie.'

An' aye we jaloused he was fear't to gang hame,  
When fardins were few in his neevie;  
For sair the wee laddie wad greet by his lane,  
An' mb o'er his wee slaver't sleeve.

Ae day, the wee creature crap into the kirk,  
An', frichtit-like, took a bit place:

I wish't a gude wish, frae the core o' my heart,  
As I watch't his bit shilpit face.

An' aye he came back, an' his wistfu' bit look  
Wad counsel the thochtless an' gaudy;  
For He that aye kens what the helpless manna brook,  
Was the Guide o' 'The Wee Spunk Laddie.'

Noo he, wha keeps you braw shop o' his ain,  
Wi' the sign o' 'The Gouden Candy,'  
Was ance a bit waeifu', dementit like wean,  
For he, ance, was 'The wee Spunk Laddie.' JESSIE M.

### SCOTLAND ACCORDING TO A FRENCHMAN.

In the Paris 'Illustration,' a journal modelled on the 'Illustrated London News,' have lately appeared some articles, entitled 'Letters on Scotland.' They are accompanied by engravings taken professedly from sketches by the author, a certain M. Michel Bouquet, unless the name he signs be an assumed one. These letters have much amused us, and it may perhaps interest our readers to know what is said of them and their country abroad.

The first thing that strikes us is a general view of Edinburgh, taken, apparently, from some point on Arthur's Seat. It is now several years since we last saw our native town, and great changes, we are told, have since taken place in it. We did not, however, expect to find them so complete as, judging from the view before us, they must be. To begin with the Calton Hill; Nelson's Monument, it would appear, has been slid a considerable distance back from the edge of the cliff on which it formerly stood; the High School and the whole of the Regent Terrace have been removed; and, though the Prison Buildings remain, the fine road which swept downwards from them has been ploughed up. The site of Burns' Monument is occupied by a square tower with battlements. Looking more to the left, we find that the New Buildings, on the North Bridge, have been somehow or another rendered transparent, so as to admit of the Scott Monument being visible through them; as to the bridge itself, its southern extremity runs behind or to the west of the Castle Rock. In the rear of Prince's Street, which occupies the line of the Lothian Road, rises the dome of St George's Church. Still further to the left, is the Castle, which has been made to resemble an Indian mud fort; all direct communication between it and the Old Town has been cut off, the Esplanade having been removed, and the eastern side of the rock scarped almost to the perpendicular. The tower of St Giles' is still a prominent feature in the landscape, but the fine spire of the Assembly Hall has, it would seem, been pulled down. The High Street runs in the direction of St Leonard's, and the space between it and Holyrood is occupied by a few small houses. The alterations under the North Bridge have of course necessitated the removal of the Mound; possibly it may have been turned to account by being set up on end, so as to form a communication between Fountain Bridge and the otherwise inaccessible Castle; of this, however, the view, being taken from the east, does not enable us to judge. Taken altogether, the transformation is as extraordinary as ever took place in any town, and we are dumb with astonishment when we think of the stupendous efforts which must have been exerted to accomplish it—that is to say, always supposing that M. Michel Bouquet's sketch from nature is correct. Of this, however, we confess we have great doubts. We have even begun to think that so far from being drawn from nature, it may have been manufactured in the following way. The artist has before him several views of Edinburgh, taken from various points, and at various times during the last hundred years, none of them, however, being at all recent. Puzzled which to choose as the subject from which to copy his original, and desirous besides of producing a more general view than is presented by any one of them, he resolves to combine his materials. Accordingly, putting out what he likes best in each, he pastes the selection together, and produces by this simple and intelligent process the wonderful thing we see. And this opinion gains on us, when we consider

the letters themselves. Notwithstanding the dates they bear, we question if the author ever was in any one of the places he describes. The whole performance, indeed, appears to us to be nothing more than a series of not too elegant extracts from one or two books of travel and geography; the said extracts being strung into something like consecutiveness, by a good deal of bombast and grandiloquence—the only original things in the production.

But M. Bouquet shall speak for himself, and show the kind of stuff which is got up as suitable to the French literary market. 'You know,' he says to the friend he is supposed to address in his first letter, dated Edinburgh, 'that I am more accustomed to wield the pencil than the pen.' For pencil we should here read scissors. 'You know,' he continues (after recommending travellers in Scotland to adhere strictly to the truth, an advice which he, as conscious that he is not within that category, probably imagines he is not bound to take to himself), 'You know that it was by sea, after a passage of forty-six hours in the *City of Edinburgh* packet, that we arrived from London in Edinburgh. It was a fine Sunday evening, the sea in the bay was calm, and the sky to the west was streaked with gold and purple.' This was quite recently, be it remarked, for he afterwards speaks of visiting the Queen's residence at Balmoral. He describes the first view he obtained of Edinburgh: on his left, he says, was Arthur's Seat, looking like a lion couched; on his right, the Calton Hill, with its spires (*aiguilles*) and columns; and between them, like a royal crown broken, the Castle, the Acropolis of this Modern Athens. For him to have obtained a sight of the Castle between Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill, the *City of Edinburgh* packet, unless we are much mistaken, must have entered Musselburgh Bay—an unusual thing, we believe, for a London steamer. But yet this cannot be the case, for the back-ground which he gives to his descriptive picture of the city, is—the Grampians and the hills of Fife-shire! All this, as may be expected, presents a magnificent scene—'mountains, valleys, woods, plains, meadows like green carpets, lakes like mirrors, and as a frame to all these fair things, the sea—a green girdle with silver fringes!' Great is his enthusiasm at the sight, and he prefers it to almost everything he has seen. 'I have visited,' he says (probably it is in the same way as he has visited Edinburgh), 'almost all the capitals of Europe as well as its most celebrated and picturesque towns of the second order,' and he mentions particularly Naples, Genoa, Palermo, Athens, Smyrna, Cadiz, Venice, and Constantinople, all of which, except the last, yield, in his estimation, 'to the metropolis of Scotland for the picturesque nature of its general aspect, as well as for so much that is marvellous and *fantastic* in the details.'

After telling his readers that the population of Edinburgh is about 150,000, and that its trade has of late been greatly increased by the completion of various railways, 'on which, at every instant, arrive and depart, with white plumes on their heads and fire in their nostrils, those rapid and panting couriers, called locomotives,' he goes on to say that as the New Town presents 'nothing for the souvenirs of the poet, nothing for the eyes of the artist,' he determined to lodge in the Old, 'the caprice of whose lines, the beauty of whose colour, and the harmony, nevertheless, of whose whole,' made a greater impression on him than he had ever before experienced, except on one occasion—at Constantinople again.

M. Bouquet gives us a turgid description of the Old Town, and makes use of the certainly not original comparison of it to a fish, with its head at the Castle and its tail at Holyrood. The following is his account of the High Street:—'There is nothing in the world more picturesque than the appearance of this street, once the splendid place of residence of the highest barons of Scotland, and of the generals and ambassadors of France, now inhabited by a population in tatters. From these stone balconies, from these blazoned windows, from which in former days the fair and noble daughters of Caledonia looked out on the passing procession or royal cavalcade, or, in the times of

war and trouble, on some victim going to death, as for instance the brave Montrose—you now see some pale faces presented, or some mean rags hanging. . . . At the entrance to the Canongate, on the left, as you go down, amidst buildings in ruins, they show you the house of John Knox, that impetuous reformer whose voice, like the trumpets of the Hebrews before the walls of Jericho, caused to be demolished and burnt so many churches and monasteries; at present his house threatens to fall on the head of the passer-by!' We are glad to learn that the state of John Knox's house and its threatened demolition are no longer a reproach to Edinburgh. The following is M. Bouquet's description of the closes, or, as he says they are called (he gives the English word), the courts. 'Nothing that one has seen can give an idea of the *fantastic* and *picturesque* character, of the magic effect of the lights and shades, of the oddness of the lines and forms, and above all of the marvellous colour of these courts—and what inhabitants! How well the nest is fitted for the bird! You see going in and out those tall, handsome, and alert girls, with fresh complexions, bright hair, and bare feet and arms—those old women, as thin as witches, with colourless bonnets, and dressed in long Scotch tartans'—and so on he goes. We confess we do not see why there should be fresh complexions at the doors, and only pale faces at the windows, but M. Bouquet, as an artist, of course understands colouring better than we do, and this, as well as a hundred other things in his letters, should undoubtedly be pardoned to such a devoted admirer of the 'picturesque and *fantastic*.'

But we must have done with Edinburgh. It is not worth while to advert to the description of Holyrood, and the recital of the murder of Rizzio. Both are derived from similar sources, for the author evidently has no more visited the one than he was present at the other. We may say, however, that M. Bouquet tells us that the palace remained deserted 'from the last wars of the Union till 1745.' What in the name of wonder were 'the wars of the Union?' We come to his second letter. He visits Roslin, and thus speaks of the chapel. 'Its architecture makes it a thing *unique* in the world. I cannot define it. It has at once the solidity and gravity of the Norman style, and all that is florid in the later English, all mingled with the Byzantine, Gothic, and *renaissance*.' From Roslin, he passes to the Bass Rock, which was, he says, 'under William III., the last bulwark of the defenders of the old Scottish monarchy'—this was probably in his 'last wars of the Union.' Thence, after a few words on Tantallon, Dunbar, Crichton, and Borthwick Castles, he arrives at Linnithgow, and speaks of the Palace—'a cold and melancholy ruin in a smiling landscape'—without saying a word of the town, being evidently ignorant of its existence.

From Linnithgow, M. Bouquet transports us at a single bound to Inverness. There is not a word of what he saw on the way, or rather, we should say, of what he would have seen, had he really performed the journey. 'If we are to believe the Scotch,' he says, 'who between ourselves are to a certain extent the Gascons of Great Britain, Inverness was founded in the reign of Ewan II., the fourteenth king of Scotland, in the year 60 of our era.' We leave it to the consciences of our fellow-countrymen to say whether or not there be some truth as to our gasconading propensities, at least in matters of antiquity and nationality. Remember Sir Richard Monipies!

Our tourist visits (after his fashion) the field of Culoden, and makes remarks suited to the occasion. Amongst other things, he sees a shepherd and his sheep, a sight which reminds him that he once beheld on the plains *where Troy was*, a herdsmen of Mount Ida tending his flock of goats. Next, he comes to 'the falls of Kilmorack and the enchanting banks of the river Beaulay. What a contrast to Culoden! Here fair and living nature smiles on you from every side—a thousand harmonies charm your ear; the murmur of the waters, the cooing of wood pigeons, the tick-tack of a mill mingle with the songs of women, who with their feet are washing clothes on the banks of the river.' This last touch is evidently inserted for the purposes of



introducing an engraving, said to be after a sketch by Gavarni, in which three girls are represented apparently executing a reel on some white substance placed in the bed of a stream.

M. Bouquet returns southwards by the Caledonian Canal, which he assures us (and who better qualified to judge than such a traveller as he) is the route the most frequented by tourists in all Europe. 'It was begun in 1803, and was finished only in 1847.' We are glad to hear it has been finished at all. 'It joins the North Sea and—the Bristol Channel!' Yet, after all, may not the Straits of Gibraltar be said to join the Black Sea and the Gulf of Finland?

Arrived at the 'fine ruin of the castle of Invergarry, the ancient residence of the Glengarries, those clan chiefs so celebrated for their power, their rapines, their bravery, and their hospitality,' M. Bouquet tells us a story 'of one of their descendants, the worthy son of his fathers. He was invited to a great banquet given by George IV. during his stay in Scotland. He appeared in full Highland costume, the three eagle feathers on his head, his claymore by his side, with his bagpipers preceding him. On entering the festal hall, he seated himself near the foot of the table; but the king sent to desire him to take a higher place, one nearer himself. 'Go, and tell his Majesty,' replied the proud Celt, 'that the place which a Glengarry takes at table always becomes the place of honour.' It occurs to us that in some French memoirs we have read the same story told there of a French nobleman—a Rohan, if we remember right—and probably M. Bouquet has read it as well as we; these old memoirs afford such abundant and cheap materials for modern French gossip and table-talk as well as for modern French wit!

A little farther on, our author falls in with a Highland marriage party, and is invited, in the politest way possible, to take part in the festivities. This he does, and 'the Breton of Armorica fraternises with the Breton of Caledonia, by dancing a *reell*, drinking *wisky*, distributing his cigars and emptying his tobacco pouch,' which was very kind of him. He then continues his journey, and though seized with two or three severe descriptive fits on the way, arrives safely at Inverary, by Oban and Loch Awe. Here 'a little steamer ferries him over to the other side of Loch Fyne, to *Loch-Gilphhead*!' and there he finds the Glasgow steamer.

Of Glasgow, M. Bouquet finds little or nothing to say, 'because it offers but slight interest to a traveller like him, who, above all, seeks and loves only—the picturesque.' He finds occasion, however, to inform his readers that the greater part of its population is composed of Irish! Leaving Glasgow, therefore, he plunges rashly into some fine writing about Scotch lochs, in which he mixes up, 'fantastically,' of course, jagged shores, garlands of forests, stags and eagles, majesty and variety, lines and aspects, clouds and breezes, silence and light, limpid waters and archipelagoes of islands, necklaces of green emeralds and a fine autumn evening. He then goes on to Callander by Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, making no mention, as he passes Loch Katrine, of Sir Walter Scott and Rhoderick Dhu, an omission for which we in no way blame him, after being so often annoyed, as we have been, by the sight of summer cockneys doing the scenery of the 'Lady of the Lake' with the poem in their hands, reading it for the first time, and inquiring at every step for the exact spot where the gallant grey succumbed. He, however, particularly notices the Bridge of Turk. 'On coming out of the valley, the road passes over an old bridge of a single arch, which seemed to me very like the famous bridge of the Caravans at Smyrna, and which, perhaps for that reason, has been named the *Turc bridge*.' While M. Bouquet was thus in the humour for discovering Oriental etymologies, we only wonder he did not discover a derivation for Callander in the appellation of certain personages celebrated in the *Thousand-and-One Nights*.

Continuing his route by Dunne, the castle of which name 'has played so great a part in the history of Scotland,' our traveller has nearly arrived at Stirling, when he begs leave

'to retrace his steps, and conduct his readers to one of the most justly vaunted places in Scotland—the pass of Glencoe!' Of course there is a description. M. Bouquet praises the unhappy valley most cruelly, and its scenery is massacred with as little compunction as were erst its unfortunate inhabitants. After this slight excursion we get into Stirling, and proceed to visit its curious and 'picturesque' (but not 'fantastic') castle. To make amends, however, 'the palace of James V., on its summit, is of fantastic and odd architecture; the front towards the town is ornamented with strange figures representing Omphale, Perseus, Venus, Cleopatra, which the mutilations of human hands and the ravages of time have made it difficult to recognise. This palace, now a barrack, was occupied at the time by one of those fine Highland regiments, whose national costume of brilliant colours, reminds one of that of their glorious ancestors, those valiant Picts (*Picts*) who were the terror of the Roman soldiers.' Here M. Bouquet enters on a digression, touching the character and manners of the Highlanders in days of yore, which, being evidently borrowed from good sources, is not amiss. When, however, he becomes original again, we find him writing thus—'Every day modern civilisation is wearing away from the Highlanders their primitive character. This revolution which began *after the wars of the Union*, about 1749, makes continued and rapid progress; on every side farms and schools are rising, which give them at once easy circumstances and instruction; and the seeds sown in their virgin soil and their vigorous natures bring in *cost per cent.*'

From Stirling, M. Bouquet sets off for Aberdeen. Of Perth, he says that it is 'one of the most ancient towns of Scotland; that it is now a royal burgh, an elegant town, and built on the charming banks of the Tay.' He places at Perth the camp of Agricola, 'not far from which was fought the battle between that captain and the Pictish chief Gaigacus.' We wonder what Pinkerton would have said, if he had seen his beloved Picts so disposed of; but, though 'not far from which' is rather a vague expression, we are glad to find decided at last a point which so long tormented Scottish antiquarians in general, and Mr Jonathan Oldbuck in particular.

Of Aberdeen M. Bouquet says, that it is a 'handsome and elegant town *between* the Dee and the Don'—Old and New Aberdeen having probably met half way. He speaks of the Cathedral of St Machar, of King's College, of the Brig of Balgownie, of Lord Byron, and then sets off for the Bùllers of Buchan—one of the most extraordinary and fantastic things he has ever seen.' Of course there is a description; the following is a part of it:—'The most wonderful part of this coast is an immense gulf, called the Pot of Buchan; it is an abyss of a circular form, which suddenly opens under your feet, and plunges perpendicularly into the sea to the *height* of more than two hundred feet; a terrible and sublime crater, at the bottom of which boil *like white lava* the foaming waves, and which makes you giddy when you approach it. The only entrance into this gloomy and profound cave is a door in the rock, some feet wide. One day, when the sea was calm and the tide low, I prevailed on some fishermen to take me in their boat to the extremity of the pot, and I send you the sketch I took of it, the only one, perhaps, ever made.' And, to be sure, we have before us this precious performance, of the merits of which, however, never having been in the *Pot of Buchan*, we cannot speak. We shall only say, that according to it the Pot has rather a tame and bare appearance, and that it would be rendered much more striking and fantastic, if the high abyss were bordered by a few deep trees.

But we must be done with M. Bouquet (although his journey actually extends over another letter), for his 'fantastic' stuff, now that the thermometer is standing at 97 degrees (Fahrenheit) in the shade, would raise our bile to jaundice heat. Such a sacrifice, we are sure, no charitable reader would expect of us. As far as we are concerned, therefore, M. Bouquet may go to—Banff, or any other part of Scotland he pleases.

Paris, July 12, 1850.



### CUMMING'S HUNTER'S LIFE IN AFRICA.

IN the variety of human character and propensities, it is interesting to note the different motives that induce those who have the spirit of adventure in them to go forth to their development. The missionary, forsaking relations and home, travels to the uttermost and uncivilised parts of the earth, bearing the glad tidings of mercy to his fellow-creatures, amid danger, disease, difficulties, and death. Howard leaves his elegant and classic retirement to dive into the dens of outraged justice, bringing up from the cells of misery fearful proofs of 'man's inhumanity to man,' in the inhuman mode of incarceration awarded to his fallen but fellow men; and then proceeding to the palace, not to be proud of a levee presentation, but to demand the universal rights of humanity and mercy to the culprit and the captive. Park foregoes all the comforts and safety of a home domestic life to unravel the mazes, and discover the mysterious course of the long-untraced Niger, and the interior of Africa, his journey beset with savage beasts and more savage men, and at the expense of inconceivable privations. Forster, the Madras civilian, laying aside all the luxurious habits of India, and disguised as an Asiatic, sets out alone, forcing through difficulties and dangers his daring journey from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Caspian Sea, to investigate countries, governments, habits and customs, of kingdoms and provinces along the north-west of India and Persia, then scarcely known in Europe—taking a stolen glance at Cashmere, the Kyber Pass, Cabool, &c.—little thinking that a fearful vision of the blanching bones of his fellow-countrymen lay upon that valley of the shadow of death, through which he was passing, or that the then far-off rule of Britain was to extend, till the red cross floated in triumph where he now sat a disguised and despised pilgrim in a smoky caravansary.\*

In the present instance, we have Captain Gordon Cumming fearlessly going forth to do battle with the wild beasts of Africa; and such an enthusiastic and persevering Nimrod is he, that, at the end of a five years' campaign of hard-fought fields, and laden to the mast with triumphal spoils, and whole hecatombs of slain savage beasts, he declares that his thirst for blood is yet unslaked, and continues the longing leech's cry of 'Give! give!' He, indeed, has done from choice in Africa what St. Paul was obliged to do in Asia, 'fought with wild beasts,' and fought nobly. What great benefit he has rendered either to himself or his country by five years of savage life and savage sports, we are not careful to inquire. We leave the gallant captain to justify to his conscience his being a regicide towards the 'grim' brutal monarch of Africa. He may please himself, and prove his prowess by an open rencontre with a rhinoceros; and he may also recreate himself, after the severer toils of the day, by an evening ball, and a grotesque waltz with the monster-innocent hippopotamus, leaving out the dagger accompaniment; but, for old acquaintance—nay, friendship's—sake, we solemnly protest against his lifting his puny arm (the gallant captain will excuse the expression, used only in degree of comparison) against the noble, generous, docile, man-loving, man-serving, 'half-reasoning' majestic elephant. Shoot an elephant! We would just as soon think of shooting our grandmother. Such fantastic tricks, we know, have been played in Ceylon; but, during a long residence in Bengal, we never heard of an elephant's blood crying from the ground against a British rifle. The only attempt at such a thing we ever heard of was soon after the conquest of Assam, and we were very nearly witnessing the awful catastrophe. We had been staying with the governor general's agent on the top of the Goalpara-hill, and, shortly after we left, a

wild elephant was seen, in broad day, on the hill-side under the residency. A country-born clerk of the agent's seized his gun, and rashly rushed forth alone, to engage the brute-goliath. The elephant, on his approach, retired into his native forest; the clerk followed, and both disappeared. All eyes were turned in the direction. Soon after, a white object was seen high in air above the jungle. It was the unhappy, presuming man, hurled to destruction from the elephant's trunk. People hurried to the spot. They found the body of the rash adventurer, with life extinct.

There is another occasion on which elephants are shot in Bengal, and that is when, at certain seasons, they become unmanageable from sexual passion, and it is sometimes found necessary to put them to death. One of the Company's elephants at Delhi, being in this state, had escaped from his chains in the modern, and taken up a position among the ruins of the ancient city. An officer of artillery, with a brace of six-pounders, was ordered out against the insurgent monster. The excellent practice against the ample target body of the brute had the happy effect of bringing him to his senses, without the loss of his life, or services to the Company; and, years after, we used to go up to his magnitude, as he stood peaceably devouring his sugar-cane under the tree to which he was tied, to feel within the folds of his skin a six-pound ball lodged there, like the small shot which an awkward sportsman has lodged in his pointer instead of the hare. While stationed at the same place, we were one day roused, amid the deep calm of a tropic noon, by an uproar under our dwelling, which overhung the level sands of the Jumna's shore. One of the Great Mogul's state elephants, having gone mad, had been strongly chained to a tree in the city. Though the chain was too strong for the elephant, the elephant was too strong for the tree. He dragged it first by the roots from the earth, and then, disengaging himself, trunk *versus* trunk, from the tree, he set off at full speed down the city and through the Duria-gate, and, sweeping across the sands, plunged into the river, to cool his blood, fired by passion and a tropic sun; and there 'such gambols he did play,' far surpassing the hero of 'the Wash of Edmonton.' He took up in his trunk, in the expressive language of Scripture, the river like 'a very little thing'—sometimes throwing it up, like the fountain in Tennyson's 'Sleeping Palace,' forty feet, and sometimes dashing it, like a cataract, against his own offending carcass. In short, he was enjoying himself mightily, little aware of the preparations making for putting an end to his fountain-fun. In a short time, the whole of his majesty's elephants, dark as a thunder-cloud, each with a rider on his neck, rolled down from the city, followed by a squadron of mounted spearmen. The horsemen first forded or swam the river, and drew up on the opposite bank; while the elephants formed line on the nearer shore—and a grand line it was. The rebellious monster seemed perfectly indifferent to, or unconscious of, the arrangements against his enjoyment and liberty. At a given word, the elephantine line dashed forward into the river. What a commotion! The calm flood was in a moment like the sea in a tempest. The water-spouter was now roused from his reverie, and rushed down the stream, with his old friends in his wake. The uproar caused on the sleeping water baffles all description. The fugitive fountaineer, finding himself hotly pressed, took to the opposite shore; and it was fearfully grand to see the infuriated animal scudding across the plain, his trunk raised as his defying banner-tree. And now the horsemen are after him at full speed. Up with him they come, and deliver their spears, one after another, until the elephant assumes the appearance of a monster porcupine. The spears are too fiery for his endurance; back he rushes for relief to the river. The elephantine host is again in his wake; he comes upon a sunk rock, and over he goes on his beam-ends, like a ship astrand. He flounders himself again on his legs—is again on the opposite shore—again becomes a porcupine—again retreats into the river. This is repeated, till he is greatly sobered, and stands laving the water on his

\* This most enterprising and intrepid traveller as yet rests without his fame. He travelled in 1782-3-4. We may on some future occasion bring him before the public in the pages of the INSTRUCTOR.

wounds in a gentler mood. Two elephants are selected. They approach softly and silently behind the dread deserter, till within a few yards of him; they rush forward, throw their kind, embracing trunks around his, and, keeping it in abeyance, lead him up, an unresisting captive, to the royal city.

We have behaved very unpolitely in leaving the captain in his great punic war to skirmish ourselves in Bengal. But, to return, we must protest against making the elephant a sportsman's game. There is something so preposterously presumptuous in such a little creature as humanity giving battle to an elephant, that, despite of all the bravery displayed, gives it quite a Jack-the-giant-killer character. To one who has travelled many a long league on the noble animal's spacious, hospitable back—who has seen him scale the mountains of Nepal, loaded with field-pieces, and noted his affectionate, docile, patient nature, the regarding him as an object for field-sports is revolting.

Having got a swing on our hobby-elephant, we present our readers with some extracts from the captain's 'Hunter's Life,' giving them a fair opportunity of judging for themselves of the nature, bravery, skill of his sylvan warfare, and of the style in which it is now presented to the fire-side readers at home.

#### ELEPHANT HUNTING.

A tremendous conflagration was roaring and crackling close to windward of us. It was caused by the Bakalahari burning the old dry grass, to enable the young to spring up with greater facility, whereby they retained the game in their dominions. The fire stretched away for many miles on either side of us, darkening the forest far to leeward with a dense and impenetrable canopy of smoke. Here we remained for about half an hour, when one of the men returned, reporting that he had discovered elephants. This I could scarcely credit, for I fancied that the extensive fire, which raged so fearfully, must have driven, not only elephants, but every living creature, out of the district. The native, however, pointed to his eye, repeating the word 'Klow,' and signed to me to follow him. My guide led me about a mile through dense forest, when we reached a well-wooded hill, to whose summit we ascended, whence a view might have been obtained of the surrounding country, had not volumes of smoke obscured the scenery far and wide, as though issuing from the funnels of a thousand steamboats. Here, to my astonishment, my guide halted, and pointed to a thicket close beneath me, when I instantly perceived the colossal backs of a herd of bull elephants. There they stood quietly browsing on the lee-side of the hill, while the fire in its might was raging to windward within two hundred yards of them. I directed Johannus to choose an elephant, and promised to reward him should he prove successful. Galloping furiously down the hill, I started the elephants with an unearthly yell, and instantly selected the finest in the herd. Placing myself alongside, I fired both barrels behind his shoulder, when he instantly turned upon me, and in his impetuous career charged head foremost into a large bushy tree, which he sent flying before him high in the air with tremendous force, coming down at the same time violently on his knees. He then met the raging fire, when, altering his course, he wheeled to the right-about. As I galloped after him, I perceived another noble elephant meeting us in an opposite direction; and presently the gallant Johannus hove in sight, following his quarry at a respectful distance. Both elephants held on together, so I shouted to Johannus, 'I will give your elephant a shot in the shoulder, and you must try to finish him.' Spurring my horse, I rode close alongside, and gave the fresh elephant two balls immediately behind the shoulder, when he parted from mine, Johannus following; but before many minutes had elapsed that mighty Nimrod re-appeared, having fired one shot and lost his prey.

In the meantime, I was loading and firing as fast as could be, sometimes at the head, and sometimes behind the shoulder, until my elephant's fore-quarters were a

mass of gore, notwithstanding which he continued to hold stoutly on, leaving the grass and the branches of the forest scarlet in his wake. On one occasion, he endeavoured to escape by charging desperately amid the thickest of the flames; but this did not avail, and I was soon once more alongside. I blazed away at this elephant, until I began to think that he was proof against my weapons. Having fired thirty-five rounds with my two-grooved rifle, I opened fire upon him with the Dutch six-pounder; and when forty bullets had perforated his hide, he began for the first time to evince signs of a dilapidated constitution. He took up a position in a grove; and as the dogs kept barking round him, he backed stern foremost among the trees, which yielded before his gigantic strength. Poor old fellow! he had long braved my deadly shafts, but I plainly saw that it was now all over with him; so I resolved to expend no further ammunition, but hold him in view until he died. Throughout the chase, this elephant repeatedly cooled his person with large quantities of water, which he ejected from his trunk over his back and sides; and just as the pangs of death came over him, he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his bloody mouth until he died, when he pitched heavily forward, with the whole weight of his fore-quarters resting on the points of his tusks.

A most singular occurrence now took place. He lay in this posture for several seconds, but the amazing pressure of the carcass was more than the head was able to support. He had fallen with his head so short under him, that the tusks received little assistance from his legs. Something must give way. The strain on the mighty tusks was fair; they did not, therefore, yield; but the portion of his head in which the tusk was embedded, extending a long way above the eye, yielded and burst with a muffled crash. The tusk was thus free, and turned right round in his head, so that a man could draw it out, and the carcass fell over and rested on its side. This was a very first-rate elephant, and the tusks he carried were long and perfect.

On the 31st, I held south-east in quest of elephants, with a large party of the natives. Our course lay through an open part of the forest, where I beheld a troop of springboks and two ostriches, the first I had seen for a long time. We held for Tawnanie, a strong fountain in the gravelly bed of a periodical river. Here two herds of cow elephants had drunk on the preceding evening, but I declined to follow these; and presently, at a muddy fountain a little in advance, we took up the spoor of an enormous bull, which had wallowed in the mud, and then plastered the sides of several of the adjacent veteran-looking trees. We followed the spoor through level forest in an easterly direction, when the leading party overran the spoor, and casts were made for its recovery. Presently, I detected an excited native beckoning violently a little to my left, and, cantering up to him, he said that he had seen the elephant. He led me through the forest a few hundred yards, when, clearing a wait-a-bit, I came full in view of the tallest and largest bull elephant I had ever seen. He stood broadside to me, at upwards of one hundred yards, and his attention at the moment was occupied with the dogs, which, unaware of his proximity, were rushing past him, while the old fellow seemed to gaze at their unwonted appearance with surprise. Halting my horse, I fired at his shoulder, and secured him with a single shot. The ball caught him high upon the shoulder-blade, rendering him instantly dead lame; and before the echo of the bullet could reach my ear, I plainly saw that the elephant was mine. The dogs now came up and barked around him, but, finding himself incapacitated, the old fellow seemed determined to take it easy, and, limping slowly to a neighbouring tree, he remained stationary, eyeing his pursuers with a resigned and philosophic air.

I resolved to devote a short time to the contemplation of this noble elephant, before I should lay him low. Accordingly, having off-saddled the horses beneath a shady tree, which was to be my quarters for the night and ensu-

ing day, I quickly kindled a fire and put on the kettle, and in a very few minutes my coffee was prepared. There I sat in my forest home, coolly sipping my coffee, with one of the finest elephants in Africa awaiting my pleasure beside a neighbouring tree. It was, indeed, a striking scene; and as I gazed upon the stupendous veteran of the forest, I thought of the red deer which I loved to follow in my native land, and felt that, though the Fates had driven me to follow a more daring and arduous occupation in a distant land, it was a good exchange which I had made; for I was now chief over boundless forests, which yielded unspeakably more noble and exciting sport.

Having admired the elephant for a considerable time, I resolved to make experiments for vulnerable points, and, approaching very near, I fired several bullets at different parts of his enormous skull. These did not seem to affect him in the slightest; he only acknowledged the shots by a 'salam-like' movement of his trunk, with the point of which he gently touched the wound with a striking and peculiar action. Surprised and shocked to find that I was only tormenting and prolonging the sufferings of the noble beast, which bore his trials with such dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceeding with all possible despatch. Accordingly, I opened fire upon him from the left side, aiming behind the shoulder; but even there it was long before my bullets seemed to take effect. I first fired six shots with the two-grooved, which must have eventually proved mortal, but as yet he evinced no visible distress; after which I fired three shots at the same part with the Dutch six-pounder. Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame quivered convulsively, and, falling on his side, he expired. The tusks of this elephant were beautifully arched, and were the heaviest I had yet met with, averaging 50 lbs. weight a-piece.

#### INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-BIRD.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light-grey colour, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild-bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavouring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white-ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighbouring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion. The wild-bee of Southern Africa exactly corresponds with the domestic garden-bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa—bees'-wax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the Gold and Ivory Coasts, and the deadly district of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.

Interesting as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as, when following the warm spoor or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost importance, resign the spoor of the beasts to attend the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are 'sold,' it being a well-known fact, both among the Hottentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or bringing him suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther. I remember on one occasion, about three years later, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hip-

popotamoi which roam the vast forests and spend in the floods of the fair Limpopo, having mounted a pair of unwounded shot-barrels, I sought recreation in the humbler pursuit of quail-shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by my gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and gave him chase; after following him to a distance of upwards of a mile, through the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible above the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten large bull-buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the waters of the river, were cracking through the dry reeds as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.

#### THE OSTRICH.

In the evening two of the Hottentots walked in to camp, bending under a burden of ostrich-eggs, having discovered a nest containing five-and-thirty. Their manner of carrying them amused me. Having divested themselves of their leather 'crackers,' which, in colonial phrase, means trousers, they had secured the ankles with rheimpys, and, having thus converted them into bags, they had crammed them with as many ostrich-eggs as they would contain. They left about half of the number behind, concealed in the sand, for which they returned on the following morning. While encamped at this vley we fell in with several nests of ostriches, and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning, he will most probably find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally amongst heath or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but, on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. These eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen Bush-girls and Bakalari women, who belong to the wandering Bechuana tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross, or a network containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich-egg shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end: these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass.

A favourite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant-looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow barely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinew. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest he encloses himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old bird, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine

plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilised world.

#### LOCUSTS.

On our march we crossed a swarm of locusts, resting for the night on the grass and bushes. They lay so thick, that the waggons could have been filled with them in a very short time, covering the large bushes just as a swarm of young bees covers the branch on which it pitches. Locusts afford fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts; cows and horses, lions and jackals, hyenas, antelopes, elephants, &c., devour them. We met a party of Batlapis carrying heavy burdens of them on their backs. Our hungry dogs made a fine feast on them. The cold frosty night had rendered them unable to take wing until the sun should restore their powers. As it was difficult to obtain sufficient food for my dogs, I and Isaac took a large blanket, which we spread under a bush, whose branches were bent to the ground with the mass of locusts which covered it; and having shaken the branches, in an instant, I had more locusts than I could carry on my back: these we roasted for ourselves and dogs.

Soon after the sun was up, on looking behind me, I beheld the locusts stretching to the west in vast clouds, resembling smoke; but the wind, soon after veering round, brought them back to us, and they flew over our heads, for some time actually darkening the sun.

#### THE SPRINGBOK.

I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to—viz., a 'trek-bokken,' or grand migration of springboks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned, I had been lying awake in my waggon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising, when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my waggon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream.

The springbok is so termed by the colonists on account of its peculiar habit of springing or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air, when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which springboks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by a dog. On these occasions away start the herd, with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down came all four feet again together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks, and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or waggon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and

when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat, so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to leeward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread.

The accumulated masses of living creatures which the springboks exhibit on the greater migrations are utterly astounding, and any traveller witnessing it as I have, and giving a true description of what he has seen, can hardly expect to be believed, so marvellous is the scene.

They have been well and truly compared to the wasting swarms of locusts, so familiar to the traveller in this land of wonders. Like them, they consume every green thing in their course, laying waste vast districts in a few hours, and ruining in a single night the fruits of the farmer's toil. The course adopted by the antelopes is generally such as to bring them back to their own country by a route different from that by which they set out. Thus their line of march sometimes forms something like a vast oval, or an extensive square, of which the diameter may be some hundred miles; and the time occupied in this migration may vary from six months to a year.

#### EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the last few years, my brothers, sisters, and myself, have occasionally occupied our leisure evenings with a few amusements, which, I think, are not generally known, but which, if they were, might often enliven a dull evening, or contribute to the joy of a happy one. We have also sometimes introduced them when visiting among our young friends, or when visited by them; for conversation will occasionally flag or degenerate, and a little exercise of the mind is often real recreation.

The amusements to which I refer are, questions and nouns, fireside fictions, proverbs, characters, and definitions, or the council of four. The last of these has only recently become known to us. Supposing that they may be unknown to some of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, I will endeavour briefly to describe and give a few illustrations of them.

#### QUESTIONS AND NOUNS.

For this game each person must be supplied with two pieces of paper—one of them very small. On the small piece a noun is to be written, and on the other a question on any subject. The papers being folded, are collected by one of the party, who distributes them—one of each kind to each person. The question has then to be answered in rhyme, the noun being brought into the answer, and marked with a line under, so that the reader may know the word, as the aim should be, so to introduce it, that it may not be easily discovered. When all are written, they are again collected; and as they are read, the company have to guess what is the noun—of course the person who wrote the noun and the rhymist being silent. A few illustrations will perhaps explain more clearly. I do not give these as very good. They are the best I have at hand, for, unfortunately for my present purpose, most of those we have written have been destroyed or given away.

The Question is, 'WHAT IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL?'—The noun 'Fire.'

Fire for the soles of dancing bears,  
To make them dance in time to airs;  
Fire for soles, to make them good  
For taste and palate, as well as food.

Fire in the soul and energy,  
Love of law and liberty;  
Fire for the injured sutor's cause,  
Oppress'd by hard and partial laws.

Question—'WHEN IS A MAN NOT A MAN?'—Noun, 'Goose.'

In ancient days there lived a king,  
And Alfred was his name;  
You've heard the story of the cakes,  
Yet he 'the great' became.

And well this name did he deserve,  
He acted like a man;  
In poverty and affluence,  
Copy him all who can.

Submit to trials when they come,  
But don't be like a goose.  
Nor aim to alter things ains,  
Saying it is no use.

There are some men, in years I reckon,  
Who are not men at all;  
We cannot of their words approve—  
Their actions manly call.

They take the world just as it is,  
They leave it just the same;  
Now, if they are not happy here,  
They have themselves to blame.

But don't be like this coward set,  
When you can find a cure;  
If there's no remedy to find,  
Why, nobly then endure.

Thus be as happy as you can,  
And always hope the best,  
Taking the present joys that come,  
And calmly leave the rest.

The future is in wiser hands  
Than any earthly one;  
Then, manly be through all your course,  
Until the race is run.

Question—'WHAT IS THE BEST AGE TO BE MARRIED?'  
Noun, 'Germany.'

To answer this question's a puzzler quite,  
One on which we should never agree,  
Since elderly dames the standard would fix  
At a point far too high to please me.

But shall we a trip to *Germany* take,  
And inquire what they think of it there;  
And if they should say a very high rate,  
Why, old ladies need never despair.

Question—'WHAT IS HOPE?'—Noun, 'Time.'

Hope is a thing the Pope may bring  
With him back to Rome;  
This very day, he may essay,  
In vain to find a home;  
Perilous things *Time* daily brings,  
To this the last of the Priestly Kwaga.

Question—'WHERE IS THE MOON OF LAST MONTH?'  
Noun, 'Potato.'

As the twig's bent, the tree's inclined,  
Is true in your case, sir, I find;  
For be the subject what it may,  
Sapient, stupid, grave, or gay—  
Be it of friend Luna's age,  
Or the Lord Mayor's equipage:  
S illing pots, and pans, and kettles;  
Picking roses, apples, nettles;  
A morning call on Mrs Davy,  
*Potato* purvey, roast beef gravy;  
Still does your wit prevail against your senses,  
And you put questions such as drive from hence  
All sober, serious thought, as though you'd been  
A boy—though that was long ago, I ween.

Fireside fictions I shall merely describe. On the top of a sheet of paper each of the company writes a list of words given by them in succession; if several are joining in the game, a limited number should suggest words, as more than six or eight would make the game too long. They all, then, write a short tale, either in prose or verse, bringing in all the words which have been given. When written, one person collects and reads them. It is often quite amusing to notice the very different trains of thought the same words will produce.

These games have often given me, and those dear to me, a great deal of pleasure; and on another occasion I may probably attempt to describe the other amusements I have mentioned.

ANNIE.

#### SECTARIAN INTOLERANCE.

In the numerous sects of Christianity, interpreting our religion in very opposite manners, all cannot be right. Imitate the forbearance and long-suffering of God, who throws the mantle of his mercy over all, and who will probably save, on the last day, the piously right and the piously wrong, seeking Jesus in humbleness of mind. Do not drive religious sects to the disgrace (or to what they foolishly think the disgrace) of formally disavowing tenets they once professed, but concede something to human weakness; and, when the tenet is virtually given up, treat it as if it were actually given up; and always consider it to be very possible that you yourself may have made mistakes, and fallen into erroneous opinions, as well as any other sect to which you are opposed. If you put on these dispositions, and this tenor of mind, you cannot be guilty of any religious fault, take what part you will in the religious disputes which appear to be coming on the world. If you choose to perpetuate the restrictions upon your fellow-creatures, no one has a right to call you bigoted; if you choose to do them away, no one has any right to call you lax and indifferent; you have done your utmost to do right, and, whether you err, or do not err, in your mode of interpreting the Christian religion, you show at least that you have caught its heavenly spirit—that you have put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

#### DENTAL PARASITES.

At a meeting of the American Academy, December, 1849, a paper was read by Dr H. I. Bowditch, on the animal and vegetable parasites infesting the teeth, with the effects of different agents in causing their removal and destruction. Microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness.—The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not impair their vitality in the least. The same was also true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverised bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appeared to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for cleansing the teeth. In all cases where it has been tried, it receives unqualified commendation. It may be also proper to add, that none but the purest white soap, free from all discolourations, should be used.



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